Stitches in My Heart

by Ghara2

Summary

It's 1 in the morning and Bill Cipher finds a guy with his arm stuck in a vending machine. He's an awkward mess, unlike him, but they do say opposites attract. But maybe they weren't opposites. They could get to know each other. They could be best friends. Maybe something more.

Becoming something more meant knowing more about each other. Traits, interests, favorites and pet peeves...vulnerabilities.

Perhaps knowing too much meant they wouldn't be safe for each other.

Notes

Okay so I hope you all enjoy and follow this fic because I swear it's going to be good. It can go from 0 to 100 real quick, and it can be both painful and fluffy. Sit back and enjoy the ride, people, it's gonna be a long one! You're gonna love these fukn dorks.
It's 1 am, the sky's dark, and stars are sparkling in the night sky. A particular university in New York was, of course, silent throughout the whole campus as the hours of darkness went by. Pretty much everyone in the residence hall of the Rinchester Institute of Technology was asleep.

Except for Bill Cipher, who was studying for a quiz in his psychology class. He was wearing glasses with a big black square frame as he read through his book carefully. The lights were completely on in his room and he was sitting by his desk, completely focused. That is, until he heard a clanking and banging noise from outside.

Bill finally lifted his head and stood up. He was only in his yellow t-shirt and black boxers with eyes printed all over them, but he didn't care; he went outside to investigate anyway. As he opened his door, light flooded part of the dark hallway. He didn't bother bringing a flashlight as he could see quite well in the dark, and also because there's only one place where that sound of metal could have come from if it really was from the hallway; the vending machine.

Bill walked through the dark hallway with caution. Luckily, though, the vending machine wasn't that far from his room. It didn't take him long before he found a brunet with an arm stuck in the vending machine. He burst out laughing, only to have the brunet glare at him. The sound echoed throughout the hallway. Good thing he didn't seem to wake anyone up. Well, looks like he wasn't the only one awake now.

"Jesus, how did that even happen?!” he asked as he laughed. The stranger was clearly irritated when he responded. His glare grew more intense as he pursed his lips in annoyance.

"Shut up."

Bill was still chuckling, but he helped him get his arm unstuck. He got him out, but the can of soda the brunet held was smashed now. Well, that's better than being stuck till later morning. The stranger was hesitant, but he let him help. Not like he had much of a choice, anyway. No one's gonna pass through this hallway till a few more hours.

"Er, thanks. Why are you awake, though? It's freaking 1 am," he said, standing up. A smug smirk spread across Bill's face as he thought of a reply.

"I could ask you the same thing."

A faint blush of embarrassment crept up on the brunet's face when the taller man said that. He thought it was quite annoying though, both that look on his face and his words. He wasn't glaring anymore, but he still looked at the man warily.

"...I was writing."

It was only then that he noticed the can in his hand was smashed and the Pitt Cola was spilling all
over his arm and part of his shirt. He groaned, even more frustrated now because his favorite soda was wasted.

"Uck, it's all over my arm and I didn't even get to drink any of it. I got my arm stuck in a vending machine for nothing, that's just great."

He attempted to wipe the soda off his arm with his hand, but that obviously didn't work. He just sighed, tired with all this. Bill chuckled as he watched the man who was clearly done with his life. He smiled and decided to give him a little break; it looked like he really needed one.

"Hey, want to go in my room? I have a few cans Pitt Cola there if you want some," he said, pointing at his room. The brunet looked surprised for some reason.

"Oh, our rooms are right across each other, apparently. Well uh, you don't really have to, it's alright..." the shorter man replied, politely turning down the man's offer. It was strange how he was nice all of the sudden. *What's with this guy?*

"Nah, I think you could use a break. You definitely love that soda if you got your arm stuck in a vending machine for it, right?" The brunet was about to get mad at the taller man for teasing him, but he had a point he couldn't deny. Bill smirked once again as he saw the brunet's facial expressions change. *How amusing.*

The brunet sighed in defeat and replied, "Alright, I'll be your guest." Bill's smirk became a genuine grin; he was actually quite excited to have a guest at 1 in the morning. He led the brunet into his room and closed the door. While his guest looked around a little, Bill walked to his closet and picked out a black shirt with yellow designs on it. He walked back and offered it to him.

"Here, you can borrow it for now. Some of the soda spilled onto your shirt too."

"It's fine, our rooms are across each other, I could just go and get one of my o--"

Bill placed the shirt into his hand before he could even finish rejecting his nice offer. The brunet stared at the taller man for a while, taken aback. In the end, he just shrugged and smiled. The look on the man's face was admittedly kind of cute, resembling a happy child's. He was insistent, but not so intimidating.

"Alright, alright," he chuckled. "Bathroom's over there, by the way," Bill said, pointing to the said room's direction. The brunet went inside and closed the door. He washed up before taking off his shirt and replacing it with the one the taller man lent him. It was a little loose, but it was comfortable.

Once he was done fixing himself up, he went out of the bathroom feeling refreshed. He was in a better mood now thanks to this stranger.

"You can look around if you'd like, I know you're curious," Bill said. He was right, and so the brunet did; the room was pretty neat and organized. The furniture and appliances were the same as the ones in his room, of course, since they were provided by the school. Other than those, he saw books, papers, and writing materials on his desk. Other than Bill's textbooks, most books were either related to demons, romance, or smut. The first one was strange, but he didn't question it.

"What's your name, Pine Tree?" Bill asked. The shorter man raised his eyebrow and didn't exactly answer his question just yet. "Why 'Pine Tree'?" he replied. "It's on your cap." Bill pointed at it to prove his point. His guest shrugged, satisfied with his answer.

The brunet sat on the edge of Bill's bed. "My name's Dipper Pines," he said. Bill took a can of Pitt Cola from his fridge and, as he promised, offered it to Pine Tree. "Name's Bill Cipher."
Dipper took the soda and sipped from it. When the pit reached his lips, he immediately took it out and threw it in the trash can. He always wondered how the drink wasn’t poisonous; the pit of a peach contained cyanide. Perhaps that was why this was his favorite soda; maybe it wasn't the taste, but the way it always piqued his curiosity.

"Hey, what course are you taking?" he asked, trying to start a conversation. Bill walked back to his chair and sat down before answering, "Psychology BS. You?" He went back to studying, but he still listened to his guest's response. "Media Arts and Technology BS. Oh, and thanks for the Pitt, by the way," he said. "It's a little late for you to thank me, but no problem," Bill replied. Dipper just sat there and watched him study from afar, sipping from the can every now and then.

*Huh, this is the first time someone else is in my room. Nice. Now, why did I lend a stranger my shirt when he could have gotten one of his own?*

An hour and maybe a half had passed before Bill was finally done studying. He yawned and turned his chair around along with himself, only to find his guest asleep in his bed. He chuckled and stood up, pushing his chair back to his desk. He carefully lifted the brunet's legs and put him in a more comfortable position, then tucked him in. He took off his cap and placed it on the nightstand. The taller man looked at the brunet's face and thought he was cute while he was sleeping.

He gently ran his fingers through the brunet's hair. *Hm, fluffy.*

Bill chuckled and walked back to his desk. He took out a marker from his drawer and went back to Dipper. Holding in his laughter, he held the brunet's face to tilt it to the side a little, then pulled the cap off his marker. He carefully pressed the tip onto Dipper's cheek and made sure he wouldn't wake up. He drew a dick. He took out his phone and snapped a picture, but he didn't post it or anything.

*That's what you get for making me sleep on my desk again.*

Laughing lightly, he put the marker back in the drawer and read just a little more from his textbook, just to pass the time. He really did fall asleep on his desk again.

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Dipper groaned and lazily opened his eyes. He was a little confused as he didn't see the usual surroundings he woke up to; this obviously wasn't his room. It took him a few seconds to remember that Bill invited him in here. The scent of bacon filled the room and that seems to be what woke the brunet up. He sat up, causing part of the blanket drop from his body. He was a little surprised; he couldn't even remember falling asleep in the first place. He guessed that Bill was the one who covered him with the blanket.

Well, if Bill did this, he might actually be pretty nice...despite teasing me and all. Not as suspicious as I thought.

Snapping him out of his thoughts, Bill walked in front of the bed and set two plates of eggs and bacon on his desk. He glanced at Dipper, snickering. The brunet saw his body slightly shaking and wondered if he was laughing. "Hey, how long have I been asleep?" he asked, yawning. Bill was definitely chuckling when he replied, "I dunno, it's kinda...hard to tell without a clock...pff..."

Dipper raised his eyebrow, even more confused now. "I'll go take a look..." Bill said, holding in his laughter unsuccessfully as he took a few steps and turned his head to look at the clock. "I think you need a little more sleep, Bill..." Dipper said, thinking that maybe he was going crazy because he stayed up past 1 am.
"You might want to wash up first, Pine Tree," Bill suggested, snickering more than before. "Okaaay...?" Dipper replied, still thinking that he needed some mental help. He walked to the bathroom, glancing back at Bill every few steps. The taller man was just watching him, desperately trying not to laugh out loud.

Dipper stepped into the bathroom and closed the door, then turned to look at the mirror. Now he knew exactly why he was laughing. His eyes widened in a mix of surprise and a ton of annoyance.

"BILL, WHAT THE FUCK?!"

Bill finally burst out laughing and slumped onto the bed, slamming his fists onto the sheets repeatedly.

*I TAKE IT BACK. HE'S AN ASSHOLE. A TOTAL ASSHOLE.*

"Don't worry, I made sure it's washable!" Bill yelled as he laughed. Dipper was still annoyed as fuck as he washed off the drawing on his cheek. He found it easy to remove, so Bill really did tell the truth. Still, that didn't change the fact that he's a total ass...and a really immature adult. *Seriously, dick jokes in college?*

Dipper slammed the bathroom door open and stormed out. Bill was still laughing until he glanced at the clock again. "Oop, it's 7:30, I better get ready!" he said. Dipper's suddenly froze in place, completely forgetting his anger for a second. His eyes widened when he realized he had 10 minutes left.

"I-I only have ten minutes left oh my god! I need to go!" he yelled, frantically putting on his cap and running to the door of Bill's room. Bill quickly grabbed one of the plates from his desk and gave it to Dipper. "Here, just take your breakfast with you!" he said.

The brunet didn't have the time to thank him when he grabbed it and immediately ran to his door. He accidentally slammed right into his own door, causing him to let out a muffled groan of pain. Rather than cringing like people would usually do, Bill laughed at him.

"Ooo that's gotta hurt! Haha, pain is hilarious!" he yelled, not caring about the people walking through the hallway. Dipper would have yelled at him, but he had to hurry before he was late. He grabbed his key from his pocket and unlocked his door, then ran inside and slammed it shut.

Bill just watched him as he laughed until the brunet was finally in his own room. He then closed his door and sat by his desk, then started to eat breakfast by himself.

*Gotta admit, that's the most exciting thing that's happened to me so far in this university. I'm gonna bug him every day!*

*Oh right, he still has my shirt. Almost forgot!*

Dipper walked to Bill's door when it was his break time. He was holding the shirt he lent him last night with one hand as he knocked with the other. There was no response. He tried to knock again, but the result was the same.

*Maybe he has classes.*

The brunet put the shirt back into his bag and headed for the library.
Gay Fic Writers

Chapter Summary

Apparently these two dorks write gay fics.

Chapter Notes

Welp, this is way longer than the first chapter. Sorry I can't really keep a consistent chapter length-- Also, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dipper had finally entered the Wallace Library. It wasn't very far from the residence hall, so it only took a short walk to get there. It is behind the Liberal Arts Hall, which is in front of the building where his own classes take place in; the Garnett Hall.

The brunet headed for his usual seat; at the back, near the bookshelves. Not very much people go to that part of the Wallace Library, which is why he chose to write here of all places. He could write in his own room, but that would mean he'd have to clear his desk every time, which is too much of a hassle considering that there's always books and research papers piled up on it.

Another reason is that he'd sometimes need reference materials in order to write realistic scenes. He takes writing very seriously, be it for leisure or academics. There's always the option of searching in the internet, but some people know how to appreciate books. He, obviously, was one of those people. This library wasn't constructed solely for the world wide web, though it does have a couple of computers for research purposes.

As he was walking towards his seat, he saw Bill sitting right there. A table away from his usual seat, writing something in a notebook. *Did he know? If he did, how the hell would he have known I always sit here? Why the hell is he here?* Obviously, he didn't want to see that bastard ever again. That immature adult who drew a dick on his face. That asshole who almost humiliating him were it not for his little suggestion. This is why you shouldn't trust just anyone. They'll lure you in, deceive you with a masquerade, then fuck up a part of your life.

Bill sensed a presence in front of him, definitely staring at him. He could feel a glare shooting right at him, but that only made him more eager to look up. He lifted his head, not letting go of his pen, and grinned when he saw who it was that was so pissed at him.

"Pine Tree, so nice to see you here!" he greeted, excitement evident in his tone. However, his happiness didn't wipe the frown off the brunet's face. He was still skeptical as to why he was here.

"What are you doing here?"

Even though there was no hint of mockery from his voice, he still felt that Bill expected him to be here. *I don't really know, but I'm sure he planned this. This was all set up...somehow.*
But really, that wasn't the case.

"I'm writing, obviously," Bill snorted. "I'm always here during break time."

Dipper furrowed his brows both in confusion and suspicion. That can't be the case; if he sat in the same spot every day, then why didn't he ever notice him? Lies.

"Then how come I've never seen you before, Bill?"

"Well, maybe you've seen me but never noticed me. Same goes for me to you. People tend to notice others only if they recognize them, or if they're, at the very least, familiar. If you've ever seen me before, you most likely wouldn't remember since I was still irrelevant in your life. Heh, a little something I've learned from class," Bill explained, obviously proud of what he knows.

Dipper scoffed in response and rolled his eyes. "Smartass." Bill was actually amused rather than insulted by that. He chuckled and asked, "What about you? Why are you here?"

The brunet suddenly remembered why he came to his room a while ago. He took out the shirt from his bag and hands it over to Bill. "I come here every day; my spot is right there," he said, pointing at his usual seat. Bill's gaze followed his finger, then returned to his face as he continued to speak.

"Well anyway, since you're here, I'm returning your shirt. I actually knocked on your door before I went here, but I thought you were in class or something."

"Oh, thanks!" Bill replied, taking the shirt from his hand and neatly folding it before placing it inside his bag. "No problem. I'll be going to my usual spot now, so..."

"I'll come with!"

"Oookay then..." Dipper was still wary of him. Why does he want to stay with me? Nevertheless, he let him sit right across him at his accustomed table. Bill didn't stop writing, though. Apparently that strange man had piqued his curiosity without even trying. How vexatious it was for Dipper.

In an attempt to distract himself, he took out his own notebook and began to write as well. No noise could be heard for quite a while, save for the little scribbling sounds that would occasionally be generated whenever their pens stroked the paper with too much force. It stayed like that, and it would have lingered, were it not for the glances the brunet shot at him every now and then. Curiosity slowly took over him to the point where he just had to ask.

"So...what are you writing?" he asked. Bill placed his pen on the paper and leaned onto the table, his elbows supporting his weight. A smile was spread across his face, and Dipper found it annoying for reasons he couldn't understand. Bill extended his hand to the brunet and let him in on a little deal.

"I'll show you if you let me see what you're writing," he offered. Dipper felt the heat rise in his cheeks. Curious as he was, it just wasn't worth it to tell him. What he was writing was just far too embarrassing. Humiliating, if you will.

"N-nevermind..." he said, hiding his face by looking down at his notebook and continuing to write. Despite having tried to drop the question, he still peeked at Bill every once in a while; he just couldn't resist.

Bill could see him glancing at him, and he found it adorable. He himself was curious as to what the little brunet was writing, but rather than just asking him, he wanted to make him give in to his deal. He decided to drive him mad with curiosity by thinking out loud.
"Hmmm, I wonder what should happen next? Oh, wait, I got it! This is going to be really interesting! Too bad I'm the only one who reads it, but I don't care! Good shit! Maybe I'll even add---yeah, I'll add it! Hoho, this is gonna be great..."

Dipper slammed his fists on the table, effectively catching Bill's attention.

"Fine, deal."

He shook his hand briefly, then leaned back on his chair. With an unimpressed look on his face, he crossed his arms. "You're a real pain in the ass," he pouted. Bill chuckled, and that chuckle became a light laugh as his smile turned into a grin. The blush on Dipper's face faded; he was getting a little scared. Did he fall into yet another trap?

"It's funny that you mentioned that, Pine Tree!"

"Huh?"

"It's funny because I'm writing gay porn!"

All the suspicion and fear faded; that was...actually pretty brave of him. Hell, that's almost exactly what he was writing himself, and he had the guts to tell him! Dipper now felt like a coward compared to him, but then again, he had to tell him too.

"So, what are you writing?" Bill asked in a sing-song tone, amused by the face he was making right now; completely flustered and flushed all over.

Dipper gulped and cleared his throat before answering, "I-I'm writing a gay fic too, actually..."

"Really? Lemme see!"

Before Dipper could even look back up, Bill took his notebook from right below him. "Hey! N-no, don't--" He struggled to get it back from the taller man, but Bill kept it out of his reach as he read it.

"Nice writing skills," Bill complimented. Dipper calmed down and stopped struggling; he allowed him to read more. It wasn't everyday that someone would enjoy his fics. Bill lowered the notebook to eye level so that it would be much easier for him to read.

"...Thanks," Dipper replied. While the taller man was distracted, he took his notebook as well. Without looking up, Bill said, "Remember, it's smut."

Dipper read it anyway, and felt a slight blush creep onto his cheeks. "Oh...this is steamy...but it's good, it's good!" He really did like it; Bill's writing skills were actually really good, too. Bill chuckled at his reaction and asked, "Are you more of a fluff person?"

"Well, I also write smut..." Dipper admitted. Bill smiled and took note of that. As the brunet saw his watch from the corner of his eye, he suddenly realized that it was almost time for his own classes. He then closed the notebook and slid it to Bill's side of the table, and stood up.

"Hey uh, don't you have classes or something?" he asked. "Not until 12," Bill replied, returning his notebook as well. Dipper quickly took the notebook and stuffed it in his bag, then started to run out of the library.

"Well I need to go to mine now, bye!" he said, waving at Bill. "See you!" Bill replied. Once the brunet was out of sight, Bill took out his phone and opened the picture he took last night. He laughed lightheartedly, remembering what happened. It wasn't because of any malice that he was laughing
right now; he just found Pine Tree to be really adorable. He liked him; he's the best company he's had in years.

Once he was satisfied, he kept his phone back in his bag and continued to write. The way he wrote was similar, yet different, to Pine Tree's. They were both well-detailed and made it easy to imagine the scenes written, but their ways of description were different. Bill's wording was quite...dark. It complemented his rough scenes very well.

Dipper, on the other hand, used words that were 'sweet,' a perfect match for his fluffy scenes. Whether he wrote actual fluff or smut, his stories always seemed to be cute and 'light.' They're always heartwarming, showing how blissful and carefree love could be. In his stories, the comparisons he makes are always very...deep. Bill's comparisons are deep as well, but their writing styles are quite different. Their fics can be easily told apart.

After a while, Bill kept his notebook and decided to go to the laundry room. He walked back to the residence hall and into the said place. He took out the shirt Dipper had probably forgotten he left in his room. He then loaded the washing machine, poured in the detergent -and even added some fabric softener-, and pressed the power button. Bill waited for it to finish; he still had a lot of time before his own classes began.

Once the shirt was washed and dried, Bill kept it in his bag then walked back to the Liberal Arts Hall.

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Dipper had finally finished all his classes for the day. It was 7:30, which meant the refectory was still serving dinner. He headed to the said place, somewhat hungry, but not starving.

As Bill was just walking back to his room from the counter, carrying his food, he saw the brunet heading his way. "Pine Tree, over here!" he beckoned.

Dipper didn't expect to run into him here, and now that he knew they had something in common, he responded with less hostility. "Oh, hey!" He noticed the plastic bag in Bill's hand. "You get take-outs too?" he asked as he went closer to the counter.

"Obviously, Pine Tree," Bill replied, evidently smug.

"Can you not be an ass for once?" Dipper rolled his eyes. Bill smirked, thinking about teasing him right now. He's always enjoyed being a dick to him, and he's only known him since last night. Technically, since earlier today.

"Hmm, you keep on adding 'ass' in your insults. Have you been staring at my booty?" he teased, winking to annoy him even more. The response he got was pretty much exactly what he wanted.

"What? No, fuck you!" Dipper yelled, not noticing nor caring about the stares he got from a few people.

"Pff, just kidding!" he laughed. He patted him, only to have his hand slapped off the brunet's head in a few seconds. "Hey, wanna eat together in my room?" Dipper didn't respond and turned away from him, ordering his take-out.

"Guess not."

The grin on Bill's face faded. Well, of course he was going to be ignored at some point. He needed to get used to this; he's the one who chose to live this type of school life. He silently sighed and
stuffed his hands in his pockets. He readjusted his glasses for no reason at all, just a little idiosyncrasy, he supposed. He then turned around and began to walk away, going back to his room like he was supposed to in the first place.

"Hey, don't leave me, you jerk!"

Dipper was running after him, trying to catch up. Bill smiled, but he didn't want him to know that he felt a little hurt just now. He turned around and smirked at the brunet, veiling his formerly sad expression with feigned cheekiness. "Finally, an insult without 'ass' in it."

The brunet blushed in embarrassment and annoyance, not being able to come up with any response other than "...Shut up."

Well, maybe he'll be a little honest.

As they walked together, side by side, Bill told him, "You know, I actually thought you weren't going to eat with me. You did walk away without saying shit, after all..."

Dipper donned a blank expression on his face, staring at Bill briefly. He only knew the guy for a day, but he just knew that he wasn't the type of person to be truthful. His lips curled up into a little smile, devoid of any malice. He actually felt like being nice to him right now.

"Well, I am, so yeah..."

Bill might have responded if it weren't for the fact that they were right in front of his room now. He took his keys from his pocket and opened the door instead. Bill let Dipper follow him inside before shutting the door once more; shutting them out from the rest of the world. Well...maybe just the rest of the building, but it was good enough. Dipper suddenly jerked up, remembering something else he had to return.

"Wait, I just remembered I still have your plate! I'll be right back!" he exclaimed, swinging the door wide open and rushing into his room. This time, he didn't forget to unlock the door first.

While waiting, Bill got a plate of his own and transfers the food onto it. Just as he finished, Dipper came back and slammed the door. He panted as he walked towards Bill, handing over the plate.

"Hm? Oh, just use it right now," Bill said, taking two glasses and filling them with water. He offered one to Dipper. The brunet obliged and took it right away, emptying it with a few gulps. He sighed as he pulled the glass away from his mouth, panting a few more times before regaining his composure. He realized Bill was watching. He awkwardly laughed and held out the glass to him.

Bill chuckled in response and refilled his glass, then walked to his bed and sat on it. He placed his plate on his lap and patted the empty space beside him, inviting Dipper to come and join him. The brunet was more than happy to oblige. It wasn't every day that he would eat with someone in school. Well, more like any day.

After they settled onto the bed next to each other, plates on their laps, and glasses left on the desk, Bill's desk was already cleaned up beforehand, so he didn't mind placing their drinks there.

Bill picked up the remote from the nightstand and turned the TV on, then handed it over to Dipper. Static was heard from the television for a few seconds, colors slowly coming to life in the screen. Dipper took the remote and took a bite of his food.

Suddenly, sound bursted from the television; the volume was way too high. Dipper flinched and almost dropped the remote, desperately trying to not let it fall to the ground. Bill laughed and caught
it, then lowered the volume.

"Asshole. You planned this, didn't you?"

*Oh hell yes I did.*

"Maaaaybe~" Bill replied in a sing-song tone, amused by his reaction. "Anyway, here, you can switch the channel if you'd like," he continued, offering the remote once more. Dipper wasn't listening when he told him he could switch the channels, so he continued to openly insult him like he'd been doing since they met each other.

"I swear, you're an asshat." Bill chuckled, enjoying his insults. He knew he didn't mean them.

"I know! But anyway, yeah, you can change the channel," he said, going back to the topic. Annoyance vanished from Dipper and was replaced by what he'd probably call...respect?

"Oh, no, it's your room so you should choose," he rejected politely. "Yeah, but you're my guest!" Bill countered, chuckling a little because of his courtesy; he found it cute for some reason. Not giving him a chance to refuse, he took his hand and placed the remote in it. He stroked his cap and adored his cute little face when he blushed. Dipper sighed and changed the channel.

"I'm done eating, Bill," Dipper said. Bill took his plate and placed it above his, then stood up and walked to the sink. While he was washing the dishes, Dipper took out his notebook and continued to write his fic.

Once Bill was done drying the dishes and putting them back where they're supposed to be, he took Dipper's shirt from his bag and walked to the brunet. "Hey, you forgot this, Pine Tree."

"Huh? Oh, thanks..." Dipper replied, taking the shirt from his hand. He noticed that it wasn't stained with soda anymore. It smelled pretty good too. "Didn't soda spill onto this last time?" he asked. "I laundered it for you!" Bill said. Dipper couldn't help but smile. "Thanks again."

The brunet went back to writing his fic. "Hey, are you continuing the one I read earlier today?" Bill asked.

"Yeah, it'll be finished in a few minutes, probably."

Bill went to his desk and began to write as well.

"Aaand I'm done!" Dipper announced.

"Lemme read it!"

Dipper was a little surprised that he didn't pry it from him like he did before, but then again, he didn't really know what he expected. He gave it to him and Bill continued to read it the moment he took it. A few minutes passed before he gave it back and remarked, "It's great!"

"Thanks!"

Dipper took the notebook and put it back in his bag. He stood up and wore his backpack.

"Well...I'm going to study now," he said, walking towards the door.
"See you tomorrow, Pine Tree!"

"Yeah...see you tomorrow."

He stepped out and closed the door behind him.

Chapter End Notes

I did not intend to add a few feels ohmygod---
There's foreshadowing too ;) Stay tuned, it's gonna get way gayer in the next update!
Buttface

Chapter Summary

After telling each other their kinks, Dipper seems to have fucked up things between them.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bill's Calculus class has just ended, and now he's gone into the library. As he was walking to Pine Tree's usual seat, hoping he'd see him there again, he smiled. He saw Dipper sitting where he said he always would be. Taking the seat across him, he greeted, "Hey, Pine Tree!

Snapping back to reality, the brunet looked up from his notebook and blinked twice with a slightly surprised look on his face. "Hm? Oh, hey, Bill. You going to write too?"

"Nah, I'm going to do my homework so I don't have to do anything later."

"Oh, okay then." Dipper sounded a little disappointed, though he tried to hide it. He continued to write as if Bill wasn't there. He found it a little strange, though; it's not like Bill could write with him anytime he asked. He's a guy he just met yesterday, he can't exactly expect anything from him just yet.

Bill, of course, noticed the subtle change in his voice that he definitely wanted him to overlook. Aw, Pine Tree wants a writing partner?

"I'll write with you when I'm done, if that's what you want," he said, a smirk spreading across his face. Oh, how he loved acting smug yet nice to this man.

"Thanks," Dipper replied, unfazed by the last part of his sentence. Bill said it as if he were teasing him, but the brunet paid him no mind. All he cared about was that he was going to write with him later, and he was quite content with that. He was way too focused on his story to care about anything else at the moment.

Bill hoped he would act flustered, but this was fine too. He was adorable when he wasn't paying attention, doing whatever in his own little world. Well, to be fair, he could literally just sit there and he'd be cute. His whole existence just seemed so...well, adorable. He was begging to be teased and annoyed.

...Something about those thoughts didn't feel right, but Bill couldn't tell what or why. It's as if he shouldn't be thinking like this.

Nevertheless, he stroked the brunet's cap and took out his stuff; a Calculus textbook, a calculator, a ruler, a pen, and of course, his Calculus notebook. Dipper watched as he flipped the pages of the textbook and notebook. He gazed at his concentrated expression as he clicked his pen and turned on his calculator. "Math?" the brunet asked.

"Calculus, specifically."
"Oh." He couldn't really find anything else to say.

Those were all they said to each other before minding their own business.

Hey, Pine Tree, what are your kinks?" Bill asked right after he finished his homework. Dipper jerked up in surprise, nearly dropping his pen as he did.

"Oh my god, Bill, you don't just ask that to a guy you met two days ago, you fucking jackass!"

"I'm done with my homework so I'm going to write with you now!"

"How does that have anything to do with what I just asked?!"

"Well, I'm obviously gonna write more smut. I might use some of your kinks in the future!" Bill explained. Maybe he would have asked if Dipper could write some smut with him, but he felt that that wouldn't be the best idea; he'd probably be more cautious than ever, or possibly stay away from him.

Dipper stared at him in disbelief, trying to convince himself that he was joking. Unfortunately, despite the annoying look on his face, he was clearly expecting an actual answer. Really? Is he really expecting me to just tell him my kinks? Is he really thinking that I would tell a guy I met just two days ago- technically a day- my fucking kinks?

He was still waiting, a pen and notepad ready in his hands. He donned a less smug expression on his face now, though the smirk was still there. "I'm waiting, Pine Tree."

The amber orbs staring right into his eyes sent shivers down his spine. His tone wasn't harsh, but...it was one he couldn't simply deny. I don't know what he's doing, but...okay, if it's just for his fics. God, just stop staring at me like that, please.

He hesitantly spoke, a little intimidated by the way he looked at him. "Uh, well, there's...d-dry humping, frottage, licking, biting, and sucking...like, the dominant one marking their partner, y'know? Wait--h-hey, stop writing them down, it's weird!"

"I can't forget them if I'm going to use them! Eh, it's too late anyway. Continue, continue," Bill replied.

Dipper's cheeks heated up even more, but he continued. For crying out loud, how did he even get into this? Damn you, Cipher.

"...Fingering, lap dances, blow jobs, wall sex, and I think vampirism counts? I like it because of the blood sucking on the neck,i-it's pretty hot...Well, I kinda like vanilla too, actually. I like writing cuddles and all that. If I ever write rough, I make sure to add aftercare."

"That all?"

"...Yeah. N-now you better tell me yours too, asshat." Dipper stared at him, waiting for a response. It took a few seconds before Bill clicked his pen and kept it along with his notepad inside his bag.

"Alright, seems fair." Bill waited for Dipper to take out his own notepad and pen. He knew he had one, despite never actually seeing him use one; it was just something he would do. Once he was all set, Bill started to enumerate his own kinks. They were a sharp contrast to his, obviously. Without any signs of embarrassment whatsoever, he began.
"BDSM. That includes spanking, choking, bondage, handcuffs, blindfolds, gags, whipping, leash and collar, Master/Pet, Master/Slave. I like having the submissive beg as well. There's also breathplay, knifeplay, maybe even bloodplay. Sometimes I mix gore and smut, and when I do, it's very rough and detailed. Other than those, I like foreplay, teasing, and, like you, blow jobs, wall sex, and grinding. Of course, I also like making the dominant mark the submissive all over; marking him as his."

Dipper swallowed nervously. "Those are all...r-really intense..."

Bill chuckled and remarked, "I'm guessing you're more into fluffy stuff."

"Wait, did I say that out loud?"

"Yes, you did."

Dipper blushed and looked at the ground, avoiding eye contact. "O-oh..."

"Eh, can't really argue with you, though."

Dipper had a question in mind, but he wasn't sure if he should ask it. Not that it was any more shameful than revealing his kinks, but still...

Ah, what the heck.

"Hey, are you a dominant type?" the brunet asked, though the answer was pretty clear based on the kinks he'd stated.

"Yeah, I guess," Bill replied, smirking. "I take it that you're a submissive type?" Dipper's face heated up even more. He's definitely implying something, and he wanted no part of it. "N-no, I'm not!" he denied.

"Oh please, you're obviously a sub."

"Shut up, asshole!" Other than not liking what he was implying, he didn't appreciate being looked down on either. Not that being a submissive was a bad thing, but...well, he just wanted to have some control for once. Swearing made him feel more manly and authoritative, which is why he does it.

"Hey, just kidding! Maybe you have a shot at being a dom, you know?"

Dipper calmed down and regained his composure. Did he really believe in him? It was sudden, but he showed no sign of insincerity when he said it. "You really think so?"

"Yeah. There are sides of you I don't know yet, after all." Bill was an open-minded person, and he wanted to know Dipper completely. He'll just have to wait and see what he's really like, though as far as he knows, that brunet's just really adorable. Of course, he himself knew very well that there was more to a person than what you see when you first meet them.

"True..." Dipper replied. A sudden thought came to Bill's mind. He hasn't been paying attention to the time; he still has some classes left. "Hey, how long have you been here in the library?" he asked. The brunet thought for a while, calculating in his mind. "Well, I've been here since about 12, so...about 2 hours and 10 minutes."

"When did your classes end?"

"We ended on 11:40, but I still ate lunch." But wait, doesn't the refectory start serving lunch at 12? If he was here since 12, then that'd mean he ate earlier, and...
"You didn't get food from the refectory?" Bill asked. "No, I was in the mood for instant noodles anyway," Dipper replied.

"Wow, great decision-making skills right there," Bill remarked, obviously sarcastic.

"Shut up, asshat."

"Still using 'ass' in every insult, huh?" he teased, knowing that he'd get the response he wanted. Pine Tree would always fall for that, he just knew it. Dipper couldn't come up with anything better and stuttered. *Fuck, stop noticing the little things I do." N-no--I--you--...Shut up, jerk!*

Bill smirked. "You used that last time." Well, this was going to be interesting.

Dipper was completely flustered and agitated. He hated how he couldn't think of any better insult right now. He was stuttering, trying to say something to just shut him up already. But he couldn't. He just blurted out whatever words came into his mind first. Admittedly, it was ridiculous, but thank god his voice didn't crack.

"Y-you...you...B-BUTTFACE!" he yelled, completely forgetting that this was a library. Luckily, not very many people were around, and they were too far for the librarian to hear.

Bill was taken aback by his sudden reaction. He tried to stifle his laughter, but he just couldn't. He burst out laughing, crossing his arms over his waist as he was running out of breath. *Buttface, holy shit, that's fucking adorable!*

Dipper groaned, infuriated. He took his bag and notebook, and didn't hesitate to run off. Bill quickly took his bag as well and ran after him. "Pine Tree, wait up!" he said, catching him by the shoulders.

"I'm going back to my room; I'll write alone."

"Aw come on, you're adorable! Stay with me, Pine Tree!"

"I'm not adorable, I'm manly!"

"Whatever you say, Pine Tree! Now come on, just stay and write with me!"

"Don't fucking patronize me," Dipper snarled. Bill was startled by the sudden change in his tone, and the brunet took the opportunity to break free. He ran as fast as he could to the residence hall, up the stairs, and went into his room, slamming the door behind him. He wasn't the most athletic person, which made is strange as to how he'd just done that. Apparently Bill made him do things he supposedly couldn't.

Bill didn't give up. He knocked on the door repeatedly, calling out his nickname.

"Pine Tree!" Three knocks. "Pine Tree!" Three more knocks. "Pine Tree!" His voice was playful, but it steadily grew desperate. *I don't know if I should apologize; how was that any different from the other times I've teased him?*

Dipper could hear him clearly from behind the door. It was nice how he was so persistent, but couldn't he ever call him by his own name for once? He couldn't remember a time he ever did, and that's because he never did. Sure, they've only known each other for more than a day, but with the
way things are right now, it's as if he would never call him by his name. *What, did he forget it or something?*

"Stop calling me Pine Tree, it's getting annoying!" he yelled. Despite saying that and all his thoughts, he actually liked that nickname. It was the first nickname he had that didn't have 'Dip' in it. *Dipdop, Dippin' Dots, Dippy, Dips---*...no that wasn't a nickname. He cringed, remembering those times.

"Too bad, I like calling you Pine Tree!" Bill replied from the other side of the door.

"Why?!"

"I don't know, I just do!" Though he had no idea why, this definitely wasn't the time to think about it.

Dipper groaned and decided to just read a book; he couldn't write like this. He wanted space; to get away from him...or so he thought. He ignored the man calling him from outside and looked for a good story on his desk, which was covered with tons of research papers so he had to rummage through them for a while. Luckily, his books were always beside the wall; they were just covered by papers right now.

"Come on, Pine Tree, open up!" Bill yelled, still knocking. Practically banging on the door, actually. Dipper rolled his eyes and walked to his door. He opened it, but closed it right after he saw Bill's face.

"Rude!" Bill pouted, though of course Pine Tree couldn't see that.

"I don't care!" Dipper said. With a book in his hand, he took his phone from the nightstand, plugged in his earphones, and started to listen to music. After the first song on his playlist had ended, he noticed that Bill had stopped calling for him.

...He got a little worried.

He took off his earphones and placed both his phone and his book on the desk, then walked to the door. He leaned on it and, in a soft though still audible voice, called out.

"...Bill?"

There was a short silence before he heard his reply.

"I'm going back to class; break's over." Bill walked away after he said that, headed for the Liberal Arts Hall, where his classes would take place.

...*Did I go too far?*

Dipper took his phone and checked the time. He paused the music that was still playing, then opened his contacts list. He decided to call someone he hasn't seen since Labor Day.

Chapter End Notes

aaand holy shit this chapter killed me. Well, I hope you all enjoyed this chapter though owo Thank you very much for reading, please do stay tuned! The next chapters might be longer than the ones I've posted to far. Also, the next chapter
will be focusing more on Dipper.
Dipper held his phone beside his ear and waited for his sister to pick up. As he was listening to the ringing, he was nervously fiddling with the sheets on his bed. He really might have screwed up big time. *Great job, Dipper, you manage to piss someone off in three—no, two days. You should really just avoid contact with anyone, it's not like anyone's going to stay with you for long.*

A click came from the phone, causing the brunet to flinch a little in surprise.

“Hey, Mabel!”

“Dipper, hey! It's been such a long time, bro bro!!!” Of course, Mabel was very excited to finally talk to her brother again. There isn’t very much time for them to do so because of college and whatnot. Mabel's pursuing her dreams and chose Fashion Design as her course. With all the sweaters she has, she'd decided to make her own designs and sew them herself.

“Yeah, it's been about a month!”

“Really? Well, it felt like half a year!” They both laughed; it was true.

“Yeah, time's really slow when we’re apart from each other,” Dipper said. It was always really nice talking to her, he’d always feel at ease and lighten up. He was still worried about what he'd done, but he was a little less nervous now. Mabel's the only person he can talk to about his problems. Well, there's also Grunkle Stan and Great Uncle Ford, but he couldn’t really bother them. Who knows, they’re probably sleeping right now—or at least, Stan probably is.

“I know, I can’t wait for Columbus Day so I can see you again! Oh, is there any specific reason you called? Hmmm?” Mabel knew very well that Dipper wouldn’t call if it wasn’t something important; he’d be studying instead of talking to her if everything’s okay.

Dipper sheepishly scratched the back of his neck and looked at the floor. “Something happened and uh… I’m not too sure if I took it too far or not…”

“Oh boy, what'd you do this time?” You could practically hear Mabel rolling her eyes at this point.
“H-hey, I don’t screw up that much!”

“Sure you don’t…”

Dipper sighed and continued, “Anyway, so, I met this guy—“

Mabel audibly gasped from the other side of the phone and interrupted her brother.

“You’re gay?!” She squealed, her fist balled up on her cheek even though Dipper couldn’t see her.

“What? No! Mabel, we both know I’m bi!” It was at high school when Dipper started to question his orientation. When he was a freshman, he’d first assumed he was straight, of course. He’d gotten his fair share—well, not very fair since it was a lot—of rejections from girls, although it was more of him making the worst first impressions every time he tried to talk to one. Despite the many times he’d tried to at least make friends with a girl, he’d also been attracted to a few guys. They were mostly officers, or at least people who seemed responsible. He was confused with those feelings, but he never denied the fact that he liked guys as well. He was one to always face reality rather than go in denial. With that, since his sister was better at this kind of thing, he talked to her. Mabel was actually pretty serious about it; she asked a lot of questions before confirming that he was indeed a bisexual.

“Nonono, I mean, you like the guy?”

“Oh Jesus Christ no.”

“Are you suuuuuure?” If Mabel was with Dipper right now, she’d be looking at him with those narrowed eyes that knew he was lying. Except this time he wasn’t lying, though. As of now, in that sense, Dipper Pines was far from liking Bill Cipher.

“Mabel, that's not the point!”

Mabel chuckled before replying, “Okay, okay, continue!”

“Well, it was 1 in the morning and I was…doing stuff, so I went out of my room to go get some Pitt Cola from the vending machine in the hallway. Unfortunately, I got my arm stuck in the vending machine—“

“Pfff, you got your arm stuck in a vending machine? How does that even happen?!”

Dipper's felt his cheeks heat up in embarrassment. He awkwardly scratched the back of his neck again and replied, “Y-yeah…Again, that's not the point,” he cleared his throat, “So the guy, Bill, seems to have heard me and went out of his room. When he found me, well, he just...laughed at me. Pretty rude of him.”

“Weeell it is kinda funny…”

“Mabel! Anyway, he still helped me afterwards—“

“What? He helped you, so why are you mad?”

“Hey, he may seem like a nice guy from what you’ve heard so far, but I’m telling you, he's actually a total asshole. Moving on, he invited me to his room. The can of Pitt Cola ended up getting smashed in my hand so it was spilling all over my arm and on some parts of my shirt. Apparently Bill's room was right across mine, so I told him that I could just go to my own room. I ended up going in his room anyway; he insisted that I go. A little strange of him, but I went with it. When we got in, he lent me a shirt and even gave me Pitt Cola like he told me he would. After I washed up and changed, we
introduced ourselves. Apparently Bill's taking BS Psychology.”

“Ooo does that mean he knows what you’re thinking?”

“Not exactly, but he can tell how you’re feeling by observing your movements, most of the time. At least, that’s what I think on how someone is if they took that course. I believe Psychology deals with that kind of stuff; it’s honestly really useful, but I don’t think it’s for me.

"Going back, I ended up falling asleep in his bed. When I woke up, I was tucked in—quite nicely, to be honest. I didn’t really remember being tucked in, though. I woke up to the scent of bacon; turns out Bill made breakfast for both of us. He was acting kinda weird, though. He was trying to hold in his laughter. Of course, I didn’t know why at the time, but it was all clear when he told me to wash up. He drew a dick on my face, Mabel. A dick. He’s a college student who still makes dick jokes, what the heck?!”

Dipper could hear Mabel snickering from the other end of the line, but he chose to ignore it and continue.

“I was really annoyed, but then Bill mentioned the time and it was 10 minutes before my class. Before I ran off to my room, he told me to go take the breakfast he made with me.”

“Okay, so let me get this straight. Bill helped you get your arm out of a vending machine, gave you Pitt Cola, lent you a shirt, let you sleep there and even tucked you in, and cooked you breakfast; and you call the guy a total asshole? For shame, Dipper!”

“Mabel, he drew a dick on my face. I could have been humiliated!!!”

“But he made sure it was washable! Dipper, you know I’m a master of pranks, and I’m telling you, he wouldn’t just happen to have a washable marker lying around; he made sure it was one! He didn’t mean any harm!”

‘Don’t worry, I made sure it's washable!’

He hated to say it, but Mabel was right. “Well…I do remember him saying he made sure it was washable…”

“Hah, told you so! He’s really nice after all!”

Dipper groaned and continued, “Moving on, today, I didn’t get food from the refectory after my class just because I was in the mood for instant noodles. When I told Bill, he sarcastically remarked at my decision-making skills! It’s just—“

“I kinda agree, though…you can’t just live off instant noodles for the rest of your life, you know.”

“I still eat real food, Mabel; it was just for today! Anyway, I called him an asshat for that, but then he pointed out om how I always use ‘ass’ in every insult I throw at him, so I called him a jerk instead, but then he told me I already used it before. Hate to admit it, but he got that right. I was so flustered and annoyed at the time and I couldn’t think of another good insult, so I just blurted out, ‘buttface —’”

Mabel burst out laughing from the other end of the line. Dipper could hear her yelling, “HAHAHHA BUTTFACE!!!” She was probably slamming her bed with her hand or something right now.

“MABEL!” he cried, cheeks tinted pink at the moment.
In between laughs and chortles, Mabel managed to say, “I'm sorry—it's just—it's just so cute and dorky!”

“It is not! Dammit, you're just like Bill.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, Bill laughed out loud, so I took my things and ran away from him. He caught up at first and he called me adorable, so I told him I wasn't adorable; I'm manly! But then all he did was patronize me, which just pissed me off, so I broke free from his grasp and ran into my room. I slammed the door shut before he got there. He followed me there, though, and he kept knocking and calling me ‘Pine Tree’—“

“Awww, he has a nickname for you!” Mabel squealed, thinking it was cute. I swear, these two are sooo gay for each other.

“That's not the point!” Dipper cleared his throat and continued, “After a while, he told me to open the door. Well, more like whined. And so I did, but I closed it right after I saw his face. He called me rude, but hey, he was way more of an asshole than I ever was, so I just ignored him and took a book and my phone.” The annoyance he felt at the time was coming back, but then he went back to being worried and nervous as he was almost at that part of the story.

“I couldn't care less, but then I noticed that he stopped. I went behind the door and tried calling his name…but all he said was ‘I'm going back to class; break's over.’ That's about it. I-I didn't hear anything else, so he really must have left,” he said.

“So you're point is…?” Mabel wasn't really sure of what Dipper wanted her to tell him.

Dipper sighed and donned a regretful expression on his face.

“…Did I take it too far?”

Mabel thought about that for a little while. She was audibly thinking, going ‘hmmm…’ at the other end of the line to indicate that she was still there. When she stopped, it meant that she had something to say already. Dipper took a breath in when she did, preparing for her answer. I did, didn't I?

"Maaaybe...just maybe. Dipper, you need to face—no, you should embrace the fact that you're adorable. Bill was just being playful; he didn't mean any harm, so you better apologize before you lose an actual friend, which, by the way, you've never had in years!” Mabel's voice gradually got louder; she wasn't angry, but she just really cared a lot for her brother. She has to make her point clear for her brother's sake. It can't happen again. Bill, please stay with my bro-bro...

...I was never called manly anyway. I've really been trying for years to prove myself, but I've always failed; even until now. I barely grow any hair anywhere other than my head, for crying out loud. Once again...Mabel's right. Kinda strange how she's usually the one who goes in denial, though—hang on, what did she just say?

"...Bill's my friend?" I've only known him for two days, is that even possible? Maybe he's just another acquaintance; that's something Mabel doesn't usually get right...

"Yes he is, you dum-dum! You better apologize when you can!” In that case—

"Okay, okay, I-I will."

"Good, because break's over for me too. I gotta go now, bye, bro-bro!"
"Bye, Mabel! Thanks!"

With that, Dipper ended the call and placed the phone back on his nightstand. He took his notepad and pen, and began to contemplate on how he should apologize. *Maybe I should give him a gift? Those always work, don't they?*

*But what would the gift be...? Uh...flowers? I don't know what kind he'd like, though. Chocolates? How about a cake? A letter? Stuffed toy? Wait, what? Hm...a ticket to a movie of his choice?? Maybe I could treat him? I don't really know how to face him, though...*

...Wait, those are all romantic gifts...or not; hang on, hang on.

"...I can write something like a letter."

Chapter End Notes

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I hope you enjoyed!~ Don't worry, the next chapter will be longer! I think it'll be WAAAAY longer, actually. Chapters just keep getting longer and longer as the story progresses. For the next chapter, let's just say there'll be a...relationship development between the two dorks c: (but no, they're not getting together yet. XDDD)
One More Try

Chapter Summary

"Bill was just being playful; he didn't mean any harm, so you better apologize before you lose an actual friend, which, by the way, you've never had in years!"

What did Mabel mean by that? The answers are all here.

Chapter Notes

Hope you all enjoy this chapter! I won't be able to update next week because all of our performance tasks and requirements for school are next week and I also have to review for exams! Don't worry though, the week after next week, I'll post a double update!

Later that evening, Bill's classes for the day were finally done. Coming from the Liberal Arts Hall, he walked into the residence hall. He took out his keys and unlocked his door, then kept them back in his bag and went into his room. He stopped at his first step. He heard a crinkling sound from under his shoe, so he retracted his foot and looked down at the ground. Apparently he had stepped on an envelope.

Ah, what a shame. Can't be another love letter though, right? I'm done with those.

Bill picked it up and looked at the front of the envelope. Of course, it was addressed to him, Bill Cipher, but what he didn't expect was that it was from Dipper Pines. Well, things just got a little more interesting. He closed the door behind him and dropped his bag on the floor, then made his way to his bed and sat on the edge.

He flipped the envelope so the back would be facing him, and lifted the flap with ease. It wasn't sealed at all; perhaps he doesn't like licking envelopes. Well, to be fair, it was slipped under the door so it's not like anyone else could find it and read it, other than Bill. He took out the paper inside and set the envelope beside him, then began to read.

A fluff oneshot? What is this, a gift for me? How thoughtful! I must be so special to Pine Tree that he had to write for me! Maybe I'll write back some time. Not really much of a point in writing though, since we live right across each other...eh, why not.

He had a smile on his face as he read it, but then a particular sentence caught his attention the most.

"He wrapped his arms around his waist and snuggled close to his chest, saying 'I'm sorry'."

Bill realized that Pine Tree was apologizing in the form of a story. How cute. He chuckled and continued to read, interested as to what would happen next. Typical fluff stuff, but a few bits were different from the usual stories one would read. Bill enjoyed reading his fics for that reason; they weren't cliché, and each couple would have something special between them. Sometimes he'd wish
those couples were real. Sometimes he'd wish he had a romance like they did.

Once he was done, he carefully folded the paper and put it back in the envelope. He kept it in his drawer and decided to pay Pine Tree a visit. He went out of his room and walked in front of Dipper's door. He knocked a couple times, but he received no response.

*I guess he's in class. Oh well, I'll try to listen for him to open his door. I'll catch him when he comes back!*

Bill walked back into his room and took out his notebook and pen. His desk was already clear, so he just placed the notebook on it and sat by the desk. He continued to write his own fic to pass the time since he didn't have any more homework to do.

Dipper's class ended on 7:30, so he went to the refectory and got his take-out before going up the stairs. He was still worried about what Bill thought of him now. *A terrible person, probably.* Sighing as he turned the keys in his doorknob, he turned around and glanced at Bill's door before entering his room.

Dipper placed his take-out on the table and dropped his bag onto the floor. As he was going to get a plate, he heard a knock on his door. *Bill?* He took a deep breath and exhaled, then turned the knob and pulled the door open.

Bill immediately pulled Dipper close, arms secured around his waist. Dipper was frozen, completely taken aback by his sudden action.

"Just like your story, huh, Pine Tree?"

Dipper just nodded in response; he didn't hug him back. *I guess it is...except I'm the one who has to apologize, Bill.*

The brunet gripped on the taller man's sweater vest and buried his face in his chest, head tilted down.

"...Pine Tree?" Bill called out, worried about him. *Hey now, what'd I ever do to you? Something wrong?*

"...I'm sorry." *Oh.*

Bill was surprised with his apology, he didn't exactly expect him to do this. Despite that, he smiled fondly at him and stroked his back, comforting him and nonverbally telling him it was okay. *It was just a joke, damn, I didn't actually mean you were rude!*

"Look...I uh...haven't had a friend since the sixth grade, so...I-I don't want to lose you...I'm sorry if I made you mad..."

Bill chuckled lightly and said, "I'm not mad."

Dipper looked up at him. "Y-you're not? But you said..." "It just happened to be the end of my break. Yeesh, you worry too much!"

"Oh..." The brunet loosened his grip, relaxing. *Was I really overthinking all this time...?*

Bill slowly released Dipper and pulled away. "Now quit wrinkling my sweater vest, you little dummy," he lightly teased.
Dipper laughed a little and said, "I'll wrinkle it all I want!" He started to grab random areas on the fabric, wrinkling it each time. Bill laughed and, after a while, got a hold of the shorter man's wrists. "Alright, alright," he said. Dipper chuckled and put his hands down, back to his sides.

"Hey, mind filling me in as to why you haven't had a friend since the sixth grade? Only if you're okay with that, of course." Bill asked.

Dipper's face softened as he heard that. The smile that was once on his face had now faded away. It wasn't exactly the best thing to bring up. He frowned and looked at the ground, avoiding eye contact as much as possible.

"Hey, you don't have to..." Bill said.

"...Can I eat at your room while I tell you?" Dipper asked, still not looking him in the eye. He was going to regret this.

"Of course." Why doesn't he want me in his room, though? I mean, come on, we're right here.

"Alright, wait a little," Dipper said, going into his room and closing the door. Bill did as he was told, he stayed where he was and waited for him to come out.

Well, I certainly didn't expect it to turn out like this...

The brunet opened the door, holding a plate with his food and utensils on it as well.

"Ready to go and chat?" Bill asked.

"Y-yeah, definitely ready to chat...a-about my past school life and all! Yup, I'm ready, let's--let's go!" Dipper said, clearly nervous. He nervously laughed, as if trying to hide the pain and anxiety in all that. Obviously, he was fooling nobody.

"You sure? You don't really seem comfortable with it."

"I-it's okay, really..." I don't know why I'm trusting Bill, but...it's going to be okay; he's like Mabel. Maybe it won't be so bad...right? Maybe he was right about my decision-making skills. I don't know. It'll be fine.

"If you say so. By the way, do you drink tea?" Bill asked.

"I prefer coffee, but tea's okay too. I'd drink it if it was offered," Dipper replied, closing the door behind him. Bill started to walk to his room, saying, "I'll make us some tea after you finish your food then."

"Oh, thanks."

Bill opened the door and went inside. Dipper followed, a little nervous. Bill closed it behind him, then sat on the bed and pat the empty space beside him, beckoning Pine Tree to come over. The brunet complied and sat next to him, then started to eat.

"Just a sec, I'll go get you some water," Bill said, standing up and making his way to the cupboard.

"Thanks," Dipper replied, taking another bite of his supper. Bill poured some water into a glass then went back onto the bed, beside Pine Tree. The brunet took it from his hand when he offered it, then took a sip. Once he was done, the taller man took it back into his hand.
Looking the brunet in the eye, he said, "Alright, start."

Dipper swallowed nervously and cleared his throat. *Here goes nothing.*

"Well...I was different ever since I was a kid. Different from everyone else. I was strangely more intelligent than other people of my age. I was interested in the paranormal like aliens and UFOs, but people only made fun of me for that, saying they weren't real. I know they are, though."

Bill was listening intently, not taking his eyes away from Pine Tree's. Dipper took another bite of his food before he continued.

"My twin sister, Mabel, was the only one who stuck by my side. We don't see each other often anymore because of college, but we still talk over the phone and occasionally video chat, at least. We also meet up when we get the chance, usually on holidays. Going back, I did have one friend in Grade 6...or not; I'd rather call him an acquaintance for the school year. We never talked again after that. Like I said, acquaintance; someone you know and talk to, but not exactly friends with. You only talk because you see each other, you know?"

"Was he nice to you?" Bill asked. Dipper nodded, eating more.

"What about the rest of your years?"

Dipper paused for a while, then finished his food, deliberately avoiding eye contact as he did so. He didn't want to go there, but hey, he was the one who chose to walk into it. *Like I said, I'm going to regret this.*

"Need the tea, huh? I'll go make it now, while you mentally prepare yourself." Bill stroked Dipper's cap, petting him, then stood up and went to make some tea. "Thanks." Dipper went to the sink, which was pretty much beside Bill, and washed his dish. They didn't speak to each other, but it was a comfortable silence between them.

Dipper dried his plate and sat back on the bed. After a few minutes, Bill poured the tea into two cups and placed them on saucers.

"Tea's ready!" he said, carrying the tea as he walked towards Pine Tree. He offered one of the cups to him as he sat down. Dipper carefully took it and blew on it before taking a sip. He closed his eyes and savored the taste before slowly opening them again and remarking, "It's good."

"Nothing like chamomile tea to relax your nerves. Now, continue?" Bill asked, taking a sip as well. Dipper sighed and continued, fiddling with his cup.

"I was always bullied; they'd either pick on me, even hurt me, or just ignore me completely. I like that third one among the three, since...you know, at least they leave me alone; at peace, you know?"

"At peace? You're fucking lonely!"

"Y-yeah, but...at least they don't hurt me that way..." Dipper sipped some more tea.

"Physically, but not emotionally or mentally, Pine Tree." He had a point.

Dipper sighed again and continued, "In my seventh grade, someone pretended to be my...friend. At first, he was nice; he approached me first and decided that he would be my friend. Besides Mabel, he was the only one I could talk to about whatever, be it nonsense or problems. Eventually, I felt confident enough to approach him myself, instead of the other way around, just to chat. It was going great, I really thought I found a friend for once. I thought high school was awesome because of that...
"...but then one day..."

Dipper took another sip, slightly shivering. No, don't crack in front of him...that's just humiliating. He continued.

"H-he went on P.A a-and...h-he...he broadcasted e-everything. Everything; all the secrets I've ever t-told him, a-all of them...I-it was horrible."

He could feel the tears building up in his eyes, but he can't stop talking now.

"M-my crushes, feeling, opinions...b-birthmark...e-everything...he took it all against me and mortified me with it. He d-didn't twist any of my words, but...that's only because it was humiliating enough. I can't b-believe why I e-ver trusted him..."

Birthmark?

Dipper felt the warm tears flowing down his cheeks, but he carried on. He was sobbing at this point, but he still didn't stop. He gripped harder on the handle of his cup and hoped he wouldn't break it.

"...and everyone laughed. Everyone in the h-high school heard it all. E-Everyone laughed at me, except for Mabel. E-every since...they all p-picked on me, s-shamed me, beat me up, and even pointed fingers at me whenever they saw me...I-I was always talked about...and I-I just got new bruises and injuries every day...a-and..."

"Pine Tree, drink your tea."

But he couldn't hear him anymore. He was focused on his past, as if reliving all the distress. He'd already taken his mind completely off this, but he just had to bring it up...no, it's not his fault.

"I almost died. A-almost....I...one d-day..."

He was trembling. Lost in his own horrible memories. He could barely see his own surroundings anymore, instead having his sight replaced with his past. His breath hitched more and more by the second. He wanted to scream.

"Pine Tree, listen to me. You need to drink your tea."

But he couldn't sense Bill anymore.

"I-I stabbed a knife into my heart...s-sorta..."

"Wait, what?!!" Bill exclaimed. What does he mean' sorta'?! Even the slightest puncture could have killed him, what was he thinking?! Those people have gone too damn far...far enough to drive him to this.

"I-it was already in...the...t-the blade...I f-f-felt it...but...."

His fists were clenched onto the porcelain of the cup and on the sheets below him. He felt that he was going to faint soon. He could still remember how the cold pang of the steel in his flesh, drawing out blood.

"Pine Tree..."

"....Mabel stopped me...s-she caught me doing it...N-now I uh....have a scar on the skin just above my heart...w-well, s-stitches..."
Bill had quite enough. He placed his cup and saucer on the desk, then quickly went back beside Dipper and guided the cup to his mouth. Bill placed his hand on his shoulder as he did so, attempting to make him sense the physical contact.

Dipper recognized the scent of chamomile and took a sip of the tea. He was slowly coming back to reality. He stopped sobbing, though the tears were still there. His trembling diminished into slight shivering instead.

"Feeling better?" Bill asked, putting down the cup. Dipper nodded; he didn't feel like answering verbally. Bill walked away for a moment and got him some tissue, then held up the box to the brunet. Dipper took some tissue, then wiped his tears and blew his nose.

"Trash can's over there," Bill pointed to the corner of the room. Dipper shakily stood up, stumbling a bit at his first try. Bill caught him before he completely fell and helped him up, then let him go to the trash can himself. The brunet threw the tissues away, but he didn't come back just yet. He gripped on the sweater he was wearing, which was made by Mabel, right above his heart.

Bill waited, but he was taking way too long at this point. He saw where his hand was. "Hey, are you okay? Is it hurting right now?" he asked, worried. He hid the slight desperation which hoped the answer was no.

"...No, I just....remember," Dipper sighed.

"Well, you have a friend now, so let's keep that in the past. Sorry for bringing it up, but perhaps you needed to get it out of your chest."

"...Yeah, I do feel kind of better."

"It's always nice to have someone to talk to and share your feelings with."

"The last time I did that didn't turn out so well..." He cringed, remembering those times.

Shouldn't have said it like that, dammit. Better work on my choice of words. "Right, sorry...I'm not like them, though. You can trust me."

Dipper stayed still and didn't respond to that.

Trust no one...trust no one...you just met him, you can't trust him so easily...don't be deceived...

Bill stood up and walked to his side. He draped his arm around his shoulders and gave him a light noogie, trying to lighten up the mood. This isn't forced optimism, right? It's just trying to lighten up the mood, nothing like that.

"Come on, Pine Tree, let's write together or something to get your head out of that topic!"

Dipper flinched, remembering how some bullies used to give him noogies, even chanting that name. He could feel the pain in his head from back then.

...Oh, but Grunkle Stan did it to him too, in a less painful way. An affectionate way. He liked those, it felt nice like that.

'Bill was just being playful; he didn't mean any harm!'

"Sure, maybe that'll work," Dipper replied.

"I'll write some fluff this time!" Bill said.
"Can't wait to read it!" the brunet said, smiling just a little. He really did want to read it; as much as Bill's way of writing was dark, they were still absolute works of art.

_Trust...maybe just one more try._

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all liked the chapter! At the next chapter, you'll find out more about Bill!

aaaaaaaaaaaaa I made them hug in this chapter homygooolllllllllllllllllllllllllllllllllloood
Gullible

Chapter Summary

Bill has his own story too.

The two met up at the library again, the next day, at their usual place. They wrote until 12am the night before, and of course, Dipper didn't get 8 hours of sleep. Not that he did the previous days either, anyway. He'd either be staying up reading books or writing stories. If things between him and Bill keep going like this, he'll be deprived of sleep mostly because of staying up and writing gay stories with Bill Cipher all night long.

Right now, it's a break in between classes for the two, which is why they're writing together again. Until now, that is.

Dipper clicked his pen all of the sudden and placed it on the table. Without looking, he started, "Hey, Bill..."

"Mm?" was all he responded with, as Bill was focused on writing. The brunet pursed his lips and took a breath, nervous about what he was going to say. He probably shouldn't ask for his own good, but he could never suppress his curiosity. If he tried to, he'd still try to find his answer in an indirect manner and only make things harder for him. He'd sneak around and stay literally sleepless for a couple of nights, only to fail in the end and ask directly anyway. He knew it'd happen; he's gone through it too many times. Curiosity was a danger for him.

Dipper looked at the man across him and stared for a while, leaving a few seconds of silence between them. Of course he always made things awkward. Bill didn't really mind though, since he wasn't fully paying attention just yet. Dipper was the only one feeling awkward right now. Of course things always turn out like this when it's me starting the conversation.

"...What was your past school life like?"

The strokes of Bill's pen were put to an abrupt halt. He placed it on the table and stared back, right into Dipper's eyes, though not lifting his head completely. His amber orbs were practically piercing through his soul, but Dipper couldn't take it back now. Bill looked dead serious, intimidating Dipper, though it didn't look like he wanted to hurt him. Nothing like that. Bill didn't seem mad, but it was more of concern...in a somewhat aggressive manner. Feelings like concern and sympathy were quite foreign to him.

"Do you really want to know?"

The fear in Dipper died down a little, thinking that maybe he wasn't threatening him. He wanted to lean forward, but his arms wouldn't let him. He decided to stay in his seat instead.

"...Was it also terrible?" he asked, hoping that maybe this was his chance of helping him back. Bill may have been constantly teasing him, but he did help him a lot. All Dipper's been doing was insulting him and causing trouble. He felt bad now.

Bill's face softened at his question. He avoided eye contact and donned a sad smile; he really hoped
"Actually, it was great...that's why I don't think you'd like to hear about it."

"Oh..." Right, of course. He's not like me. In fact, it was a terrible thing to think that his school life was like mine; a disaster! Did I really just want part of Bill's life to be awful?! Ugh...

Little did he know that his face was contorting as he mentally slapped himself over and over again, regretting yet another one of his decisions. Bill was probably right about my decision-making. That may have been a joke, but he never stopped thinking about it.

"Yeah, I thought so. Good choice, Pine Tree," Bill said, assuming his answer was what he expected. Great, now I can just change the topic and-

"No, I want to hear it anyway." Oh, nevermind. Bill merely stared at Dipper, waiting for him to change his mind while he had the chance. Come on, Pine Tree. Don't make me do this to you. Pain's nice and all but this...well, honestly, I don't know why I don't want to tell you; you're fucking with me here dammit. Not sure why I'm not saying this out loud either.

The brunet waited for him to talk, but he didn't get anything out of the golden-haired man. It only became more awkward now, nice. Dipper was fiddling with his fingers, hoping he'd speak up any time soon, but he really didn't. He had to make him talk.

"I-it's just that I don't know much about you, you know?" That was true, although his intentions were different...or not; he did want to know more about Bill, he was full of mystery. "It's my chance to get to know you more, B-Bill." Saying his name felt strangely foreign; he was used to calling him things with 'ass' in the name. Yep, he got that right too. How ironic; it was he who would always tell Mabel to face reality and not go in denial, but here he is now. When did things start to go south for him?

"There are other ways to get to know me; you don't have to force yourself to do this, my sw--Pine Tree, I mean. We can talk about something else, Pine Tree." Shit, that was close.

"It's okay, I really want to know." Luckily enough, Dipper didn't seem to take notice of his little mishap.

Bill sat up straight, not breaking his gaze at Dipper. He sighed, thinking that he probably wouldn't take it well. "If you say so," he said, closing his notebook. Dipper rested his elbows on the table, ready to listen. He looked eager rather than anxious, much to Bill's surprise. He decided to begin and leaned back on his chair, crossing his legs.

"When I was in grade school, I was a real popular prankster; I was the best! I wasn't hated or anything, nope, not at all! I even had a few acquaintances; we were kinda like a prank squad or something, ya know? Course, our name was something like what a 10-year-old would think of."

Dipper lightly chuckled. "No surprise here..."

"True!" Bill replied, laughing.

"Anyway, even the people we pulled pranks on didn't hold anything against us. Sure, they did get mad, and we kinda humiliated someone at one point, but we're all good. We treated them and stuff as an apology, it's actually pretty cute when I think about it," he chuckled, "it was a never-ending party!"

"Wow, I wonder what happened," Dipper rolled his eyes in sarcasm.
Bill chortled and continued, "Now, high school was something else. Well, middle school was pretty similar. Without my glasses, I was quite the heartthrob. Hell, even guys went gay for me! I didn't really like any of them, but I did go on a few dates. By 'them,' I mean all the admirers, not just the guys, aight? Don't get confused here, kid."

Kid? We're probably the same age but alright. Probably just another one of Bill's...things.

"You're pretty lucky, living the life..." Dipper said, looking down at the table. Bill knew that he'd start to think back on his own school life soon, so he continued, telling him it wasn't as great as he thought.

"Eh, not really. I never got time alone in school and the girls...they were really annoying. Like seriously, they're giggling all the time and talking about approaching me or shit like I don't hear them. I appreciate that they think I'm hot and all because I am, but hell, trying to steal kisses from me or something? Trying to catch my attention by pretending to casually walk around for about a thousand times? I guess if they did that a few times it's fine, but every fucking day? Nope."

Those remind me of someone...but nah, he wouldn't hate her. Boy craziness isn't all she has, she's fun in general! If those two met, they'll get along real well.

"I can imagine you in those kinds of situations where girls smother you with hugs or something. Does that really happen?" the brunet asked.

"Actually, yeah, it does. Well, anyway, whenever I got love letters in my locker, I'd secretly throw them away at home and not respond to the sender. If they asked about it, I'd wink and tell them I'll consider it. I never really did, though...that's our little secret," he said, smiling at Pine Tree a little. Dipper chuckled in response, though his expression gradually changed to one with curiosity clearly written all over his face. A little nervousness could be seen if you observed his movements carefully, and that's what Bill was doing.

"Got a question, Pine Tree? Ask away!"

Looks like that worked since Pine Tree seemed to relax. "Are you...a-aroace or something?"

Bill slung his arm over the back of his chair whilst placing his other hand on his chin, rubbing it slightly with his finger as he thought of his answer.

"Hmm, I wouldn't say that; I found some people to be attractive before, but dating wasn't my thing. I know how to make a date good, of course, but I'd rather write."

"Oh..." Strangely enough, Dipper felt relieved.

"Got anymore questions? Oh and hey, you feeling okay?"

"Don't worry, I'm not jealous or anything. Also, yeah, those are the only questions I have...for now, anyway."

"Really?"

"Yeah, why would I be? I mean, it's not like I can change my past for the better anyway..."

"Don't say it'd be for the better..." Dipper raised his eyebrow. Bill continued, "I mean, I get it, it was terrible, but maybe if it wasn't like that, we wouldn't have met each other." He leaned onto the wood as he spoke, resting his cheeks on his fists. His elbows supported his weight on the table, lightly creaking as he got on. Dipper couldn't help but smile at the sight before him. Admittedly, he was
being cute right now, but he wasn't going to tell him that; he was cocky enough.

"True, I wouldn't have met a jackass like you."

Bill snickered. "Still using 'ass' every time, I see," he teased with a knowing grin on his face.

"Shut up," Dipper replied, chuckling a little himself. Bill laughed along and began to keep his things in his bag. He stood up, slinging his backpack over his shoulders, and pushed the chair back. He walked to Dipper, who was at the other side of the table and stroked his cap. "I gotta go back to class."

Dipper wondered why he pet him, but he chose to save that question for another time. "Alright, maybe I'll see you later.." he said, trying not to sound too hopeful.

"You definitely will," Bill smirked, though the brunet didn't see that.

With that, Bill headed for the door. Dipper watched him and waited for a few seconds before getting out of his seat and running to him. Before Bill could react, the shorter man had snatched his glasses off his face from behind him.

"Ha! Got your glasses!" Dipper said, feeling as though he got him back for his little pranks. Bill, on the other hand, didn't turn around. Instead, he placed his hands on his hips.

"Joke's on you, Pine Tree; I don't really need those glasses!" he said as if he were going to laugh soon. Dipper's eyes widened in surprise. He was getting him back for those teases, but what the hell was this?! Nice job, you walked right into another one! Dammit Bill!

"Wait, what?!" he yelled, forgetting that they were in the library. He knew very well that the librarian couldn't hear him anyway.

Bill turned around and took the glasses off his hand. He was slightly leaning into his face, looking straight into his eyes.

"M'eyes are up here."

Bill lightly patted the Pine Tree's cheek twice whilst chuckling lowly. How adorable, Pine Tree. With that, Dipper snapped back to reality, blinking twice as he processed what just happened.

"When you have big dorky glasses, people would usually think you're lame and nerdy, so you wouldn't become popular. I took that opportunity here in college, and so far it's been great! It's funny how dumb people are, really," Bill said without any signs of sarcasm.

"You really like not being popular?" Dipper asked, confused by his way of thinking. Bill leaned back and closed his eyes as he slid his glasses back on. Opening his eyes to see Pine Tree looking at him with a mix of curiosity and disbelief was always a pleasure.
"Yeah, I can do anything I want! I also get to hang out with you since I don't have anyone else to be with!"

So he's only hanging out with me because he has no choice...?

Bill saw as Dipper frowned. He didn't even dare raise his eyebrow, knowing full well what he'd done. Oh shit, I shouldn't have said it like that. Choice of words, goddammit.

"...Sorry, I didn't mean for it to sound that way. I'd hang out with you either way, really." He attempted to make things better, though he wasn't sure if it was enough to reassure him. He wasn't exactly the best at fixing things when he screwed them up.

"You really mean it...?" Dipper replied, looking him straight in the eye. But how did he know? I didn't say anything...hm.

"I do."

Dipper smiled back and felt at ease. The taller man gave him a few pats on a head before he opened his annoying mouth once again.

"By the way, while I was hugging you last night, I wiped some of my sweat onto your back," he said, like it was the most normal thing in the world. Dipper's face quickly contorted in disgust and he took a step back.

"Ugh, gross! Asshole!"

Bill laughed like a madman as he walked out of the library, leaving Pine Tree standing there and watching him as he left. Dipper pouted and grunted as he walked back up the stairs and to the table, all alone this time. Welp, back to those days when he was all by himself in this building. At that table. Not that he didn't hang around here when Bill wasn't around for the past few days, but seeing him leave left this strange sensation.

He sat down and continued writing, whilst thinking about whether Bill was a nice guy or an asshole.

______________________________

Bill was sitting at the second row in his Psychology Class. With his legs crossed under the table, he was leaning slightly forward onto his desk. He had his pen in hand, a pen different from the one he uses to write his stories. He would occasionally look up to glance at the professor as he discussed the lesson on PowerPoint, then return his gaze to the notebook below him. It wasn't a boring class since he was interested in the subject.

He quietly sat there, taking down notes instead of talking to his seatmate or the person at his back. Well, that was just because he didn't have friends in this place. He liked it though, he really did. Humans can be tricked so easily, I love it! Just put on a pair of glasses and they'll leave you alone! He liked being above things, feeling superior. A thought came to mind out of nowhere.

'By the way, while I was hugging you last night, I wiped some of my sweat onto your back.'

'Ugh, gross! Asshole!'

He chuckled, remembering what had just happened a while ago.

Gullible.
And if I am?

It was Friday, and Dipper was free for the whole day. He had thoroughly planned his schedule to make sure he had a free weekday for once, and here it was. Bill, on the other hand, had classes until half an hour before noon. He actually wanted free day as well, but there were just too many classes. Oh well, this was better than nothing.

Since last night, Dipper's been doing schoolwork which has piled up for the past few days. He stayed up until 2 am, and with the lack of sleep he's been having throughout the week, he let himself sleep in today. Normally he'd do his homework right away to prevent things like these from happening, but he couldn't help and procrastinate by writing. He had ideas in his head and he couldn't just keep them there; they'd be forgotten if he tried to.

At 12 noon, the refectory starts serving lunch. Bill glanced at the clock and decided to click his pen. He placed it on the table and left his notebook open as he stood, knowing that no one could enter his room while he was gone anyway. 'Course, if there was, he'd track them down and...do something. Pushing that thought aside, he stood up and went out of his room, wearing a yellow sweater vest above his button-up, along with some slacks and dress shoes. As expected of him, he didn't forget to put on a bowtie. Perhaps he'd look like a gentleman at first glance with that getup, though he wasn't exactly one.

Bill stepped out of his room and locked the door behind him. Huh, I didn't see Pine Tree a while ago during break. Haven't heard his door open at all either...hm. Maybe I could knock so we could get our take-outs together!

He trotted over to the brunet's door and knocked. There was no response. The golden-haired man pursed his lips in frustration and knocked again, loudly calling out, "Pine Tree!" He wasn't a very patient person, though perhaps someone would find that part of him cute.

People were walking around and chattering behind him as he yelled for his Pine Tree to open the door. As they passed by, he felt that he was being whispered about by some students, but he didn't care. Whispers feel different when you're unpopular...cool!

Bill was practically banging on the door outside when Dipper finally stirred in his bed and groaned. The thuds on the wood mixed with the unintelligible noise of the students conversing with each other about who-knows-what outside made it easier for him to wake up. It took him a few seconds before he realized that he was being called from behind his door.

The brunet rubbed his eyes and slowly sat up, supporting his weight with his hand on the cushion. He'd honestly prefer to stare into nothingness for a while, breathing the 'morning' air and feeling the sun's warmth radiate on his skin, were it not for the voice calling him from outside, which was especially annoying at this time of the day. What a nice thing to wake up to.

He stood up and scratched his back, lazily trudging his way to the door. He turned the knob and opened the door, only to find an annoying face right in front of his.

"Good morning, Pine Tree! Yeesh, you look terrible."
Bill chuckled as Dipper pushed his face away with one hand, obviously unamused. On the other hand, the taller man found the scowl on his face rather cute.

"What do you want, Bill?" the brunet groaned, rubbing his temples. He wasn't exactly up for his shit right now.

"I was hoping we could get out take-outs together, but if you don't want to..." Bill trailed off, attempting to convince him to come with him.

"What time is it?"

"It's 12 noon, Pine Tree. Noon." Bill poked his chest as he emphasized the word.

"I slept for 10 hours, then."

"Are you getting lunch or what?" Again, he was impatient. He wanted his answer. Now.

Dipper merely stared at him for a while with not a single sign of excitement or interest in his eyes. Bill crossed his arms and looked back, waiting for a response.

"...Give me a few minutes," the brunet finally said. He tried to close the door, but Bill put his foot forward before it was shut.

"Can't I go in your room?" he asked.

"Why? I won't take long," Dipper replied, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Well, you always go in my room. How's about we make a change for once?"

"No, it's messy."

"It's fine, just lemme see!"

"No," Dipper sternly replied, stepping on Bill's shoe to get it out. The man didn't show any sign of pain, but he did retract his foot. Once that was over with, the brunet slammed the door. Bill laughed and waited right in front of the door. The amount people behind him had lessened at some point in this fun little conversation.

Dipper turned on the sink and quickly washed his face. He reached for a towel near him and wiped it dry before placing it back. He took off his shirt and slid off his shorts along with his underwear. He pulled his socks off as well and tossed all the laundry into the hamper. He walked to his closet and didn't take much time to decide on his clothes. He wore a black shirt and picked out a sweater Mabel made for him; it was Prussian blue with the initials "D" and "M" hand-sewn in baby blue thread at the front and back of the garment, respectively. He slipped on a pair of new boxers and gray jeans along with his black sneakers accented with white laces.

The brunet took his comb and gave his hair a few strokes. He placed it back in the drawer and put on his cap before finally opening the door.

"I liked your bed head," Bill teased, though it wasn't a lie.

"Shut up, let's go."

Dipper closed the door and locked it, then pulled the taller man by the wrist. Bill caught up with his
pace and walked beside him. He turned to Pine Tree and looked at him curiously.

"Do you not like holding hands?" he asked. Dipper paused in his steps and turned his head away, unsure of how to respond. He looked at the ground, completely avoiding eye contact.

"W-what...?"

"You're holding my wrist and not my hand. Do you feel uncomfortable when you hold hands or something, Pine Tree?"

Well, I don't really think I do...do I? I guess my hand sweats when I hold hands, but maybe that's just because I'm nervous? I think it all depends on the person...I don't know. Although I guess it can actually feel nice, too...I don't really know. I think I can say I'm not uncomfortable with it, but...holding hands with Bill? Is that what he's implying? I don't know about that.

"Not really, but people would give us weird looks..." he answered.

"Well, if that's the only reason, then..." Bill trailed off and held Dipper's in his. He began to walk ahead. Now, that wasn't so ba-

"WE'RE NOT A COUPLE!" Dipper blurted out without even thinking. He was thankful that he was looking away; he was way too embarrassed to face him right now. Bill paused and looked back at Pine Tree, slowly releasing his hand.

"...Is that why you don't want to hold my hand?"

"I-I've held Mabel's hand a lot, but never with anyone else...that isn't in my family, of course. So..."

Bill stared at him for a while with a blank expression. It was impossible to at least have an idea of what he was thinking right now. Neither of them spoke to each other. Dipper nervously turned his head to the taller man and donned a expression full of fear; fear that he'd done something wrong.

Oh god, did I hurt him...?

"Alright, I won't hold your hand," Bill said with a gentle smile, slowly letting go. He continued to walk, headed to the refectory. The shorter man followed and caught up so he'd be beside him. Dipper felt a little guilty and couldn't take his eyes off his hand now.

Honestly, Dipper liked it when he held his hand. It was warm and soft, and a little bigger than his own. Why did I say that? He mentally slapped himself. He might have actually wanted him to have held it just a little longer. Maybe just a little more would have been fine. Little did he know that his eyebrows were actually furrowed as he thought. He'd subconsciously pouted as well.

Bill saw that the brunet was staring at his hand with an adorable expression from the corner of his eye. He lightly chuckled and held his wrist in response. Dipper averted his gaze and he lifted the hem of his sweater a little to cover half of his face, knowing that he was blushing.

"Two take-outs; the other one's for him!" Bill told the employee. Dipper was surprised and jerked his head to Bill.

"I can order on my own," he said.

"Eh, I already spared you the trouble, so take it before I change my mind," Bill replied, handing over the plastic. Not like we need any better packaging for the food here, anyway. Dipper took the plastic from his hand since he didn't want to be rude and reject his help.
"Thanks," he said as he began to walk back with the golden-haired man following him.

"Hey, how about we eat in your room?" he asked, still not giving up. *C'mon Pine Tree, what are you hiding? I want in.*

"Why are you so insistent to go in my room?" Dipper shot Bill a look, irritated. However, that didn't make the taller man falter.

"Why are you so insistent to keep me out?" he countered, even leaning a little closer.

"...Don't change the subject." Dipper pouted. Bill smirked, on the other hand, knowing that he'd win this. He laughed a little, finding how cute the brunet was when he pouted, and that's when the shorter man noticed that the golden-haired man hasn't let go of him yet.

"You can let go of my wrist now...since we're already in front of my room," Dipper said.

"I'll follow you inside anyway."

Dipper smirked and decided to tease him this time. It wasn't often he'd get a chance like this.

"Maybe you just like holding my wrist."

That got to Bill a little since that was true. He inadvertently gripped the brunet's wrist tighter whilst trying to *not* blush. *Keep it together, Cipher. Turn the tables.*

Bill managed to smirk back and look as if he was the dominant one. He leaned into Pine Tree's ear and whispered in a low, sultry voice.

"I'd love to hold them both and pin you on the wall."

Dipper let out an embarrassingly high-pitched yelp and jerked back, getting out of Bill's grip in the process. Bill, on the other hand, slapped his thigh, laughing so hard that his voice echoed throughout the now empty hallway.

"Pine Tree, I was just kidding, relax!" he said in between laughs.

"Jackass!" Dipper yelled, lightly punching his shoulder.

Bill finally got a hold of himself after a few seconds and went back to the subject.

"Okay, okay, let's go into your room now."

"No. I swear, it's messy."

"It's fine, I just wanna see the kind of person you are."

"Well, I'm a mess..." Dipper said, laughing awkwardly. Bill frowned, getting a little worried. *What does he mean?*

Dipper looked at him for a few seconds before finally giving in. "Fine, you win..." he sighed. Reluctantly, he opened the door and went inside.

"So...welcome," he awkwardly said, unsure how to greet him. Meanwhile, he placed his take-out on a plate near the sink.

"You weren't kidding when you said it was messy," Bill remarked, looking around.
"Hey, you wanted to see inside, and here it is."

"Oh, the mess is fine, really. Can I get a plate too, by the way?" Dipper didn't mind and got one from the cupboard, then handed it over.

"Thanks!" Bill said. He put the food onto the plate, threw the plastic in the trash, and sat on the bed. He didn't have to ask if he could since he knew they'd end up sitting there together anyway. As expected, Pine Tree sat beside him with his plate in hand.

Dipper took the remote from the bed and gave it to Bill as he took a bite from his burger. In contrast to his own past actions, Bill took it without hesitation and pressed the power button. He was really making himself at home. Unlike Dipper, he felt no shame. Heck, he didn't know what shame was...outside his own home, anyway.

"By the way, those stuff we said earlier outside your room..." Bill started, looking at the Pine Tree beside him.

"...Yeah...?" Dipper raised his eyebrow and moved a little further from the golden-haired man, trying to be as subtle as possible. However, inconspicuous as he was, Bill noticed his movement anyway because he felt the weight shift on the bed. That, and because he was always watching. Pine Tree could never escape his sight.

"Don't worry, I won't do it to you. I was going to say that maybe I could use it in a fic some time," he chuckled. While he took a bite of his burger, Dipper awkwardly laughed and moved closer to Bill, back to where he was seated.

"I-I knew that...! You write gay fics, but you're not actually gay, are you?"

Bill stared at him as he chewed his food. He looked at him with the same blank expression he had a while ago. He swallowed and responded with something that made the brunet feel a strange sensation in his chest.

"...And if I am?"
"O-oh...you are?"

"Yeah, you could say that," Bill replied, taking another bite of his burger. "At least, I think so. Only got a boner once, and shit, it was for a guy." Dipper almost choked, but he managed to swallow his food properly. He didn't know how to react to that at all. The taller man chuckled and pat him on the back as he coughed, thinking that maybe it'd help.

"...I did not need to know about that..." the brunet weakly said, still regaining his ability to breathe properly.

"Well, in any case, you got your answer." Bill winked in a flirtatious manner, but Dipper ignored it so as not to get flustered.

Dipper directed his attention to the television and just ate more of his burger as well, trying not to think about Bill's answer too much. Not that it was that important or anything... probably. Bill did the same and decided to break the silence between them.

"So, do you know this movie?" he asked. Dipper flinched a little in surprise but replied, "No...but from what I'm seeing, the main character's definitely going to fall off her balcony. I mean, just look at it! It keeps showing the view below the balcony, it's so obvious!"

Bill chuckled as he watched the brunet do his hand gestures as he talked; it was somehow cute. "Damn straight; and who replies to a stranger's text?! This movie's gotta get its shit together," he added.

Eventually, they finished their burgers as they watched the horror movie, pointing out its flaws every once in a while.

"Oh boy, it's time for another jumpscare," Dipper remarked as the music changed in the movie while the camera began to zoom in. Sarcasm was evident in his tone, of course. Bill only shrugged in response, even less interested than he was. Most horror movies for him were funny, but this one was plain boring. More importantly, where's the gore?

Seconds after that, the jumpscare came on and the main character fell to her death. Dipper jerked up and involuntarily clung to Bill's arm with one of his own, pointing at the screen with his other hand. It was something he and Mabel would usually do whenever they got scared; holding onto each other. Looks like it became a habit.

"I TOTALLY CALLED IT! I-I told you so!" he yelled.

"And yet you got scared anyway," Bill laughed. Dipper turned to him, not feeling the heat in his cheeks.

"I-I was not!" he denied in embarrassment, though it clearly wasn't going to fool anyone.

"You're holding onto my arm, Pine Tree," Bill pointed out. He had that smug smirk on his face along with that knowing look in his eyes.

"I...I was just surprised-"

Bill, without warning, brushed his thumb against Dipper's cheek. He licked his thumb nonchalantly
while looking straight into Dipper's eyes. His eyes were half-lidded, staring at him in a way that intimidated Dipper for some reason. The brunet flinched, releasing the taller man's arm.

"Wha-"

"There was some ketchup on it," Bill interrupted. He said it like it was nothing to worry about. Well, really, it wasn't, but Pine Tree was obviously thinking of something else. His little plan worked, and he was quite amused with the results. It was going to get even better soon enough.

"Oh, thanks-" Dipper smiled, though it looked really awkward.

"I thought it was blood, such a shame." With that, Dipper's expression quickly changed.

"Bill, what the fuck-"

Before he could even finish, Bill wiped his wet thumb onto the shorter man's cheek and laughed out loud.

**BILL**

"SICK!" Dipper cried out in disgust, which only made Bill laugh more. Dipper wiped his cheek with the back of his hand. Bill, on the other hand, was pounding on the bed with his fist while his other arm was wrapped around his stomach, and was running out of breath with laughter. Pine Tree tried to get him back by licking his own palm and wiping it on the taller man's face, but Bill still managed to dodge him.

Dipper chased him around the bed; both of them were crawling all over the sheets until Bill dodged Dipper at the edge of the bed, causing him to fall off. The golden-haired man laughed at him while the brunet muttered something with his face still flat on the floor. Not even Bill could make it out, but perhaps he said something like 'Fuck you, asshole'; *that's definitely the kind of thing Pine Tree would say.*

Nevertheless, he pulled Dipper back up onto the bed edge. The brunet was clearly miffed, much to Bill's amusement. He chuckled and reached out to pet him, but the annoyed Pine Tree slapped off his hand when it got close to his head. Bill sighed and decided to be nice. Maybe that'll get something else out of Pine Tree.

"Need some ice?" he asked. *I forgot that Pine Tree could get bruised; and on his pretty little face, too.*

"No, tha--wait, this is my room." Dipper raised his eyebrow at Bill, and not just because of his idea, but also because of his sudden change in attitude. *Seriously, I have no idea if he's an asshole or a nice person. How can I trust him if I don't even know how to think of him?*

"Yeah, I know that, Pine Tree," he rolled his eyes, "I'm saying I could get some from mine and just come back here." Bill gestured to the door to make it clear that he really would do it. Dipper thought about his answer for a few seconds. His lips curled into a sad smile as he recalled some...things. He looked away as he spoke.

"It's okay, I know I won't get any bruises."

*Hm...something's off with the way Pine Tree said that. Why does he look so--wait a minute...Oh.*

He noticed that Dipper was staring at the floor and no longer look unamused, but lost in thought, rather.
If he's remembering those, then...

Bill carefully snaked his arms around his waist and gently placed his hand on where his heart was. *Where the stitches were.* Dipper snapped back to reality, but he was frozen in place. He lightly gasped as he felt a warmth on his stitches.

"Does it hurt? Do you feel like it's going to tear, Pine Tree?" Bill asked, genuinely worried. If Pine Tree was to be in danger because of him...he'd rather not be with him at all. *Fuck, what is this? This is not the pain I like. I hate it.*

...Well, now's not the time to worry about that bullshit.

Dipper didn't turn to Bill, knowing that their faces would be way too close to each other, but he answered, "No, it doesn't. They've been there for over two years and they haven't torn ever since, so you shouldn't worry."

"Alright," Bill replied before he slowly released him. He directed his attention back to the TV, not wanting to hear any questions about how he acted just now. While he was pouting in frustration, Dipper stared at him and thought of what he did...it confused him. One minute he was teasing him, next thing he knew he was worried and caring.

"...I want to ask you something."

Bill just looked at him, nonverbally telling him to continue. Dipper kept his mouth shut and stared a little more, breathing carefully before he answered.

"I get why your hand was on my heart, but...why was your other arm around my waist? I-I'm not implying anything, really, just wondering..." he asked, making hand gestures that didn't make much sense.

"It could serve as comfort to some people...I'm guessing it doesn't work for you?" For some reason, Bill wanted to know about Pine Tree as much as possible. He was different, and he wanted to learn how to treat him right. He wouldn't want to lose his unique source of amusement...or his friend, rather. That meat sack isn't there just to amuse him, he was there because he wanted to be with Bill. At the very least, he was okay with being with Bill. *Get your shit straight, Cipher.*

Well...he did *snap me back to reality. As for comfort...I don't really know. It feels weird since people don't usually do that to me. Maybe Bill's just a touchy-feely kind of person in general? Wait, I still have to answer his question.*

"Well, I wouldn't say it doesn't..." Dipper replied.

"Do you want me to do it when you feel tense or stressed?"

"Uh...maybe..."

"I'll do it, then!"

"Er...thanks...?" Dipper mentally slapped himself for being so awkward. *Why am I pausing so much? The guy's just being nice!*

Thankfully, the said brunet got a call on his phone. He avoided eye contact with Bill as he walked to his bag and took his phone. He went back and sat beside the taller man again, since there wasn't really much of a reason not to...except that they were awkward, though maybe it was just him. He accepted the call and held his phone close to his ear.
"Yello?" he said.

"Hey, bro-bro! How's you and Bill going?" said a cheerful voice from the other end of the line.

"Well, we made up. We're doing kinda good..."

Mabel raised her eyebrow. Despite not being able to actually see each other, they would both react physically anyway.

"What do you mean by 'kinda'?"

"I'm being really awkward right now...I'm glad that you called."

The brunette groaned audibly into the phone and had that 'not this again' look on her face.

"Dipper..."

Dipper nervously laughed and scratched the back of his neck, feeling guilty and embarrassed.

"Wait, 'right now'? Sooo you're with Bill right now? Where are you?" Mabel asked in sudden realization.

"We're in my room sitting on the bed." He glanced at Bill for a split second before looking back at the floor. Bill, on the other hand, was a little too invested in something else to notice.

"Oooh~" If Mabel was with Dipper right now, she'd be looking at him with those narrowed eyes and wiggling her eyebrows when she was thinking of something. For now, she only looked at the phone instead. Although her brother couldn't see her, he knew very well she had that look, based on her tone. He could imagine what she looked like right now, and he was exactly right. This time, it was Dipper who groaned.

"It's not like that, Mabel. It's really awkward..."

"And whose fault is that?" she said, placing her hand on her hip.

Dipper bit the inside of his cheek and sighed.

"Mine..." he admitted.

Meanwhile, Bill was looking around the room. It was a really huge mess. *I'm gonna clean up this dump and organize it some time. I swear.*

He picked up the picture frame on the nightstand and looked at it. It was a picture of Pine Tree and a cheerful brunette in a sweater who seemed to be his sister. He turned to Dipper and looked at him curiously.

"Hey, Pine Tree, is this girl your sister?" he asked, pointing at the said person in the picture. Dipper turned to his direction and glanced at it.

"Yeah, she is," he answered. Bill nodded and placed the frame back onto the nightstand, then continued to look around. There were books and papers everywhere. There was even a box with chewed up pens, though he didn't think it was worth asking about. *Hopefully this dork didn't get poisoned by ink, though.*

"Wait, is that Bill? Put me on speaker!" Mabel excitedly said when she heard a voice in the background.
"Alright, hang on." Dipper pressed the loudspeaker button on the phone and held the phone in front of him.

"Okay Mabel, you're on speaker now."

"Hi, Bill! Can you hear me?" Mabel greeted, thrilled to finally be able to talk to Dipper's future boyfriend. She knew they were just perfect for each other. She really wanted to be friends with Bill, and she'll make sure she will.

"Sure can, Shooting Star!" Bill replied, standing at another part of the room.

"'Shooting Star'?” Dipper repeated, raising an eyebrow at Bill. The golden-haired man just shrugged in response with a smile on his face.

"It was on her sweater in the picture," he explained. "By the way, Shooting Star, you're pretty!"

"Why thank you! I like the nickname you gave me!" Mabel replied, smiling where she was. Aww he's so nice! Bro-bro's so lucky!

"You really like giving nicknames, don't you?" Dipper asked Bill. He didn't realize he was smiling fondly. It seems that he liked that about him.

"Yep!" Bill grinned. Dipper playfully rolled his eyes at that; he found it cute.

"By the way, why'd you call?" he asked Mabel on the phone, getting back to the topic.

"Oh, right! It's Columbus Day next week and I can't wait to see you!"

"Same here, Mabel! Where do you wanna go?"

"Hmm...maybe we could go around New York and shop!" She did need supplies, after all.

"Sounds good to me; as long as we see each other, anything's fine!"

"Wanna take Bill along?"

"What? Why?"

"'Cause I wanna meet your boyfriend!" Mabel emphasized the word 'boyfriend' and said it louder to tease her brother. Bill heard it and stifled his laughter, standing behind the bed.

"He's not my boyfriend! Why would I ever like this asshole?!" Dipper yelled. Bill melodramatically placed his hand on his chest and gasped in an exaggerated manner.

"Pine Tree, I am insulted!" he said, obviously wanting to annoy him.

"Sure you are."

"Dipper, don't be a meanie!" Mabel scolded.

"Don't side with him, Mabel!"

"He's being so meeean! Shooting Star, do something!" Bill yelled in an annoyingly convincing tone.

"Dipper!!!" Mabel yelled in the phone and pursed her lips. Dipper groaned and decided to give up.

"Fine, you guys win... Ugh, it's like having two Mabels..."
"Hey Shooting Star, Pine Tree was blushing a while ago!" Bill said, snickering. Mabel audibly squealed from the other end of the phone.

"I didn't! Don't believe him, Mabel!"

"Stage 1: Denial!" the brunette teased.

"Stage 1 of what?!" Dipper yelled.

"Bill, excuse my little bro, he's so dumb!"

Bill didn't exactly get what she was talking about either, but he laughed along anyway since Pine Tree's reaction was hilarious. Dipper decided not to argue anymore and get back to the topic.

"Anyway, where are we going to meet up on Columbus Day?" he asked.

"Don't try to change the subject, Dipper! Well, since I have something to do anyway, I'll answer. How about we meet at that place with the best milkshakes?"

Dipper liked the milkshakes there too, of course, so he agreed.

"Sure, let's meet at Shaken!"

"By the way, is Bill about as big as you are?" Mabel suddenly asked.

Dipper raised his eyebrow. What?

"What do you--"

"In inches or centimeters?" Bill asked in an obviously teasing tone, resting his head on Pine Tree's shoulder from behind him. Dipper was too confused at the moment to be annoyed by his smirk.

"Gross! I just meant like, y'know, body frame!" Mabel explained, though Bill knew what she meant.

"I--" Dipper was about to say something, but was interrupted by Bill.

"I'm taller and I have a slightly bigger frame. I definitely have longer limbs."

"How would you know that?!" Dipper said, turning to Bill.

"Kid, you're tiny compared to me; it's adorable," Bill chuckled. There he goes calling me 'kid' again.

"Awww!" Mabel squealed, squishing her cheek with her hand from the other end of the line. Height difference oh my god!

Dipper blushed in embarrassment and turned away.

"...Shut up, B-Bill..."

Bill laughed a little and petted his little Pine Tree like he always does. Dipper didn't mind this time.

"Welp, that's all I needed to know. I'll meet you at Shaken at 1 pm on Columbus Day, bye!"

"See you, Mabel!" Dipper said.

"Byeeee!" Bill chimed in.
As Mabel hung up, he told Dipper, "Your sister's really fun to talk to!"

"Yeah, I knew you'd get along really well."

"It's still more fun teasing you, though," Bill teased, poking his cheek. Dipper rolled his eyes and pushed his hand off gently.

"You're a pain in the ass," he playfully said.

"I know, and I have no regrets!"
Birthmarks

Chapter Summary

Things get screwed up before the big day.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was nighttime. The morning after that would be Columbus Day. Dipper was hanging out with Bill in his room, sitting on the edge of the bed beside him. For the past few weeks, Bill's been asking various things about Mabel ever since that call. It wasn't *that* often, but he'd ask every once in a while, maybe every hour. His questions were mostly about her interests, but Dipper didn't know why he was asking. He had an idea in mind, but he didn't like it. Strangely enough, he felt irritated by it. He wanted to confirm whether he was right or not, and if he was, he'd stop Bill from going any further.

"Hey, Bill..." he started, turning to the said man. Dipper was glaring at Bill, but he didn't seem to notice at all.

"Yes, Pine Tree?" he responded, though he kept his eyes on the notebook on his lap as he wrote on it. He seemed particularly keen on this story he was writing, for some reason. He didn't bother turning to Pine Tree when he spoke since he knew he was right beside him anyway.

"Why are you asking about Mabel so much?" Dipper pursed his lips in annoyance, feeling like Bill wasn't paying him much attention. *This is an important question, at least look at me, dammit!*

"I'm writing her a little oneshot," he answered with a smile, though still not looking back at Dipper.

"What, a oneshot with a *love poem*?" he accidentally snarled, only to cover his mouth right after he said them. The words just...slipped out. *Why am I so angry?*

That caught Bill's attention. That was what he wanted, wasn't it? Bill quickly sat up straight and looked at him in surprise, clicking his pen and placing it on his notebook.

"What are you—pff..." He realized what he was thinking and started to laugh. With that, Dipper blushed in embarrassment and turned away from Bill.

"You think I'm into your sister, don't you?" Bill asked.

"Yeah...am—I am wrong?" the brunet stammered a little and gripped on the sheets a little tighter.

"Way off! I'm writing this for...other reasons." The golden-haired man didn't want him to know about the contents of his little story. He couldn't say it just yet.

Dipper turned to him in curiosity. *Other reasons?*

"What other reasons?" Dipper asked, more interested rather than angry now.

Bill smirked and asked, "Do you think you really want to know?"
Dipper didn't even need to think before answering, "Knowing you, probably not..." *That is, if I do know you well enough.*

"Good choice, Pine Tree." Bill replied in a voice that sounded like he wanted to end the conversation there. It didn't sound angry, nor did it sound stern, but it was dead serious. Dipper didn't falter. He wasn't going to drop it just yet.

"...but if it's anything harmful to my sister, don't you dare-"

"Relax, Pine Tree. If anything, I think she'll like it! Can't tell you though." Bill smiled and winked at him to reassure him. Dipper pursed his lips in annoyance. *Dammit, this jackass got me curious.*

Bill chuckled as Dipper huffed and crossed his arms. Suddenly, a thought struck him again. *Huh, I never got to ask about that.*

"By the way, you mentioned you had a birthmark, didn't you?"

Dipper suddenly felt his cheeks redden and pulled the visor of his cap a little lower, trying to hide his eyes as much as possible.

"Yeah...I- I did."

Bill perked up and became even more curious. "Where is it? Show me! I wanna see, show me!"

Dipper shifted awkwardly on the edge of the bed. There wasn't a smile on his face anymore.

"You're going to laugh at it like they did, aren't you...?" He was staring into blank space again, remembering those terrible memories.

"Pine Tree...?" Bill called out, getting worried. Dipper wasn't listening anymore.

Dipper clenched his fist, as if gripping something in his right hand. He raised his hand just enough to be level with his chest, then slowly brought it closer to his heart. Bill's eyes widened as he realized what was happening. He wrapped his arms around Dipper's waist, then held his hand and rested his cheek on it, trying to stop him from remembering how he tried to kill himself.

"Stop," he said in a gentle voice. *I didn't mean to make him remember, but...fucking hell, I shouldn't have mentioned it.*

"I'm not like them, Pine Tree. Please wake up, it's all good now. I won't laugh and I will never do what they've done to you to make you like this." He was trying. He was doing his best to calm him down, but he wasn't exactly sure how to do it right.

Dipper's hand relaxed, but other than that, he remained still.

"...Bill...?" was all he managed to say in a voice as soft as a whisper. He hasn't gotten back to reality just yet, but at least he'd acknowledged Bill's presence. Bill stroked his hand gently and held him closer.

"Yes, Pine Tree. It's me, Bill Cipher, your friend. I'm not going to hurt you, so...please calm down. It's just you and I here, no one to hurt you in this room." Saying it that way made him feel a little sick, but that was okay. He needed to make sure Pine Tree would understand that no one was there to make fun of him or to hurt him. He's safe and he needed to know that.

Dipper took a deep breath and exhaled. He leaned back, resting on Bill.
"You back, Pine Tree?" Bill asked.

"Yeah...you're right; this is comforting." Dipper replied, though his voice was still softer than usual.

"Told you so." Bill smirked a little, trying to lighten the mood.

"S-shut up, don't gloat..."

Bill chuckled and slowly released him. Dipper felt a little disappointed for some reason, though he didn't know why exactly. He pursed his lips when Bill's arm wasn't around his waist anymore, and when he wasn't holding his hand in his anymore. He was really gentle, and maybe he wanted it to last just a little longer. Just...maybe.

"How's about we make a deal?"

"Huh?" Dipper snapped out of his thoughts and looked at Bill, sitting up straight. The taller man held out his hand, offering a handshake.

"You show your birthmark, I'll show you mine," he said. Bill has a birthmark?

As much as Dipper was interested, he still hesitated to show his own. I know Bill said he won't hurt me, but...what if he teases me for it? He's one to make jokes. He probably wouldn't mock me to death, and the mood's still kinda serious right now, but...I still don't know.

"This isn't any ordinary birthmark..." he said.

"Who said mine was?"

Dipper raised an eyebrow at him. Bill smirked, knowing that he had piqued the brunet's interest. Dipper rolled his eyes and wished he'd wipe that smug look off his face. No, not gonna fall for it.

"Come on, Pine Tree, Trust me."

...Trust.

I've only known this guy for about two weeks, so how could I trust him so easily? I think it isn't a good idea if I show him...

Despite feeling that he might be making the wrong choice, he shook his hand anyway. He didn't know why, but he just did.

Bill slowly released his hand and moved a little further from Pine Tree to give him some space. Wherever that birthmark was, he wanted to see it.

"Alright, let's see you hold up your end of the deal."

Dipper breathed deeply as he took off his cap and placed it on the bed. The golden-haired man didn't take his eyes off the Pine Tree for even a second; he was genuinely interested. Of course, he was still more excited to see his reactions to his own birthmark.

He especially watched his facial expression. He was clearly nervous, worried, and anxious, but it'll be okay. The thought that perhaps Bill was doing this for his own selfish desire never struck him. He didn't force Dipper to shake his hand, but he did it. That meant there was consent, meaning he was okay with it. Therefore, Bill shouldn't have anything to be guilty about, right?

Dipper faced the taller man and looked him in the eye. He lifted his bangs with the back of his hand,
revealing his astronomical birthmark.

If Bill was holding something, he would have dropped it. If he was drinking something, he would have spit it out...but neither of these things applied to him right now, so he remained still and stared with eyes full of wonder. Not that his own birthmark was any less interesting - it was actually more of an anomaly than this-, but he thought of Dipper's as beautiful; a sharp contrast as to how he thought of his own.

"The Big Dipper..." Bill said.

Dipper looked at the ground and nervously replied, "Yeah, haha...that's where I got my nickname from..."

Bill moved closer to him and leaned into his face.

"Can I touch it?" he asked.

"Uh...sure...!" Dipper wasn't sure how to reply, and he was even more nervous than before. Was it those amber orbs staring right at him, or was it because his face was so close to his? So many questions in his head that will never be answered.

Bill gently traced the asterism with his fingers, grazing his skin ever so slightly. His gaze was now locked onto Dipper's forehead like it was the most interesting thing in the world. How is it so perfect? Sure, perfection doesn't exist, technically speaking, but it just fit the brunet so well. The birthmark had seven distinguishable 'stars' on the asterism itself, which was close enough. Why was he so interested in it? He didn't know, and he didn't care that he didn't know.

"Beautiful." That was all he could say in the end. Of all the thoughts and words he had in mind, that was the only thing that came out. It was only a single word, yet it seemed to be enough for Dipper Pines.

Dipper felt his cheeks heat up as he said that. He wasn't sure whether to smile or not; he's never heard anyone say that about his birthmark. Not even from Mabel, since she doesn't pay much mind to it, though she's called it 'cool,' but never beautiful.

"Thanks..." he muttered.

Bill leaned into his forehead, lips slowly getting near the asterism that seemed so perfect to him, but he stopped himself from getting any closer. I can't.

"...No problem." Bill leaned back and stood up, right in front of Dipper.

"Welp, time for me to fulfill my end of the deal," he said. He started to strip off his yellow button-up, exposing his tan skin little by little. He did it like it was nothing, but Dipper, on the other hand, was getting a little flustered.

"W-what are you doing?!!" he yelled, placing his hand on the edge of the bed like he did with the other.

"Yeesh, I'm just going to show you my birthmark," Bill replied, stating it like it was the most obvious thing in the world. Dipper laughed awkwardly and scratched the back of his neck.

"W-where would your birthmark happen to be anyway...?" he asked, still not convinced that he wasn't going to do anything crazy. Bill smirked and raised an eyebrow at him, knowing what he was thinking.
"Not on my ass, that's for sure," he teased. Dipper rolled his eyes, but he felt relieved. *I think I've been writing too much...stupid gay fantasies for my stories, making me think Bill was actually going to...well...do that kind of stuff.*

Bill's smirk faded as he spoke again.

"Most people mistake it for a tattoo, but I just go with it..."

Dipper looked at him confusedly as he turned around. Bill shrugged the button-up off his shoulders, letting the fabric slide down his arms and back until it dropped onto the ground. His birthmark was revealed, and Dipper saw why people mistook it for a tattoo; it looked just like one. It was black, unlike his, which was still somewhat similar to his skin.

It was a triangle with one eye and arms and legs, wearing a bowtie. There were a few vague lines in it too, somehow giving it the pattern of a pyramid's bricks. The figure was surrounded by some sort of 'wheel' with strange symbols on it, and below it were more symbols on Bill's lower back.

Dipper found all of it interesting and wondered what they all meant. It was probably in some code he'd never studied about before since none of them were familiar, and he would love to crack it. The brunet slowly leaned closer and carefully ran his hand all over the marks. Bill was about to protest, but when he turned his head and saw the interested look on Pine Tree's face, he decided to let him continue. He'd never seen him so intrigued before and it was adorable. *Little dork.*

"Hey, Bill..." Dipper started, though he was still focused on his birthmark.

"Mm?" he replied, still watching him.

"...do you know what they mean? I mean, these symbols. It's just...it can't be a coincidence they're all here, arranged in this way. It has to mean something! I mean, sure, mine's clearly the Big Dipper, but I can't decipher yours at all! I know black birthmarks are possible, but symbols like these...there's something else to it, I just know it! I don't think Science can explain this, and I don't think it's just a simple anomaly, maybe we could investigate it!"

Despite all the enthusiasm in Dipper's words, Bill couldn't smile at him. It was a shame to bring him down when he seemed so happy, but he couldn't do anything about it.

"...No, I don't know shit about it." Bill reached behind him and gently took Dipper's hand off his back. Without a word, he picked up his button-up and wore it again to cover his birthmark. He didn't look back when he spoke again.

"Perhaps you should get some sleep for tomorrow."

Dipper was taken aback by his sudden change in attitude. *Did I hurt him...?*

"A-are you okay...?" he asked, trying to reach out for him again. Bill turned around and clasped his hand in his own, stopping him and placing it on the brunet's lap.

"It's a story for another day, Pine Tree. Anyway, we've both fulfilled our ends of the deal so you can get some rest for tomorrow now."

Perhaps he said it a little too harshly. Dipper heard the message loud and clear. *So I did hurt him...*

"...I'm sorry." *Can we still talk for the night?*

"It's fine." *I know it isn't...*
They stared at each other for a while, but neither of them spoke. There was no longer joy in their eyes; it was replaced by regret and pain. Dipper decided to stand up and make his way to the door. As he opened it, he looked back at Bill, who was still looking at him. They stared at each other for a while again, hoping that one of them would speak up first. It got a little too awkward for Bill; it was tearing him apart, so he decided to go ahead.

"...Sweet dreams, Pine Tree." He smiled a little, trying to cheer him up at least a bit. He really did want him to sleep well, though. After all, they were going somewhere tomorrow.

Dipper smiled back and replied, "Thanks, you too."

The brunet closed the door and walked across the hallway. He took the key from his pocket and unlocked the door to his room and went inside. He locked it behind him and sighed, leaning against the door for a second before trudging to his bed.

Once Bill heard Dipper close his door, he slumped onto the bed, laying on his back. He rested his forearm on his eyes and sighed deeply, almost groaning as he did. He contemplated on the things Dipper had done to him.

Bill hated the things he wanted to do to Pine Tree. He wanted to hold him in his arms. He wanted to cuddle with him, especially when he'd cry. He wanted to comfort him as much as he could and actually make him feel better. Whenever he held his hand, there was a part of him not wanting to let go. There are even times when he'd wanted to kiss his hand or forehead. Sometimes, when they'd stare at each other, he wanted to come closer and hug him for reasons he didn't understand. He hated all of those.

He hated his touch, too. Pine Tree's hand was smaller than his. They were softer and definitely smoother than his. His hand was carefully running all over his back, gently brushing his fingers all over his skin, and it felt nice...but he hated it. That one time they held hands for a few seconds; he hated it too. Pine Tree's hand felt really nice in his, but he couldn't hold it all the time. It felt really nice too, but he hated it as well. He couldn't love it, let alone enjoy it. He wasn't allowed to. He could smile all he wanted to, but he'd still suffer in the end.

He hated that he hurt his feelings. *All because I didn't want to talk about my life.*

Dipper hated how Bill made him feel. He'd make him feel comfort, fear, joy, sadness, and anxiety, and he couldn't do anything about it. Sometimes he'd be really happy just being with him, smiling for no reason like an idiot, though on other times he'd feel like absolute shit for hurting him because he didn't think about him. Bill made him feel that he was cared for and it was weird. He hated it. Bill could make him angry, flustered, confused, and curious, but even so, he made him feel like he really had a friend. No matter how many times he'd pull pranks on him or tease him, he knew he didn't mean any harm. Dipper hated how he was both a nice guy and an asshole. He didn't know how to feel about him.

He hated the way he touched him. Whenever he held him, he felt his warmth, and it was like he was being really careful and gentle, treating him like fragile porcelain. Holding his hand made him feel nervous for some reason, and when he would wrap his arm around his waist...it felt like there was a lot of love. Dipper didn't want to let go when he hugged him, and he hated it because it was wrong. He's not supposed to feel like that at all.

He hated how he was so understanding. He'd lose his temper, insult him, and lose his grip from reality, but Bill stayed with him anyway. He was an awkward mess but he talked to him anyway. He
never got mad at him and he never knew why he was being so patient with him. He hated it. He hated not knowing. Bill would always forgive him for the stupid things he does, but why? Even though things have happened, he still treated him the same way as they first met. He was annoying at times, but he was also kind. He would always smile and reassure him that everything was okay.

He hated how he could trust him so easily. He'd only known him for a few weeks but he could tell him anything anyway, knowing that he'd listen and comfort him. He didn't know why he trusted him, a man he'd known for about two weeks. Trust no one, he'd always tell himself, yet things turned out like this anyway. He didn't understand why he couldn't fully think of it as a mistake to trust Bill Cipher. He'd have his doubts, but in the end, he'd give him his trust anyway.

And it was unfair.

He hated how Bill was unfair. Dipper would tell him so much; his painful past, interests, and hell, even his kinks, and yet Bill couldn't tell him what was wrong. All he knew was his name, a bit of his past school life, his kinks, and his birthmark, but that was all because Dipper had told him the same things. Bill never told anything about himself from his own accord and it was unfair. What were the things he didn't want him to know? It doesn't matter what they are, I just want to know. I want to know every little detail of him and I wouldn't leave him for those...he didn't leave me for the things he knew about me. I guess I want to get a little even..but he won't let me. Why?

He hated him a lot...

...but he felt bad for hurting him anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all like the update! Writing this killed me tho .u. ;-;
mmmmOHMYGOD THIS SHIP.
Chapter Summary

Bill finally meets Mabel, and they, along with Dipper, go drink some milkshakes! Bill learns something new, too.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was finally the day he would meet Mabel Pines. Bill wanted to act like nothing happened the night before, but it was hard to be subtle with that; he wanted this day to be really happy and not awkward at all. He tried to make things normal again, really. He still knocked on Dipper’s door and got take-outs together with him, and even started conversations to lighten the mood and make them forget about last night. Dipper was relieved that Bill still talked to him. He thought he wouldn’t, knowing that he had hurt him somehow. He wondered why Bill didn’t want to say much, but he couldn’t ask; he might just make things worse instead of getting answers.

“Hey, wanna ride in my car?” Bill asked right after he ate with the brunet.

“Wait, you have a car?!”

Bill laughed at how surprised he was. “What, don’t you have one too?”

“Well…” Dipper scratched the back of his neck awkwardly, “it’s not in the campus; won’t be using it until I finish college.”

Really now, Pine Tree? “Pff, why?”

Dipper blushed, feeling a little embarrassed for some reason. “I don’t know…it's just…I didn’t really think I’d need it, you know?”

Dipper thought he would just tease him more, but Bill just shrugged, accepting his reasoning. He went back to topic; time’s a-ticking, after all.

“So, you wanna go or what?”

“Yeah, sure!”

With that, Bill took off his glasses and placed them in his sling bag, then took out his car keys and stood up. “Let's go,” he said, walking to the door whilst twirling the keys around his index finger. Dipper followed him and closed the door behind them.

They walked down the stairs, out the residence hall, and into the campus’ parking lot. Dipper hasn’t actually gone into this part of the university before, so all he could do was follow Bill around, slightly behind him.

Apparently it wasn’t that hard to find Bill’s car. It was a gold-plated Porsche; the gold covering bore a pattern of a pyramid's and it had a few intricate patterns etched onto the bumper and a few other parts. Dipper couldn’t help but open his mouth in surprise. Holy shit is he rich?!
“Bill holy fuck how did you afford this?!” he yelled.

Bill smirked smugly and rested his elbow on the back of his other hand like a snooty rich-ass person would. He looked at Dipper with half-lidded eyes and said, “A small loan of a million dollars.”

“What?! How’d you pay it back?! Is it even worth a car jesus fucking christ I—“ Dipper was in utter disbelief, yelling and making hand gestures all over the place. Bill was laughing out loud; he held onto Dipper’s shoulder to keep his balance. Once his laughter died down, he panted and stood straight, though he still kept his hand on the brunet.

“Gullible, I was just kidding!”

Dipper got miffed at that remark and pried his hand off him. His cheeks were tinted red in embarrassment for taking his joke seriously. Bill laughed a little more and continued.

“That car wasn’t worth a million; the car cost about ninety thousand and the gold plating…well, I dunno, over a hundred thousand or two. Got the money from hard work, I guess. No loans.”

“Oh…must have been a lot of work. Looks like you really wanted this car, huh?”

“You bet! It just has to be gold!”

“Really. Gold. Of course.” Dipper rolled his eyes, thinking it was an obvious choice for him. Someone just really loved that color. Deep down, though, he thought it was pretty cute of him.

“It’s only the best color in the universe!” Bill declared proudly, spreading his arms to prove his point.

“Your hair’s gold…”

“Are you flirting with me?” Bill asked, winking flirtatiously himself and smirking at Dipper.

“Hell no, jackass.” Dipper replied flatly and lightly punched the said jackass on the shoulder. Bill laughed and pressed a button on the keypad in his hand. A sound could be heard from within the car, which meant that the doors were unlocked.

Bill opened the door to the passenger’s seat. He smirked and placed his hand on his hip. He had a mischievous look in his half-lidded eyes, and Dipper was sure he had something ridiculous to do or say.

“Get in bitch, we’re going shopping.”

“Oh my god, Bill-“ Dipper burst out laughing and Bill joined him in doing so. Even he knew he made a pretty hilarious reference.

And just like that, they were back to normal.

Dipper finally went inside the car and took off his sling bag as he sat down. He placed it on the floor and fastened his seatbelt. Once he was settled, Bill closed the door and walked to the other side of the car. He got into the driver’s seat and took off his sling bag too. He tossed it to Dipper, accidentally hitting his face with it.

“Ow hey!”

“Hold it for me, will ya?” Bill fastened his seatbelt and started the car.

Dipper huffed in annoyance, but he wrapped his arms around the bag anyway. Bill shifted the car
into reverse, got it out of his parking spot, then suddenly undid his seatbelt.

“What are you going to do?” Dipper asked, raising his eyebrow. Bill didn’t answer and went out of the car, shut the door, then walked to the trunk.

After a few seconds, Dipper felt him close the trunk. He watched from the window and saw Bill walking with a traffic cone in his arms. Bill, what are you doing?

Bill placed the traffic cone where his car used to be, then turned to Dipper with a shit-eating grin on his face. Dipper slapped his palm onto his face as Bill walked back into the car.

“Bill, are you serious?!” he yelled.

Bill fastened his seatbelt and replied, “You bet your sweet ass I am.”

Dipper groaned, way too done with him to even take note of his remark about his ass. Bill laughed and stepped on the gas pedal, headed for the milkshake bar Shaken.

“Hey Pine Tree, turn on the radio.”

Dipper reached for the button, but he hesitated. This is another prank, isn’t it? Maybe the volume's too high again.

“Pine Tree, it’s alright, it’s not a prank.” Bill turned on the radio himself to prove his point. Rock music played, but not on a volume that was too high.

“You like rock music?” Dipper asked. Bill shrugged and made a turn on the street before he answered.

“Yeah, but I like classical the most.”

Dipper snorted. “You like classical music?”

“Got a problem, chap? Fight me mate, one on one.”

“Nope, I’m fine with it,” Dipper laughed. Bill laughed along and asked, “Well, what kind of music do you like?”

“I’ll have to go with pop, mostly from the 80’s. BABBA in particular.”

“And you mock me for liking classical,” Bill snickered. Dipper felt his cheeks heat up in embarrassment.

“What? W-what's wrong with it?”

“Just kidding!”

Dipper grunted and looked away. Bill laughed and took his hand off the wheel for a second to pet Dipper. The brunet pouted and asked him a question.

“What is it with you and petting me all the time?”

“You don’t like it?” Bill responded, suddenly sounding a little more serious.

“No…that's not it…”

“Then don’t question it.” This time, his tone was dead serious. Dipper felt that he shouldn’t continue so he decided to drop it instead.

“Yes, Bill…” he sighed. Bill noticed the change in his voice but he couldn’t look away from the road.

“Hey, lighten up, kid! Let’s go change the song.” Bill pressed the Next button on the radio, and now “You Spin Me” was playing. He rocked back and forth to the beat humorously.

“Aw yeah this is my jam!”

Dipper couldn’t help but laugh at him. “Are you serious?!”

Bill laughed as well. “Of course not, gullible; it’s still pretty good though.”

“I’d punch you on the shoulder but you’re driving.”

Bill had a smug smirk on his face. Dipper rolled his eyes as he saw it. Bill suddenly stepped on the brakes and unfastened his seatbelt.

“We’re here, Pine Tree.”

“Oh.”

Dipper gave Bill his sling bag back. Bill took it and wore it, then turned off the engine. Dipper put on his sling bag too and got out of the car. Bill took his glasses from his bag and put them on. He then followed the brunet out the car and pressed a button on the keypad, locking the doors.

“So, take me to this place with the best milkshakes, hm?”

Dipper raised an eyebrow and asked, “You don’t know where it is?”

“Of course I do, how’d you think I drove here? Just figured you might want to lead me.”

“…How’d you know?”

Bill smirked and replied, “Was just a hunch since you were excited; looks like I was right.”

“Smartass.”

Bill chuckled and held Dipper’s wrist. The brunet sighed and began to walk to Shaken. He didn’t mind Bill holding his wrist anymore. While they were walking along the sidewalk, Dipped heard a muffled tapping sound beside him.

He turned and saw his sister with her face squished onto the glass while she was banging on it with her fist. Her other hand was also pressed against the glass, palm flat on the surface to support her. Dipper laughed and held out his hands, signaling her to stop.

“We’ll be there, just a sec!” he said.

Dipper began to walk away, but Bill didn’t follow just yet. He was looking at Mabel through the glass, grinning at her. He placed his hand where hers was, as if high-fiving her. Mabel smiled back and giggle before sitting back onto her seat and retracting her hand. Dipper turned around when he realized he couldn’t hear Bill’s footsteps anymore.

“Bill, let’s go!”
“Coming!”

Bill trotted to Dipper’s side, humming happily. Dipper chuckled and rolled his eyes at the stupid grin on his face. He looked like a happy idiot.

Dipper opened the door and immediately ran to Mabel. The brunette stood up and greeted her brother with a tight hug.

“Finally? It’s been so long since I saw you, bro-bro!” she said.

“I missed you too, Mabel!”

Bill silently walked behind Mabel and leaned into her ear, smirking.

“Boo.”

Mabel flinched and instinctively held on tighter to her brother as she turned her head.

“Bill!” Dipper yelled, scolding him a little. Bill laughed and finally spoke to Mabel.

“Hello, Shooting Star!” he greeted. Mabel gasped and slowly let go of Dipper when she heard her new nickname.

“Bill?!”

“The one and only!” Bill said, proudly putting his hands on his hips and sticking his chest out. Mabel squealed and tackled the taller man with a hug. Bill stumbled backwards and almost fell, but Dipper reacted quickly and pushed his back in order to keep him standing.

“Woah! Quite the hugger, aren’tcha?” Bill said. Mabel released him and stepped back.

“Dipper, you never told me he was cute!”

“He’s cute?!” Dipper exclaimed.

“Thank you!” Bill chimed in, taking it as a compliment.

“I wasn’t actually complimenting you, Bill!” Dipper cleared up.

“Aw come on, admit it, I’m cute!”

“Don’t be mean, Dipper!” Mabel scolded. Dipper groaned in defeat and walked to a seat by the window. He sat down and took off his bag. Bill excitedly ran and took a seat beside him right after he did. The brunette moved a bit more to the side, as if avoiding him; he wasn’t trying to be subtle either.

“Mabel’s sitting there,” he said, telling Bill to get away from him, but in subtext. However, that didn’t really work when his sister spoke.

“Actually, I’ll sit across you!” she said. Mabel walked and took a seat across Dipper, then excitedly waved over for a waiter. Meanwhile, Bill took off his sling bag and took out a few pieces of paper which were attached by a staple. He gave it to Mabel, who stopped waving once Bill got her attention. She took it and was about to ask what it is, but the waiter interrupted and asked for their orders.

Mabel ordered a marshmallow-flavored milkshake topped with soft vanilla ice cream, actual
marshmallows, jelly beans, and, of course, extra sprinkles. Dipper, on the other hand, ordered a chocolate chip cookie-flavored milkshake topped with whipped cream, caramel syrup, and Oreo bits. Meanwhile, Bill didn't really know what to order. He never really went for milkshakes before; he'd usually go for fast food or a couple of drinks with his friends. They went for ice cream sometimes, at the very least, but that was the closest he'd gotten to milkshakes.

"Hey, can I get a menu?" he asked. The waiter didn't speak, but he took the menu from the table and handed it to Bill. The golden-haired man felt his cheeks warm up in embarrassment, and Dipper snorted at him.

"Hmph." Bill didn't hide his face and started to look through all the different milkshakes. There was a lot of choices, though thankfully it didn't take long for him to pick one. He ordered a lemon curd-flavored milkshake topped with graham bits.

The waiter repeated each of their orders to confirm them, then once everything was in order, he walked away. Mabel went back to what she was about to do before the waiter came and looked at the paper Bill gave her.

"So, Bill, what is this? A love letter?"

Dipper immediately glared at Bill when his sister suggested that idea. Bill wasn't fazed, however, and chuckled instead.

"Relax, it's not a love letter," he said, trying to reassure the brunet. He turned to Mabel and continued, "Just read it, Shooting Star."

Mabel did as she was told to and she smiled as she read what was written. Dipper pouted as he watched because he was just so damn curious about what was in that letter. It all seemed really shady to him. What is he planning?

Interrupting his thoughts, Dipper heard a very annoying snicker beside him. He turned his head to his left and saw Bill holding in his laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" he said, clearly unamused.

"You're just so adorable, Pine Tree."

Dipper slammed his fists on the table and was about to yell, "I'M NOT--"

"Dipper." Mabel interrupted him before he could deny the fact that he was adorable yet again. She looked at him with those 'we-talked-about-this' eyes, making her message clear. Dipper blushed in embarrassment for his actions and calmed down.

"...Thanks," he said, pursing his lips right after. Bill was actually quite surprised; he didn't expect this reaction. He thought he'd deny it again like last time, and he honestly wouldn't mind, but this was nice too. He just smiled and stroked his hair like he always did.

"Aaaaw you're so cute!" Mabel squealed, taking a picture of them on her Polaroid. It was always in her bag, and she never stopped with her scrapbook. Bill decided to ignore that remark and get their attention on something else.

"Milkshakes!" he said, pointing at the tray the waiter was holding. The said waited placed each of their milkshakes in front of them and walked away after. They all took a sip, though Bill didn't bother using his straw or spoon. He hummed in satisfaction, enjoying the taste. This is the first milkshake I've tasted, but this probably really is the best milkshake bar!
"Hey, Pine Tree, wanna try?" he asked Dipper in excitement, offering the glass to him. When he turned to his right, he saw that Dipper was busy in a little competition with Mabel. *Welp, I'll try again later.*

"ACK...brain freeze..." Mabel groaned, holding her head.

"Haha!" Dipper laughed, "Agh...me too..." but he got it himself a few seconds later. Bill snickered and offered his milkshake to Dipper once more. Pine Tree groaned and turned his head to the side. He sat up and raised an eyebrow at Bill.

"Wanna try?" Bill asked.

"Sure..."

Dipper took the glasses and hesitantly held it close to his lips. Bill could tell he wasn't really sure where to sip, so he said, "I never used the straw."

"Oh, thanks..."

Dipper sipped through the straw and Bill waited for his reaction. His eyes widened a little and his lips curled into a smile.

"It's pretty good!" he said.

"I know!"

Bill took the glass from his hand and drank some more, absolutely loving the taste. The fact that it had a little lemon pudding mix in it made it even better. Dipper chuckled at how excited he was and continued to drink his own milkshake as well. Mabel glanced at the two with a smile on her face every now and then while she was reading the oneshot Bill gave her.

Bill placed his glass on the table and took out his pen and notebook from his bag. Dipper just watched him while he drank his milkshake. Once Bill placed the pen and notebook on the table, he leaned into Dipper's ear and whispered to him.

"Hey, remember when we were in the car a while ago? It gave me an idea. Should I write some car sex right now, Pine Tree?"

Dipper choked on his milkshake and coughed. Bill laughed, but he pat his back, trying to back him feel better. Once Dipper regained his composure, he shouted in the form of a whisper.

"Bill, you don't just ask someone that!"

"You write this kind of stuff too so it should be fine!"

"That's not how it--" he sighed, "nevermind." Dipper decided not to try and make him understand social norms. It was probably pointless.

"Sooo do I write it or nah?" Dipper thought for a while and decided to crack a little joke.

"As long as it's not as kinky as wall sex."

They both laughed at that one.

"Okay, I'm really gonna write now!"
"Know what, I'm gonna write some wall sex!" Dipper said.

"Pfft, do what you want."

Dipper took out his notebook and pen and began to write along with Bill. Meanwhile, Mabel was finally done reading. When she looked back up, she saw the two writing together.

"Okay, first the sling bags, now this? You two are adorable dorks!" she said. Both of them only replied with "Mm," as they were both focused on writing. Mabel couldn't help but chuckle despite being ignored; they were just too cute. She took yet another picture of them and kept her Polaroid and the picture back in her bag.

"Hey Dip," she called out. Dipper jerked his head up to her direction in response.

"Yeah, Mabel? D-did I miss something?" He was worried he'd ignored her while she said something important; it wouldn't be the first time. 'Course, he never really meant to, but he couldn't help it when he was focused on something.

"What are you writing?" Mabel asked in an interested tone. Little did she know that she caught Bill's attention; he didn't look up, but he was listening to them.

Dipper's mouth immediately shut tight and his eyes grew wider. He froze; he didn't really know how to tell her. She didn't know he wrote...this kind of stuff. He could swear he was sweating a little right now, but hopefully she couldn't see that.

"Ohoho, your face is all red! What is it, hmm?" Mabel said, leaning closer to her brother. Dipper slammed his notebook shut and nervously looked around, frozen in place.

"Uh...haha...i-it's nothing interesting! N-not at all! It's uh...nerd s-stuff, y'know? Haha..."

Of course, Dipper was a terrible liar. Mabel snorted at his attempt.

"That's not gonna work on anyone, Dippin' Dots. Now spill it!"

Dipper only kept stuttering and making senseless hand gestures all over the place. Bill, who was sitting right next to Dipper, was trying to stifle his laughter, but he became really obvious after a few seconds. Dipper heard an annoying voice beside him and when he turned his head, he saw Bill literally shaking while holding in his laughter despite keeping his eyes on his notebook.

"You're listening to this, aren't you?" he said in a tone that made it seem he already knew the answer, and he was not amused.

"Pfft...yes..."

Bill finally cracked and burst out laughing. Dipper groaned and slapped his hand onto his face in annoyance. Luckily, not a lot of people were around since most of them were out watching parades in other streets. Here, it was quiet, which was perfect.

"Hey, hey Shooting Star, you wanna know what we're writing?" Bill said, making her as curious as possible.

"BILL-"

"You bet your cute little bowtie I do!" Mabel replied. With that, Bill leaned on the table and motioned for Mabel to come closer using his index finger. The brunette leaned closer to Bill, excited
to get her answer. Meanwhile, Dipper was getting flustered in the background.

Bill covered the side of his mouth with his hand and leaned into Mabel’s ear. The brunette squealed after the golden-haired man whispered to her. Dipper immediately covered his face with his bag and curled up all the way to the window, trying to hide from Mabel.

Mabel and Bill stared at him, giggling. Bill kneeled on the cushion and grabbed Dipper's bag. He yanked on it upwards, but Dipper wouldn't let go. Dipper noticed how Bill was now towering over him and felt his cheeks heat up. The taller man smirked and took the opportunity to pull his bag away, place it on the table, and lean into his face. The brunet covered his face with his hands, even more embarrassed now. Bill pried off his hands and chuckled.

"L-let go of me, Bill!" Dipper yelled, though for some reason he wasn't struggling at all.

"You guys are so cute!!!" Mabel squealed, taking another picture.

"I know, just look at this cute little Pine Tree!"

"I was talking about both of you," the brunette chuckled. Bill let go of Dipper and sat down.

"Psh, Pine Tree's the cute one. I'm the hot one!" he said.

"Nahhh, you're also cute!"

Bill took off his glasses and slyly smirked at Mabel.

"Say that again."

Mabel gasped and squealed, just like he expected. Dipper rolled his eyes. Man, he's really full of himself, isn't he?

"Okay, you're cute and hot! Sooo hot!"

Bill chuckled and put his glasses back on. Dipper paid him no mind and asked for the bill instead.

"So, did you ask for me?" Bill asked.

"Huh?" Dipper raised an eyebrow, confused.

"You asked for the bill, right?" Bill said, grinning stupidly as he emphasized the punch line. Dipper groaned when he got the terrible pun.

"No. Just...no."

"Booo!" Mabel chimed in, cupping her hands around her mouth from the other side of the table. As Bill shrugged, the waiter arrived with the bill. Dipper took it and reached for his bag, but Mabel stopped him.

"This one's on Mabel! I got it covered, bro-bro." She took some money from the wallet in her bag and paid for the milkshakes. Of course, she also left a tip. While she did so, Bill put on his bag.

"Thanks, Mabel!" Dipper said.

"No prob! Now let's go out and walk, shall we?"

"We shall!" Bill joined in.
While Dipper kept his notebook and pen, Bill offered his hand to Mabel.

"Milady."

The brunette giggled and took his hand and walked away with him. Dipper rolled his eyes, put his bag on, and followed them. He could see that the two were whispering to each other. Mabel was smiling, but Bill looked serious.

Are they hiding something? Maybe there's something they don't want me to know...but what? Is it about me? No, wait, Mabel probably wouldn't be smiling then, but what about Bill? If he's serious and not smiling like he always is, it's probably something important, but Mabel seems perfectly fine about whatever they're talking about. What is it that he can tell her but can't tell me? Maybe I can just ask Mabel later...

Bill looked at Dipper from behind him and tried to reassure him by giving him a gentle smile. Dipper didn't know how to react so he just pursed his lips and awkwardly waved at him. Bill looked back and continued to talk to Mabel.

"So, what do I do? I don't think he'd be up for it if I really do."

"Hey now, my bro's been broken and all, but he's still really strong! He's got a lot of wisdom and he can really inspire you with just his words! He's gone through so much, but that's what makes him strong, Bill. He survived the pain and now he's living normally with you!

"He isn't easily scared or hurt, you know; it really took a lot out of him before, but now he's okay. He isn't a crybaby and he's really smart; he knows what to do in a ton of situations. You can even go to him for help when you have problems, he gives great advice, you know? He can even protect you himself; he will do anything for the people he cares about. He isn't as fragile as you think. You don't have to worry, Bill. I'm sure he'll be happy as long as you get him to trust you."

It was then that Bill realized he had a lot more to learn about Dipper Pines. Apparently the same goes for Mabel Pines; despite being cheerful and silly, she knows a lot.

"Noted. Thanks, Shooting Star. You're more clever than you look."

"No prob! Now, can I take your measurements?"

"...What?"

Chapter End Notes

Hey y'all! I hope you really like this chapter and holy shit it reached above 4k words. XDD It was so worth the time writing this and I'm telling you, it just gets better from here! You guys are gonna die though. XDDDD Welp, I hope you enjoyed, and stay tuned for the next chapter! The BillDip shall intensify bois ;^)

Mabel didn't bother to answer Bill and took out her tape measure and began to take Bill's measurements right there at the sidewalk.

"Mabel, we're in public!" Dipper yelled in the form of a whisper. He was looking around, hoping no one was looking at them like they were weird. Then again, there wasn't a lot of people, so thankfully they weren't being stared at.

"Well, where else am I supposed to do this?! Not like it's be better anywhere else," the brunette argued.

"Fair point...but hey, the real question is, why are you taking Bill's measurements?!"

"It's gonna be a surprise! Oh, I need to take yours again since I haven't seen you in a while!"

Dipper allowed her to take his measurements as well, right after she was done with Bill. It didn't come as much of a surprise since they did this every time they met up.

"All done!" Mabel said, keeping her tape measure, pen, and paper. They all continued to walk, though they didn't exactly talk about where they were going in the first place.

"Wait, where are we going?" Dipper asked.

"Mall, right?" Bill answered in a way, turning to Mabel to confirm.

"Yup! We're gonna go shopping!"

"Huh, guess I was right back at the car."

"Watchu talkin' about, Bill?" Mabel asked, tilting her head.

"He just said, 'Get in bitch, we're going shopping,' before we went in his car," Dipper explained. They all couldn't help but chuckle.

"Welp, we gotta get going because I need new fabrics and materials!" Mabel said.

"More customers? Nice!"

"Yep! Hey Bill, is yellow your favorite color?" It wasn't like Mabel needed to ask, though. What he was wearing was practically a giveaway; a yellow sweatshirt, as usual. The color really suited him; he was really cheerful, like he was a ball of sunshine. Maybe that's why his hair and eyes are yellow, too.

"You bet your lovely sweater it is!" Bill replied, making a reference to what she said back at the milkshake bar. "Well, more like my awesome sweater vest, really."

"Well, thanks for the compliment anyway! Let's go!" Mabel trotted into a shop full of fabrics and sewing materials, just like she needed. This is where she always goes to buy such things, actually. Bill and Dipper followed her inside.
"By the by, Pine Tree, what did you mean by 'customers'?' the taller man asked whilst walking beside the said brunet.

"Well, she's got a shop. Online, anyway. She usually makes sweaters, but really, she can make anything to be worn; she's really creative. I gave her the idea to put up an online shop where she takes custom orders, and here she is now. She's really enjoying her job, just like anyone would expect. Actually, she probably would've put up an actual store in a mall or something by now if she weren't in college."

"Hm, nice." I'll bet she's gonna make me a sweater soon enough.

Mabel looked back at Bill, as if she were examining him from top to bottom. Bill sensed it and returned her stare. He didn't mind people staring at him, but this...was a little too much.

"Need something, Shooting Star?" he asked, maybe teasing a little bit. Checking me out, are we?

"You two are probably gonna get bored, so why don't you treat my bro to some ice cream?" Mabel suggested, wiggling her eyebrows. Besides the innuendo, she had a point; neither of them wanted to look through the different types and colors of fabric.

"Ice cream? What am I, a kid? Besides, we just had milkshakes!" Dipper argued, having overheard their little conversation.

"Well maybe I want some ice cream too!" Bill said, pursing his lips and crossing his arms like a child.

"What, you're asking me to treat you?"

"Don't worry Dippin' Dots, I'll provide the money!" Mabel chimed in. Dipper suddenly calmed down as she spoke, even blushing a little in what was probably embarrassment.

"Oh, uh, it's alright, I can pay by myself. You already treated us to milkshakes, after all," he said. Bill chuckled fondly at him; it was clear he had a soft spot for his sister. He smiled at Pine Tree, seeing how his attitude suddenly changed. Shooting Star had her finger wrapped around the little sapling. Perhaps he could use that to his own advantage some time, but he'd rather not. He was good enough at getting him to do things himself.

"I don't mind! Sales have been really good for the past few months, after all! Know what, both of you should get ice cream, so here." Mabel took some money from her bag and offered it to Dipper.

"Oh, no, really-" Dipper tried to politely decline, but before he knew it, Bill took the money instead. He was behind Dipper, resting his head on the shorter man's shoulder. He didn't mind his face being so close to Pine Tree's. He knew he wouldn't turn his head anyway. Mabel winked at the golden-haired man, who playfully stuck his tongue out in return.

What the hell did they talk about...? It's probably related to this communication between them...shit, it's awkward being between them. I know they get along well, but this is just strange. I really have to ask. Soon.

Bill slung his arm around Dipper's shoulders and turned him around along with himself, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"C'mon, let's go get us some ice cream!" he said, walking out of the store.

"Alright," Dipper looked back at his sister, "see you later, Mabel!"
"Enjoy your date, bro-bro!" Mabel teased.

*It's all so clear to me now. I should have known!*

"I knew it! This is what you guys were planning all along, isn't it? This is *not* a date, a-and I don't like—"

"Hmm? This isn't what we talked about, Pine Tree. It's not a date, we're just going to eat ice cream together," Bill interrupted. *Oh, guess not. He probably wouldn't really approve of the idea of us having a date in the first place, now, would he?*

"Oh, o-okay then!"

Bill chuckled and petted the brunet who seemed to be a little embarrassed.

"Uh, Bill..."

"Yeah, Pine Tree?"

"Don't we look...I dunno...like a gay couple? R-right now, I mean; y-you—" *Ack, why'd I even mention it?! That's something we should never even mention, and we've agreed on that without even needing to talk about it. We just don't. We know we shouldn't. What am I doing?!*

"Yeesh Pine Tree, if you don't want my arm around you just say so." Bill took his arm off Dipper's shoulders, just like he practically asked.

"Wait, no—I—Ack, I don't know..."

"Relax, I don't want us to look like a couple either, I get it." *I really don't...I think? Nope.*

"No, I meant—" *Face it, Dipper, it's too late to fix this. I can't do anything now; it's gone too far. I should really shut up about this kind of thing. I have no idea what I was thinking when I said that; must have slipped.*

"Nevermind..." he sighed, giving up on trying to explain himself. It'd only make him look even worse if he attempted to carry on, most likely. It wasn't the first time something like this happened, and they all ended up the same.

"Hey, don't sweat it, kid. Look, we're here!" Bill walked to the cashier and ordered a cone of lemon-flavored ice cream. Of course it was lemon, what else would it be?

"What about you, Pine Tree? Whaddya want?" he asked, turning to the brunet.

"Uh...just a chocolate popsicle, I guess."

"Well, you heard him," he told the cashier.

While Bill waited for their orders, Dipper went beside him, though he didn't really know why.

"Did you want something else?" the taller man asked.

"Huh? Oh, no, not really."

"How about a side serving of my popsicle stick?" Bill joked, winking lasciviously at Pine Tree.

"SICK!" Dipper yelled, lightly punching him in the shoulder. "Also, I ordered a popsicle in the first
Bill continued to laugh anyway, while Dipper was groaning in annoyance. The brunet didn't realize that the awkward atmosphere between them was gone, just like Bill planned.

"Sir?" the cashier called out, not really sure whether he should since the two seemed to be a little busy. Bill looked back at the clerk, almost having forgotten about him.

"Hm? Oh, right, thanks!" Bill took their ice creams and handed the popsicle to the brunet. Dipper, albeit not angry, took it without saying a word. Bill smirked as he walked to a table, licking his ice cream along the way. It wasn't the sour taste he expected, but it was still pretty good. It was tangy and it resembled the taste of lemon curd. Well, fruit curd is a dessert spread, so that's to be expected for this sweet treat.

Dipper followed the taller man and sat across him. Taking the popsicle into his mouth, he watched Bill eat his ice cream.

_Huh, it's like he's giving sweet little kisses...yeah, then maybe he's sitting on someone's lap. It could be the other way around too, doesn't really matter that much. He and his partner would just be there on the couch, cuddling tenderly and snogging under the warm sunlight seeping through the curtains covering the window— I imagine them in a rather large hall wherein the window would be behind the couch._— Bill has his arms protectively wrapped around his pa—okay, what. Did I just imagine Bill being sweet? No way I'm gonna write that; he's out of character! If Bill was in a couple, he'd be one who plays pranks all the time on his lover, but they'd both know it's out of love. Something like tossing a bouquet at his partner's face.

Who would be his partner anyway? I'll admit, he looks pretty good...damn hot, actually, but I think someone would try and hook up with him just for his looks. Once they find out about his annoying personality, they might leave him...

...but if they find out how kind he can be...

...maybe they'd stay with him. Then again, Bill never dated anyone, and he was a heartthrob—at least, that's what he told me—so I guess someone who just liked him for his looks wouldn't appeal very much to him. Wait, now why am I thinking about what kind of person would suit him? For fuck's sake, I need to stop. It's time to fucking stop. Now.

Little did he know, Bill was staring right back at him. His eyes carefully followed the delicate movement of his seemingly soft lips (he wouldn't know) wrapped around the popsicle as it bobbed in and out of his mouth. Every once in a while, he'd even see the tip of his tongue sticking out. _Cute._ He found it most amusing when it looked like he was kissing the tip before completely taking it out of his mouth. Dipper would stop to breathe, then continue eating it. God, there was no way he wasn't the submissive type.

_He'd be perfect as a pet or slave, serving his master and trying to entice him to fuck him. He'd be there, kneeling in between his master's legs, giving him a libidinous blowjob. Blind, mute, and marked all over his body, he would be euphoric to finally be rewarded with the taste of his master—_

"I-I know what you're thinking. Don't." Pine Tree attempted to sound intimidating, but that didn't work out.

"Oh, do you now?"

_He probably thinks that I was thinking about dick jokes, not smut fic ideas._
"Well...maybe," Dipper said.

"I bet I know what you'll think of when I do this." Bill leaned forward and kissed the tip of the popsicle in his hand, tasting it. *Huh, not bad for chocolate.*

"B-Bill, you jackass! I was eating that!" *Not to mention that was really lewd, what the fuck?!!*

"Yeah, I know. Just wanted to know how the chocolate tasted. What were you thinking?" he taunted, donning that smug smirk on his face. Dipper pursed his lips and wiped the tip with a tissue before continuing to eat the ice cream.

*Christ, Cipher.*

______________________________

"So, Bill, how'd it work out?" Mabel asked.

"Eh, it was alright. Not very well, actually, but I got it covered." *We had a little fun, but that's about it.*

"Aw boo, I'm sorry..." Mabel reached out, about to pet Bill, but he slapped her hand off a little too rudely. *Oops.*

"Bill." Dipper said flatly, as if threatening him. The golden-haired man looked back at the brunet and sighed.

"Sorry about that, Shooting Star. We'll be going now, right, Pine Tree?"

"No, we're not."

"I have the car, Pine Tree. *You follow me.*" He raised his voice, being assertive.

"H-hey now, calm down! Dipper, I'm totally fine! Let's just lighten up the mood wi—" Mabel tried to stop them with a pleading voice, but the brunet had enough.

"What were you guys talking about?" he asked.

"About something you'll find out soon," Bill said.

"Bill, you sure? He can wait!"

"Wait for what?"

"Just wait, alright?"

"For how long?! This isn't the only thing you're hiding from me, and yet you...you know so much about me; it's not fair! All I know is you're an asshole; an asshole who can be nice too. Oh, and a huge dork as well."

Bill chuckled, even though he knew it would be inappropriate in their current situation. Mabel furrowed her brows and looked at him with eyes full of disbelief.

*I thought you were better than this.*

"Bill, why the heck are you laughing? Dipper's being serious here and you just—"
"Sorry, I just enjoyed how he described me. For once, I wasn't called hot, smart, nice, or even gentlemanly."

"For once?"

"He was really popular in his schools back then, of course he was always praised," Dipper explained.

"...You okay with that?" Mabel asked, concerned about her brother. She knew it wasn't a topic he liked very much. Dipper calmed down, knowing that she cared for him. He didn't want his twin sister to be sad because of him.

"Yeah, don't worry, Mabel."

"Come on Pine Tree, I'll drive you back to the residence hall." 'You'?

"Well of course you will; we live in the same building," Dipper said, confused by how he said it. It's not like he wasn't going back there, right?

"Yeah, but I'm going somewhere else," Bill said. Somewhere else? Where?

"Then I'll come with you."

"No, it—"

'I'm sure he'll be happy as long as you get him to trust you.'

"Know what, fine. I'll take you to my special place." Bill gave in and let him do what he wanted.

Mabel silently gasped. She never knew he had a special place, but if he was going to do this, he definitely wanted her brother to trust him. Good luck, Bill...

Dipper stayed silent, feeling a little guilty now. He didn't mean to invade his privacy. If that place was special to him, he should be alone there; Dipper should stay away, it's not a place he should be in.

"Well, see you next time, Shooting Star!" Bill said, sounding like he was just fine; like nothing happened just now.

"Bye, Bill! Good luck!" she said.

"I'll see you on Thanksgiving. Awkward sibling hug?" Dipper spread his arms towards Mabel.

"Awkward sibling hug."

They walked towards each other and wrapped their arms around each other. They never forgot about their awkward sibling hug, it was special to them. They always did it, and it's one of the few things they've kept since their childhood. Not a lot of things stayed the same when they grew up, and Mabel never liked letting go of things. She was grateful they still did this.

Bill stood there and watched them, waiting for them to finish. Sure, it would probably be better if he looked away, but he couldn't help it. The twins looked like they really loved each other. He wasn't sure if what he felt was envy or hate.

Thanksgiving...well, that won't be for a while.
"Pat pat." The twins went their separate ways; Mabel walked back to her car while Dipper went to Bill's side and started to walk with him.

"Hey..." he started sheepishly.

"What?" Bill responded without looking at the brunet.

"I-I won't force you to let me come with you."

Bill sighed, doing his best to not sound too stressed.

"If anyone's forcing anyone between us, it'd be me forcing you, but I'm not. I said I'll take you, so I will because I want to, not because you asked."

Dipper didn't say a word, not until they got in the car. He prayed his voice wouldn't crack when he did.

"...Did I make you mad this time?" he asked hesitantly.

_Well I wouldn't call it mad, exactly._

"No."

Bill started the engine after he gave him his answer. Dipper didn't dare to look back at Bill as he drove. He just sat there looking at the ground and fiddling with his bag. He looked like he wanted to cry, though he wasn't going to._Never again, not while he's around._

While they were at a stop light, Bill glanced at Dipper. The silence between them was way too awkward, so he decided to turn on the radio. He chose a song from his own playlist; a classical one, this time. Whilst listening to the music, Dipper closed his eyes and sighed, relaxing into the seat.

Bill took the brunet's cap off and placed it on Dipper's lap. He gently ran his fingers through his fluffy hair, trying to soothe him. Dipper lazily opened his eyes, half-lidded.

"Bill...?" he softly called out, looking at him in the eye.

"I'm not mad, so quit feeling down, alright? Really, you—whoops, green light." Bill's eyes returned to the road and he continued to drive.

"I what?" Dipper asked, curious since he left him hanging.

"You worry too much," Bill continued. "Look, I never lie. If I say I'm not mad, I'm really not. Just...believe me, okay?" _I can't just say 'trust me,' that'll only make him want to trust me less._

"If you're not mad, then why are you acting so differently?" Dipper found it hard to believe; he couldn't trust him with all the things he's hiding.

_Well, of course he isn't as easy to convince as I thought. This is a side of him I haven't seen before, and I want to get him to trust me completely, so I'll do everything it takes. Not sure why I want it so badly._

"...It's another emotion," he answered.

_Well, that makes sense, so...he wasn't lying, then... _

"Then what—"
"Don't ask. It's for your sake, Pine Tree." *And probably mine, too.*

"...Alright."

"We're close."

Dipper looked ahead and saw that they were approaching a forest. The deeper they went in, the darker it became. One could barely see the sun with all the trees in the way. The atmosphere it brought about didn't make one feel fear; rather, it gave one a sense of...serenity. Peace, relaxation, solitude, bliss. This was indeed a perfect place to be alone. *I wish I had a place like this too.*

"Pine Tree," Bill called, snapping his fingers in front of Dipper's eyes. Dipper flinched, suddenly coming back to his senses.

"We're here, come on."

Bill went out of the car and waited for the brunet to come out as well. Dipper put on his cap and took a few deep breaths before stepping out. He felt weird being here; it didn't seem right. He could sense the sentiment, and it was as if he wasn't welcome here. Bill raised his eyebrow, looking at the brunet who was staring at the ground.

"What's with this guy today? Yeesh, his head's probably up in the clouds or something."

"Hello? Earth to Pine Tree?" he called out, walking towards Dipper. The brunet flinched again upon hearing him.

"You can look around, you know," Bill said.

"Well, in that case—AH!" Dipper yelled in an embarrassingly high voice as he suddenly tripped while taking his first step. He would have hit the ground if it weren't for the hands that caught him by his shoulders.

"Did you forget how to walk or something?" Bill snorted.

"M-maybe there was something in the grass!" Dipper argued.

"Kid, you tripped over nothing."

Dipper pursed his lips and blushed in embarrassment. Bill chuckled and wrapped his arm around his waist to help him out.

"You seem tense. How's this?"

Dipper sighed in relief and replied, "Better."

"Good, now I can give you a tour! So," Bill pointed at a tree stump, "that's where I always sit. I'd think about stuff or write, maybe even lie down and gaze at the clouds or stars. I've slept there a couple of times, though it doesn't make the best bed. Still, it's definitely the best seat around here."

Bill examined the tree stump from where they stood. It was a little odd how Bill seemed to really like it, but then again, he was far from a normal person. The tree stump seemed...dead. Lifeless. It was gray, though its roots were not very exposed to the surface of the ground. It was thick and clearly had a lot of annual rings, meaning it was really old.

"And there's...everything else!" he said. Dipper playfully rolled his eyes.
"Great tour. Strait 5/7," he remarked flatly.

"Pff...I didn't know you use memes!"

"Yeah? Well I do."

"How about we go sit there now?" Bill suggested.

"You can, but me...? I-I dunno, I feel guilty enough just being here, are you really okay with me sitting there too?"

"Of course! Now c'mon, I won't take no for an answer!"

It was painful, but he let go of Dipper and walked to his tree stump. He closed his eyes for a few seconds and sighed in relief; he really missed this place, it'd always somehow bring a smile to his face. People would say he doesn't have much to think about other than nonsense and fun and joy and jokes, considering the fact that he was popular in school, but that's it; in school. Only a few people would ever know that he had his own problems to take care of, and this place was always there for him. It rarely rained whenever he needed to come here, the clouds would match his mood, and he always felt like the forest itself was welcoming him for some reason. It was weird, but he didn't mind at all.

Dipper was still nervous, despite the number of times Bill had reassured him. He tried to walk, but he ended up taking a few seconds for each step. His knees were bent in order to keep his balance, though he looked ridiculous as he tried to get to Bill. Seeing how he looked like he was reminiscing about something didn't help him get any less nervous. Rather, it made him feel like even more of a disturbance.

Bill slowly opened his eyes and left them half-lidded. As he looked at Dipper, his eyes shot open, whilst a grin spread across his face.

"Really now, are you sure you didn't forget how to walk?" He snorted.

"No, I'm perfectly fine!"

"Right, I forgot that 'perfectly fine' meant looking like that one Marge Simpson meme."

Dipper rolled his eyes. "I can make do without the sarcasm, Bill."

Bill stood up and walked to Dipper.

"Aight, come on now." Bill wrapped his arms around Dipper's waist once more.

"Geez, just how tense are you? You need to relax," he said. Dipper stayed silent as he let Bill walk him to the tree stump. He liked being held by him like this for some reason. Shame it didn't last.

Bill gently pushed him down so he'd be sitting, then sat beside him, leaving a little distance between them. He actually wanted to sit on his lap, maybe hold him more, hold him even closer, press against him and feel him, go a little further than what friends—like they were supposed to be—should do, but he couldn't. He couldn't risk losing his trust, nor could he gamble their friendship.

"So, what should I...?" Dipper trailed off, not really sure on what to do after he was seated.

"Do anything you want, really. We can stay here till the sun sets..." Bill looked up at the sky and continued, "...or not."
"What do you mean?"

"Well, it looks like it's about to—"

Suddenly, there was a roar of thunder, and rain started to pour from the sky. The wind blew lightly, but it brought about a lot of humidity. It didn't take long before the sky darkened to a gravel gray. The clouds grew even larger, blocking out what was left of the sun from behind the trees. Rain poured from the sky in heavy droplets. Dipper could only sit there, letting the cold droplets dampen his hair, slide down his body, and soak his clothes in rainwater.

"Oh."

Bill, on the other hand, quickly took off his sweater vest and held it above their heads.

"GO!" he yelled, making Dipper come to his senses. They quickly ran back to the car, shoes splashing slightly on the ground that was slowly becoming muddy, and once Bill unlocked the doors, they rushed inside and slammed them shut. Bill sighed and took off his glasses, then placed them on top of the dashboard.

"Hang on, I think I have some spare clothes here somewhere."

"I-it's fine, I can deal with it," Dipper said as he took off his cap. Bill paid him no mind and turned around on his seat. He pushed it down and crawled to the back of the car, dripping some rainwater onto the cushions.

"Hey, we're getting the car wet..." Dipper said.

"Eh, it's fine, I got a few face towels here too."

Bill sat back on his chair and put the seat up. He tossed a face towel and a yellow flannel button-up to Dipper. What was left in his hands were a face towel for himself and a black shirt with a gold bowtie printed on to make it look like he was wearing a tie.

While Bill was lost in his thoughts, Dipper didn't bother to change or even wipe himself; he was too busy staring at Bill's birthmark through his now translucent button-up.

"...Do you want to see it more clearly?" the golden-haired man asked.

Dipper flinched, snapping out of his trance.

"H-how did you..."

"I can feel your stare, Pine Tree. Give me your answer." There was no way he couldn't ignore it; it was tearing through him like a dagger.

Dipper thought of his answer for a few seconds. He desperately wanted to see the symbols once more, but he knew that Bill had some sort of problem with it. He didn't understand why he wouldn't tell him, even though he himself has talked about his past. It didn't seem fair, but he respected his privacy. Still...

"...Yes."

Chapter End Notes
Hey y'all~ So, you dead yet? jk XDD Well, I hope you enjoyed the update, stay tuned for what happens next ;^)
In The Rain

Chapter Summary

It's getting harder to deny their feelings in the rain.

Chapter Notes

I didn't know about this before I wrote this chapter, but someone made this fan arrangement for the BGM in the Miraculous Ladybug Umbrella Scene! Since it's also named "In the Rain," I'll link it here. It's really nice and it kinda fits the chapter, so I suggest you listen to it!
https://soundcloud.com/articianne/in-the-rain

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dipper didn't know why he did that. Damn my curiosity and strong desire to solve mysteries. Well, if I put it that way, it's like saying I want to decipher Bill...I think I might have made a pun. Dammit, Bill.

Bill didn't seem very happy with his answer and left a silence between them. Dipper started to sweat nervously, thinking that he had made the wrong decision. Clearly, it is.

"Alright then."

Bill unbuttoned his top and shrugged it off his shoulders. He let it slide down his arms and completely took it off, tossing it to the back seat. Despite what he said, Dipper still didn't think he answered correctly. Bill was probably angry, but hiding it.

"...I shouldn't have said yes, right?" he asked, confirming his thoughts.

"You're allowed to make your own choices, Pine Tree. Examine it or do whatever shit, I don't care." In the end, Dipper didn't really get much of an answer. He couldn't tell if he was right or not.

Dipper took out his notebook and pen from his bag. As he stared and thought of the various types of codes and runes the symbols on Bill's back could possibly be in, he began to chew on his pen unconsciously.

Great Uncle Ford would probably solve this more easily than I can...I need to be in a library with Bill to search up possible runes, but for now, I'll see what codes I can remember. Doesn't seem to be the masonic cipher, nor Egyptian hieroglyphics...Greek? No, not that either...

Suddenly, the silence was broken with the sound of a piano playing from inside Bill's bag. Dipper flinched, snapping out of his thoughts. Bill reached for his bag and took out his cellphone; the music was apparently his ringtone. A voice that seemed to be his sang, "We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when, but I know we'll meet again some sunny day!"
Dipper chortled while Bill checked on the caller's name. He looked back and told Dipper, "Just continue, Pine Tree." Bill turned away and accepted the call, bringing the phone close to his ear.

"Yellow?" he greeted. Dipper snorted and rolled his eyes at the obvious pun.

"Oh, hey! Happy Columbus Day too!"

"Yeah, I hung out with some new friends instead. Do you want me to come over next weekend?"

'Come over? Is he talking to...his girlfriend? No, that can't be right, he doesn't have one. He doesn't date. He told me that. He doesn't lie...or so he said so. He wouldn't, right? I don't think he would...but either way, he sounds really happy talking to that person. Clearly it isn't the same case when he talks to me, though. Wait, I shouldn't be thinking of this. I should go back to trying to figure out what code Bill's birthmark's in.

*Old Norse? Proto-Norse? Nope, not those either...these symbols look really unfamiliar...Alchemical symbols? No...Welp, that's all I got. I guess I have to try again next time.*

"I miss you too-"

Dipper couldn't stop himself from sneezing. His sneeze wasn't that different from when he was younger; he still sounded like a kitten. He immediately covered his nose and mouth, feeling his cheeks heat up in embarrassment. *Shit.*

"Oh, hang on." Bill looked back and saw that Dipper was still wearing his damp clothing. That was probably why he sneezed just now.

"Hey, you okay back there?" he asked.

"Yeah, no worries!"

Bill sighed and went back to talking on his phone. "I gotta go."

Bill smiled fondly and replied for the last time, "I love you too," before ending the call. Dipper frowned and looked at him in disbelief. After Bill put his phone back and turned to Dipper, he saw the expression he donned.

"What?" Bill asked.

"H-huh? Oh! Uh, well...I just...y'know..." Dipper stuttered, realizing that Bill saw the face he was making.

"No, I don't know. Spit it out, what's with the look?" Bill sounded annoyed. He didn't understand why Dipper was looking at him like that, it didn't make sense to him.

Dipper got intimidated by his tone and decided to ask him. "I just...thought...you were...single...?"

"I am! I'm single and very sexy!" Bill faced Dipper and posed, winking flirtatiously. Dipper snorted and rolled his eyes again.

"I don't know about the sexy part," he teased. On the other hand, he was relieved Bill wasn't so angry anymore.

"Aw Pine Tree, that hurt!" Dipper laughed at his obvious act and sneezed again.

"Pff...you sneeze like a kitten, how adorable." Bill stroked Dipper's hair, making the brunet pout.
How cute. Bill pulled his hand away after a few seconds.

"But really now, you need to go wipe yourself and change. You're gonna get a cold if you don't," he said.

"Oh, right." Dipper had completely forgotten about doing that, despite having a face towel and flannel button up on his lap. Bill took his own face towel and began to wipe his hair and torso dry. Dipper, on the other hand, hesitated and turned around before taking off his bag and shirt and placing them on the dashboard. The golden-haired man noticed his action and found it cute, too. Honestly, everything about that little sapling is cute.

"Getting a little shy, Pine Tree?" Bill teased.

"Psh, no. You just want to see my body, don't you?" Dipper countered while wiping himself. He thought he got Bill there, but obviously he was wrong.

"What if I do?"

Dipper froze for a second, then scoffed and continued with what he was doing. Fuck you, don't even make me think it's possible you do. Bill smirked and chuckled, knowing what he did to Pine Tree. He put his shirt on, now that he was dry. His pants were still a little wet, but he didn't mind. It was pretty hard to change those in the car anyway, and he didn't want to bother crawling to the back. No, his problem wasn't the fact that Dipper would see him in his boxers. Not like he gave any fucks about that when they first met either, so what difference would it make now?

"By the way," Dipper started.

"Hmm?"

Dipper put on the flannel and buttoned it before continuing. Welp, here goes nothing. He sighed.

"Who were you talking to on the phone?" he asked, turning to Bill.

"Why do you wanna know? Jealous?" Bill teased. Right, of course I sounded like the typical jealous girlfriend. Goddamit.

"No, just curious. Well, that, and...you seem really fond of them." Who knows, it could be a guy he was talking to...hold up. He's gay, he wouldn't have a girlfriend in the first place. Dipper slapped himself mentally for realizing that just now. I should've considered that from the start. Stupid.

Bill smiled at Pine Tree, who seemed to be jealous—despite denying it just now— and a little worried. Not worried in the sense that he was sick or anything like that, but in a way that made him seem he was worried he cared for someone other than Pine Tree. To be specific, Pine Tree seemed like he was worried Bill was in love with someone. Adding wishful thinking, he was worried Bill was in love with someone and it wasn't with him.

Another reason he smiled was that look on his face. Dipper wasn't looking at Bill anymore—and he was certainly not stopping himself from checking him out since it was definitely not the time—and he looked a little sad. He was stopping himself from making that sadness obvious, but it didn't matter; Bill could see the slightest bit of emotion on his face anytime.

"Well then, let's just say she's...a family member." Dipper's gaze returned to Bill. Oh thank god. Wait, more importantly, why am I so relieved? God, I need help.

"Who? Do you have a sister too?" If he does, I wonder how she could ever stand him. I'm sure he'd
pull twice as many pranks on her if he does have a sister.

"I don't really have to tell you who she is. She's not my sister though; no, I don't have one—er, wait, I do, but it's not her...yeah." That's a weird response...but okay, so he does have one, yet he almost forgot he did? What?

"I introduced you to Mabel, at least tell me who was on the phone." Bill thought of it for a while and seemed to have taken a liking to his logic.

"An eye for an eye, a family member for a family member, huh? Alright, sounds fair. I was talking to...my ma."

"Your mom?"

"Yeah, I call her ma. It's shorter."

"May I know her name? Just curious, that's all."

"Vespera." Dipper decided to stop there since Bill looked like he didn't want to delve deeper into the topic. I wonder if he's just embarrassed or he has problems...

Bill looked at the clock and noticed it was about time they went home.

"Well, time to go back. It's supposedly sunset, but we can't really see it because it's raining. What a shame."

"Yeah...though it'd also make a good romantic scenery. Maybe I'll write something like that later."

"I'll read it when you're done."

Bill started the car and played another classical song from his playlist. Dipper wouldn't know, but it was Chopin Nocturne Op. 9 No. 2. It sounded nice with the rain pouring onto the car. Once it played, Dipper remembered Bill's ringtone.

"Oh right, was that you playing the piano and singing in your ringtone?"

"Yeah, the one and only me! It's my favorite song, too!"

Dipper snorted.

"Wow, that's pretty self-centered. Wait, so you play the piano?!!"

"Obviously, Pine Tree."

"Smartass." He isn't half bad at playing the piano though.

Bill chuckled and stepped on the gas pedal, turned the car around, and began to drive back to the residence hall.

"Just sit back and relax. You can sleep if you want to," he said.

"If I do fall asleep, you better wake me up." Dipper looked at the golden-haired man with a little doubt.

"Of course, I wouldn't leave you here!"
"You wouldn't?"

"You really thought I would? Ouch."

Dipper laughed nervously, not realizing he wouldn't pull a prank on him at this time. Bill stepped on the brake and ran his fingers through Dipper's hair.

"Let's just listen to the music and appreciate Chopin."

Dipper nodded. Bill continued to drive while Chopin Nocturne Op. 9 No. 2 was playing on the radio.

Dipper was looking outside from the window, admiring the scenery. It was dark and dull, but it wasn't boring to him. Rain was pouring everywhere, even below the trees; the drops would slide down the leaves and onto the ground. It was wet everywhere, and he could spot a few puddles in the distance. He wondered if Bill would stomp on them and play around like a child.

The sky was dark and one could barely see any gaps between the thick clouds. It didn't thunder again, but the rain was loud, especially with it pitter-pattering on the car. Dipper liked the rain. He found it comforting, and it made him want to get some pillows or a blanket and either read a book or write while drinking some hot chocolate. He would relax while listening to the sound of the rain. It was nice.

Mabel preferred sunny days, and she would sometimes get annoyed with the rain for ruining whatever plan she had for the day, but she did enjoy the hot cocoa—and occasionally the fireplace—and always put a lot of marshmallows in it. She used to be scared of the thunder and would hide under the blanket with stuffed toys surrounding her, but Dipper helped her get over the fear. At first he tried explaining it scientifically, but that only bored her, so he did it differently; he told her to count to three after lightning struck. That way, the thunder would be less scary. It worked, of course, and she had fun doing it.

Soon enough, Dipper fell asleep with his cheek still rested on his fist and his elbow leaning against the window. Bill noticed him when they were at a stoplight.

Adorable. Just adorable. Pine Tree's sleeping face is really cute. He looks so peaceful; maybe he's having a good dream. As much as it's fun to see him annoyed or worried, seeing him relaxing is nice too. I wonder if he'd stare at me while I'm sleeping too. I wouldn't mind at all. Not gonna tell him I do it, though. It's a little fun to hide certain things and leave them clueless.

Oh right, I have a blanket in the trunk. I should go drape it over Pine Tree.

Once the green light flashed, Bill continued to drive. He eventually found an empty public parking lot and stopped the car there. He unbuckled his seatbelt, took an umbrella from the back, and opened the door. He opened the umbrella and stepped outside, not fully closing the car to make sure Pine Tree wouldn't wake up. The golden-haired man walked to the trunk and opened it. He took the blanket and looked at the other things inside. There was a pillow, but it's not exactly comfortable in a car. There were also a few bags of chips inside, and in the far corner, there lay a picture frame with the photo of a woman with bright copper hair. Bill stared at it for just a few seconds, considering the fact that it was raining, and moved it forward a little.

Bill closed the trunk and walked back to the door. He stepped inside and sat on the driver's seat, then closed his umbrella and shook it around a little before tossing it to the back, not caring that it wasn't fully dry. He closed the door after, not too harshly so as not to wake up Pine Tree. He turned to the sleeping sapling and stared for a bit, checking for any signs of him waking up. Thankfully, he was
still sound asleep.

Bill carefully positioned him so his head would be resting on the headrest and draped the blanket over Pine Tree, tucking him in comfortably. Dipper stirred in his sleep and smiled a little. Bill gently stroked his hair, admiring his cute little face. *Your cheeks aren’t as rosy as Shooting Star’s, but they still look soft enough to kiss. I could say the same for your lips. Well, they’re not to be kissed by me, though.*

Bill wasn’t sure whether it was just gravity doing its work or Dipper just subconsciously leaned into his touch.

Stop being so cute, Pine Tree. It makes my heart...waver? Fluctuate? Wrench? I don't know, it just hurts. Why do you give me this foreign feeling? Why can't you just stop? ...But you know what, as much as I want you to, just don't stop. I don't understand anything. Fuck it. Just do what you do. I don't know whether I like this sensation or not, but if I don't, make me.

Bill released him, took his phone from his bag, and snapped a picture. *You're still really cute though. I wonder if you enjoy rainy days too.* He put his phone back and buckled his seatbelt, then continued to drive back to the university.

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After Bill had finally parked his car and put the traffic cone back in the trunk, he took the umbrella from the back and opened the door. He stepped out, opening the umbrella and closing the door. He walked to Dipper's side and opened the door there.

"Wake up, Pine Tree..." he softly called out. Bill poked his cheek several times while telling him to wake up. That worked.

Dipper furrowed his eyebrows and groaned. Bill poked his nose.

"Boop!"

Dipper chuckled soundlessly and opened his eyes.

"What are you doing?" he asked, smiling at the man in front of him.

"Just noticed that your cute little nose is rosy." *I really did. It's adorable, Pine Tree.*

Dipper laughed and felt his cheeks get warmer.

"But really now, what?"

"We're here, let's go."

Dipper yawned and rubbed his eye.

"Why and how am I covered in a blanket...?"

"Yeesh, so many questions."

"Right, sorry, you're out there in the rain..."

Bill chuckled silently and grabbed Dipper's wrist. Despite complaining playfully, he still answered his question.
"You seemed to be really comfy while you were sleeping, so I took a blanket from the trunk and tucked you in," he said.

Dipper pulled the blanket off him and unbuckled his seatbelt. He wore his cap and bag and stood up, stepped out of the car, then closed the door.

"Hold this," Bill said, handing over the umbrella to Dipper. Bill took out his car keys and pressed a button on the keypad to lock the doors, then put them back in his pocket. "Alright, let's go."

Bill took the umbrella from Dipper and wrapped his arm around his waist, pulling the brunet closer to him. The taller man began to walk them to the residence hall in that position. Dipper was leaning on him, feeling Bill's heart radiate onto him. It felt nice.

"...You're warm."

He didn't realize he said that out loud. Bill chuckled and responded to that.

"You feel nice too, Pine Tree."

Dipper blushed and realized he said it out loud, so he tried to hide his face.

"Shut up and walk."

"I'm walking, I'm walking, relax." Bill stroked Dipper's waist up and down as he said that, making Pine Tree jerk away from him when he felt his touch. Bill quickly held the umbrella above Dipper, letting the rain pour onto him a little.

"Bill, you're getting yourself wet!" Dipper yelled.

"What about you?! You almost got yourself wet! At least thank me, yeesh!"

"Thank you!" Dipper shouted in an angry manner, which conflicted the phrase's intended emotion. Bill was taken aback because of that and stood still.

"G-get in the umbrella, you idiot!" Dipper said. He decided to walk towards Bill and move his hand himself so that the umbrella would be above both of them. Bill didn't say anything, but he began to walk again.

_Seriously, you're fucking cute when you're mad._

"What happened to you back there? Too sensitive?" Bill teased.

"Psh, no. Just surprised, that's all."

When they reached the residence hall, Bill closed the umbrella and shook it around to dry it.

"The blush on your face says otherwise, don't lie."

"F-fine, so I was sensitive, what's your point?" Dipper pouted. He got him there.

"Oh nothing, you're just adorable."

Dipper felt the heat in his cheeks increase. He thought of a way to get him back for teasing him. He knew he probably wouldn't win, as usual, but it was always worth a shot.

"Yeah? Well, you're hot."
Bill was taken aback for a second, giving Dipper a little sense of victory. However, he smirked and chuckled. That never meant anything good.

"You're delightfully honest today." He petted Dipper, rubbing it in.

"I-I was just getting you back! Anyway, we better go back to our own rooms now."

"You left your clothes in the car," Bill pointed out. Dipper's eyes widened when he realized that.

"Oh...right." He laughed nervously.

"That's alright, I left mine too! I'm gonna go get them, I'll see you upstairs."

"You can just get it when the rain passes."

Bill opened the umbrella again despite what he said.

"Nah, too late! While waiting for me, you could go take a shower or something; it's the perfect time."

"Okay, I guess. Just make sure it's not too much trouble for you, though; I don't want you to get sick because of me." It was weird how Dipper said something like that so casually. He just did.

"Aww, you care," Bill said, fluttering his eyes melodramatically to get even more of a reaction from Pine Tree. Dipper rolled his eyes and turned around.

"I'll go take a shower."

"Alright, but come over later, let's write! A little tea party, if you will, except with hot chocolate."

Dipper chuckled. *I'd love that. I wonder if he likes rain too.*

"Sure, I'll come over in uh...15 minutes? That—that good?"

"Yup, should be enough time. I'll be watching you!" Bill replied.

"What?" *Watching me? What does he mean?*

Bill ignored his question and walked outside, headed to the car. Dipper just shrugged it off as a joke and walked up the stairs.

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15 minutes had passed, so Dipper went out of his room with his notebook and pen in hand and knocked on Bill's door.

Bill turned around to look at the door whilst wrapping a towel around his hips. He'd just gotten out of the shower, and though his hair wasn't dripping, it was still down and clearly wet. *Welp, can't keep a guest waiting.*

And so Bill made his way to the door and opened it.

"Pine Tree, I've been expecting you!"

"Oh." is all that Dipper said.

He couldn't help but examine his body all over—other than the back because he couldn't see it, though now he kind of wished he could—. His gaze first locked onto Bill's damp hair. He didn't look
back with his hair down like that, and admittedly, it was quite attractive. 'Course, it didn't matter whether his hair was down or all fluffy and tousled; he was hot either way, and what would always make Dipper melt were his eyes.

Those amber orbs were always so bright and seemed to glow, especially in the dark—which is somewhat the case at this moment; it's quite dim even though the lights are on—but Dipper knew that couldn't be true. They were full of life and they were mesmerizing. His slitted pupils were something he was always so curious about, but he already decided not to ask about them. That was something unique about him. He'd never seen anything like it. Those pupils made Dipper feel like the golden-haired man was a predator, and he was the prey. Besides the vibrant color of his irises, those pupils made him more intimidating. Despite those soul-piercing stares, he didn't feel real fear. He knew he was safe with him and he wouldn't hurt him. His eyelashes were pretty long too. They looked really nice on him.

His nose was pointy and turned up. It wasn't broad, nor was it rosy like Dipper's, but the brunet found it cute on him anyway. It seemed like it suited him. His cheekbones and nose were dusted with freckles, making him even cuter in Dipper's eyes. Below that, his thin lips were just...sly. It didn't matter whether he was smirking or not; they always looked sly. Perfect for his playful personality. Whenever he grinned, he always looked so happy and cheerful, and whenever he smirked, it was clear he had something up his sleeve, and it usually isn't good. That, mixed with his eyes, made him quite fearsome, and yet, also quite charming. His lips looked soft, and Dipper didn't want to admit it, but he'd like to try kissing him and see what it felt like. He was quite the devil, and that's just his face. His face alone was beautiful, but it was most certainly not what one would call angelic.

But now Dipper could see what was below his lissome neck. Almost everything. His shoulders weren't that broad, but certainly broader than his. Bill had a slender figure and it was beautiful. His tan skin looked really smooth, but of course Dipper couldn't touch it and run his hand all over his torso. He was sure that if he ever arched his back, even just a little, or maybe even stretched, he would look lithe and even more beautiful. That would only make him want to feel him more. Bill didn't seem to have much muscles, but he liked him that way. He didn't care about him not having a muscular abdomen, but he was certainly curious about what the end of his subtle happy trail. Dipper decided not to stare at his towel for too long; Bill would either be weirded out or would tease him. Maybe even both.

His gaze shifted to Bill's slender legs, which were quite long. Dipper's legs were pretty long too, but Bill was taller, so obviously his were longer. Every part of Bill that Dipper had seen so far was just beautiful. The only other word he could use to describe him was perfect. Maybe tantalizing, too. I swear, he could be a model and he wouldn't even have to try. He's gorgeous. Way too gorgeous for the likes of me, and holy fuck, I can see why he was popular. Who wouldn't want him? Ah shit, I think I've been staring for too long. He might tease me or think I'm weird now.

"Uh, s-sorry, I didn't realize you...well, you know..." Dipper flinched before he said that, and now he couldn't look Bill in the eye. His cheeks were red in embarrassment, and he prayed Bill wouldn't talk about his staring.

"Oh, this? Don't sweat it, I can just change while your back's turned!" Bill didn't give the slightest hint of being weirded out, and that's because he really wasn't. He held in a few chuckles when he saw Pine Tree checking him out. He enjoyed it. I know you were staring, Pine Tree. I won't tell you that, though.

"No, you can change before I come in, i-it's fine!" Phew, he doesn't seem to be bothered...

"That may be fine, but my body's hot," Bill said, winking flirtatiously at Dipper. Instead of rolling his
eyes, Dipper blushed even more. *I can't say otherwise, dammit.*

"Pft, didn't think that would actually work. But hey, come on in!"

Before Dipper could refuse, Bill wrapped his arm around Dipper's waist and pulled him into his room. Dipper felt like his face was burning like hellfire, feeling the heat of Bill's body pressed against him, despite him having just showered. Bill placed him on the edge of the bed.

"Stay here, I'm gonna change behind you. Although, if you can't resist peeking..." he trailed off with a smirk.

"Nope. Not peeking." Dipper sounded like he didn't want any part of it, but really, he *might* have wanted to. Just a little. *I can't give in.*

"*Suit* yourself!" Bill replied, as if he was about to laugh.

*What is he up to now?*

After a minute or two, Bill walked in front of Dipper, showing off his suit and bowtie.

"Oh, so *that's* what you meant. Hilarious and original." Sarcasm was obvious in Dipper's voice, of course.

"Come on, you're smiling," Bill pointed out. Dipper chuckled since it was true. His puns were ridiculous but they made him laugh anyway.

"Fine, you got me," he said, rolling his eyes.

"Woop, I think the water's done being heated."

Bill walked to the counter and asked Pine Tree, "So, coffee mugs or teacups?"

"What?"

"Where shall I pour the hot cocoa in? I'm thinking that the mugs would make us seem like a couple just cuddling because of the cold weather, while teacups make it seem like we're having a tea party!"

*How did he say that so casually...? Suggesting the idea that we'd look like a couple...how does he not worry at all? He isn't even nervous, how does he do it? Has he said stuff like this to other people before? He probably has.*

*You know, I wouldn't mind if you chose coffee mugs, Pine Tree.*

"Didn't you say it was going to be like a tea party in the first place?" Dipper asked, remembering what he said before they parted.

"Nice memory you got there!"

"...Thanks?"

Bill took two teacups and placed them on the counter. He took two packets of hot chocolate and poured them in each cup, then stirred them with two different teaspoons.

"Do you put milk in your hot cocoa? Sugar cubes?" he asked.

"I don't put anything in my hot chocolate, Bill."
"Alrighty then."

Bill carried the cups on their saucers and offered one of them to Dipper. Dipper took it carefully and held the handle of the teacup. He brought the rim to his lips and carefully blew on the hot chocolate before taking a sip. *It's nice...not to sweet, but it's not exactly bland either. It's pretty thick too. He has good taste.*

"Y'know, I actually have a top hat in the closet," Bill said, sitting beside Dipper and crossing his legs.

"Who are you, the mad hatter?" Dipper joked, then took another sip.

"Well, if I was, maybe you'd be Alice."

Dipper chose to ignore that and remarked on the hot chocolate instead.

"This is some good hot chocolate..."

"Yup, good brand."

After that, there was an awkward silence. Neither of them really knew what to say.

"Empty cup?" Bill asked.

"Huh? Oh, yeah."

"Alright, give it to me; I'll wash it along with mine."

"How about we wash them together?" Dipper offered. At least they'd have something to do together if he agreed.

"Sure. I wash, you dry?"

"Yeah."

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Well, that made us seem...kinda domestic.

"Hey, Pine Tree, if you don't mind, I'll go start with my schoolwork now," Bill said.

"O-oh! Sorry for keeping you from doing them, then!"

"Relax, I chose to procrastinate anyway. It's fun writing with you, Pine Tree!"

"Y-you too. Okay uh, I gotta go too, I also have some...things to do."

Bill was suspicious of his pause, but he shrugged it off. Dipper stood up and took his bag, then walked to the door. He opened it and looked back.

"Bye," he said, smiling at Bill. The golden-haired man chortled.

"Lame dork. See ya!" he replied, waving at Pine Tree.

"Dorky asshole." Dipper rolled his eyes and with that, closed the door.

*Looks like I have to tell them.*
Chapter End Notes

You guys still alive? jk Well hey, I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Thought something else would happen? Too bad ;^) I won't be able to update next week, unfortunately, bc I have a convention to go to next Saturday, and a card tournament to go on Sunday, so my weekends are packed XDD Also holy shit this chapter was hella long. Welp, I'll update after next week, I hope you can wait!
Bruises and Wounds

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this took so long, I was bingewatching Shameless until yesterday morning ;-; I hope you enjoy, though! Chapters just get longer and longer mmmmygod

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dipper Pines was walking to the library wearing a black hoodie above a shirt of the same color, along with gray slacks and black sneakers with white laces. As much as he wanted to put his hood up, he got the feeling that he might look suspicious to other people, considering the fact that pretty much his whole body would be covered if he did so, leaving no hints of his identity. Definitely wouldn't look shady, right? He knew better.

Though he was headed to the library, he wasn't looking in front of him. His eyes were fixated on the marble floor along the way as he didn't want to look at anyone in the eye, let alone the their face. Not a single part of anyone's body. Nothing was wrong with his face, strangely enough. It was the rest of his body that was the problem.

He was gloomier than usual. No joy in his eyes, not even a little smile on his lips. He was staring into nothingness; wouldn't be a surprise if he bumped into the door on the way inside. It was almost like he wanted to die all over again, but he's been through worse. This wasn't half as bad as those times. His eyes thankfully weren't red and puffy since he stopped himself from crying. He wasn't that weak.

Without taking his eyes off the ground, he carefully pushed the door open—and stopped himself from grunting—and entered the library. He then closed the door behind him and leaned on it, sighing.

"Don't lean on the door, Mr. Pines."

Dipper was here almost every day, so it's no surprise Mr. Smith, the librarian, was familiar with the brunet. He'd borrow books quite often, and sometimes he'd get some papers photocopied.

Dipper stood straight and shifted his gaze to the librarian, but he did not lift his head.

"Right, sorry," he said. He walked past the counter and hesitated before making his way up the stairs. He walked towards his usual place and finally lifted his head. The brunet weakly smiled at the golden-haired man sitting at the table.

"Hey." To others, his voice was barely audible, but Bill could hear him well enough.

"Hey," was all he replied with. Bill didn't look up as he was too focused on writing. Dipper didn't say anything about that, but he sat a little further from him than usual. He took out a book from his bag and placed it on the table. He set the bag on the chair beside him and began to read.

That certainly got Bill's attention. He looked up from his notebook and curiously shifted his gaze to Dipper. It stayed silent between them for a few minutes and it was awkward for both of them. This wasn't the kind of silence they liked. Something's up.

"Not writing today, Pine Tree?" he asked with subtle suspicion. Dipper flinched, startled by the
"No...just going to read..."," he replied, clearly doing his best to avoid eye contact while reading his book. Bill eyed the brunet carefully, almost like he was his prey, but made sure he wouldn't notice. Dipper was too busy reading—and distracting himself—to notice his stare. As he flipped the page, he hissed at the sharp pain in his arm. He stroked it gently in attempt to soothe it and rested it back on the table.

"What's wrong with your arm?" Bill asked. Dipper jerked up and looked at Bill with wide eyes. Oh shit.

"What? Nothing! Nothing's wrong with it!" Of course, he was still a terrible liar. Bill stood up and glared.

"Don't lie. What happened?"

"I'm telling you, Bill, it's nothing!" Dipper insisted, stiffening in his seat. Bill was having none of this and walked towards the brunet, intimidating him. Dipper wanted to back away, but he was frozen in place.

"Tell me the-"

Bill stopped when he saw the fear in Pine Tree's eyes. He noticed that he was shivering, too. It was as if the taller man was one of the people that hurt Dipper. That was what it felt like to Bill. The way he looked at him just made him realize that he seemed like a threat. Perhaps that was too much.

Bill sighed and moved Pine Tree's bag to another seat, then sat beside him. Dipper watched him carefully, wary of his every movement. Attempting to make things better, Bill wrapped his arm around Dipper's waist and looked at him in a less threatening way.

"Just tell me what happened to you," he said. Dipper flinched, but he slowly relaxed. While he was still avoiding eye contact, he lifted his arm slightly above the table and placed it back down, nonverbally telling Bill to do as he pleases.

Bill released the brunet and carefully reached for his forearm. He pulled the jacket's sleeve back, revealing several bruises and red marks shaped like hands. His eyes widened in surprise. He suspected Pine Tree was hurt, but not like this.

Dipper covered his face in shame with his free hand, but Bill took his other arm as well and pulled up the sleeve, revealing even more injuries.

"Don't tell me..."

Bill abruptly went under the table and pulled part of the brunet's pants up. His legs were covered in bandages and even more bruises. What the fuck.

"Bill...?" Dipper called out, getting the feeling that something wasn't right. Bill going under the table and checking out his wounds wasn't odd right now, but he was dead silent. He didn't know Bill was enraged. He was keeping his composure for as long as he could. If he didn't, he'd be a threat yet again. He stood up once more and looked at Dipper straight in the eye.

"Who did this." His voice was merciless. The lack of punctuation implied that he wasn't going to let Pine Tree not answer his question properly. He won't let him just brush this bullshit off.

"Y-you don't have to know, Bill. I'm fine." You really dare to try, Pine Tree? Like hell that'll work.
"Tell me, Pine Tree."

Dipper remained silent for a few seconds; he couldn't bring himself to speak just like that. He breathed a little and sighed before he answered.

"...Bill, it was-"

Bill angrily slammed his palm on the table, placing his other hand on his hip as he leaned closer to Dipper. Don't you fucking make me wait after you tried to just brush it off.

"It was who?"

Dipper flinched and curled up a little, only to hurt himself with the pain in his limbs when he attempted to bend his knees and hug himself.

"A—A fraternity...s-some members..."

"Which. One."

"...R-Alpha," he sighed.

"Alright."

Bill sat down and rested his cheek on his fist with his elbow on the table. He seemed a little more calm now, but it wasn't guaranteed he wasn't going to break anything. Not yet.

"So, tell me the whole thing," he said with a less harsh tone.

"I'd rather not, Bill." Dipper evidently didn't want to talk about it. He wanted to... just be done with it.

"Come on Pine Tree, where's the harm?" he asked, sounding a little more pleading this time.

"You don't have to know." I don't want you to know.

"Please, Pine Tree?" Bill pleaded, leaning closer to the brunet.

"No."

"Tell meeeeee!"

"No."

"But I said pleease!"

Dipper looked at Bill and saw his ridiculous attempt at puppy eyes. He couldn't help but burst out laughing. Ridiculous, but also adorable.

Bill frowned rather than laughing with Pine Tree.

"What's so funny?" he asked, sounding a little miffed.

"What was that?! Bill, were you actually trying puppy eyes?" Dipper said in between laughs. Bill felt the blood rush to his cheeks and he couldn't help it.

"Hmph, it was worth a shot." Bill pouted and looked away while crossing his arms and legs like a child. Dipper smiled at him fondly. It was odd how he could be terrifying yet adorable after a few seconds. One minute he's a predator who'd shred you to pieces if you didn't do what he wanted, next
thing you know he's an immature yet adorable adult. Not exactly what one would call bipolar, just odd, but Dipper didn't mind. He liked it.

"Well, you did make me laugh—ow." Dipper raised his arms, but then he realized that wasn't the best idea when he felt the pain.

"Woah, easy there." Bill carefully placed the brunet's arms back on the table.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

Dipper nervously laughed and obviously lied when he said, "Nothing..."

"Pine Tree."

Dipper sighed and decided to just tell him what he had in mind.

"I was going to hug you...but then I remembered that my arms are dysfunctional."

Bill chuckled and thought of a way to give him what he wanted, in a way.

"Well, mine aren't." The taller man turned Dipper's seat so he'd be facing him. Bill slid his arms around Dipper's waist, making sure that he didn't make much contact with his bruised and marked arms.

"How's this?" he asked.

"...Good. Thanks—ack." Bill quickly pulled away when he realized Pine Tree was in pain.

"Shit, did they get your back too?"

"Yeah..."

"Fucking hell." Bill clenched his fists in anger and grit his teeth. He turned away from Pine Tree so he wouldn't see his rage. 'Course, it was still obvious that he wasn't happy.

"Bill, relax."

Relax? How can I—

"Are you going to stay up till midnight, Pine Tree?" Bill asked. Little did the brunet know that he said that with a sinister grin. He had a devious look on his face, but he sounded normal enough when he asked. Pine Tree had no idea that the golden-haired man looked like a fucking demon right now.

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure I will. Why?" he responded.

"I just figured you would." Bill changed his expression to one that wouldn't make Dipper suspicious. He turned around with a gentle smile on his face, not with a smile that still looked like he wanted to commit murder.

"So, you gonna tell me what happened?" he asked, getting back on track.

"Well...alright." Dipper finally gave in and smiled back at him. It did seem that Bill was really concerned, so he might as well just say it. Not that Bill could do anything bad with that information...probably. 'Where's the harm?' he said. I don't know if there really isn't any or if I'm supposed to find it. I'll just have to hope it's the former, I guess. If I don't, something tells me it won't turn out very nicely. This is not the time to try and talk him out of it.
Bill turned his own chair to face Pine Tree. He crossed his arms and leaned back, ready to listen. Dipper sighed and looked him in the eye. He felt that he should.

"A week before we met, I told R-Alpha's president I wanted to join. It sounds stupid, I know, but...I wanted some people to hang out with. Since this is college, I figured it'd be easier to fit in—especially since I'm a Junior now—...but I was horribly wrong."

Dipper couldn't take it and avoided eye contact.

"They told me I could join yesterday, Columbus Day. I was going to, but then I met you before that. I realized I didn't need a frat, nor did I want it. What I wanted was a friend, not a group of acquaintances. So, last night, I told the leader I changed my mind. He didn't accept my refusal, so he tried to convince me to join. I still refused, of course...but then he told me about the initiation."

Bill narrowed his eyes slightly, not wanting to look too suspicious or threatening again. Let's see what they did.

"It was to strip dance at their party...a-apparently," Dipper stuttered, obviously not liking that very much. "That only made me want to join even less, but the thing is, he didn't intend to convince me anymore. Unluckily for me, he was with the rest of the members. Well, not all of them—about five people. So...they grabbed my limbs and began the 'initiation.' Not exactly strip dancing like they said. I was told they wouldn't let me in, but they carried on anyway. I tried to resist, really; I know a few things about fist fights, but...they threatened me with a knife. Y-you know why it's a uh...problem. They took my notebook while they were at it, too."

Dipper cringed a little, but he carried on. Would be a terrible idea to stop now.

"I couldn't fight back. I was stripped—save for my underwear, thankfully, — and I was punched, kicked, and humiliated. Not in front of the rest of the frat, but they mocked my thin arms and twisted them because...well, that. Thin noodle arms, so...yeah. They also shamed me for being gay just because I hang around with you a lot. Well, I'm bi, but they don't know that. Apparently there's someone living in the same floor as ours and he sees us...a lot. That's uh—that's alright, though, don't worry. You're not to be blamed.

"I was called weak, and they stepped on my back and smacked it. Pretty much the whole time they were making fun of me, mostly my physique. I suppose that was to be expected. I mean, a-at some point, this thin body of mine was to be laughed at. I would know. I guess it doesn't matter whether you're in pre-school, elementary, middle school, high school, or even college. Like someone once told me, the world's a cruel place. It'll stay that way.

"Anyway, it ended when the president told them it was more fun in the party. They went back inside their building and left me there. I struggled to put my clothes on, went back to my room, and took a cold shower before dressing my wounds. I know how to treat my injuries since this kind of thing happened a lot back then. It took a while before I could sleep, but at least I drank some Ibuprofen to relieve the pain...That's about it."

Bill was desperately trying not to yell a fuckton of insults for those people. He was in a library, after all, and he'd probably scare the shit out of Pine Tree because there was a chance he'd cause property damage too. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, then slowly exhaled and opened his eyes once more. That calmed him down just a little, but that didn't mean he wouldn't throw an insult.

"...Pieces of shit." He decided to just go with that.

"Yeah...but at least it's over. Speaking of over, I need to go to class. I'll uh...see you later?"
“Yeah. Bye, Pine Tree.” There was an unintentional sharpness in Bill's tone when he said that. *Fuck.*

As expected, Dipper looked a little hurt.

"...Sorry I have to go."

"No, no, it's okay. I didn't mean it like that."

"Oh, okay then."

Dipper then took his things and ignored the pain in his limbs. After taking a few steps, he waved Bill goodbye and walked down the stairs. *I should really take another dose of Ibuprofen.* After making that mental note, he nodded at Mr. Smith as his way of saying goodbye and went out the library.

No one is allowed to mess with what's mine.

*They also shamed me for being gay just because I hang around with you a lot.*

I'm a danger to him, but...

Bill groaned and slammed his head on the table, utterly frustrated and pissed with himself.

bruised and stained with blood, Bill Cipher walked through the hallway in the darkness of midnight. The only light he could see was the one seeping through the door of Pine Tree's room. Although he could see his surroundings very clearly, he followed that light and knocked on a door, holding a notebook in his other hand. The hollow sound of the wood echoed throughout the cold and empty hallway as he waited. It would have been lonely, were it not for the fact that he knew Pine Tree was awake.

Dipper sat up straight and turned to the door. Normally, he'd be surprised and suspicious to hear someone knocking on his door at midnight, but he knew it was Bill. He wouldn't ask Dipper if he'd still be awake for no particular reason. He waited, of course. He'd actually start worrying if Bill didn't do anything at midnight.

Dipper stood up and walked to the door. He opened it, only to find a twisted sight before him. His favorite golden-haired man had arms covered in bruises—and hell, even a wound on his left arm—with blood dripping off his knuckles. He wasn't exactly covered in blood, but there were a few stains on his sweater vest that were clearly still fresh. There was a little stain on his pants too, right where his knee was. Despite those, he was smiling.

Bill grinned without any traces of malice. He placed his hand on his hip and held up the notebook with the other. He was quite proud of his work.

"I got your notebook, Pine Tree!" he cheerfully said.

"Bill, what happened to you?!” Dipper gestured to Bill's whole being with outstretched arms, ” H-how'd you get that?” he pointed at his notebook, "What did you do?!” he yelled yet whispered. He didn't even know what to do with his hands anymore at this point. "D-don't tell me you—"

"Shhh. Relax." While Dipper was freaking out, Bill sounded completely unfazed. He placed his index finger onto Dipper's lips to shut him up for a second.

"Won't you at least thank me for getting you your notebook back?” he asked before he retracted his
"Thanks," Dipper said, taking the notebook from his hand, "but...what happened to you? C-come in, tell me about it."

With that, Bill trotted into the room without hesitation.

"Didn't realize you wore glasses too, Pine Tree! They look good on you, though it doesn't really matter whether you have 'em on or not," he remarked.

"Oh uh, yeah, I just wear them in case I end up reading or writing in the dark again. I kept doing that before, that's why I wore glasses. Now they're pretty much just like reading glasses...for night, anyway. More importantly, doesn't that hurt?" Dipper asked while closing the door. Bill turned around, and though his limbs did hurt, he showed no signs of pain.

"Hm? Yeah, it hurts like hell! I like it!"

Dipper placed the notebook on the desk and sighed, rubbing his temples with his thumb and index finger.

"Bill, take off your—"

"My clothes?" Bill interrupted, smirking as he said so.

"—your shoes, Bill. Take off your shoes and lie on the bed, please."

"Well, someone's being forward tonight. Anyway, sure!"

Bill sat on the edge of the bed and kicked off his shoes like he was told to. He wasn't sure what Dipper wanted, but he lay down on the bed anyway with his back lying flat on the sheets and his head on the pillow. He actually jumped rather than lie down, as if he was making it painful for him on purpose.

Meanwhile, Dipper gathered a few of his books. He placed them under Bill's limbs when he was settled. While he was doing so, Bill watched him curiously.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Elevating the bruised areas."

Dipper walked away and took out about five ice packs from the freezer. He shivered at the sudden coldness in his hands and ran to the closet. He took some hand towels and wrapped each ice pack with them.

"What are you doing now?" Bill asked.

"I'm going to put these ice packs on your bruises. Oh, and for the bruises on your legs...er, it'd be better if you took your pants off. I-is that okay?" Dipper replied while taking some bandages and a pair of scissors as well.

"Hmm...alright, but only because you care so much! I'll take off my sweater vest too, don't wanna stain your sheets."

While Dipper went in the bathroom to get some tissue, antiseptic, and cotton, Bill undid the button and zipper of his pants. He lifted his hips whilst still lying on the bed and tried to pull them off, but he had to sit up in the end anyway. Stupid skinny jeans. He ignored the pain in his limbs, even
though he could've sworn he felt the shallow slice on his arm open up a little. Nothing he can't handle.

Once Bill finally got his pants off, he tossed it to the floor and took off his sweater vest next. He tossed it there too then lied down once more.

"Bill, do you want a painkiller?" Dipper asked, walking towards the bed.

"Nah, I'm good. Lay it on me, Pine Tree!"

"If you say so. Tell me if you change your mind." The last thing Dipper wanted to do was to hurt him even more than he was now.

"Alright."

Dipper cleared the nightstand and placed all the things he took on it. He realized he almost forgot something since he was in a hurry.

"Wait, one more thing." He quickly took a face towel from the drawer and ran to the bathroom. He wet it and wrung it so it wouldn't be dripping, then ran back to Bill. The man on the bed watched as he ran back and forth. That worried him a little, especially since Pine Tree was still injured. It made him wonder if he forgot that.

"Relax, I'm not in a hurry!" Bill said.

"For fuck's sake, your arm is bleeding!" Dipper yelled.

"Psh, it's not that bad!"

"Yes it is, and so are your knuckles!"

"Hm?" Bill raised his hands, wondering what Pine Tree meant. He realized he was talking about the blood on his knuckles.

"Oh, these aren't mine," he said with a grin. Dipper almost dropped the face towel in surprised. He looked at him with wide eyes, realizing the possibility.

"W-wait, did you kill them?!"

"No, but I did scar them for life!" Bill said, resting his arms back on the books. Dipper was somewhat relieved. After all, that was better than murder.

"I'm not so sure I want to know what you did..." he said. He held Bill's hand up a little and began to wipe off the blood with the wet face towel.

"Well, you don't have to ask."

"I'll ask."

Bill raised his eyebrow and smiled fondly at the brunet.

"I really don't get you, but okay."

Dipper chuckled and proceeded to clean up his other hand.

"So, what happened back there?"
"Well, I was fucking pissed, but of course I couldn't just crash into their building like a flaming wrecking ball, so I crashed into their base like a gentleman instead." Bill added a little joke to lighten up the mood. That seemed to work since Pine Tree laughed. Dipper took a ball of cotton and the bottle of antiseptic after.

"So, I asked around and eventually found R-Alpha's president. I asked for his fuckboys too, by the way. Anyway, when we-" Bill began to laugh as he felt the brunet gently dabbing some antiseptic onto his wound after wiping it with the wet face towel.

"Oh, sorry, does it hurt?" Dipper asked without sarcasm, but with concern.

"Yeah, but keep going, the pain makes me laugh!" What?

"...You're insane."

"Sure I am, what's your point?"

Dipper sighed and shook his head out of fondness. That wasn't too much to worry about. Insane or not, he was just fine the way he was.

"Don't move too much while you laugh, alright?"

"Well, I'll try." He really did stop himself from laughing while Dipper tended to his wound.

Dipper threw the cotton into the trash and placed the towel on the nightstand, moving a few things aside to make room. He then took the roll of bandage and pulled on the end.

"Hold still," he said.

"No shit."

Dipper rolled his eyes, making Bill chuckle. He carefully wrapped the bandage around the wound, then cut it and gently stroked it a few times.

"How's this?"

"Well, it's less painful. I guess that's good."

Dipper smiled, and though Bill was disappointed the pain was gone, he smiled back anyway. Pine Tree just meant well. Dipper noticed that he had some dry blood under his nose, so he took the wet towel and wiped it off carefully.

"Did you get punched in the face?" he asked.

"We're getting to that. Though, yes, but it wasn't too much on the nose, thankfully."

"Open up, just gonna check if you got some blood on your teeth."

"If I had some, I would have licked it off," Bill argued.

"Just do it."

Bill rolled his eyes and opened his mouth to get it over with. Dipper saw no blood, but he did notice he had some unusually sharp teeth. It was as if they were fangs.

"Huh." Dipper leaned back and took some ice packs from the nightstand. Bill raised his eyebrow at
his reaction.

"What?" he asked.

"Nothing. No blood, so you're all good." Maybe he doesn't want me to know he has teeth like that. I wouldn't know why he wouldn't want me to see it, but maybe there's something to it. Hopefully he tells me about it some time, though.

"Can I continue now?" Bill asked, sounding a little impatient though he tried to hide it. He didn't want to sound like a dick.

"Yeah, go ahead." Dipper didn't mind and placed the covered ice packs onto Bill's arms. Bill's breath hitched a little as he felt the cold—or freezing, rather—sensation. Dipper sensed that and worried a little.

"You alright?" he asked. Bill shivered a little but he got used to it.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm good. Okay so, when we were gathered outside, I basically beat 'em up and told them that's what they get for hurting you. I made sure they didn't hit me anywhere too important, or body parts that would easily knock me out when hit. As for the knife...well, it only got me once, and that was on my arm—" Dipper was bandaging his knee, so he had to stifle his laughter again.

"...I did fall on the ground a couple of times, but when I did, I made sure they went down with me. Anyway, long story short, I practically left them there to die, but since you wouldn't like hat, I pulled them—no, I kicked them back inside and demanded for your notebook. The other members gave it to me, of course. They didn't dare question why I was making such a fuss over a notebook. Well, you and I know it wasn't just about the notebook. Anyway, with that, I made sure they wouldn't report me, and I walked out. Aaaand then I went here."

Dipper smiled at Bill, even though it was probably wrong to. Bill made it sound like it was nothing to him, but surely he went through a lot of pain, suffering, and trouble, just for him. Part of Dipper felt that he shouldn't be happy for that reason, but he couldn't help but feel loved. Well, not that kind of love, but...just loved. Like a really good friend. I don't know why he does all these things for me, but I'll do as much as I can for him too. Not to get even, but because I lo—care about him too.

"...Thanks for all that. B-by the way, did they also hit your torso?" Dipper asked while placing ice packs on his legs. Bill reacted like he did a while ago, but he quickly regained his composure.

"Not hard enough to leave marks, so don't worry. No problem, by the way!"

"Alrighty then, it looks like you're all good now. You can sleep now, though the ice packs have to stay in place."

"What about you?" Bill asked, sounding genuinely worried.

"What?"

"Where are you going to sleep, Pine Tree? Also, shouldn't you have ice packs as well? You're still bruised, y'know."

"Don't worry about me, I can sleep on a chair with my hand resting on the edge of the bed next to you. Later, though."

"What is this, a hospital? This is your bed, Pine Tree; I can sleep in my own!"
"No, I want you to stay!" Bill didn't let that faze him, but he was a little flattered.

"Well you can't sleep like that, and the floor would be hard, not to mention that the painkiller's effect would have worn off in the morning..." he trailed off, thinking of a way Pine Tree could sleep well.

"I can handle it!" Dipper insisted.

"Sleep in my room, then?"

"No, I have to be in the same room as you..."

"Hm...I got it! Get my sheets and my pillow, then you can sleep on the floor. It's really fluffy so you should be fine. Key's in my pants' pocket. I'd get them myself, but you'll just make me stay here."

"Yeah, I would. Anyway, you can just go to sleep now, I'll be fine."

"Nah, I wanna wait."

"Suit yourself. I'll be right back, Bill."

Dipper took the keys and went out of the room, leaving the door open since no one was awake anyway. Bill looked at the ceiling and waited; he had nothing else to do. Perhaps he could think about stuff, but admittedly, he was pretty tired.

Dipper took the sheets and pillow from Bill's bed. He looked at the book on Bill's desk for some reason, but he shrugged it off. He had no time to take a look or wonder why it got his attention. He walked away and locked the door shut behind him. While walking into his room, he screamed in an embarrassingly high pitch.

As he was walking into the room holding the sheets, he accidentally stepped on it and slipped, falling onto the ground face flat. Luckily, the sheets and pillow broke his fall. Bill immediately looked at him when he heard him yell.

"Woah, you okay?"

Dipper slowly stood up and fixed the sheets in his hands so he wouldn't trip again.

"Y-yeah, don't worry," he said, laughing awkwardly. He closed the door behind him and locked it, then put the keys back in Bill's pants. Bill watched as Dipper lay the sheets and pillow on the floor. As much as he wanted to go to sleep, he wanted to wait for Pine Tree.

Dipper turned to Bill and realized he was staring. He wasn't sure what he felt, seeing him so focused on him. It made him a little nervous, but there was something else.

"You can sleep now, I'll take the ice packs off later."

"Alright, but you better sleep right after."

"I will, don't worry."

"See you in my dreams, Pine Tree." After he said that, Bill closed his eyes and relaxed.

"Huh?"

Dipper didn't understand what he meant, but when he turned to Bill, he saw that he was fast asleep. *Looks like I won't get an answer any time soon. Well, I guess it's not that important. He needs to rest,*
and I guess I do too. He had a point.

Dipper smiled at the sleeping man and decided to stop thinking so much about what he said.

"See you, Bill."

Chapter End Notes

Hey, again I'm really sorry I took so long ;; I hope you enjoyed the chapter! Death is coming soon :^0
Words to Remember

Chapter Notes

Man I thought this would be longer than the previous chapter but I was wrong ;;

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dipper was roused, and it was all thanks to his alarm. He groaned and tried to get up, but the sharp pain in him limbs made him wince and fall back onto the pillow and sheets. Right, he wasn't in his bed. Such pain this early in the morning made him feel weak. *Weak. Helpless.* What happened two nights ago was coming back to him yet again. The mockery, the humiliation, the violence. Images kept flashing in his head and they wouldn't stop. It didn't take long before everything was playing like a film in his mind.

The clueless golden-haired man yawned and fluttered his eyes open. He sat up lazily and rested his back on the wall. Looking around, he remembered that this wasn't his room, though perhaps the picture frame on the nightstand should have made that obvious enough. Their rooms had the same white walls, ceiling lights, and appliances, there was still a stark difference between their chambers. For one, Pine Tree's room was a disorganized mess—no offense to him, of course. Papers and books were scattered everywhere, and Bill couldn't help but wonder how the brunet could find anything he needed. Another difference is the layout of their rooms. Of course, they weren't complete opposites, but Bill would daresay everything here was placed in different spots in his own room, and he most certainly did not have a box filled with chewed up pens.

Bill had enough of looking around and decided to take care of that annoying beeping sound that interrupted his peaceful slumber in the first place. Strangely enough, he felt the sensation of cotton sliding over his legs, making it a little more difficult to get out of bed. Curiously, he looked down and was quite surprised to find that he'd been tucked in. He must have drifted off before Pine Tree did this—

—or not; perhaps he was on the verge of falling asleep when it happened. He could faintly recall the sight of his Pine Tree smiling at him ever so sweetly while draping a blanket over him and making sure he was comfortable. He wished he had a little more memory of that, it must have been nice.

Bill shrugged off that thought and pulled the blanket of his legs, extending his arms as much as possible just to feel all the pain he could get. He wouldn't say it felt good, but rather hilarious. That said, he stood up and stretched his legs, making him chuckle as he the pain—it was almost as if they were tearing apart. *That's a thought.*

He followed the bothersome sound of the alarm and eventually found where it was coming from. Though he was miffed, even he knew it wasn't worth it to waste his strength on slamming a button and potentially destroying a simple digital clock. He simply pressed the button with the tip of his finger and rubbed his eyes, intending to get rid of some crust if there was any.

He should have turned around sooner.

His eyes shot wide open when he saw his precious little Pine Tree shivering on the floor. He should have been able to hear his gasps for air, but why didn't he? He was probably too absorbed in his own pointless thoughts, and now he wished he didn't waste his time paying attention to such insignificant
"Pine Tree!" he called out as he ran to him and knelt beside him. He helped him sit up to make it easier for him to breathe. To help him relax, he carefully slid his arm around Dipper's waist and placed his hand on his heart. A little bit of what was probably fear struck the taller man when he realized his heart was beating too fast, but he had to keep his composure for Pine Tree's sake.

"Breathe, Pine Tree, breathe," he cooed. With his fingers splayed, he stroked Dipper's chest up and down to help him relax. Dipper loved his warmth, much more when it was making contact with him.

The brunet took deep breaths and grunted as he struggled to bend his arm, trying to grip onto Bill's. Although the taller man was capable of moving his limbs without recoil—even with a wound on his arm, which Dipper did not have—the brunet could barely move thanks to his lower pain tolerance.

"Easy there, I'm here. Do you need your painkiller?" Bill asked softly. The brunet nodded shakily and coughed. Bill caressed his cheek with his thumb, hoping it would help, though he mainly did it because he really wanted to. It was an inappropriate thought for this situation, but he couldn't help it if he...well, he wasn't actually sure why. Maybe he was, but he refused to pay attention to that thought at the back of his head. He wanted it to stay there.

"Where'd you put it? Don't forget to breathe while you answer me," he said, brushing off some stray strands of hair off Pine Tree's face. As he did so tenderly, his fingers grazed his smooth—albeit a bit moist, admittedly—skin. Dipper almost smiled.

"M-med...cine...ca...b-binet..."

"I'll go get it, okay? I'll be back, just breathe." Dipper nodded once more and loosened his grip on Bill's arm, allowing him to pull away.

Bill slowly let go of Dipper, running his hand a little more across his torso as he pulled away. He positioned his arm on his back and slid the other under his knees. With great care, he carried him and gently set him on the bed. Pine Tree needed it much more than him. The taller man kept him upright so as not to block any air passages—which could happen if he was lying down—and placed a pillow behind his back to keep him comfortable. He tenderly ran his fingers through Pine Tree's hair before running to the bathroom. While waiting, Dipper did some breathing exercises that were taught to him back then.

It didn't take long before Bill found the Ibuprofen, and when he took the box of tablets, he ran to the fridge and quickly poured a glass of water for the brunet. He then rushed back to his side and placed the glass on the nightstand for a bit. He took a tablet from the blister pack and placed the box on the nightstand. He held the glass once again and held the painkiller in front of Dipper.

"Open up, Pine Tree."

Dipper opened his mouth and allowed the taller man to place the tablet on his tongue. It wouldn't leave a very good taste, but he didn't have much of a choice. Bill held the glass up to Dipper's lips. The brunet complied and drank the water, swallowing the tablet in the process and getting rid of the bitterness it left on his tongue.

Dipper gasped for air and panted after the taller man pulled the glass away when it was emptied. He started to feel a little better thanks to the painkiller, though it was definitely Bill who drove the memories of that night out of his mind.

“Can you breathe properly?” the taller man asked as he placed the glass on the nightstand.
“Yeah, I’m getting better…” Dipper replied in a soft voice and smiled weakly at the man who was taking care of him. When Bill say the way his lips slightly curled up, he could have sworn his heart fluctuated for a second—maybe less. It was a cute sight, but knowing that he was suffering just a few moments ago made him think that he still felt a little pain. Nevertheless, he smiled back, not wanting to make Pine Tree have to go through the unnecessary trouble of reassuring him that he was fine.

“Good. Need to lie down again?”

“Probably, but I need to get ready for class too.”

“What time’s your class?”

“Nine A.M, sharp.”

Bill turned to the clock to see how much time he had. His own classes weren’t very early, so he didn’t have to worry about that for now. Maybe he could get him to rest for a while.

"It's 7:10, you have time," he said, looking back at the brunet.

"But I gotta go down and get my breakfast then eat, and after that I need to prepare my things and get dressed..." Dipper argued, not wanting to waste any time. The last thing he wanted to be was late for class. The pain was going away so he shouldn't have any problems, and he didn't want to ever use an excuse for being tardy. Everyone would be staring at him, and there was the fact that this is college, which is much harsher than high school. The professor might not even let him attend for being a minute late, for all he knew. *Yeesh, this dork has too much to worry about.*

"You have time to spare, take it easy. Also, forget about going downstairs!"

"Why? A-are you going to get my take-outs for me?" Dipper asked, raising an eyebrow at the cheerful man beside him. At times like this, he'd wonder what was going on in his mind. It wasn't because he didn't understand how he was so positive, but because usually, he'd suggest something that would either be ridiculous or out of the question.

"Nope, even better! I'm going to cook for us!"

'Us,' huh? Dipper couldn't afford to muse over that simple pronoun right now; not while *Bill* was right beside him, waiting for a reaction. It would probably worry him if he didn't say anything for too long, and he didn't want that. It was already enough that he was taking care of him, though it was the other way around the night before.

"You don't have to...Don't you have classes too?" the brunet replied. As much as he loved Bill's cooking, there were other concerns to be taken care of. He's caused him enough trouble, too.

"Not until 12, no. I just got woken up by your annoying alarm." Bill rolled his eyes when he mentioned his alarm, making his vexation clear.

"Oh, sorry..." Right, he had a guest. He couldn't have expected him to sleep through that racket.

Bill didn't really intend to make the brunet feel guilty. If anything, he supposed it was convenient that he had an idea about his Monday schedule. Maybe he could make use of that information some time.

"Nah, it was a good thing." The taller man smiled and stroked Pine Tree's hair. He was trying to make him feel better, but Dipper ended up wanting to ask once more about his petting. He couldn't, though. It was probably somewhere he should never go again.
"Something on your mind?" Bill asked, gazing curiously at his face. He didn't expect him to smile, but he certainly didn't expect such a dejected yet indecisive expression. Dipper merely shook his head, but obviously the answer was yes.

"Come on Pine Tree, tell me," he pleaded, leaning closer to Pine Tree, who averted his gaze in return.

"You told me not to ask this certain question," he answered, sounding a little sullen. The taller man leaned back and almost seemed confused.

"A certain question I told you not to ask? Hmm..." He stroked his chin repeatedly and tried to recall such a thing. Dipper was honestly surprised that he had to take some time to remember. He tried hard not to look at him with utter disbelief. How could he forget it if it seemed like it was something so serious? It was things like this about Bill that made him question how they got along. Well, just a little. He had a lot of redeeming qualities too.

"When I asked, you asked me if I didn't like it. I said that wasn't it, then you told me not to question it," Dipper elaborated in a rather flat tone, trying to remind him of just what that question was. Maybe that would ring a bell. That seemed to do the trick.

"Hmm...ah, that." Bill's face lit with recognition, though it wasn't as cheerful as he would normally be. Dipper turned away, not wanting to see how he reacted further. He felt that he shouldn't have brought it up.

"You'll get your answer when I need to say it."

That was all Bill said. Dipper looked back and raised an eyebrow, curious as to what that meant. There was a smile on the golden-haired man's face that confused him even more. He was looking at him rather lovingly,—as much as he didn't want to describe it like that—though for some reason he looked a little sad, too. _What is he hiding?_

"So, how's peanut butter pancakes topped with whipped cream and cinnamon. Can't forget the maple syrup, of course." Bill suddenly lightened up, making Dipper assume that he wanted to change the topic. Well, he supposed he wanted the same thing.

"Sounds delicious," he remarked, giving the taller man a gentle smile. It really did sound appetizing, and it was always a pleasure to have a taste of Bill's cooking.

"I'll be back then, I'll cook it here!" Bill trotted to the door rather excitedly and opened it—at least, he was going to.

"Bill, wait!" Dipper called out, as if something terrible would happen to Bill if he went out that door. With that, the taller man turned around and raised his eyebrow.

"What?"

"...You're not wearing your pants," Dipper pointed out. He couldn't help but blush a little, so he looked away. Hopefully Bill wouldn't notice the tint of pink in his cheeks.

"Hm?"

Bill looked down and realized he was still in his boxers. _Huh, no wonder I was moving so freely._

"Oh right!"
The golden-haired man ran back to the side of the bed—which is where he recalled he tossed them to—and saw that his pants were neatly folded on the nightstand.

"How nice of you to fold them, Pine Tree!" he cheerfully remarked. He picked up the skinny jeans and bent down to put them on. Dipper couldn't help but watch Bill as he slid the pants onto his legs—after all, he was right beside him. His eyes trailed from the resolute—yet slightly miffed—expression on his face to the limber way his back was curved. He didn't want to look any lower, but his gaze inadvertently locked onto the curvature of Bill's ass.

The supple individual stood up straight once his button and zipper were done. He turned his head to look at the entranced brunet sitting on the bed beside him. He curled his lips into a smirk as he noticed he was staring. Couldn't resist now, could you? You'll get a little treat, Pine Tree, just for you.

Bill ran his hands across his torso rather sensually and rocked his hips, subtly towards Dipper. With his fingers splayed, he dragged one of his hands up his chest while he let the other slide down onto his crotch. Whilst mussing up his hair, he softly gasped, just enough for his Pine Tree to hear, and gave his arse a little squeeze. Finally, he vigorously clutched onto the edge of the nightstand and slapped the ass Pine Tree had been staring at the whole time.

Dipper jerked up, snapping out of his thoughts—which may or may not have been indecent. Bill let go of the nightstand in a rather seductive manner and smirked even wider.

"So you were staring," he teased, winking lasciviously at the brunet. With that remark—along with the not-so-subtle way he flirted just now—Dipper's face turned red. And, as if that wasn't enough for Bill, he licked his lips and purred in a sultry voice. "Hope you enjoyed the show."

"I WASN'T STARING, JACKASS!" Dipper yelled, getting even more embarrassed when his voice cracked. He quickly covered himself with his blanket, especially his burning hot face. Bill burst out laughing, clutching his stomach as he began to run out of air.

"Oh yes you were! No wonder you always add ‘ass’ every time you insult me!" he responded—when he could finally breathe, anyway.

"No, I—Well, j-just now but—I didn’t—n-not before! I-I didn't really mean to just now!" the brunet stammered. He couldn't help it; his mind couldn't function properly enough to think of the right words at the moment.

"Suuure you didn't," Bill replied with a sarcastic tone, rolling his eyes as well.

"Shut the fuck up, y-you asshole!" Oh fuck...Screw you, Cipher.

Bill only laughed even more, seeing as how Pine Tree just did what he said. There was no way he could deny it now. Nevertheless, he petted the brunet who was still hiding under the blanket. Of course it still felt better when it was his hair he was stroking, but he figured he wouldn't be able to get the blanket off him right now. As much as he'd love to see his cute little embarrassed face, he had other things to do for Pine Tree.

"Alright, be right back, you adorable little sapling."

'Adorable little sapling’?

Bill took his key from his pocket and walked to the door, humming happily with every step. Once he
opened it, he ran to his room, pulling it shut in the process. Once Dipper heard the door slam, he pulled the sheets off him and waited for Bill. Somehow, he ended up staring at his arm.

It was getting a little better. The red hand marks were fading, his bruises were a little less purple, and perhaps after the effect of the Ibuprofen wears off later on, he'd feel a little less pain, too. He hadn't put ice packs on them since yesterday morning, but it was worth it because it meant he could help Bill heal. He should be more worried about him; it was as if he had no intention of helping himself in the first place. He made every single movement of his as painful as possible and he loved it. That wasn't healthy. Perhaps if Dipper didn't take care of him, no one would.

Speaking of placing ice packs on his bruises, now was probably the perfect time. The brunet carefully got out of bed and walked to the fridge. He took out an ice pack from the freezer and a hand towel from his closet. He wrapped the cloth around the ice pack and walked back to the bed.

Bill opened the door, carrying a bag of ingredients. As he was walking in, he noticed that the brunet was holding an ice pack.

"Gonna put ice on only one arm, Pine Tree?" he asked as he placed the bag on the counter.

"Well, yeah, I can't put ice on both by myself..." Dipper looked away from the taller man and held the ice pack to his right arm. It was really cold, of course, but unlike Bill—who hisses every time—he felt rather relaxed. Putting ice on one arm was the best he could do for now.

"Then I'll do it. Gimme that and lie down." The golden-haired man walked towards Dipper and extended his hand, asking for the ice pack. The brunet didn't give it to him though, and Bill wasn't so sure, but it seemed that he even backed away a little.

"You still have to cook, don't you?" Dipper asked, perhaps implying that he intended to reject his offer for help. Bill found it a little strange, but he wasn't going to let him refuse. Pine Tree went through the trouble of helping him even though he himself was the one who needed more support between them. He's supposed to be healing himself, yet he went out of his way, ignored his own needs, and prioritized Bill's well-being over his. Really, Bill tried not to make him worry so much. He only planned to give him back his precious notebook and bring back his sweet smile that could just make him melt every single time without failure—and maybe earn a little more trust, but it was mostly the former that he focused on. Pine Tree was absolutely selfless, but if no one was there to take care of him, it would only cause him harm.

He was going to help him one way or the other, and so he took the ice pack from Dipper.

"How long could it take? C'mon, lie down."

"Are you going to put ice packs on my legs too?" the brunet asked as he sat down.

"Sure, you're wearing shorts anyway."

While Bill walked to the fridge, Dipper lay down and waited. The golden-haired man took more ice packs from the freezer, making him hiss and even shiver a little because fuck these ice packs are so fucking cold dammit.

Regardless of the ice packs making his hands go numb, he walked to the closet and got some hand towels to wrap them in so these stupid pieces of shit can stop making me feel like I don't even have any fucking hands.

Once he was done, he placed the on the nightstand and took a few books like Dipper did last night—or earlier today, rather.
"Looks like it's your turn, Pine Tree!" he remarked, sounding pretty excited to act like Pine Tree's nurse. Dipper couldn't help but chuckle a little as he placed the books under his limbs, just like he did. There was a little smile filled with fondness as he watched the taller man do his best to take care of him. He really didn't have to, but he supposed he had to be well enough to be able to take care of him.

"Yeah, I guess it is..." he said, gazing affectionately at the man taking care of him. It seemed that he didn't like the ice packs very much though; he noticed that while he was placing the ice packs on his arms and legs, he was holding them with only about two fingers from each hand. He placed them carefully, but he rubbed his hands together each time he released one. *Does he have a thing with cold stuff?*

"All done. I'm gonna cook now! You have a non-stick pan, right?" Bill asked.

"Yeah, I do."

"Alright, I won't take too long." Bill ran his fingers through Dipper's hair before he walked to the counter. While he was doing so, a thought came into the brunet's mind. He really cared a lot for Bill, much more than he cared for himself.

"Hey, Bill..." he called out.

"Yes, Pine Tree?"

Bill purposefully swayed his hips as he turned around, teasing the brunet just a little more. Dipper looked at Bill with an unamused face, though his cheeks were tinted red. He couldn't hide his embarrassment, much to the taller man's amusement.

"I kid! What do you want?" he chuckled.

"I was just going to ask, doesn't moving around that much hurt for you?" The brunet looked at the taller man with concern, genuinely worried about his well-being.

"It still hurts, but I told you, I like it! Doesn't really affect me much, y'know? Also, it kinda hurts less because you put those ice packs on me earlier today. I mean, it's a bummer, but I know you did it for me." Bill gave Pine Tree a little wink to reassure him, too.

"Oh."

"You worry too much, Pine Tree. You need to relax!" With that, Bill turned around and looked for the equipment he needed.

"Can't help it, sorry..."

"It's fine, I like how you care about me!"

While that made Dipper feel his chest tighten a little, Bill took out the ingredients from the bag he brought. He picked up a fork and turned to face Dipper.

"Hey Pine Tree, look what I can do!" he called out excitedly, raising his arm that wasn't bandaged. Dipper raised an eyebrow and gave Bill a questioning look. Once the taller man got his attention, with a wide grin spread across his face, he stabbed the fork into his forearm and yanked it out, leaving four punctures in his skin and letting the blood flow and drip onto the floor.

"...I'll clean that up."
Dipper stared at him with his eyes wide in shock. Bill, on the other hand, seemed unbelievably calm and probably only cared about the stains he was making on the floor.

"BILL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" he yelled, almost as concerned as he was earlier today. The bleeding arm, however, merely waved his hand in dismissal—and that was the hand connected to his most recently injured appendage.

"Relax, I'm fine! I get tempted to do this when I see forks sometimes, and when I do it, it's great!"

Dipper wasted no time and sat up, not caring about the ice packs dropping onto the bed and floor. He ran to the bathroom and mentally thanked Bill for giving him that painkiller.

"Woah, hey, what are you doing? You're supposed to leave the ice packs on your limbs for at least 15 minutes, get back on the bed!" Bill chided, as if he was one to do that.

The brunet, in turn, ran towards the taller man, carrying a roll of bandage and a hang towel.

"Well, you aren't supposed to leave four holes in your skin bleeding for even a minute, so I need to bandage it for you as soon as possible! You're more important right now, Bill!" He almost shouted, but he came to his senses and found that it wasn't going to help if he did so. It wasn't right to raise his voice just because he cared for Bill.

His comeback took Bill aback, but the point of his 'reckless' action was to show how tolerant he was to pain. Now he just felt guilty, shooting himself back to the top of Pine Tree's priorities. He didn't mean to make him ignore his own health and care about him instead—hell, that was exactly what he didn't want him to do.

"But Pine Tree, I told you—"

"You may feel okay, but it's still not good for you, Bill!"

Dipper took hold of the taller man's arm and pulled it to the sink. He turned on the faucet and let the water run over the blood on the punctured limb. Bill hissed as he felt the cold sensation, proving the brunet's point.

"See? It does hurt!" Dipper said as he carefully stroked the taller man's arm, washing off the blood a little faster.

"I'm still okay!"

Bill grinned and gave Dipper a thumbs up with his free hand. Of course, that wasn't going to fool anybody—at least, not Pine Tree. The said brunet rolled his eyes and turned off the faucet. Gently, he dabbed the hand towel on the wounds and wiped the rest of his forearm. Once it was dry, he released his arm and placed it on the counter.

While Dipper was covering his wounds with the bandage, Bill's grin faded and was replaced with a worried frown.

"Are you mad?" he asked, actually sounding a little afraid for once. Dipper didn't respond until he was done bandaging the wounds, and that made him worry even more. He didn't expect that Pine Tree would look at him with a smile.

"No, I can't stay mad at you," Dipper admitted. He was way too fond of the golden-haired man to be mad at him for longer than a day.
With that, Bill smiled back almost as sweetly as he did—though honestly, no one could don a smile as precious as Pine Tree's—and pulled him in for a hug, arms secured around his waist. How strange; it became a little harder for him to breathe, and it wasn't because of the embrace he initiated. His chest felt tight and it was as if something was stuck in his throat.

Dipper's eyes widened in surprise; he certainly didn't expect this from Bill. Somehow, it felt like he really, really needed a hug right now. He didn't know why, but it just seemed that way. It was certainly tighter than a casual embrace, but it wasn't exactly what one would call too tight. It was as if he didn't want to let go.

Nevertheless, Dipper closed his eyes and hugged him back. The taller man, who was leaning against the counter, let his eyelids drop and nuzzled into his dearest Pine Tree's neck. He inhaled subtly, not wanting to ruin the tender atmosphere around them. As always, he smelled ever so sweetly and mildly—like vanilla and honeysuckles...and faintly, baby wipes. Not that that was a bad thing; he found it cute. It wasn't surprising that he could also detect a hint of coffee in his aroma. That was nice, too.

_I'll remember that._

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I'm sorry this chapter is shorter; I mean, I know it can't always have more words but this didn't even reach 5k which I thought would be the average length?? Not yet, I guess. Next chapter will be even shorter, but that's because Chapter 16 will have a huge jump in word count (most likely), so please bear with it!

Anyway, I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! Man these two care for each other so much I just--aa A A A

P.S. I changed the fic's rating to E because I get the feeling it should be idk I'm just making sure- (no, it won't be full of smut in future chapters)
I'm sorry this is pretty short, like, almost as short as the early chapters of this story, but the next chapter will be really long and it'll be worth it, I swear! I just hope you enjoy this one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s been a week, and thanks to taking turns in helping each other, both Bill and Dipper’s wounds and bruises have healed. Starting from the day after Bill got Dipper’s notebook back, they took turns in sleeping in each other’s rooms. Bill would sleep in Dipper’s, and Dipper would sleep in Bill’s. Things are going back to normal now, though. What a shame. At least, it was for Bill.

“Can’t I sleep in your room again?” Bill had his arms splayed across the table as he asked. He didn’t have anything better to do—but other than to write, but he decided to do this instead—so he was trying to get the brunet’s attention.

“Nope.” Dipper, on the other hand, was writing like he always did. He wanted to stay focus, so he tried keeping his answers as brief as possible. He didn’t bother asking why Bill wasn’t writing though. Things are supposed to be normal now. We’re supposed to put those things that happened a week ago behind us. He isn’t talking about them, but sleeping in each other’s rooms is related to that.

“But whyyy?” the taller man whined. He liked sleeping in Pine Tree’s bed and it wasn’t because of his blanket—which was the only difference between their beds, really.—. It just felt different.

“Because you don’t have to. Besides, you have your own room for a reason.” Not that Dipper didn’t want Bill in his room or anything—he just thought it was pointless now. Also, he didn’t want to sleep on the floor, it wasn’t the most comfortable place.

“I like your room…” That made Dipper raise an eyebrow as he found no redeeming qualities in his room. It wasn’t exactly a dump like Ford’s quarters, but he was certainly getting to that. Maybe it ran in the family.

“Why? It’s still messy in case you haven’t noticed.”

“Yeah, I can see that real clearly, but I like it because it’s yours.”

Dipper felt his cheeks warm up as he heard that. So what if it’s mine?

“Also because it’s got your scent,” Bill continued. Wait, what?

“Uh…what about my scent?” Dipper asked, giving the man in front of him a questioning look.

Bill sat up and leaned back while crossing his legs.

“I dunno, I kinda like it,” he said, shrugging. Dipper stared at him for a while with a perplexed expression. It wasn’t that Bill was being creepy,—in fact, that’s how he always was—he just couldn’t see why Bill liked his scent. There was nothing special about it.
“...Why?” was all the brunet managed to say.

“Dunno,” Bill repeated. He just really didn’t know either. It bugged him a little, but he wasn’t going to try and find the reason. He might not like it.

Dipper pouted and continued to write, trying to get the thought out of his head. Bill rested his head on the table along with his arms, which covered half his face. He looked up at the brunet and tried something else.

“How about you sleep in my room, then?” he offered. Dipper looked up from his notebook, shifting his gaze to Bill.

“Nope, it’s pretty much the same thing,” he chuckled.

“Why you laughin’?” Bill asked, looking rather confused. Dipper smiled fondly at Bill and answered. He was genuinely enamoured.

“You look cute.” Bill looked away and hid his face more, feeling it heat up. He didn’t want Pine Tree to see him blushing—it should be the other way around.

“Hmph. I’m not cute, I’m hot. Anyway, don’t you have a class to go to?” he said, trying to escape from his embarrassment somehow.

“Not until 4:50, no.” Wait a minute.

“Hey, those are my lines!” Bill pointed out as he sat up. Dipper laughed lightheartedly—he always loved it when Bill was the one being adorable. The taller man decided to turn the tables—he took off his glasses and leaned on the table, getting closer to the brunet.

“Admit it, I’m hot.” He smirked, knowing it would work. As expected, Dipper leaned back and avoided eye contact, blushing.

“...Y-you’re hot.” He gave in. *What am I doing? I mean sure, he really is hot, but I wouldn’t say it out loud so easily...*

Bill looked at Dipper with a surprised expression. *Well that went better than expected.*

“Huh, didn’t expect you to actually say it.” Bill leaned back and put on his glasses.

“What did you want me to say then?!” Dipper yelled, pretty embarrassed now.

“Something like that, Pine Tree,” Bill chuckled.

“...Shut up and write.”

“I would, but I gotta ask you something first.”

“What is it?” the brunet responded, regaining his composure.

“You’re 21 too, right?” he asked.

“Yeah...why?” *Now that I think about it, I never actually knew how old he was either. Why bring this up now, though?*

“Wanna go clubbing with me Friday night?” Bill offered. Dipper stared at Bill as he thought about it.
Clubbing, huh? I haven’t been in a club since my debut with Mabel...it was nice, I guess. There’s a lot of people, and it’s pretty fun to dance with random strangers. It could get heated, but if Bill and I are going...probably not. No. Don’t even think about that. Bill was popular back then though, I wonder if he’s gone clubbing a lot. Probably. He’s definitely danced with a lot of people. Maybe he’s a really good dancer. As for me, sure, I dance, but I prefer watching others instead. The girls are pretty nice, but I don’t exactly impress them, so I just sit by the bar counter and drink...speaking of alcohol, last time didn’t go so well...Oh shit, I’ll be with Bill. Shit.

“Uh...B-Bill...” Dipper stuttered. If I was with Mabel it’d be fine, but Bill...

“Yes, Pine Tree?” Bill replied, seeming rather excited.

Dipper didn’t understand why he was being so shy about this. He gripped on his shirt, right above his heart, as he felt nervous. It shouldn’t be that much of a deal to just tell him, though, so why...?

Bill’s eyes widened at the sight.

“Woah, hey, are you alright? Need to breathe or relax? S-say something, Pine Tree!” he said with worry evident in his tone. He stood up, ready to run to Dipper’s side. Pine Tree, not again...

“Huh?”

Dipper looked up and saw Bill’s worried expression. For a second, he was confused, but then he realized why. Oh.

“Bill, calm down, that’s—I’m okay!” Dipper released his shirt and stood up, reassuring the taller man.

“...Oh. What is it then? Yeesh, you scared me back there, dammit.”

“Sorry.” Dipper walked to Bill, who was on the other side of the table.

“That’s fine and all, but...”

Dipper stood in front of Bill, looking at his nose...because that was all he could look at with his height—without tilting his head up, that is.

“...what’s this?” Bill asked, raising his eyebrow.

“Er...I don’t know, I thought...I-I just thought maybe you’d uh...”

“I’d...?”

Dipper looked down, blushing in embarrassment. What am I doing?! This is ridiculous, what am I saying?! Stop!

Bill looked down at the brunet’s smaller frame, waiting for him to continue. He wished he could see his face right now; he was always so cute when he’s embarrassed like this. He noticed how small he really was compared to him. From where he stood, he could see the top of his head. His hair looks really fluffy… He didn’t mind being this close to Pine Tree.

“Y-you know...uh...pet...me...?” Dipper’s voice grew softer as he said that, to the point where ‘pet me’ was a mere whisper. Why, Dipper. Why. This is stupid and weird…and really awkward. Yes, he probably would, but you don’t ask him to do it. He does it on his own.

Bill heard him because of his sharp hearing. He chuckled. Pine Tree I fucking swear you’re way too
“Yeah, I would.” Bill ran his fingers through the brunet’s hair, just like he said he would. It was really soft as always and he loved it. Slowly, he leaned in, tempted to kiss it. However, he pulled away, worried that Pine Tree would think it was weird—even for him. He was doing his best to keep their friendship platonic, though at times like this it was really hard. Pain. _Not the kind I like. I hate this._

Dipper stood still, waiting for Bill to finish. It didn’t take very long.

“So…what were you saying? Before this, I mean,” Bill said, going back to the topic.

“Oh, right. I can go, but…”

“But?”

Dipper cleared his throat before he continued.

“I…can’t really handle much alcohol.”

“That’s it? No problem, I’ll drive anyway! So, let’s go at 11 on Friday?” Bill offered his hand, as if making a deal.

“…Sure.” Dipper shook his hand carefully and slowly released it, brushing his fingers against Bill’s.

Bill was staring down at Dipper, who looked up, right back into his eyes. _Fuck, you’re cute…_

“Bill?”

…but I can’t. Not yet.

“Hm?” the taller man said, snapping out of his reverie.

“Are you okay? You were staring,” Dipper asked, sounding a little worried.

“Yeah, I’m fine, Pine Tree.” Bill’s gaze shifted to the clock on the wall.

“Woops, gotta go to class,” he said. He picked up his bag and kept his notebook and pen.

“See ya, Pine Tree!”

“See you, Bill,” Dipper replied, sounding less enthusiastic, yet subtly affectionate at the same time. Bill pet Dipper again before walking away, leaving Pine Tree there.

Dipper didn’t bother sitting down yet; he was still staring at the stairs, where Bill was before he disappeared from his sight. _I hate this familiar feeling._ The brunet sighed and walked back to his seat. It was strange how his steps felt heavier. And so did his chest, his breaths…and his heart.

He sat down and picked up his pen. He tapped it with his finger a couple of times, thinking of what to write. He leaned his elbow on the table and rested his chin on his fist, chewing on his pen subconsciously as he thought even harder.

_I better not lie awake at night thinking about him. I can’t. Bill’s my only friend besides Mabel…and her friends, I guess…maybe Wendy too…and probably Pacifica? Maybe not…oh, Wendy. Well, at least it’s not her any—_
The black ink from the pen splashed onto Dipper’s face, hands, shirt, and his notebook. Oh, and some of it flowed into his mouth, of course. He’d chewed on it too hard again. Luckily, the pages opened in the notebook were blank. He wasn’t in any condition to write anyway.

*Great, another one to put in the box…and now I have to clean myself up.*

Dipper sighed and tore off the pages the ink splattered on. He crumpled them, only to spread more ink on his hands. He didn’t even bother sighing and kept his notebook in his bag. He wore his bag before holding the pen and the stained papers. He stood up, pushed the chair back, and ran down the stairs, past the other shelves, people, tables, computers, the librarian, and the doors. He went into the nearest bathroom—which thankfully wasn’t very far—and spat out the ink in his mouth. He washed his face and rinsed off the ink that was left on his tongue, lips, and palate. He then washed all the ink off his skin as well as his pen. Once that was all done, he threw the papers into the trash can.

Dipper looked at himself in the mirror.

*I need to think about a lot of things.*

Dipper went outside and headed to his room.

__________________________________________________________

So, Bill invited me to go clubbing. That’s something friends do, right? Go clubbing together? I guess he’s gone clubbing quite often since he was popular. I wonder if he’s flirted with people in clubs, I doubt that he just hung out with his friends when they were in the club. He was a heartthrob, so it wouldn’t be surprising if he did pick up a few people. He probably has a high alcohol tolerance. Sure, he’s fun, but I don’t think he’d be reckless enough to get wasted. I wonder if he’s a good dancer. Probably is. When he dances at clubs, does he dance like it’s just a party, or does he dance…like a stripper? Well, not a stripper, but just really sensually.

…I wonder if he’s had one night stands before. I mean, he does have a really nice body, to be honest…maybe he’s gone to gay bars? Has he kissed anyone before?

*I shouldn’t think of him like that. It’s just wrong. I can’t help but wonder though…does he have a type?*

*I really need to stop thinking so much…but there’s just so much I don’t know about him. Why am I suddenly like this? Why am I acting so weirdly? It can’t be that. Anything but that. It was bad enough with Wendy, and it was only a miracle we stayed friends. Everyone else just left me. They never wanted to talk again. Please don’t let it be that. I really need Bill in my life. I can’t lose him.*

__________________________________________________________

Bill knocked on Pine Tree’s door, ready to ask him to go to the refectory together. After a few moments, Dipper opened the door, looking exhausted and messy. He thought about a lot of things alright; too much, perhaps.

*Well, I certainly wasn’t ready for this.*

“Woah, Pine Tree, you look like a wreck,” Bill remarked.

“Gee, thanks.” Dipper rolled his eyes, obviously devoid of any excitement at all, let alone joy.

“What happened?” the taller man asked in concern.
“Just overthinking…”

“About what?” You.

“Not much…” the brunet said.

“‘Not much’? I ain’t buying it. There’s gotta be more than that if it got you to be like…this.” Bill gestured to the shorter man’s appearance.

“I’ll be fine, you don’t have to know.” Dipper brushed him off, not wanting to accidentally give him a hint of what was going on. Bill pouted and stared at Dipper for a while, hoping that he would give him a proper answer. However, he just avoided eye contact and stiffened under his gaze.

*I’m only making things worse…again.*

Bill sighed and gently stroked his hair, snapping him out of his trance. He decided to drop it; the last thing he wanted to do was to make him anxious.

“If you don’t want to tell me, fine, I get it…we’re learning about it in class, kinda. Anyway, wanna get our take-outs?” he offered, changing the topic.

“Yeah…sure.”

“Good,” he grabbed Dipper’s shoulders and turned him around, “now go get your keys or something and let’s go!” With that, he slapped Dipper’s ass playfully.

“Ow! Bill, what the hell?!” Dipper turned around, rubbing his arse in attempt to reduce the sting.

“What, you want me to soothe your ass, Pine Tree?” Bill smirked. Dipper blushed and turned back.

“Er, nevermind.”

Bill chuckled and waited for Dipper as he got his key and locked the door behind him.

“So…let’s go?” the brunet said.

“Sure!”

Bill and Dipper walked beside each other the whole time, not saying a word. It was more awkward than usual.

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“So, got your mind off that thing?” Bill asked.

“Yeah, for now, I guess,” Dipper said, taking a sip of Pitt Cola.

“You…seemed really down, Pine Tree. You sure you don’t wanna tell me? I’m here to listen, you know.”

*Why can’t he tell me? Is it something worse than his past? …Have I not gotten him to trust me enough? What do I have to do? I just want him to be okay. I need him to be okay. Pine Tree likes keeping things to himself and it worries me—as much as I hate to admit it. This hurts. He hurts me. But I don’t hate him. I still want to stay with him. Why? It’s ridiculous, not wanting to leave someone who makes me suffer.*
Well, I suppose he doesn’t just make me suffer. He makes me happy, too. Why is Pine Tree the only one who’s ever done this to me, though? I mean sure, he’s not like anyone I’ve ever met, but what is it about him that makes me care for him more than anyone? Why don’t I want anyone hurting him so badly? Why can’t I just let him not tell me whatever’s bothering him because it could be personal? Why do I have to know?

Dipper tossed the can to the trash bin, trying to shoot it. It was going well—it hit the rim. It spun longer than it normally should. It tipped over, and he thought it was going to fall in, but it didn’t. It fell on the floor with a clank and rolled away. He sighed.

“Sorry, I really just…I can’t. You don’t have to worry, I’ll be better.” Dipper looked at Bill, who looked crestfallen on the bed. He was curled up, hugging his knees close to him. Somehow, he reminded him of Mabel, and even himself.

“…Alright, but you should at least talk to Shooting Star about it. I think you really need someone to talk to,” and that someone isn’t me.

Dipper appreciated how much he cared for him, and he felt really guilty for making him feel like this. He couldn’t do anything about it, he couldn’t let him know.

He crawled over to the golden-haired man and embraced him tenderly. It was the least he could do. ‘Course, doing that didn’t help him feel any less…weirdly for Bill, but he was the one who mattered right now. He could just mope around later, when he wouldn’t be around.

“I’m really sorry.”

“…It’s alright, Pine Tree.”

Bill uncurled himself and hugged Pine Tree back. He didn’t want to touch him, yet he did at the same time. It was weird. Things are weird between them. He could get them back to normal though, he just knew it. It always worked when he tried. It won’t be long until they’re dorks who playfully tease each other and laugh with each other. Bill would play tricks on Dipper, he’d get annoyed, then he’d laugh and pet him, over and over again. They’d write together, share ideas, and read each other’s stories. They’d notice the difference in their writing styles and they wouldn’t mind. They were almost as different as their personalities were.

But they got along really well. Somehow. Bill was thankful for that, though he preferred not to think about such deep thoughts. He didn’t like emotions very much other than joy. He didn’t really like feelings. He preferred to just fool around without a care in the world.

However, with Pine Tree, he couldn’t just fool around. He had to care for him and make sure he was okay. He had to worry about him. He had to think about him all the time, and whenever he was with him, he had to keep him happy and hope his jokes wouldn’t go too far. He needed to get him to trust him because that’s what Shooting Star told him to do.

Who was she to give him orders? Since when did he listen to such things from such people? Why was he working so hard? Why didn’t he ever think of Pine Tree as a burden, not even once?

He didn’t know the answer to any of those questions and he hated it. He could hate everything, but he couldn’t hate Pine Tree.
Hope you liked this chapter, the next one, boy I tell you, it's gonna be great :)
It was Friday night, and Bill was excited to go to the club. It’s been a while since he’d been to one. In high school, he’d go to different clubs quite often with his old friends. Well, now they were just acquaintances. Still, it was fun hanging out with them. He couldn’t clearly remember if he ever got wasted or drunk, but he knew he had a good time dancing with them and random strangers. ‘Course, they never went to a gay bar. None of them were gay—probably. He could have sworn one of them was bi, though—and he wouldn’t want them to find out about him. After all, it was still pretty fun to flirt.

Well, his favorite part during those times—besides drinking and dancing, of course—was the fact that they were technically criminals. He liked the thrill of breaking the law…and he definitely shouldn’t tell Pine Tree about that. Being ‘friends’ with someone who knew people was great. All it took was a few Fake IDs,—which were actually pretty convincing, thankfully—a couple o’ bucks for bribes in case they didn’t work, and they could party all night long. They were never caught, especially since Bill was quite tall, which made it even better. Deception. He loved it.

Things were different now though. He was legal. Right now, he was going to ask his Pine Tree to go with him. It was almost like a date, but it wasn’t. He was wearing an open long-sleeved black button up with a yellow shirt. Along with those, he wore black jeans and black boots with gold accents.

He knocked on the door and waited. After a few seconds, Dipper opened the door, looking quite ready to go. He donned a partially zipped navy blue hoodie with a black t-shirt underneath. It had a pattern consisting of small silver Pine Tree symbols, just like the one on his cap. He also wore a pair of dark denim skinny jeans and black sneakers with white soles and laces.

“Ready to go, Pine Tree?”

“Yeah, I guess I am.”

Bill eyes him from his fluffy brown hair to his black and white sneakers.

“Huh, not bad. Lookin’ sharp, Pine Tree.”

“Pff, of course I do.” Bill struck a pose to prove his point, though the brunet only rolled his eyes and crossed his arms. Somehow, his gaze shifted to the taller man’s eyes.

“No glasses, huh?” he remarked.

“Nope, gotta look hot for the ladies.” Bill winked.

“Right,” he said with sarcasm evident in his tone.

“And the men,” Bill continued, standing straight. Dipper raised his eyebrows as his lips curled into a fond smile, which let the hot man in front of him assume he liked what he was implying. Bill smirked and leaned close to Dipper’s face. Teasingly, he placed his slender fingers under his chin.

“And maybe you?” he suggested rather seductively.

Dipper scoffed and turned around. He was not going to let Bill Cipher see him blush right now because he fell for his charms.

“In your dreams, Cipher.”

“Oh, acting all high and mighty now, are we? How’s about you turn around and show me your red face instead?” Bill countered. Dipper stiffened but quickly cleared his throat so his voice—hopefully—wouldn’t crack. That would only make him more embarrassed, and he didn’t want Bill to think he’d won.

“My face isn’t red, and I look hotter than you!” He thanked the heavens that his voice didn’t crack or falter. Praising himself so blatantly felt weird to him though, but that was the least of his worries for now.

“Really now? Why don’t you prove it and face me like a—I mean, face me!”

“I won’t even care if he points out I stuttered I just really shouldn’t say it.

“What if I don’t want to? What are you gonna do about it, huh?” Something tells me I shouldn’t have said that just now…challenging Bill Cipher isn’t a good idea.

“Easy, I’ll turn you around myself!” he declared. Bill grabbed the shorter man’s shoulders, turned him around, and pinned him on the door. Dipper’s face flushed as Bill towered over him with that all-knowing smirk. He was looking him straight in the eye. Those amber irises and slitted pupils never failed to pierce through his soul…and oddly enough reminded him of something. Those slitted pupils were always strange, really; no one else he knew had those, but it resembled something in the back of his head. He just couldn’t recall what it was.

Bill chuckled and leaned back, releasing him.

“You aren’t hotter, but you’re definitely cuter.” He stroked his hair and smiled at him fondly. One side of him would absolutely love to fuck him senseless, but whenever he’d see his cute little face, he wanted to just pepper him with kisses and cuddle instead. ‘Course, he couldn’t do those two things, so all he did was pet him like he always did.

Dipper’s eyes widened; he was surprised by the sudden change in his attitude. Not to mention the sudden change in the way he looked at him. One moment it looked like the golden-haired man was a hungry predator and he, the smaller creature, was the prey.

“U-uh…thanks, I-I guess,” he stuttered. He laughed nervously with a tint of red still visible on his cheeks. His laughter went on for a while, but after those few seconds, he coughed.
“I’ve been laughing for too long—” he whispered to himself. And then he coughed again. Bill chortled and wrapped his arm around Dipper’s waist.

“Let’s go, I wanna get us some drinks already!”

Bill flinched a little, started, but quickly regained his composure and walked with Bill, slightly pressed up against him. Once they were in Bill’s car, Bill began to drive and played a rock song from his playlist.

“So, you been to a club before?” he asked, breaking the silence between them.

“Yeah, I’ve been to a few parties; mostly with my sister. Her uh, rich friend hosts them, so we get to drink even though we’re not of legal age. She’s got so much money she’s just cheating life every day…What about you though? Have you gone clubbing before?” Dipper asked right back, tilting his head as he was genuinely curious.

“Sure, ‘course I have. There are a couple o’ clubs that allow people who are 18 to get in in Los Angeles. I could tell you the rest if you promise it won’t change anything between us,” Bill offered. As much as he’d like to see Pine Tree’s reaction, he had to keep his eyes on the road.

Dipper, on the other hand, was even more curious now. He furrowed his brows in confusion and looked at him questioningly, though he knew he wouldn’t return his gaze. He thought about it for a few moments. ‘Change anything between us’? What does that mean? Is it something that terrible? I can’t really imagine what, though. Is it that he’s had one night stands? Or has he just gotten wasted before and he doesn’t want me to look down on him? I honestly wouldn’t mind those two…in fact, why would I be bothered If he had one night stands? I don’t think whatever he says would affect me that much.

“Alright, I promise it won’t change anything between us.”

Bill smiled a little to himself, feeling relieved. He made a turn on a street before he continued his little backstories. Here goes.

“Well, truth be told, we’ve never gone to any of those clubs that allow 18-year-olds to enter because they’re not allowed to drink alcohol. In case you thought I lied in my previous statement, I never did say we actually went in those clubs. Anyway, yes, that means we went clubbing in several different clubs that only allow people who are 21 or above to drink. How did we get in, you ask? Well, one of my acquaintances knew a guy who made pretty convincing fake IDs. I’m sure you can figure out the rest. Most bouncers we’ve encountered were gullible enough, but we had to bribe a few to get in certain clubs. Actually, some didn’t even ask me for my ID; my height was enough to convince some of them.

“And there you have it. We go drinking every few weeks, usually Friday nights or weekends because I care about my academic standing too. We were breaking the law, but we partied a lot. Danced with hella lot of random strangers and I may or may not have grinded with very few people. It was great. I don’t know if I’ve ever gotten drunk or wasted, but I don’t think so. You got any questions?”

I should probably stop thinking about whether he’d had one night stands before, I don’t think he would want to answer that…he didn’t even mention it once. Maybe his answer would be no.

“…No, you’ve already told me quite a lot,” Dipper answered.

“You sure? You sound like you’re not satisfied with my answers yet. If you have a question, spit it
“Well, since you said you won’t judge, I’ll ask one question. I just got really curious for some reason, so don’t mind me… Have you uh…” he cleared his throat, “…had one night stands before… perhaps…? I’m not implying anything, really, the thought just struck me, I swear. I know it has nothing to do with me and it’s not my place to ask, but I just… yeah.” Dipper put up his hood right after he was done talking and looked down, trying to hide his face as much as possible.

“I… huh…” Bill trailed off and sounded a little different all of the sudden. Dipper couldn’t see what he looked like, but it was definitely not a good reaction. I shouldn’t have asked.

“Look, it’s—it’s none of my business, really, so you don’t have to answer if you don’t want to…” he said.

“No, it’s not that, it’s just… I… actually don’t know. I can’t remember whether I’d had one or not, it’s strange…” Bill replied, sounding really confused. The brunet tilted his head back up and looked at the man who was driving beside him.

“If you can’t remember having a one night stand, then you probably haven’t had one, right?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Sure, that makes sense, really. However, as much as I can’t remember having one, whenever I tell myself I haven’t, it doesn’t feel right. It could just be that, I dunno, maybe I wanted to have one? I have no idea. So, my answer? Eh, undefined. Let’s just go with that, sorry to disappoint.”

“It’s alright, I don’t really have to know, after all. Thanks for answering.”

“Now, can I ask you a question? Other than the one I asked just now, of course,” Bill joked. Dipper chuckled and pulled his hood back down, ready to face the golden-haired man again.

“Sure, Bill.”

“How much does it take for you to get drunk?” he asked. It didn’t take long for Dipper to recall; that was how he found out he was a lightweight, after all.

“Uh… a glass of beer…?” he said. He looked back down and avoided eye contact with Bill.

“Pff… one glass?” the taller man teased. Dipper crossed his arms and turned to the window, feeling his cheeks heat up.

“I told you, I’m a lightweight…” he argued, though it didn’t really sound like it since his voice was pretty soft. Bill chuckled, and though he was tempted to pet him right now, he couldn’t let go of the wheel. What a shame.

“I know.”

And then silence formed between them again. Dipper wanted to break it, but he couldn’t think of anything to say. He’d learned that questions like ‘What’s your favorite snack food?’ were definitely not the way to go, and with what happened a while ago, he didn’t think asking anymore questions was a good idea. As expected, he ended up not saying anything and, with nothing else to do, stared out, I won’t judge you for it or anything.” I’m surprised he isn’t questioning how we were technically criminals, though. That’s a good thing.

The brunet contemplated as to whether he should ask about it or not. Why am I just so damn curious? It has nothing to do with me anyway. I think he won’t really let me off now though. Guess I should just ask. He sighed.

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“Why am I just so damn curious? It has nothing to do with me anyway. I think he won’t really let me off now though. Guess I should just ask.
at Bill from the corner of his eye.

Bill smiled to himself, knowing that Pine Tree was looking at him.

“We’re here, let’s go!” Bill immediately unbuckled his seatbelt and went outside, getting even more excited as he could hear the bass from the club. *It’s good to be back!*

Dipper chuckled at how excited he was and went outside as well. It was pretty light, considering it was late at night. Nearby buildings were closed, but the nightclub was bursting with lights at the entrance. It looked pretty luxurious, though, and the brunet couldn’t help but wonder how they were going to get in; it seemed like that type of club that had guest lists. He didn’t have the time to admire the building from outside though, as Bill grabbed his wrist and ran to the entrance, dragging the brunet along with him.

“Hey, slow down, we’re gonna get in anyway!” Dipper said. However, Bill didn’t respond and walked them to the front of the line instead, right where the bouncer stood. He whispered something to the tall—albeit shorter than Bill—and buff man, who opened the door in response. He let the two enter for free, and closed the door behind them.

Once they were both inside, Bill watched as Dipper looked around. It was bigger than it looked from the outside. There were so much people on the dance floor, and there was a lot who were enjoying drinks by the bar counter as well. Everyone was covered in shadows, though the club was filled with a mix of purple and blue lights. He could feel the heavy bass from the DJ’s mix vibrate through him from right under his feet. As he breathed in, he smelled no smoke from cigarettes, but he certainly caught a whiff of alcohol. With all those thing going on, it felt like he was in a completely different world.

“If you’re done looking around, we could go get some drinks.”

Dipper flinched and quickly turned to Bill, abruptly coming back to his senses. He was lost there for a moment, and he didn’t realize Bill was staring at him the whole time.

“Right…sorry to keep you waiting.” He awkwardly chuckled. The taller man sighed out of fondness and smiled at Dipper.

“It’s fine, I haven’t been to a nightclub for a while either. Now c’mon, drinks are on me.” Bill slung his arm around Dipper’s shoulders and walked them to the bar counter. Dipper sat on the stool and turned to the wall of liquor behind the counter right away. Bill, on the other hand, spun around a couple of times on his seat until Dipper finally told him to stop.

“Bill.”

“What?” the said man replied, as if he wasn’t supposed to do anything else.

“…drinks?” the brunet reminded.

“Oh, right!” Bill waved for the bartender, who was at the other end. He nodded and came over right after he finished pouring someone what seemed to be a glass of whiskey.

“Margarita with a lemon, if you please. Oh, and make it yellow!” he said, taking a few bills from his pocket and sliding them across the counter.

“Noted,” said the bartender.
“What about you, Pine Tree?” Bill asked.

“I think I’ll just go with a glass of beer…” That was all it took to get him drunk anyway; anything stronger probably wasn’t a good idea unless he wanted to puke or get wasted.

“What, not gonna try a shot of whiskey? Vodka? Rum?” he suggested. Dipper stared at him with an unamused expression. He knew he was a lightweight. Well, he got his answer.

“No? Alright,” he turned back to the bartender, “give him a glass of beer, my good man.” He took out a few more bucks and placed them along with the rest of the money.

“Sure thing. I’ll have them both ready in a few minutes.” With that, the bartender took the payment, walked away, and looked for the liquor he needed.

“You gonna dance?” Bill asked.

“I think I’ll just sit and drink for a while…”

“Suit yourself.” Bill spun around again and stopped when he was facing the crowd. He then lounged on the counter and crossed his legs. He looked around, mostly checking out the people in case there was a random stranger who seemed nice enough to dance with. Dipper leaned his elbow on the table and rested his cheek on his fist. He stared at Bill.

He seems really happy to be here…maybe he still misses his old life after all.

“Yellow margarita with lemon,” the bartender said as he placed the glass near the golden-haired man. Bill spun around and faced him.

“Mine!” Dipper chuckled at him and sat up straight, knowing his drink was up next.

“Your beer, sir;” he continued, placing the glass in front of the brunet.

“Thanks.” Dipper turned to his left, intending to look at Bill, only to find out that he was staring right back at him. “What?” he said, raising an eyebrow.

“Aren’t you gonna drink it?” Bill asked, holding his margarita glass.

“Well, yeah, I will…just a bit for now. What about you?”

Bill downed the whole drink in one go and sucked on the lemon slice the moment he pulled the glass away from his lips. Dipper watched him curiously and, deciding to join in, took a sip of his beer. It was a little bitter, but mostly sweet. It probably had a low alcohol content since it didn’t feel too hot in his throat, and even he could tell it was flavored butterscotch. Huh, not bad.

While Dipper was enjoying his beer, Bill stood up and left a tip on the counter.

“I’m gonna go dance with some random people for a bit. I’ll come back to you later, alright?” He stroked Dipper’s hair and look him straight in the eye.

“Yeah…you go ahead. I’ll just be here…at the counter…”

“You can always dance with me if you want, you know,” he said with a smile.

“Maybe later, I’ll drink a little more.”
“Alright. Maybe you’ll feel like dancing after getting a little tipsy. Don’t wait up for me when you wanna dance, go and party!”

Dipper smiled back.

“Yeah, I got that.”

Bill ran to the dance floor excitedly, moving with the rhythm of the music as he went into the crowd. There was a lot of people, but there was enough space to be able to dance all you want. It felt great to be right under the lights, and things got pretty heated quite quickly when he found someone to dance with. Everyone was having a good time and getting lost in the moment, including himself. It didn’t even take a minute before he got deep inside the crowd.

Dipper rested his arm on the table and took another sip of beer, taking in a little more than he did a while ago. It seems that the alcohol started to kick in, as expected. He started to feel warmer than he was a few seconds ago, and his vision started to get a little blurry. He felt a little lightheaded, too.

He sighed and thought about Bill again, taking a few sips of beer every once in a while, and in as little amounts as possible. **Bill is…really nice. He’s been so patient and understanding with me, and I don’t ever remember him complaining about me and my bullshit. He makes jokes and annoys me on purpose, but he does cheer me up…make me feel happy. And weird. He’s done so much for me from the moment we met. He took me in, gave me a can of my favorite soda, and lent me—a total stranger back then—his shirt. Next thing I know is I was always hanging out with him. He would always compliment my writing whenever he read my stories.**

Even though I knew him for just a few days back then, I trusted him enough to tell him about those times. **He acted really kindly and made sure I was comfortable. He can tell when I’m tense and he’d always...wrap his arm around my waist and pull me closer to him. I don’t think I’ve told him I like it, but I don’t really plan to…I think. Whenever I’d feel like I’m losing myself, he’s bring me close to him and caress me and calm me down.**

Sure, he’d act like an annoying fucker to me at times, but he’s still really kind and caring. **He acts so nicely to me, while I...Well, I’m mostly just awkward. Can’t believe he’s not sick of that. I wonder how he feels about me though...actually, how do I feel about him? I do feel weird most of the time with him, and that feeling just keeps getting stronger every time. I think about him a lot...more like all the time, and when I get really close to him, blood always rushes to my face and my heart would beat really fast. Sometimes it would skip a beat. I don’t think it has anything to do with my past at all; it was unaffected. I...he’s my friend. I could probably call him a best friend, but it would probably be painfully one-sided.**

I don’t like causing him trouble. I don’t want him to get mad at me. I’m afraid he’ll leave me if he does. It may look like I’m fucking around most of the time, just doing whatever, but there are times I think of what my actions would do before I do them. Those times are often. It’s like if I make one wrong move everything’s over. **He’s probably not that kind of person, really; he seems far too nice for that. But I can’t say it isn’t possible. I can’t convince myself it isn’t possible. I don’t think I can handle it if he disappears from my life, or if we get on bad terms. I...need him. A lot. I...No, I don’t. Definitely not.**

And that was how he knew he was drunk. He actually thought he loved Bill Cipher.

Dipper took a swig of the beer and panted heavily right after, resting his head on his hand as he felt even dizzier than he was before. **Big mistake. Hah, not as big a mistake as falling for him. Good thing I’m not.**
He sighed and turned around to look at the dance floor. He could see the people a little more clearly from where he was. Everyone had smiles on their faces, and it looked like they were all having fun. Some people were dancing apart, some people were practically grinding against each other, and some people actually were grinding against each other. Of course. It looked like it'd feel great to dance in the crowd, though, especially with the lights changing every once in a while—they would even strobe, which the brunet found more inviting.

Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad to dance with other people...it could be fun. I used to just go in the crowd and dance in parties, getting lost in the rhythm and letting loose while dancing with other people...moving in perfect sync.

Interrupting his current thoughts, his gaze caught sight of what seemed to be Bill’s golden hair. Dipper wasn’t sure because of his slightly blurry vision, not to mention the fact that he needed reading glasses when it was dark. Well, if it was him, he could see he was pretty close to this man—who seemed to be of the same age—who had his back turned to Bill and was practically straddling his thigh.

...what if I dance with Bill? Would he feel good? Would he laugh at my dance moves because he’s way better? Come to think of it, I’d never actually seen him dance before.

Dipper looked at his glass and realized it was half-empty.

Well, no wonder I’m thinking so much.

He took another sip anyway and hiccupped right after. Aaand there it is. He sighed.

Dipper placed the glass back on the counter and turned around in his seat. He braced his hands against the counter and carefully pushed himself off the stool. He stumbled a little as his shoes touched the ground, but he quickly regained his balance. He began to walk towards the crowd, doing his best to look as sober as he could.

“Pine Tree!” a voice called. Dipper turned to his right and saw Bill walking towards him, looking a little messier than earlier. He decided to just shrug off that detail, though. I can do better.

“Bill!” Dipper called back.

“So, you finally decided to dance with other people?”

“Well, I was planning to dance w—“ Dipper hiccupped and covered his mouth in embarrassment. Bill chuckled. So it really is that easy.

“Drunk already, huh? How much did you drink?” he asked.

“’Lil more than half a glass...” the brunet answered. He felt his speech getting a little slurred.

“Pff, wow. Well, I’m taking a break from dancing so I’m getting myself another drink.”

“Then I’ll go finish my drink while you’re at it.”

“Weren’t you going to dance just now?” Bill raised an eyebrow and smirked, teasing him in subtext.

“Yeah, but...” Dipper hiccupped again. The taller man snickered and slung his arm around the brunet’s shoulders. He just brushed it off; he probably changed his mind so quickly since he was drunk.
“Alright, let’s go drinking together, then!”

Bill walked back to the counter, taking the cute little drunk with him. Dipper leaned against him, probably not *just* to keep his balance. Maybe it was the alcohol, but Bill didn’t really seem to mind. If anything, it felt like he even pulled him closer. Dipper couldn’t really be sure.

Bill slowly released him and sat on the stool he was on earlier. This time, he didn’t spin around—more than once, anyway. He faced the counter and waved for the bartender again. He ordered a glass of tequila and told the bartender he wanted a lemon with it rather than the usual lime. Dipper, on the other hand, pouted and sat next to him. He took his own glass—which wasn’t taken yet; the bartender must’ve been pretty busy—and drank more of his beer.

It didn’t take long at all before Bill got his order, though Dipper was certainly the one who enjoyed it.

Bill stuck out his tongue and licked the skin between his thumb and index finger. He sprinkled a little salt on it from the little saucer of salt the bartender provided. He held the tequila glass in one hand and the lemon wedge in the other, then licked off the salt and downed the whole drink in one go. Although it was just as much tequila in a shot, he preferred to drink from the Riedel Ouverture Tequila Glass because it looked fancier—and sounded fancier, too. Once Bill pulled the glass away from his lips, he sucked on the lemon wedge.

Dipper was resting his cheek on his fist, with his elbow leaning on the counter. He was staring at Bill with half-lidded eyes, observing his every little movement carefully. He stared at how his lips parted and the tip of his tongue. His gaze followed his tongue sliding across his skin as he licked off the salt. The more salt that got on it, the more it seemed to get wetter. The more it seemed to glisten in Dipper’s sight. If he wasn’t so drunk, he might have believed himself when he thought he wanted that tongue inside his own mouth. ‘Course, those thoughts didn’t stop there.

He stared at Bill’s lips as he sucked on the lemon wedge, which looked really soft when they pressed against the citrus fruit. As he pulled away, the brunet saw his slightly parted lips in the split second before he licked them. Dipper watched his seemingly slick tongue glide across his seemingly soft lips. Now he knew he was *really* fucking drunk. He wanted *those* lips pressing against his own and *that* tongue licking into every crevice of his mouth and entangling with his own.

Bill placed the glass and lemon back on the table, panting slightly. He looked at Pine Tree from the corner of his eye and smirked. He noticed he was staring at him in a daze. Bill waved for the bartender and whispered an order to him, not taking his eyes off Dipper as he spoke. The brunet, however, didn’t stop staring and didn’t even notice that Bill was looking at him.

After about a minute, Bill’s ‘special’ order arrived. He took the lemon wheel from it and ate it. He then slid the glass to Dipper, startling him a little.

“…What’s this?” he asked, shifting his gaze to the drink.

“Lemon Drop. It’s good!”

“Is it strong…?”

“Eh, nothing you can’t take.”

Dipper stared at the drink for a few seconds before looking into Bill’s eyes.

“Alright…” Dipper looked back at the glass and held it. He brought it to his lips and began to drink the cocktail.
Bill smirked and leaned into his ear. He whispered in a low, seductive voice.

“It’s rude to stare, Pine Tree.”

SHIT.

Dipper got startled and inadvertently downed the whole drink in one gulp. He placed the glass back on the counter and coughed, choking a little and feeling a burning sensation in his throat. BAD IDEA, FUCK. Bill laughed and pat him on the back.

“I-I…didn’t mean to stare…” Dipper said in a weak voice.

“I’m kidding, I don’t mind! Stare all you want.”

As he stroked the brunet’s hair, Dipper leaned into his tough and sighed. Bill smiled and chuckled.

“Aww, Pine Tree, you’re drunk. How cute.”

“Yeah…I“ he hiccuped, “-m drunk…” It was even harder for him to control his slurred speech now. Bill chuckled again and slowly pulled his hand away. Dipper leaned his elbow on the table and attempted to rest his cheek on his first, but fell cheek-first onto the table instead when his elbow slipped. Bill laughed at him, but he helped him up. He positioned him how he seemed he wanted to be.

“How was the dance floor?” the drunk asked.

“It was great! It was pretty heated in there because there’s so much people, but it was fun dancing with ‘em! ‘Couple o’ ladies and gents daned with me, and it was hot.”

“…What do you mean by ‘hot’?”

“Well, besides pressing up against each other, there’s also the way we dance and talk. I mean, I’m still sober, but some people definitely aren’t. Some were talking dirty to me or just being suggestive, particularly with their dance moves…I could have sworn this one woman came while we were grinding like what the fuck. Looks like she had too much to drink. Let’s not get into that. Anyway, others were really fun to talk to, so overall I had a great time.”

“Oh…” Dipper took one last sip and finally finished drinking his beer. After a few seconds, the music in the club changed to a song rather than a mix.

“I requested a song, by the way. Wanna dance with me, Pine Tree?” Bill offered his hand to Dipper.

“Yeah, sure…I’ll uh…try not to fall to the ground.” Dipper held his hand. The taller man laughed and stood up. He helped the brunet get off his seat, of course.

“Let’s finally get you in there!” Bill said. He ran to the dance floor, taking Pine Tree with him. The brunet stumbled a lot along the away but managed to catch up, though he fell onto Bill when he stopped.

“Easy there, Pine Tree!” he laughed. Dipper lightheartedly laughed along and stood straight.

“Well, we’re going to dance that close to each other anyway, aren’t we?”

“Hmm I don’t know, are we?” He smirked. Bill laced their fingers together and pulled Dipper against him by securing his arm around his waist. Despite being drunk, the brunet could recognize this position.
“Are we really going to tango to this music?” he joked, placing his hand on the taller man’s shoulder.

“Sure, I don’t think anyone would mind. Don’t really care, either,” Bill said.

“Okay then, I’m in!”

And so they danced to the music. Dipper found out that Bill was a really good dancer, meaning his assumption was right. He laughed in the middle of dancing when that came to mind. Bill raised and eyebrow and smiled in amusement, through shrugged it off since he knew the brunet was drunk. Dipper tripped over his own shoes a couple of times while they were dancing due to the alcohol. Bill didn’t mind, though—in fact, he found it cute instead.

After the song ended, Dipper pulled his hand away from the taller man and wrapped his arms around Bill’s shoulders instead.

“I’m supposedly good at this…I’m just drunk…okay?” he said. Bill chortled and stroked the brunet’s hair.

“Whatever you say, Pine Tree.”

“I really am!”

“I know, I believe ya,” he said with a smile.

“Oh…”

Bill gently took Dipper’s arms off his shoulders and noticed that the music has changed.

“Looks like someone also requested a song,” he remarked.

“How can you tell?” the brunet asked, tilting his head.

“It’s not a mix.”

“Right…”

“You up for another dance? Not a tango, this time,” he suggested.

“Yeah, sure.”

“That’s the spirit!”

They began to dance, and within a few seconds, Bill was already lost in the rhythm. Dipper, on the other hand, was thinking about something as he danced. He was tipsy, but he could keep himself standing. He stared at Bill, who seemed to be enjoying a lot.

Dipper remembered how Bill described the people in the dance floor, and he most certainly remembered that guy who was dancing with who was probably Bill. I wonder if I could be like that guy so he would enjoy dancing with me more...

He danced like he normally was just a little more till a certain line of lyrics played.

“Love me and decree…”

And that’s when he started.
Dipper traced his fingers along Bill’s chest and wrapped his arms around his shoulders once more, bringing him closer. The taller man was surprised as he felt his touch and he stiffened for a moment, but quickly regained his composure. He smirked and snaked his arms around Dipper’s waist, pressing their bodies together.

“You really wanna dance close to me tonight, huh?” he whispered.

“Yeah I do.”

To make it clearer that he really wanted to, he rocked his hips against Bill’s, causing the taller man to blush a little. He had to keep his cool, but that wasn’t going to be so easy.

“Alright then, let’s dance.”

Dipper brushed his lips along the taller man’s jawline and buried his face in the crook of his neck. One hand ran up and down on his chest, whilst its twin traced along his side and his neck, and made its way to his mussed hair. The drunk—who desired to make the taller man feel more pleasure than he ever had while dancing—sighed breathily and clutched onto his soft golden locks as he rocked his hips against his again. He gasped softly as he felt Bill roll his hips right back, tantalizingly grazing his crotch with his. Dipper’s movements may have been lithe, but Bill’s were even more fluid. He was definitely no match for him.

Don’t play with fire, Pine Tree.

Dipper felt himself go weak as he felt Bill’s slick tongue lick his earlobe. His breath hitched as he felt him suck with those soft lips, and he tightened his grip on the taller man when he lightly nibbled on his flesh. He shivered, feeling his hot breath on his sensitive, flushed skin. He couldn’t give up just yet. He wanted to please him. He loosened his grip on his hair and slowly slid his arms around his shoulders instead. He pressed himself even closer and sensually rocked his hips continuously, making sure their crotches would create a little friction each time—and each time they did, he would have to stop himself from moaning and would instead gasp and sigh softly.

Fuck, Pine Tree.

After a few more grinds, Bill felt like he couldn’t hold back if they kept going. Bill slowly released his waist and ran his hands along his sides, sending shivers down his spine. He gently wrapped his fingers around his wrists and carefully pulled them off him. Dipper smirked as he pulled away, knowing he’d done good.

“So, was I better than that guy you were dancing with? That one who you seemed to be really close with?” he asked. Bill blinked, finally realizing why his Pine Tree was being so seductive. He smirked back.

“Fuck yeah, you gave me the best dance I’ve ever had.” So Pine Tree can get jealous pretty easily…

Dipper laughed, happy about his little ‘victory.’ Bill couldn’t help but chortle a little. He looked into Pine Tree’s eyes, which were staring right back at him with slightly dilated pupils. He slowly slid his fingers a little lower and held his hands in his.

“How about we just dance like we’re in a party now?” he suggested.

“Yeah, alright.”

Good, I don’t think I could face you again if I got a hard-on.
And they danced freely, just like all the other people in the crowd. Except they would look at each other every few seconds. If not at each other, it would be one watching the other. Bill gazed at Dipper, who seemed to be getting lost in the moment. He gazed at his brown locks, which were being mussed by him running his fingers through his hair. His eyes were slowly trailing down his supple body, but he couldn’t stare too long at the way he rolled his hips. *Nope, I can’t.* Bill was better, but that didn’t mean he didn’t like how Pine Tree did it. He looked away and tried to meet someone else’s eyes in order to distract himself.

He made eye contact with someone, and so he turned to dance with that person. Dipper watched him for a few seconds while he still danced, pretending not to mind. When he still didn’t turn back to him, he tried to get his attention. He slid his hands up the taller man’s back and held onto him around his shoulders. He pressed himself against his back and rocked his hips against him. It would have gone better if he wasn’t shorter than him, though, but that seemed to work.

“Hey, you’re supposed to be dancing with *me,* aren’t you?” he said.

“Sure am; someone’s getting jealous.” Bill chuckled as he turned around to face the brunet. Dipper’s already flushed cheeks heated up even more as he realized how he was acting. *Shit.*

“Well…uh….” He stammered.

“It’s fine, it’s adorable.” Bill said it without a hint of irritation, and he stroked the brunet’s hair to reassure him. *You’re actually really cute when you’re possessive, but between you and I, I’m more possessive and you know it. I won’t let anyone touch you.*

After they danced, Bill walked back to the counter with Dipper. They sat down beside each other, like they did earlier, except they weren’t the same seats.

“That was one hell of a dance, Pine Tree!” You’re a really good dancer, never knew!”

“Thanks.” He smiled. “You’re way better though.”

“I know.”

Dipper rolled his eyes and leaned his elbow on the counter. Meanwhile, Bill ordered two drinks from the bartender.

“Another drink, huh?” Dipper said.

“Yeah, for us. We’ll go back to the uni after.”

“Hmm…alright…The drink you ordered…it’s not strong, right? I’m just struggling to speak…clearly here…really drunk…” he stammered. Bill chuckled.

“It’s kinda strong, but don’t worry, it’s your last drink for the night anyway,” Bill said.

“Alright…but I’m blaming you if I get wasted,” Dipper teased. The sober man laughed.

“Relax, I’m here. I’ll drive anyway.”

“Your drinks, sir,” the bartender said.

“Oh, thanks!” Bill slid one of the glasses to Dipper and held the other.
“It’s called Black Russian; five parts vodka, two parts coffee liqueur. It’s good.”

“Five parts—Bill, I don’t know if I can take this holy shit.”

“You can take it, come on. Toast to that fantastic dance, Pine Tree.” Bill raised his glass.

“…Fine. Cheers,” Dipper sighed.

“Cheers!”

Dipper clinked his glass with Bill’s and drank the whole thing. Bill did the same, though his face didn’t contort at all—unlike Dipper.

Dipper put the glass back on the counter and coughed hard repeatedly, feeling the burning sensation in his throat.

“Uck…throat…burns…” he struggled to say in a weak, hoarse voice. Bill put down his glass as well and patted him on the back.

“Hang in there, Pine Tree, I gotcha,” he said. Bill asked for a glass of cold water and stood up.

Dipper gasped for breath as he coughed and turned to the taller man. He gripped on Bill’s shirt as he struggled to breathe.

“Water’s on the way, hang in there, Pine Tree.” Bill gently stroked his back up and down, trying to soothe him at least a little. He immediately took the glass of water from the bartender and carefully pried Dipper’s hands off. He held the glass up to his lips.

“Drink.”

Dipper took the glass in hand, though Bill still held it in case he looses his grip. The brunet drank as much as he could before the taller man pulled the glass away. He panted and coughed lightly a few times.

“Don’t forget to breathe,” Bill reminded. He brought the glass to his lips once more and let him finish the rest of the drink. Once he was done, he placed the glass on the table and stroked Dipper’s back more as he panted.

“Throat feeling better?” he asked. Dipper nodded shakily and quickly embraced Bill around his shoulders, pulling him against him. Bill was surprised, but he carefully wrapped his arms around his waist, gently stroking his back up and down.

“You okay there?”

Dipper nodded and mumbled “Mm…” in response.

“Need to puke?”

Dipper shook his head slightly and weakly replied, “No…”

“Alright, let’s go home.” Bill pulled his arms away and instead secured his hands under Dipper’s arse.

“Wha—“

Bill lifted him and moved his hands a little to carry him in a more stable manner. Dipper’s knees
remained bent and stayed on either side of Bill’s waist.

“What’re y’doin’…? People’ll stare…” he managed to say, though the alcohol made his speech slurred. It wasn’t that hard to understand, at least.

“I don’t really give a fuck, so I’m carrying you to the car.”

“…Okay…” Dipper rested his head on Bill’s shoulder and relaxed. Bill walked out of the club and headed to the car. Like they expected, a few people did stare at the, but not for very long. They were too busy partying or talking to each other to even care.

“Gonna have to put you down for a bit, Pine Tree,” Bill said.

“Mm…” Dipper groaned softly and retracted his arms from Bill’s shoulders. He straightened his legs and waited until Bill lowered him enough so that his feet were on the ground. Bill pulled away and pressed a button in the keypad in the pocket of his jeans, unlocking the car doors.

Dipper went off balance due to his drunkenness and fell onto Bill. The taller man chuckled and stroked his hair a little.

“Hold on, you can sleep in the car.” Bill gently pushed him off and turned him so that he could sling his arm around Dipper’s shoulders to keep him standing. He carefully lifted Dipper on his back and behind his knees, then gently placed him on the seat and fastened his seatbelt.

“I’ll just get you a blanket from the trunk,” he said.

Dipper nodded lazily and replied with “Mm…”

Bill walked to the back of the car and opened up the trunk. He took a blanket and closed the trunk, then walked back to his sleepy Pine Tree.

“Back,” he said. He unfolded the blanket and draped it over the brunet, making sure he was comfortable. Dipper smiled and looked at Bill with half-lidded eyes.

“Thanks…” he said in a soft voice. Bill smiled back; who wouldn’t at that cute little face?

“No problem.”

Dipper closed his eyes and sighed in pleasure when Bill ran his fingers through his hair. Bill slowly pulled away, though he didn’t want to, and closed the door. He walked to the other side of the car and went inside, sitting on the driver’s seat. He fastened his seatbelt and started the car.

Bill glanced at Pine Tree, who seemed to be comfortable as he slept. He then shifted his attention back to the road and began to drive back to the university.

Once Bill had parked the car, he went out, walked to the other side of the car, and opened the door to the passenger’s seat. He quickly pushed Dipper back when he almost fell; he forgot that the brunet was leaning on the door.

“Woops!” he exclaimed. Dipper groaned and partially opened his eyes.
“Mh…Bill…?” he whispered.

“We’re here, Pine Tree. I’ll carry you to your room, give me the key.” Bill pulled the blanket off him and tossed it to the back, then unfastened his seatbelt. Dipper took a moment to find his keys in his pocket. When he finally found it, he gave it to the golden-haired man. Bill took it from his hand, brushing his fingers against it a little, and put the keys in his pocket.

“Alright, c’mere.”

Dipper extended his arms towards Bill and wrapped them around his shoulders when he leaned closer. The taller man helped him get out of the car, then closed the door. He pressed the button in his keypad to lock the doors then carefully lifted the brunet with his hands behind his knees and on his back. Dipper curled up against his chest, making Bill smile.

*Cute.*

Bill began to walk to the residence hall, carrying Dipper along the way.

Once he was in front of Dipper’s room, he leaned into his ear and whispered.

“Have to put you down for a moment, Pine Tree. Just gonna unlock your door.” Bill helped him down and took the keys from his pocket. He unlocked the door and kept the keys after. He carried the brunet once more and walked to the bed. Bill carefully placed Dipper on the bed and tucked him in. He was about to walk away, but then Dipper called him in a needy voice.

“Biiill…wait…” he called out. Bill turned back to him.

“What is it, Pine Tree?”

“Don’t leave…sleep here with me…”

“You’re drunk, Pine Tree. I’ll just see you in the morning.” As much as I want to, I can’t take advantage of you like that. You might think of something else. Besides, the dance was ‘taking advantage’ enough.

Dipper reached out and wrapped his arms around Bill’s shoulders, pulling him against him before he could leave.

“Woah, woah, hey!” he exclaimed.

“Pleeaase…Bill…don’t go…” Dipper begged. Bill felt his cheeks heat up; Dipper was being so adorable. Why are you so cute when you’re drunk…?

He thought about it for a few seconds and sighed. I can’t say no to you when you’re like this.

“Alright, but lemme change my clothes in my room, will ya? I’ll be back,” he said. He pulled away carefully and stood straight.

“But what if you’re lying and you don’t come back…” the brunet ask, sounding really worried. Well, he did have a point.

“I don’t lie, Pine Tree.” At least, not to you. “I’ll come back as soon as I change and brush my teeth.”

Dipper pursed his lips but replied, “Okay…I…I trust…you.”

Bill’s eyes widened in surprise. He trusts me…?
He gave him a gentle smile.

“Alright, be right back.” Bill stroked Dipper’s hair before walking away.

“You also might want to take a piss and brush your teeth while I’m out, you know. If you can stand, anyway,” he added before he closed the door.

Bill walked back into Dipper’s room and went to the bed.

“I’m back, Pine Tree,” he said. Dipper smiled and extended his arms towards him.

“C’mere…” he said softly. Bill chuckled and lay beside him, then secured his arms around his waist.

This is nice…but it’s only happening because he’s drunk.

Dipper wrapped his arms around Bill’s torso and snuggled against his chest.

“G’night, Bill…” he said, closing his eyes. Bill ran his fingers through his locks and sighed fondly.

“Sweet dreams, Pine Tree.”

Bill closed his eyes and rested his head on Dipper’s. A kiss on the forehead would have been perfect, but it may seem too intimate.

You need to stop being so cute…I think you’ve made me fall for you.

I think I love you, Pine Tree.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed it :^) I fucking love drunk dip-

Anyway, so, I'm currently writing Chapter 20's draft on paper. Apparently it's going to be probably more than twice the length of the usual chapters so what I'm going to do is I'm going to post Chapters 17-19 every 2 weeks instead. I don't want to go on a month-long hiatus just to publish Chapter 20 next time, so please bear with me, I'm gonna do this bc I love you all you're all so cute and precious and I don't want you to wait THAT long

EDIT: I'm sorry about those random parts in bold I have no idea what happened
EDIT (yes, again woops): The song playing while they were getting hot [:^)] was Dirty Angel by Courtney Jenae
I hope you enjoy this chapter! So, I decided to split Chapter 20 bc it was getting too damn long; Chapters 20 and 21 will be somewhat longer chapters. I really want to just make them one chapter because the chapter count for this fic is probably already gonna go over 50 but I don’t want it to be 60 or something unless I have to, but yeah. Anyway, enjoy this fucking heartache of a chapter I might have added too much angst in it whoops

Dipper groaned in discomfort and sluggishly sat up. He held his head and groaned even more, feeling the pain of his headache worsen. Although his pillow was soft, it didn’t help him feel any better. This pain was familiar, and although he couldn’t recall going off the deep end, he knew exactly what was causing it. *Uck...how much did I drink...?*

“Top o’ the mornin’, Pine Tree!” a cheerful voice greeted.

The brunet rubbed his eyes weakly and struggled to open them, as he felt that his eyelids were heavy and still desperate to remain shut. He could vaguely make out a glass being held in front of him by a man with fluffy and tousled golden hair with his hazy vision. That was all he could see, but he knew perfectly well who it was—who else could it be?

“Mmh...Bill...?” he called out in a soft voice.

“The one and only! Here, drink up! After this, you’re getting some French toast and lemonade. I woulda gone with orange juice, but I prefer lemons...that can be taken in two ways and they’re both right!”

“That sounds nice...but...the thing about the lemons...what?” he asked as he carefully took the glass. He drank the water, hoping that it would help him feel better. Bill chuckled.

“Right, can’t think properly just yet.” The taller man took the glass back when it was empty.

“C’mon, go get your carbs, Pine Tree. Oh, wait, need to go to the bathroom first?” he asked. Dipper found it a little awkward, but he supposed it couldn’t be helped.

“Er...yeah, I do...”

“Alright, sit by your desk after.”

Bill took Dipper’s wrist and slung his arm over his shoulders to support his weight. He helped the brunet get out of the bed carefully.

“Thanks...” Dipper said.

“No problem! I’ll go wait for you.”

Bill gently ran his fingers through Dipper’s hair before walking to the counter, letting the brunet go in the bathroom and relieve himself. After getting his plate of French toast and glass of lemonade,
Bill walked back to the bed and sat on the edge. He placed the glass on the little table and took a bite of the French toast, savoring the taste of his own cooking. He’d actually prefer some tea, maybe even some coffee, but he’d done enough. Besides, he already started eating—he wasn’t going to get up now.

“Mmm…I’m a really good cook!” he said to himself, though he didn’t realize the brunet could hear him praising himself.

“You really have a lot of ego, don’t you?” Dipper said, walking to the desk. You little shit.

“What if I do? I just say the truth.” Bill huffed and pursed his lips before grumpily taking another bite of his French toast. Dipper chuckled and took a seat. He looked at the pouty man whilst taking a bite of the French toast he was so proud of. The outside of the bread was great—it was a little crunchy, but the inside was even better. It was creamy, and it almost felt like custard was flowing into his mouth. It was sweet, along with the maple syrup and cinnamon, but not too sweet. He loved it. Made him remember how Mabel used to cook him and their great uncles some of these, too—except there were sprinkles. Lots of them. She would never forget them.

I have to admit, it’s really good. I don’t really think I should flatter him any more than he does himself, though. Maybe I’ll tease him by not complimenting him. Yeah, that should work.

Dipper held back from smirking as he took a sip from his glass of lemonade. It wasn’t as sour as he thought it would be, and it was actually really good too. Well, it is his favorite fruit. He’d probably make a lot of tasty food and drinks with lemons. It was refreshing, and actually sweet rather than sour at all. A little tangy, which was nice. I still won’t say anything.

He glanced at the taller man to see what he looked like, and he was not disappointed. Bill wasn’t looking at him, but he was glaring at…well, nothing, really. His eyebrows were furrowed and his eyes were leering at the air—or the wall, if that makes any difference. He was pouting as he ate his French toast, audibly grunting every now and then. Bill seemed really miffed, much to Dipper’s amusement.

Now it’s your turn.

Bill stood up and walked towards the brunet with his empty plate and glass in hand. He was doing his best not to stomp…too much, that is—he couldn’t help it. Dipper looked up at Bill from his chair and raised his eyebrow. His lips were curled into a smirk, but he made sure not to make it too obvious.

“Need something, Bill?” he asked, trying not to sound like he was mocking him.

“Actually, yeah, I do.”

The taller man held out his dishes to Dipper, nonverbally telling him to give him his. The brunet placed his empty glass on his plate and gave it to Bill, just like he asked. Bill practically snatched it away when he took it, making Dipper even more amused.

“So, how’s your headache?” he asked. He sounded quite annoyed, but one could still tell that he was being sincere.

“Well, I guess it’s a little better…”

He turned away from Dipper and walked to the sink. Bill, although pouty, still had some sense in
him, so he didn’t just drop the dishes into the damn sink—he knew they might break, and he didn’t want the stupid Pine Tree worrying about him…or getting mad at him for shattering his glass and porcelain. He washed the dishes in silence, not even glancing at the brunet once.

Dipper, on the other hand, stared at him the whole time. He was waiting for him to do…something. *Anything*, for that matter. Snap and yell at him because he was so annoyed, maybe?

*I thought this would work better than this…Maybe he knows what I’m doing. What if he’s staying silent because he knows I want him to whine and shout and just…get so frustrated he might even growl? If this keeps up, I might be the one doing those instead.*

‘*Damn it Bill, why aren’t you doing anything?!*’

‘*Psyche, Pine Tree! I knew what you were doing! Better luck next time!*’

Yeah, that would probably happen. *I’m not gonna fall for it this time, Bill.*

Before Dipper even knew it, Bill took his pen and notebook from one of the drawers in his nightstand—apparently where he kept it this whole time—and headed to the door. Dipper’s head jerked up when Bill walked past him. *Wait, what?*

“H-hey, where are you going?” he asked. Bill turned back and looked at Dipper dead in the eye.

“Back to my room. I have better things to go than to stay in a room with an ingrate.” *Goddamn, you sounded just like her.*

“*Ingrate’? What did I ever do to be ungrateful?” The brunet probably would have said it a little louder, but raising his voice only worsened his headache. Bill sighed.

“You didn’t even bother thanking me for cooking for you, at the very least. You did thank me for helping you up, but what’s it. I woke up early—oh, and despite staying up late with you, *by the way*—and went to my room to get some ingredients and I go back to your room and cook for you. Even make you some lemonade since the Vitamin C would help. You didn’t even compliment my cooking; I know I myself said it was good, but still. I’ve been helping you with your hangover since the moment you woke up, and this is what I get. Well, you said your headache’s better, right? I guess I can go now. Just go lie in your bed, Pine Tree. You’ll make do without me.” Though despite all that he said, although some of them were true, none of those was the true reason he was acting like this.

Bill turned back to the door and reached for the handle. *Well, here’s your reaction. Happy that you got back at him? Obviously not. It’s not worth it, take him back.*

“Wait, Bill!” Dipper called out. He didn’t know why, but the first thing he thought of was hugging Bill from behind to stop him. And he did. That seemed to work, as Bill stopped in his tracks.

“Pine Tree, what are you doing?” he asked, though he didn’t turn back. *Hugging you, I guess. I don’t know.*

“Look, I really thought your cooking was great. The French toast was delicious! And the lemonade tasted great, too!” He sounded desperate, but what else could he say? He couldn’t think of anything to convince him.

“Really, the oldest trick in the book? You and I know you’re just saying that to get on my good side. Yeah, no. Not buying it.”
“No…I really did. I was just trying to tease you by not saying anything. I-I was going to get back at you for the times you played tricks and pranks of me. Well…look at how that worked out.”

There was a silence.

“…Sorry. I didn’t realize how much you went through. Guess it wasn’t the time to tease you, huh?”

Dipper slowly pulled away and turned around. He sighed and stopping himself from grunting when he felt the pang of his headache. *Dear lord, this is already as painful as it is. No need to remind me I have a hangover, dammit.*

Bill turned to Dipper and saw that he was holding his head and trying to keep his balance. *It’s sad to look at. It’s not his fault at all, it’s yours and you know it. You remember how things turned out with her. You need Pine Tree. Clearly, you didn’t need her, though. Besides, he probably doesn’t mean anything else; it’s probably just like you when you play jokes on him. Quit overthinking it; Pine Tree is not her. He’s much more important. This isn’t fair for him.*

“I’ll stay.”

Dipper looked back at Bill.

“You uh…accept my apology?” he asked.

“Yeah, I do. I’ll…” Bill cleared his throat, “…take care of you for the rest of the day.” He placed his pen and notebook on the counter and stepped towards Pine Tree. He wrapped his arms around his waist, pulling him against him. Dipper hugged him back and rested his head on his shoulder.

“Thanks.”

“No problem. Now, let’s get you back on your bed.” *I really want to stay like this, but I don’t know why…Actually, I do, but I’m not sure I like that reason. At least, maybe Pine Tree wouldn’t like it…it makes me feel sick sometimes, but I kinda like it at the same time. Weird, even for me.*

Dipper pulled away and nodded, letting Bill’s hands slide off his waist. The taller man walked with him to the bed and helped him lie back down. Bill took the chair by the desk so that he could sit beside the bed. When he did, he stroked Pine Tree’s hair, making him smile. He smiled back.

“Hey, Bill…” Dipper started.

“Yes, Pine Tree?” He retracted his hand and rested it on his lap.

“What happened last night? I can’t remember anything after you left me to dance with other people. I uh, didn’t mean to make you sound rude or anything, just…yeah.”

“Oh, last night?” Bill pursed his lips, making Dipper raise an eyebrow.

“I don’t think you want to know.”

“Wh—ngh…” Dipper attempted to sit up, but of course that wasn’t easy. Bill supported his back and held his shoulder to help him up.

“Why? Did I do something terrible?” the brunet asked, sounding a little worried.

“No, that’s not it. You’d probably just be really embarrassed if I told you, though.”

“…What did I do?”
Please don’t tell me I did anything weird to you…or tried to do something terrible. No, please, no. I’m…I think I could still have restrained myself even though I was drunk…Did I? I’m sorry if I did anything, I didn’t have control…over my…desires…please, if I’ve done anything, please take me back. If I did something stupid because of my ‘desires,’ tell me what I did and I’ll make sure I won’t do it again. I don’t know why I can’t say all of this out loud, but please, don’t think of me as some sick person.

“Pine Tree, ’ey, Pine Tree!” the golden-haired man called out, snapping his fingers in front of Dipper’s eyes. The brunet flinched, but he quickly relaxed when he saw Bill.

“H-huh?”

“I haven’t even told you anything yet but you’re already going pale and sweaty.”

“Oh…don’t worry about that, just tell me,” he said, nervously laughing. Bill, of course, looked at him like he was a terrible liar—which he was.

“Really now.”

Dipper sighed.

“Just tell me, I can take it.”

Bill shrugged and leaned back on the chair, crossing his legs as well.

“Well, after I danced with the people in the club, I walked back to where we sat and saw you walking towards the crowd. Apparently you wanted to dance with other people after you got drunk. I could’ve sworn you were going to, but then I told you I was going to drink and take a break. You came along with me to finish your beer instead, for some reason. I think you were going to say something, but I’m not really sure. I was so excited I just took you along with me. Hopefully that thing you were going to say wasn’t important.”

The memory seared through Dipper’s head, making his headache worse. He flinched and grunted in pain, and thankfully didn’t toss around or anything like that. It was like arrows were shooting through his cranium and right into his brain—except the pain was in the tissues around his brain rather than the brain itself since it can’t exactly feel pain or anything. *I think way too much, don’t I? This definitely isn’t making me feel any better.* He clutched his head with both his hands, even though he knew it wouldn’t work, and that made Bill worry.

“Pine Tree!” he called out. Bill held one of Dipper’s hands and stroked its back. He knew it was a stupid thing to do, considering the fact that he had a headache and not hyperventilation, nor a heart attack or anything of the sort, but he did it anyway. It was the first thing that came to mind. He went with it. Why? He didn’t know.

When Bill realized how nonsensical he was, he jerked his hand open, letting go of Pine Tree’s hand. However, Dipper grabbed it right after he let go and gave it a weak squeeze. It didn’t exactly help with his headache, but it did help him relax, knowing Bill was there for him.

“Pine Tree, you know this won’t help you with your headache.”

“Yeah, I do, but…” *But what, exactly? I can’t just tell him…* 

“…just hold me…or at least let me hold you.” *What are you saying? This could be worse than you when you were drunk last night, for all you know.* “That sounded weird, didn’t it? Sorry, I guess I’m still a little drunk, huh? Don’t—don’t mind that…’
Bill caressed the back of his hand once more and chuckled softly.

“Wasn’t weird at all. Let’s hold each other then, yeah?” he said. I’d love to kiss his hand—the mood is perfect, after all—but it’s a little too romantic. As if holding hands itself wasn’t romantic enough.

Dipper’s cheeks heated up, turning a light shade of pink. He smiled at Bill until he realized how gay they were being right now. Bill was probably just going with his whims, doing this just because Dipper asked. I shouldn’t have said that. I don’t even think the thought of us being romantic to each other has ever crossed his mind. Well, maybe he has, but probably just for his fics or something. He’s not interested in being a couple...more importantly, why am I thinking like this? It can’t be that...

...oh who am I kidding. It is. I’m in love with Bill Cipher and it’s pathetic.

“What’s going on in that head of yours, Pine Tree?” asked the man he loves.

“Nothing important, don’t worry.” Of course it is, but I can’t tell you anything about it.

“’Nothing important?’ You’ve been spacing out this whole time!” As much as he sounded genuinely worried, he couldn’t tell him.

“I can handle it...oh, and that thing I was about to tell you last night...I remember now.”

“What was it?”

“I was going to say...I wanted to dance with you. It was why I was walking to the dance floor in the first place,” he explained.

“Oh,” Bill chuckled, “Well, you got to dance with me in the end. It was fun! Amazing, even!”

“Really?” Dipper asked, sounding interested.

“You don’t remember?”

“I don’t...sorry.”

Bill smiled sadly and looked at their intertwined hands. Well, I suppose that’s to be expected. At least he remembered a few parts.

“Want me to tell you about it?” he offered.

“Yeah...I’d like that.” Dipper was worried, but he smiled for Bill. Sorry, Bill.

“Well, we tangoed even though it wasn’t exactly ‘tango music,’ and you really wanted to dance close to me. After that song, we danced again. We didn’t tango anymore, but we were still pressed up against each other, like really. It was an amazing dance, and it was really hot, Pine Tree. I didn’t know you could dance like that...” Should I tell him? Yeah, I’ll tell him. Being honest increases trust, right?

“...and honestly, it was uh, pretty hard not to get a hard-on. I had to stop you in a subtle way because I think I was about to get one if you kept it up.”

Bill may have had doubts with confessing that, but he couldn’t help but snicker every time he made a dick joke. Dipper blushed at the thought of Bill getting hard because of him—he was embarrassed, yet he seemed to like the idea at the same time...except he wouldn’t admit that to himself. Despite his reddened cheeks, he looked at the golden-haired man like he was just done with him.
“I uh, don’t have a problem with that, I guess…but the amount of dick jokes in your sentence is just fucking amazing,” he sarcastically said. Bill laughed and continued.

“When I danced with other people during that time, you got jealous every time and danced against me, even though I’d only dance with others for less than…I dunno, ten seconds? It’s cute though, you getting jealous and all. Actually, before we even danced to the next song, you already rocked your hips against mine. Again, thankfully I didn’t get hard or anything…but okay, it felt pretty damn good.” Bill laughed again, and Dipper’s face turned even redder. He covered his face with his free hand and groaned.

“Oh god…” he muttered.

Bill laughed even more.

“Bill…” Dipper groaned. Bill laughed just a little more before he answered.

“Alright, alright, I’m done laughing, but hey—“

“Sorry for last night…“

“I don’t mind at all, actually. In fact, it got even better!”

Dipper took his hand of his face, curious about what he was talking about now. When he says ‘better’…does it mean I just got worse?

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“Well,” Bill started. He slowly pulled his hand away from Dipper’s, and the brunet let his hand drop onto the sheets. He stared at it and frowned, missing Bill’s warm and gentle touch. The taller man saw his facial expression change and chuckled.

“After our last drink, you got pretty tired since the Black Russian kinda burned your throat and stuff, so I carried you to the car.”

“Wait, you carried me to the car? Didn’t people stare?” Dipper asked, sounding a little worried.

“Didn’t really care, but I think a few people did. So,“ Bill sat on the edge of the bed and kicked his shoes off. Dipper moved to the side, giving Bill some space. “I drove us back here and carried you into your room. I was about to walk out, but then you were whining and begging for me to sleep with you. Not in that way, you meant it literally, don’t worry. So, I did. We held each other while we slept. You were really adorable last night, Pine Tree. You sounded so needy when you begged, I couldn’t resist.”

Bill lay down beside the brunet and faced him. Dipper, on the other hand, covered his face with both hands. It seemed he was taking it another way.

“Fuck, so it was worse.”

“How is that better…? That was just shameless…” he said. Bill chuckled and took his hands off his face.

“It may have been shameless, but it was adorable as fuck.”

Dipper blushed even more—if that was even possible—and looked away. Bill snickered and place the brunet’s arms around his shoulders.

“You were just like this,” he secured his arms around his waist, “And I was just like this. Well, the
only thing different now is that you were snuggled up against my chest all cozy and stuff.”

Dipper did it just like Bill said.

“L-like this?” he asked. Bill was surprised he actually did it, but he smiled.

“Yeah, like that.”

“I…guess this isn’t too bad.” This actually feels really nice…but does he like it?

“Yeah, it’s really nice,” Bill said, as if he knew the exact words in his mind. Except he didn’t, of course. That wasn’t possible. If it was, it would probably be easier for him to make Pine Tree happier, but Dipper probably wouldn’t feel safe with his thoughts then, knowing Bill would see them.

“Have you uh…done this with other people too, b-by any chance?” Dipper asked.

“Nope, just you, Pine Tree.”

“Oh. Good to know. Er, I mean, I’m not saying it’s good that you haven’t, just…I don’t know, really. I don’t even know why I asked. Sorry for the weird question.” What do I mean by ‘this’ anyway? Sleeping in a bed with another person? Why would that matter? You may have admitted you love him, but you don’t have the right to meddle with anything in his love life.

“I wouldn’t call it weird; there’s a lot of weirder things to say than that,” Bill said. Dipper held the taller man closer, hiding his face even more. Bill smiled and ran his fingers through his hair, just like he always did. Perhaps we’d be like this if he was in love with me too.

“Mind if I ask a weird question?”

“Go ahead, I don’t mind,” Dipper said in a muffled voice.

“What’s your type?”

Dipper lifted his head a little, confused by his question.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“Dunno, something like your ideal partner?” You.

Dipper felt his cheeks heat up and decided to hide his face again.

“N-nothing particular, really…I just want someone trustworthy and fun to be with.” I can’t tell him anything specific or he’ll figure it out…

But something about what he said made him remember someone else. He realized he wasn’t sure if this really was something that wasn’t particular. That completely ambiguous description matched someone else, and he didn’t want to remember what happened with her.

…No. Fuck. No. This is just a coincidence. You are over Wendy for good. You’ve been over her for eight years. You meant what you said, but you do not mean her. She’s just one of your friends now.

…What’s worse, still being in love with Wendy or being in love with Bill? Everyone I’ve fallen in love with—except for Wendy, thankfully—had left me. That seems to be a pattern.

“Hm, alright…” Well, I fit those requirements, don’t I? Yeah, I think I do.
Dipper suddenly felt his head hurt again and held Bill tightly. Was it the thoughts, or was it just his memories from tonight coming back to him? Maybe it was both.

“Pine Tree?” he called out, sounding a little worried

“R-remember…ing…” he struggled to say. Bill gently ran his fingers through Pine Tree’s hair in attempt to soothe him.

“You’ll be fine,” he cooed. It was strange how he could comfort Pine Tree and help him relax. He was never good at this kind of thing before. He was good at cheering people up, making them laugh—he was pretty much a party all bundled up in a bag of flesh. That said, he could make people energetic, but not so much on making them calm and relaxed. He wasn’t very experienced at that, but for some reason, he could do it perfectly with his Pine Tree.

Interrupting his thoughts and the rather tender atmosphere around them was the sound of Dipper’s phone ringing. The brunet slowly began to pull away and groaned, still not very comfortable with getting up because of his damn headache.

“I’ll pick it up, just stay here.” Bill stood up and followed the sound since he didn’t actually know where he kept his phone. It didn’t take long before he found it in the brunet’s bag and accepted the call.

“Yellow?” he said as he brought the phone to his ear.

“Bill?” replied the voice from the other end, which was definitely Shooting Star’s.

“Yeah, it’s me!” Bill walked back to the bed as he spoke.

“Where’s Dipper?” Mabel asked.

“He got a hangover from last night so he’s lying on the bed,” he elaborated as he sat on the edge of the bed.

“Aw. Wait, what happened last night?”

“We went clubbing and he get drunk. I’m fine, though.”

“Ohoho, and then what happened?” she asked in a rather suggestive tone. Bill, of course, decided to play along.

“Well, I wouldn’t be lying if he asked me to sleep with him.”

“Hey, what?” Dipper said.

“Oh my god!!” Mabel squealed. “Bill, just how drunk was he?! Actually, more like how drunk did you make him, am I right?” she said, wiggling her eyebrows from where she was.

“Oh, it didn’t take much. Point is,” he lay down beside his Pine Tree and slung his arm around his shoulders, “We slept together.”

Mabel squealed even harder from the other end of the line, which was audible enough for Dipper to hear.

“HEY—ow, hang on…” he held his head and rested it on Bill’s chest; he couldn’t raise his voice too much because it’d make his headache worse.
“What is it, Pine Tree?” the taller man asked without any hint of mockery.

“You’re giving her the wrong idea, dammit…” he grunted. Bill laughed; after all, that’s exactly what he was going for.

“I know, Pine Tree, that’s the point!”

“Give me the damn phone,” Dipper said, sounding pretty miffed.

“Relax, I’ll clear it up! Just rest, Pine Tree. Take it easy today, hm?”

Dipper pouted.

“Fine.”

“What’s up with you guys? Is it about last night? Ooh, is Dipper still sore or something? Boy, Bill, how far did you go? You scallywags aren’t even a couple! Well, are you?” Mabel gasped at her sudden realization. “Did you hook up last night?!” she asked, sounding really excited. *They’re so perfect for each other, why not, right?! Dipper would be so happy with him!*

Bill chuckled.

“Nope,” he lowered his voice so Dipper couldn’t hear him, “Not yet, anyway.”

Mabel gasped once again. *So he loves him too!*

“Also, we slept together literally. Just added some innuendo for fun, but what’s in your mind didn’t actually happen.”

“Aw, alrighty then. Well, I know it’s gonna happen someday anyway! I’ll wait for it!” Mabel, of course, didn’t sound disheartened at all. She *knew* they were going to become a couple someday; she’s always right about this kind of thing.

Bill chuckled.

“So, what’d you call for anyway?” he asked.

“Oh right, I gotta tell Dipper something.”

“Alright, one sec.”

Bill look down, only to find out that his cute little Pine Tree was now asleep. He smiled and stroked his hair before looking back up.

“Might wanna call later, Shooting Star. Pine Tree fell asleep on me, curled up and all.”

“Aww, that’s so cute! Take a picture!”

“Well, I can try.” *Too bad this isn’t my phone.*

“I have something to tell you too, so since you’re here, I’ll go ahead.”

While Shooting Star told him what she had to, Bill gazed at the sleeping brunet lovingly. He eventually just placed the phone on the nightstand and set the call to loudspeaker—though in the lowest volume to make sure Pine Tree wouldn’t get woken up—so he could embrace his Pine Tree with both of his arms. He was curled up against his chest, and Bill would gently run his fingers
through his fluffy brown locks every once in a while. The brunet had a little smile on his face, and Bill stared at it the whole time. He thought he was really adorable. It was hard not to get distracted, and on a few occasions, Mabel had to call him out for not listening. However, she’d forgive him every time—after all, it was love.

_Those two are really adorable. He’s perfect for Dipper! I really hope they just tell each other how they feel soon; it’d make them so happy. Especially Dipper. For once, he could finally have a successful romance. No more rejection, no more awkward sweatiness around girls,—well, probably—and most of all, no more heartbreaks! He could finally have someone else who has his back no matter what, other than me, and he could finally have someone he can do certain stuff with that he can’t do with me. He’s got someone to cuddle with all the time, hold hands with, kiss, make out with, and...well, they’ll get to that point soon enough. Knowing Bill, it’d probably be real soon after they hook up; he’s a naughty little rapscallion, but I know my bro-bro can handle him. I don’t even need Chemistry lessons to know that those two dum-dums have great chemistry!_

_Please take care of him, Bill. He’s my twin brother, and he’s very precious. He’s done so much for me, and it’s time I made up everything for him. The best I can do right now, while I’m apart from him, is to help you two become a couple._

______________________________

After Mabel told Bill what she had to, they said their goodbyes and hung up. Bill took off his glasses and placed them on the nightstand. He looked at Dipper and sighed.

“What am I going to do with you, Pine Tree?”

He could have sworn he heard Dipper say ‘Anything you want...’ but he realized it was probably just wishful thinking.
Finally updated, hooray! A little later than expected because I spent all day writing details for a future chapter yesterday and ended up not writing this update at all : ) pls forgive me here it is

Anyway enjoy and suffer because no they are not together yet :^)
Have fun suffocating in the floof my children

Dipper’s eyes fluttered open as he slowly woke up. His headache seemed to be gone, but he felt that something else was going to come up. The sun was still out, and he was still tucked in, but he didn’t feel as comfortable as he was a while ago. What was missing?

Something’s off…

He carefully sat up and looked around, but Bill was nowhere to be found.

Of course he left when he had the chance.

“Bill…?” he weakly called out, despite knowing that no one would respond. He felt like his heart was wrenching. He tried to smile through the pain, but he failed right away.

I don’t even know why I did that; he’s obviously not here. He won’t come back either. This is what happens when you fall in love with your friend, Dipper. I can’t even dare to call him my best friend. It’s not because Mabel has that title; it’s because I don’t have the right. He’s fantastic. He’s been tolerating my bullshit. I can only call him my best friend if he does the same for me, which he doesn’t. Not that anyone would say it out loud just to confirm it, but come on. He’s only been very patient.

When I mess things up he says it’s okay when it’s not. He acts like nothing happened. I guess if he didn’t it’d be pretty awkward, but we’re already awkward in general. We’re always awkward and he probably hates it. Now I probably came off as really annoying. Shameless, too. Really Dipper, begging for him to sleep with you? Making him carry you? Not letting him dance with other people and have fun? As if you’re even fun for him in the first place. He was probably ranting but trying to be nice when he told you about last night. Hell, you ground against him last night. Did you want him to get hard? I don’t know. If I’d known better I might call myself a slut. Like Bill would ever even want to fuck me in the first place, though.

Now you’re making him take care of you, and you acted ungrateful like the inconsiderate piece of shit you are. I didn’t stop to think how he’d feel when I held him close. I guess I was a clingy bitch, huh? Sorry, Bill…I really need to think about the things I do…

Dipper didn’t know when it started, but tears were now flooding down his cheeks and dripping onto the sheets. He wanted to talk to himself out loud, but he could barely say a word while sobbing and breathing unevenly.
I fell in love with my only friend in this school and now I made him hate me. I drove him away. Of all the people, it had to be him. This had happened a lot of times, but now I wish more than ever that I didn’t fall for him. Things would be okay if I didn’t.

Dipper heard a sudden click on his door.

What…?

His eyes widened in shocked and welled up with even more tears when he saw the golden-haired man he was hopelessly in love with enter his room with two plastic bags, one in each hand. Dipper quickly covered himself fully with the blanket, not wanting Bill to see him in such a pathetic state. *I can’t cry in front of him again.*

Bill heard the rustle of the sheets and turned to the bed.

“Pine Tree, you awake?” he called out as he placed the plastic bags on the counter. To the brunet, it was just painful how he sounded so eager to see him. Dipper tried not to move, pretending he was still asleep, but he couldn’t stop shivering no matter how hard he tried.

*Why are you back…?*

Bill walked to the bed and noticed he was shivering. That’s never a good thing.

“Pine Tree…?” he called out once again, sounding more worried this time.

“Come on, Pine Tree, get out of the blanket…” he said in a gentle tone, trying to ease him. It didn’t work.

*Go away…you hate me, don’t you?*

Bill pulled off most of the blanket, but Dipper tightly held the cloth on his face. He could see the damp spots on the blanket and he could hear him sobbing softly.

*I can’t let you see me like this…*

“Pine Tree…why are you crying? Let me help, Pine Tree…” Bill said as he crawled onto the bed. He stopped trying to pull the blanket off Dipper’s most definitely tear-stained face. Instead, he gently pulled him into a hug full of love and care. Bill tenderly stroked his back up and down to help him relax.

*How can you help when you’re part of the problem? I wish you had an answer for that.*

“Come on Pine Tree, we need to freshen you up. Uncover your precious little face, please?” he pleaded, slightly pulling away. Dipper hesitated, but he released the blanket like he asked. He avoided eye contact.

“Good little Pine Tree.” Bill caressed his cheek a little, wiping off a few tears with his thumb. He looked so vulnerable and fragile in this state, and it made him want to comfort him and shower him with affection even more. He hated it when his Pine Tree cry, but admittedely, he did look pretty adorable…just like he always is, of course.

“Let’s get you to the bathroom, shall we?” He held both the brunet’s hands and stood up. Dipper complied and stood up as well, but he didn’t stop crying.

“What are you crying so much about, Pine Tree? Did someone hurt you again?”
Dipper looked at the floor and shakily struggled to speak.

“Bill…” he started.

“Yes, Pine Tree?”

“Do you…hate me? A-are you…just…acting nice?”

“What? No, of course not. I really care about you.” Is that it?

“But I always cause problems…and sometimes I-I hold you too closely…I do so much unreasonable things, Bill, a-and… I’m sorry. Sorry for making you do so many things for me. I’m really sorry for being so annoying too, but please…” he gripped onto Bill’s shirt, “…d-don’t leave me. I-I’ll make it up to you somehow, I’ll do anything…just please don’t leave me. S-sorry, I know this…t-this is really selfish, but I…I don’t think I can take it if you ever left me. I’m sorry, I just…I…” I love you, and I really wish I could tell you, but for some reason I can’t say it out loud. I guess it isn’t exactly the right time to tell you anyway…

Bill wrapped his arms around Dipper’s waist and pull him against him. He rested the brunet’s head on his shoulder and gently ran his fingers through his hair. He couldn’t let him continue any more, it just hurt him to watch him struggle.

“You don’t have to force yourself to say anything, but I’d like to clear up a few—no, actually, everything, almost, to you. Before that, let’s go wash your face first, alright?” he cooed

Dipper shakily nodded and put his arms around Bill’s shoulders. He wanted to scream. Why are you being so nice to me…? You’re only making me fall for you more…stop…please…

Bill smiled and sighed fondly, completely oblivious to what was going on in his mind. Love isn’t always a problem, but to Dipper, it certainly was. It wouldn’t be one if he knew Bill loved him back, but he didn’t. Now, he was desperately trying to stop himself from loving him and tearing himself apart over something that would have been one of the best things in his life.

“Just keep holding onto me, Pine Tree,” Bill whispered. He carefully lifted Dipper with his arms on his back and under his legs. He carried the brunet and walked to the bathroom door…and realized it was closed.

“Uh.” He didn’t want to put down the brunet just yet, but he couldn’t open the door himself either. Decisions, decisions. Very important life decisions.

Dipper shifted a little so he could open the door for Bill; carrying him was more than enough, after all. He couldn’t let him do any more, he could at least help. Otherwise, he’d just be making him do more things for him yet again. “There.”

“Thanks, Pine Tree,” he said as he stepped inside. Dipper only nodded in response.

“Gonna have to put you down now so you can wash up.” Dipper nodded again. Bill carefully put him down and helped him stand. He stroked his hair a little before turning away. His kindness warmed his heart, but it hurt. It hurt because Dipper didn’t want to feel okay with loving him, all because he didn’t know the truth. Apparently the truth can hurt whether you know it or not.

Dipper washed the tears off his face and blew his nose as quietly as he could since Bill—who thankfully wasn’t looking, at least—was beside him. When he turned off the sink, the taller man didn’t turn around, but he asked, “You done?”
“Yeah…” he replied softly. Bill took a towel from the rack and turned to the brunet.

“Hold still,” he said. He carefully wiped his face and tossed the towel into the hamper when he was done.

“There, looking a little better.” He smiled at his Pine Tree and gently stroked his cheek. Dipper looked away, knowing that his cheeks were red. Bill petted him and stifled a chuckle. *Cute. Don’t think it’s the right time to tell him that, though.*

“Go sit on the bed, Pine Tree. I’ll get you a glass of water,” he said.

Dipper nodded and did as he was told. Meanwhile, Bill walked to the counter and picked up a glass. He opened the fridge and took a pitcher, poured some water into the glass, and closed the fridge after putting the pitcher back. He walked back to Dipper and held the glass in front of him, offering it.

“Here you go,” he said.

“Thanks.” Dipper carefully took the glass from his hand and drank the water. He felt a little refreshed, and it became easier to breathe. Bill took it back when he was done and placed it back on the counter before sitting at the edge of the bed beside the brunet.

“So, let’s make things clear. I don’t hate you,” *It’s quite the opposite, really, “I never had and I never will.”*

“How do you know that you never will?” Dipper asked, not easily convinced. He didn’t want him to hate him at all, really, but he just couldn’t let himself believe that he would never hate him.

Bill looked Dipper straight in the eye and smiled.

“I just do. I know it doesn’t really seem reliable for you, but I just do. I don’t see how I could ever hate you, my dearest Pine Tree.”

*I don’t know about ‘dearest…’*

“I don’t care how closely you hold me, either. I like being close to you, actually. Sometimes I just hold back from hugging you whatsoever; thought you wouldn’t like it. If you do, that makes me happy. Also, I don’t know what these ‘unreasonable things’ you mentioned are; I don’t recall anything like that. If you’ve ever done something like that, then I guess it doesn’t bother me at all. I don’t recall you ever making me do anything—“

“How about right now? I’m making you comfort me, right? You’re only doing this because I cried and told you those things…right?” *You have a point, but…*

“Sure, but I do it because I want to too, you know? I care about you. A lot. Doing these things for you isn’t a bother at all; gives me an excuse to hang out with you, too,” he admitted.

Bill pulled Dipper into a hug and rested the brunet’s head on his shoulder once more.

“I wouldn’t be able to take it either if you left me, Pine Tree. I’d probably go insane. Hell, I could go on a killing spree for all I know.” He chuckled, but the thought made it a little harder to breathe for him.

Dipper was surprised by what he said…and yet, he was touched. It was sweet in a dark way. Odd, but he liked it. He mattered that much to him and that’s what counted.
“Pine Tree…can we make a deal?” Bill asked. His tone seemed a little different, but Dipper answered him after he thought about it.

A deal…? For what? Well, I guess it wouldn’t hurt to go along with it. I don’t think he’s up to any tricks right now. Besides, he’ll keep his word.

“Sure,” he said.

“Can you promise me you’ll never leave me? In exchange, I’ll never leave you. Not that I ever would, but this is so there won’t be any doubts.”

Dipper was taken aback by his offer, but he really appreciated how much he cared. Bill probably wanted—or even needed—that sense of security too. He doesn’t show how he feels very much, so maybe this was one of his ways to show it. Maybe he didn’t like the emotional stuff, and Dipper could understand that; it does get tiring.

“…Will you accept?” he asked, actually sounding nervous for once. Please do, Pine Tree...

“Yeah. I do. I promise I won’t leave you.”

Bill held him tighter in his arms.

“I’ll never leave you too, my Pine Tree.”

Dipper didn’t mind that Bill’s arms got tighter around his waist. He smiled and wrapped his arms around Bill’s shoulders. I really, really love you.

“Pine Tree, can I ask for a favor?” I can’t take It anymore.

“Sure…” Dipper pulled back a little so he’d be facing the taller man. What kind of favor would he ask me for, though?

“Please think of what I’m about to do as a way of sealing our deal,” he said, slowly pulling away. What are you going to do? A handshake?

“Or actually, you can also think of it as something I picked up from my household,” Bill added. Picked up? Are you going to give me something?

“Will you do it?”

Dipper looked into Bill’s eyes and saw something different. He was pleading, yes, but it’s as if there’s something under that pleading look. He couldn’t be too sure, but it seemed like sadness; like he wanted to cry. Why?

“Sure, Bill.” Would that make you happy?

Bill pulled him a little closer, but he relaxed his arms. He tilted his head a little and slowly leaned closer to Pine Tree’s face. Dipper felt like his face was on fire now.

No way…Bill…is gonna KISS ME?! Then, does that mean…

His heart was beating so hard it was like it would burst right out of his stitches. That’s how it felt. He was going to be kissed by the man he was in love with, but it was like he’d have a heart attack before their lips even brushed against each other. He closed his eyes and held his breath in nervousness.
Bill held back a chuckle, seeing how Pine Tree acted, and closed his eyes as well. He gently pressed his lips onto his Pine Tree’s cheek. It was really soft and he loved it. Unfortunately, he couldn’t kiss his cheek again since that would be too much. Too much for both of them. Bill didn’t want Dipper to think of him as a sick fuck.

*Soon, Pine Tree. I’ll make sure it is.*

Slowly, yet with a heart full of passion and desire, Bill pulled away with a little pop and began to open his eyes. He saw that Pine Tree’s face was red and his eyes were wide in shock. He couldn’t help but chuckle.

...No, of course he doesn’t love me back. Well...that’s still something...I gotta say, his lips are really soft...’course, I’m not telling him that. Pfft.

“Remember the favor, Pine Tree,” Bill reminded him.

“Oh, right…” he replied, sounding a little disappointed without meaning to. *I’m still happy with it. Maybe I’ll try again sometime…*

“You might get more…” Bill muttered, making sure Pine Tree wouldn’t hear it.

“What?”

“Nothing.” He smiled.

“Hey, uh…I have one more question,” Dipper said.

“Ask away!”

“When I slept, you were still there, but when I woke up…you were gone.” He suddenly sounded sad, like he was a while ago, and it was then Bill may have realized why he cried. *Shit. It was me, wasn’t it?*

“I didn’t realize you’d wake up while I was gone! I was thinking we could watch movies here together so I went to the convenience store to buy some snacks.”

Dipper’s cheeks were tinged red; he thought Bill was being really cute. *Well, I guess that’s very much like him. Bill, you’re a cute idiot.*

“Oh.” was all he could say. The taller man looked away and blushed a little.

“…Do you want to?” he asked. He pursed his lips because admittedly, he was getting a little shy with Pine Tree looking at him so sweetly. *Adorable little shit.*

Dipper chuckled, seeing Bill like this. *So he can be shy.*

“Yeah, of course!” he said. Bill returned his gaze to the brunet and grinned.

“I’ll get the snacks and DVDs!” he said excitedly. He quickly jumped off the bed and ran to the counter. He picked up the plastic bags and rushed back to the bed. Dipper watched Bill amusedly as he was in a hurry to set everything up—finding the remote, turning on the television, etcetera. *We may not be a couple, but he’s still really sweet.*

“Done!” Bill placed the remote on the nightstand, beside the drinks, and took a bag of Doritos before crawling back onto the bed.
“Come on, Pine Tree, the movie’s about to start!” he called, patting one of his thighs.

“Alright, I’m coming.” Dipper chuckled. He crawled towards Bill and sat in front of him— with his back turned, of course.

“Woah—”

Bill wrapped his arms around Dipper’s waist right after he sat down and pulled him closer to that he would be resting on him.

“Comfy, Pine Tree?” he asked.

“Yeah. Thanks.”

Bill took the blanket and draped it over them. He placed the bag of Doritos in front of Pine Tree as well.

“Now this is better,” he remarked. Bill sighed in relaxation and leaned comfortably against the pillow he placed behind him.

“Definitely,” Dipper agreed.

As if the world didn’t want them to relax just yet, his phone rang.

“Oh come on,” the taller man complained.

“Don’t worry, it won’t take long,” the brunet chuckled.

“But the movie’s already started and we’re really comfyyyyy…” Bill whined loudly. Of course, that wasn’t nearly enough to convince him.

“I know, but it’s definitely Mabel calling again.” Dipper tried to pry Bill’s arms off, but his grip only got tighter, though not enough to hurt him.

“Bill come on, let go…!” he said as he struggled.

“No,” Bill said, acting like a child.

While Dipper was struggling to reach his phone, Bill was growling like he was a wild animal.

“Goddammit Bill, relax, just let me answer the damn phone.”

“No.”

“Pain in the ass…” he muttered.

Somehow, Dipper managed to grab his phone without the ringtone stopping. Thank god Mabel’s still waiting. He accepted the call and brought the phone to his ear.

“Mabel, hey! You called earlier, right?” he greeted.

“Yup, Bill said you fell asleep on him though. How cute— wait, what am I hearing?” she asked.

Dipper looked down and made eye contact with a pouting Bill Cipher. He chuckled and stroked his hair; for once, it was the other way around. He playfully poked his cheek as well. Bill stuck his tongue out in response, making his Pine Tree laugh lightheartedly. He sounded so happy it made his heartbeat fluctuate. Bill rolled his eyes when Dipper pulled his finger away and just looked at his bag.
of Doritos instead, trying to distract himself.

“Bill’s just clinging to me and growling like a cute idiot right now.” *Wait shit this is Mabel I’m talking to—*

“I mean—“ he looked back at the phone and tried to take it back, but of course, it was too late. Mabel heard it all and that was enough to let her know pretty much everything.

“Ooohh, I see what’s going on here—” she said, narrowing her eyes from the other end of the line and looked at the phone as if she were looking at her brother.

“N-no, Mabel, I swear it’s not what you’re thinking—“ Dipper could feel that all-knowing stare despite not being able to see her; it was in her tone.


“No, don’t…”

“…somebody’s in looove!” she declared…for the umpteenth time in his life.

“No, n-not again. I…well…” Dipper stammered. Those words may be true, but they did remind him of all the other times she’d said that. He most certainly did not want to remember any of that.

“Okay, okay, let’s not talk about that. Anyway, I need to tell you something. Bill can’t hear me, right?” she asked. Mabel decided to drop it, she knew Dipper was trying his best to forget all that. However, she still couldn’t help but say those words every time he had a new crush. Well, this time was different; she was sure Bill was his true love. It’s not just a simple crush anymore.

“I don’t think so…” he trailed off. Dipper looked at the golden-haired man again, who was staring right back at him with the same pouty look.

“You can’t hear what Mabel’s saying, right?” he confirmed.

“Nope. Now hurry up,” Bill curtly said, sounding impatient. Dipper rolled his eyes.

“Just wait, Bill.” Dipper directed his attention back to the phone. “He can’t hear what you’re saying, so go ahead.”

He wondered, though, what would Mabel not want Bill to her? Perhaps she has some suspicions about him? That wouldn’t be like her, given that the suspicions are bad, so it’d be pretty serious if they weren’t her usual ridiculous suspicions like saying he could be a vampire or anything of the sort.

“Alright, so, I have a plan to get you two to hook up.” Well, she certainly went straight to the point.

“What?!” Dipper yelled.

“Here’s what you’re gonna do, bro-bro. Tomorrow 3 pm, I’m gonna give you a sweater. It’s for Bill. Don’t let him see it, though, not yet. You’re gonna ask him on a date—“

“A date?!” he repeated, only to get shushed by his sister.

“Shhhh! Okay, okay. You’re gonna ask him if he’s free Friday night. If he is, go organize a date—“ Once again, she was cut off by the brunet in denial.

“No, not a date,” Dipper insisted.
“Just hear me out! Go plan your date however you want, just make it romantic, but be sure to wear the sweater on the date. When he compliments your sweater, you take it off, give it to him, and tell him it’s actually for him. After you give it to him, confess! Actually, you can do that whenever you want as long as it’s on that night,” Mabel elaborated. Dipper laughed nervously.

“Confess what?” he asked, though he obviously knew what she was talking about. Again, he was a terrible liar.

“Come on, you already know. Welp, that’s all I have to say. Enjoy whatever you’re doing with Bill, bro-bro!”

“See you, Mabel.” Dipper hung up and put the phone back on the nightstand. He looked back at Bill.

“Alright, I’m done. We can go back to that comfy position now,” he told the pouting man.

“Hmph.”

“What, you don’t want to?”

Bill scoffed. “Of course I do. Just restart the movie for me.”

Dipper chuckled. “Sure thing.”

Bill released the brunet and leaned back on the pillow, while Dipper took the remote and rewound the movie all the way to the beginning. Once he put the remote back, he rested on Bill and moved his arms so they’d be around his waist, just like they were earlier.

“It’s still not the same,” Bill whined. Dipper thought for a few seconds and looked around, trying to find something that he might like. His eyes landed on the bag of chips in front of him. Well, food usually gets anyone in a good mood.

He opened the bag of Doritos. He took a chip and held it in front of the taller man’s face, as if he were giving a treat to a dog. Bill stared at it for a while, but it didn’t take long for him to give in. He bit on it and ate the rest of the piece, a little less pouty now.

“You like that?” Dipper asked, looking at the television.

“Of course, it’s my favorite snack,” he replied, sounding rather proud.

“Maybe I can bribe you with it one day,” the brunet joked.

“Pft, you can only bribe me with my favorite,” Bill said, rolling his eyes as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“You just said Doritos was your favorite.” Dipper looked rather unamused, and he would give Bill that look if he weren’t behind him.

“Yeah, my favorite snack,” he pointed out.

“Then which of your favorites can I bribe you with?” What else would you be talking about?

“You, my favorite meatsack.”

Dipper couldn’t help but blush a little.
“I bribe you with…me?” he repeated, sounding rather confused.

“Yes.”

“Okay…?” he said, still not quite understanding what he meant. Bill chuckled and asked for another Dorito.

“So, what is this movie anyway?” Dipper asked as he fed Bill.

“‘When Larry Met Ellie,’ romantic comedy. Kinda old, but it’s really good,” he answered.

“Romantic comedy?” Why that genre? I mean, I don’t mind, but with just both of us here…it’s like a movie for a date…but it’s not a date…oh shit I have to ask him on a date. Mabel why.

“Yeah. Feeling better, by the way?” Bill asked.

“Yeah, the headache seems to be gone…”

“Wait, what just happened? She was just crying, he went there to comfort her, then…they fuck? Isn’t that the whole topic about their argument for the past few years? I mean sure, it was obvious they’ve been in love for a while, but…that escalated quickly.” Dipper said.

“This surprises you more than the fake orgasm?” Bill teased. The brunet thought about it for a few seconds. Well, that was a pretty…awkward scene to watch. I felt Larry’s embarrassment…Ellie’s pretty shameless, though; kinda like Mabel.

“…You have a point.”

“Mhm,” Bill said rather smugly, “We out of Doritos?”

“Yeah, all out of triangle chips. You ate more than I did, by the way,” Dipper pointed out.

“Oh well, thanks for feeding me.” *Fuck it.*

Bill planted a kiss on Dipper’s cheek, not caring about how he’d react this time. The brunet flinched and instinctively gripped onto the taller man’s hands. His face turned red at his sudden gesture, though admittedly, he liked it.

“W-what are you doing?” he asked, though the answer was quite clear.

Bill leaned into his ear and whispered, “Can I puncture two holes in your neck, Pine Tree?”

“What?!” he yelled.

Maybe not. I’ll hold back. The taller man leaned back on the pillow and planted a kiss on his hair instead.

“Just kidding!” he laughed, trying to sound as convincing as possible.

“Oh…” Dipper laughed along, although he did it nervously. Bill wasn’t sure whether he knew he wasn’t really kidding at first or not, but at least he wasn’t doubting him and feeling unsafe… probably.

“Relax, Pine Tree, just enjoy the movie.”
“F-fine, but…don’t pull another joke like that. It’s gonna drive me crazy.”

“Oh, sorry. Don’t worry, I won’t.” Bill gave his Pine Tree another kiss on his fluffy brown locks to help him relax. *I guess I should take it nice and easy with Pine Tree.*

“Well, uh…Bill…”

“Yes, Pine Tree?”

Dipper carefully turned around and held onto Bill’s shoulders. *Oh dear god what am I doing.*

“This is my…uh…sign of thanks for everything you’ve done today. T-that’s all this is, just like you a while ago…kinda…” he stuttered. *Too late to back down now.*

*So Pine Tree likes it.*

Dipper was slightly shivering, but he pulled himself together and slowly leaned into Bill’s face. He closed his eyes and carefully pressed his lips onto his cheek. *Just a little…*

He silently pulled away after a second or two and quickly turned away. *Not sure if I did that right…*

Dipper rested on the taller man again and didn’t say a word, almost regretting what he did. Bill chuckled and kept one of his arms around Pine Tree’s waist while gently running his fingers through Dipper’s hair with his other hand. He wished he could see more of his red face, but holding him like this was also fine.

His body was smaller than his—which he was grateful for because it meant he could carry him as much as he wanted. He was adorable that way, and it made hugs with him much more enjoyable. That said, he just wanted to keep him in his arms for as long as he could, as if to protect him from danger.

“So Breathe, Pine Tree,” he chuckled, knowing he was pretty shy.

“R-right, don’t worry…” Dipper stuttered.

“Let’s just keep watching the movie, alright?” Bill said, kissing his hair once more.

“Yeah…” Dipper smiled and held the hand resting on his stomach. He gave it a little squeeze. *His hand’s are kinda bony, but it’s still warm…I hope he doesn’t mind me holding it.*

As they continued to watch the movie, they remained silent. It was nice, just being comfy like this. It almost felt like a date. Bill took yet another bag of Doritos from the plastic bag and opened it—apparently all the chips he bought were Doritos. Dipper wasn’t surprised at all; after he found out it was his favorite, he expected just as much. He didn’t really mind; it was pretty good.

**Chapter End Notes**

Hope you enjoyed this chapter~ Just a heads up, since school’s coming up (it starts next week) I might update less often. Probably not though, but yeah, like maybe instead of updating on Saturdays I update on Sundays. Something like that. Anyway, I hope you look forward to the next chapter, it focuses more on Bill!
Hey, update's finally up, hooray! I'm sorry because updates might not be so regular these days; school's finally here :) I actually have a lot more to do after this update, so yeah, this is for you guys! I hope you enjoy this chapter! Well, you might suffer, but things get more painful at some point in this fic so...yike. It hurts me too, don't worry. XDD

“ ’That really was a nice movie,” Dipper remarked.

“Told you. I got good taste. Hot choco, movies...people,” Bill said, implying something that should be obvious to the brunet. Dipper laughed lightly.

“What do you mean people?” he asked.

“You’ll get it soon.”

Dipper sighed. “Guess I have to wait.”

“Yeah, no hints either,” Bill added.

“Hey, you free Friday night?” Dipper asked, remembering his conversation with Mabel earlier. Now would be a good time to ask since their conversation probably wasn’t going anywhere anyway. He was already nervous about the date, and he wanted that date to be...not on Friday, but at the same time, he did. He wanted to get it over with, too.

“Don’t know where that came from, but yeah, sure! Are you free Saturday night?”

“Yeah.” Dipper chortled.

“What, you still drunk or something? You’re laughing a little...more than usual,” Bill asked, raising an eyebrow at the man who seemed a little too happy.

“No, no, nothing like that. Just...are we asking each other on dates or something? Not that I’m assuming you’re asking me on a date, of course you’re not—“

“How are you so sure, Pine Tree?” he asked, sounding pretty serious. Dipper shut up for a second and thought about it. He didn’t realize his cheeks were tinted pink while he did so, but the taller man did, and he was smiling. He didn’t know that either.

“Well...are you asking me on a date?”

“Not telling.”

“Then why ask?!” Dipper yelled in annoyance. Bill laughed in response, not planning to give any hints any time soon. The brunet huffed and nudged the taller man’s stomach behind him.
“Fuck!” Bill exclaimed. He laughed at the pain, though he coughed a little as well.

“Shit Pine Tree, was that supposed to be fatal or playful?!?”

“Playful…why? Did I hurt you too much? Need some ice there?” Dipper asked. He didn’t want to show it much, but he was worried.

“No, you di—“ Bill suddenly though of an amusing plan and smirked.

“Know what, get me an ice pack.” This is gonna be fun.

“Wow, didn’t realize I was that strong,” the brunet said with a little sarcasm. He carefully took Bill’s arms off his waist and pushed the blanket off them. He stepped out of the bed and held his head with one hand, getting a little dizzy from standing up so quickly.

“Ack, head rush…”

“You alright there?” Bill asked, sounding as indifferent as he could. He wanted to be smug right now, the concern could wait. Any sign of such emotion would ruin the mood and his little plan…to possibly make Pine Tree his for good.

Dipper waited for a few seconds to regain his vision and balance.

“Yeah…yeah, I’m good,” he said. He walked to the fridge, took an ice pack from the freezer, and walked to the closet to get some hand towels.

Meanwhile, Bill took off his sweater vest, pulled off his bowtie, and undid his button up. The clueless brunet turned around and walked back to the bed, only to see that Bill was now half-naked in his bed.

…Half-naked in my bed. I…. "W-what?” was all he could say. He felt his cheeks heat up a little, but it wasn’t like he could do anything about it. He couldn’t just turn away now—even though that would probably be the polite thing to do—he...does look really good.

“Well, you’re going to put the ice pack on my body, right?” Bill said with that smug smirk on his face. Dipper scoffed and rolled his eyes, though he was still blushing.

“Lie down then. Would be easier than holding it the whole time, right?” he said. Bill chuckled and looked Dipper straight in the eye.

“You have a point, Pine Tree.”

Bill did as he was told and lay flat on his back. Dipper sighed and carefully placed the ice pack on Bill’s stomach. He hissed, just like all the other times he ever had an ice pack touch his skin. The brunet tried hard not to stare at the rest of his body, but he couldn’t help but glance a bit. Of course, he didn’t know Bill noticed that.

“There. Feeling be—what are you doing?” Bill had grabbed the shorter man’s wrists all of the sudden, making him a little nervous.

“Get on the bed too,” he said.

“There’s no room, Bill. You want me to lie on you or something?”

“That sounds pretty nice.” Bill’s smirk grew wider at his rather tempting suggestion. Hell, that was even better than he expected.
“You have an ice pack on your stomach,” Dipper pointed out.

Bill sighed and released Dipper’s wrists, brushing his fingers against his hands as he pulled away. Dipper’s breath hitched slightly when he felt Bill’s touch. He pursed his lips and tried to look away from his eyes…of course, he couldn’t. He only got trapped every time he gazed into those amber orbs.

*What’s going on with him? I’ve already fallen for him enough, no need to make me…love him more. I can barely say the word in my head, how am I supposed to confess to him on Friday? Dammit…*

Bill placed the ice pack on the nightstand. “So, can you get on me now?” he asked.

“Don’t you need the ice pack…?”

“Never said I did. Now come ooon…” he pleaded, spreading his arms towards the brunet.

“Please, Pine Tree?”

Dipper thought about it and tried to find something he could say to get out of this—going any further would be dangerous for him…and their friendship. He couldn’t. He couldn’t say the reason directly since that’s something that should remain unspoken. If Bill found out he even *thought* of the possibility that they would…that something would happen between them, things would never go back to normal.

“A-Alright.” *I don’t really have a choice.*

Dipper carefully crawled onto the bed and positioned himself on all fours so he’d be right above Bill. He couldn’t look at him anymore. It was always either he couldn’t stop looking at him, or not be able to look at him at all.

“S-so…woah!”

Bill suddenly pulled Dipper into an embrace with his arms around his waist. He turned so that they’d be facing each other on the bed, side by side. They stared at each other for a while, though neither of them spoke. Dipper was struggling not to look at Bill’s lips while he waited for him to say something. *Anything. Please. Stop me.*

Don’t kiss him, don’t kiss him, don’t kiss him…and in case you forgot, you don’t even know how to kiss in the first place. Oh god, just what are you going to do on Friday?

He decided to wrap his arm around the taller man’s shoulders and hide his face by hugging him. He almost gasped when he realized he could feel Bill’s warmth all over him, not to mention that their legs were entangled too.

Too close…I don’t think I’m supposed to like this, but I do. I wonder if Bill does, too.

Bill didn’t expect Dipper to do this, but he was definitely enjoying it. He chuckled and ran his fingers through the brunet’s fluffy locks. *Oh well.*

“I know your face is red, Pine Tree,” he teased.

“…Shut up, Bill.”

“What? You’re cute. Can’t see your face, but you’re adorable in general.”

Dipper only held Bill tighter in response. That’s when it hit Bill—his little plan would have ruined
everything. It’s a good thing he didn’t get on with it.

*I said I was going to take it nice and easy with Pine Tree. Not sure this is what I’d call nice and easy...I wonder if he’s okay. I wanna fucking kiss him…but I gotta wait. Saturday. Can’t ruin my own plan. Dammit, Pine Tree.*

“You alright, Pine Tree?” he asked.

“Huh? Yeah…why’d you ask?”

“Thought maybe this was too close for you. Is it?” *His love life didn’t exactly go well back then...maybe having someone actually like him for once would shock him?*

Dipper smiled and slightly pulled back, just enough to be right in front of Bill’s face.

“Nope, not at all.”

*Shit Pine Tree, don’t make this even harder.*

Dipper giggled, making Bill raise an eyebrow. *Well, so much for not making it even harder. Wish I could just kiss you and make you mine right now, you precious little shit. Caring sucks…but I suppose it isn’t that bad if it’s for you.*

“Now your face is red,” Dipper teased.

“Oh fuck you.”

Bill pulled away and stepped out of the bed as quickly as he could, not wanting Pine Tree to catch a glimpse of his reddened cheeks…which were all thanks to him.

“Come on, y-you’re also cute, you know,” the brunet said as he sat up.

“No, I’m hot,” he said, putting on his button up, sweater vest, and his bowtie, of course. He walked to the counter and took his pen and notebook. Dipper, on the other hand, rolled his eyes and took the ice pack from the nightstand. He paused for a second when he grabbed it—a possibility just came to mind.

...Did he just bait me?

While Bill set up his little workplace on the desk, Dipper put the ice pack back in the freezer and tossed the cloth he used to cover it into the hamper.

“...I don’t know what to write. Any ideas, Pine Tree?” Bill asked, fiddling with his pen.

“Fluff or smut?” Dipper asked as he sat on the edge of the bed.

“I’ll just go with fluff for now.” Bill crossed his legs and leaned his elbow on the desk. He rested his head on his fist and tried to think of what to write.

“Erm...I thought of some angst, you wanna hear it?” *Well, this is...awkward. That’s weird, considering we write together all the time...what went wrong? Was it what happened a while ago?*

“Hmm...know what, maybe I’ll just read. You have any books?”

“Yeah, but they’re not organized on the shelves...”
“What? Well nevermind reading them I’ll organize them instead!” Bill slammed his notebook shut and ran to the bookshelf. “How can you stand this? There are papers and folders and books everywhere!”

“I don’t have the time to organize them since I keep writing…”

Bill began to take books off the shelves and place them on the floor. He didn’t bother looking at their covers at the moment—he’ll do that later.

“I’ll clear my desk now since you’re organizing over there.” Dipper stood up and began walking to the said piece of furniture. Bill only pushed the clutter on it to the sides of its surface so he could place his pen and notebook on it. Now that I think about it, maybe that’s why he couldn’t focus on writing…if that was the case, that is. I can’t just assume stuff like that about him now, can I?

“Alright, but I’ll—wait, you’re supposed to be resting, get back on the bed!” Bill chided.

“I can’t just let you organize my stuff on your own…” the brunet argued. The taller man turned to his Pine Tree and grabbed his wrists once again.


“O-okay, okay, wai—Bill!”

Bill pinned Dipper down on the bed and was now towering above him. He didn’t grasp him very tightly, of course. He didn’t want to make him feel threatened or anything, he just wanted to get him back on the bed so he could rest…but he did want to be close to him. Very close.

“Stay here,” he leaned into Dipper’s ear and whispered in a low and sultry voice that made the brunet’s breath hitch, “Pine Tree.”

Dipper kept his mouth shut and swallowed nervously whilst slightly shivering and looking right up at Bill when he pulled back. I’m a little intimidated, or maybe just plain scared, but despite how he can make me feel like this sometimes…I love him. I need to tell him on Friday, there’s no other time. If I screw things up on Friday…it might be the end of us. There might not even be an us in the first place. Just him and I.

“Pine Tree? You okay? You’ve been pretty silent for a while…and you’ve been staring, too,” Bill called out worriedly. Dipper snapped back to reality and flinched.

“I-I’m alright. I just spaced out a little.”

If he spaced out, he thought about something. I think I really need to learn what nice and easy is.

Bill slowly pulled back and looked away. “Sorry, was that too much, Pine Tree?”

Dipper sat up, and the taller man helped him do so when he noticed what he was doing. He cares. He’s just…a little aggressive. That’s not really surprising, I guess.

“Not at all. Why are you worrying so much though?” he asked.

“Worrying?”

Bill looked back at Dipper and, in contrast to his words, held his hands a little tighter. He felt his chest—if that’s what it was—tighten. He felt a little queasy, too. He knew this feeling. He didn’t like it one bit. He wanted it to go away. Why am I nervous?
“Yeah, what you’re doing. Asking if I’m alright, looking back at your own actions and wondering if you’ve done something wrong. You’re worrying all of the sudden, why?”

Bill slowly pulled away, fingers grazing his smooth skin as he did so. He kept himself steady. Stable. He didn’t want to worry his Pine Tree, he had to stay relaxed. He can’t make him worry.

“I don’t know,” he managed to say. *Is it because I love you?*

He turned away and went back to organizing the bookshelf. Dipper watched him worriedly…he’d already failed in keeping him at ease. Of course, Pine Tree didn’t know he wanted to do that, so he blamed himself instead.

*Did I say something wrong?*

“You alright? I think I’m supposed to be the one worrying about you here,” he said.

“Yeah, I’m fine…” Bill said, trying his best not to sound dismissive.

“Then look at me.”

Bill stopped for a second, but he continued to take out papers from the shelves and place them on the floor right after. Although, truth be told, he couldn’t actually focus enough to sort the books and papers.

“Bill.” Dipper called him once again, obviously not convinced that he was okay. His act wasn’t hard to see through at all. He was terrible at hiding at he felt…but he was just the same. That’s what he thought, though. In truth, Bill Cipher had been putting on an actual convincing façade for a long time already. Dipper was oblivious, but now, he could see that he was cracking. Slowly.

“You need to rest. Lie down.”

“Quit ignoring me and I will.”

Bill remained silent and stopped organizing. He sighed and looked back at the skeptical brunet. He didn’t even bother trying to show him his usual chipper self, it wouldn’t work anyway. It was pointless…for now. He’ll do it again. And again. He won’t stop doing it; it’s for Pine Tree.

“There,” he flatly said.

“Did I say something wrong?” Dipper asked, lying down. He wasn’t convinced he was fine, of course, but he still held up his end of their ‘bargain.’

Bill immediately stood up upon hearing his worrisome question.

“What? No!” *That’s my line…sort of.*

“Then why are you acting so weirdly?”

Bill pursed his lips because he couldn’t answer. *I think it’s because I love you.*

“…I was worrying…because I uh…thought that maybe I scared you. “*That’s not really a lie, so it should be alright to say.*

Dipper was a little surprised, but he smiled. He was convinced—he thought it was sweet of him. *So he just cares. Looks like Bill doesn’t want to show it that much.*
“It’s alright, Bill. You didn’t.”

Bill nodded and went back to trying to organize Pine Tree’s bookshelf. Dipper wasn’t going to let him mope around, though.

“Hey, come here,” he said. Bill silently did as he was told and walked to the brunet lying on the bed. Dipper took a deep breath and sat up. He felt the blood rush to his cheeks, but there was no turning back now. He held onto Bill’s shoulder and slowly leaned into his face. *This’ll make him feel better…probably. I’m sure it’s worth a shot…*

“Pine Tree…?” Bill called out rather confusedly.

All the questions in his head were answered when Dipper gently pressed his lips onto his cheek.

Bill’s lips parted a little as he was surprised, but he didn’t say anything. Pine Tree was going to pull away, but he pulled him into a warm embrace instead. Dipper hugged him back, of course, and hid his face once again.

“It’s alright to worry, you know;” he said despite blushing. The taller man still didn’t say anything, but he did pull away. He took the blanket and quickly covered himself with it.

“Bill?” Dipper called out.

_Love is…really weird. Makes me feel like this…and in a way, it kinda hurts. I don’t know. How do people deal with this? It’s bullshit!_

Dipper kept pulling on the blanket. After a few tries, he finally managed to get under the cloth with Bill once he loosened his grip. *Looks like he isn’t fine just yet after all.*

“Hey, what’s going on with you?” he asked.

“Uh…emotion? I—I don’t know, okay?! I hate not knowing.

“You’ll be fine. C’mere, Bill.”

Dipper beckoned the golden-haired man with a gentle smile and open arms spread towards him. Bill pursed his lips and hesitated for a while, but he hugged his Pine Tree in the end. Dipper found it a little cute; it was like getting an animal to trust him.

He stroked the taller man’s back lovingly and buried his face in the crook of his neck, trying to help him relax. It seemed to work; Bill sighed in relief and held Dipper a little less tightly.

“Better?” the brunet whispered. Bill nodded, and as he pulled away, he planted a kiss on Dipper’s cheek. Not wanting to see his reaction, he quickly tossed the blanket over Pine Tree and went back to organizing his bookshelf. That didn’t hold him off at all, though. Dipper smiled and pushed the blanket off him, back onto the bed.

“I felt that, you know,” he teased.

Bill had emptied the shelves already, so he stood up and ignored Pine Tree’s…_stupid_ remark.

“Got any rags and disinfectant? Your bookshelf’s a little dusty,” he said.

“Yeah, somewhere in the bathroom. You don’t have to clean it, though. I mean, you’re not a housekeeper, so…”
“Nah, I want to.”
“If you say so…”

After Bill was done putting away the clearing equipment he borrowed, he finally began to actually organize. He started by sorting the books by genre. This time, of course, he looked at the covers of the books and read their titles.

“You have Fifty Shades of Gold? Huh, who knew,” he remarked, placing the said book with the other smutty ones. For someone who likes fluff more, Pine Tree sure has a lot of them.

“Like you don’t.”
“Touché.”

Dipper sat up and moved to the edge of the bed. “Want me to sort the papers? You wouldn’t exactly know which are for which class,” he offered.

“Hmm...fine.”

The brunet sat on the floor next to Bill right away; he was happy to help. He didn’t want the taller man doing all the work, after all. It wouldn’t feel right.

“Damn, at least separate your textbooks from fiction!” Bill complained, setting aside another textbook.

“I told you, I had no time to organize...Oh, this one’s for Media Studies.” Dipper recognized a book right away and handed it to Bill.

“Well, about time. Speaking of time...” he trailed off as he looked at the clock, “We haven’t eaten lunch yet. You need your carbs,” he continued. He then stood up and pat down his pants in case there was some dust on them.

“It’s alright, I’m not that hungry,” Dipper said.

“I’ll get us some lunch downstairs, you need to eat.”

Dipper set aside just a few more papers before he stood up as well.

“Then I’ll come with you. I’m not sick, Bill.” He didn’t want Bill to do everything for him, he’s not his servant. He doesn’t complain about doing anything for him, but surely he’ll get tired of it at some point.

You can’t.

“You don’t have to. Besides, are you really going to leave this mess on the floor? Like hell I’d let you,” Bill said. Dipper opened his mouth, about to argue, but he realized he had a point. He just sighed and sat back on the floor.

“Fine.”

“Good. Don’t worry, I’ll be back.”

While Bill was walking to the door, a thought suddenly struck Dipper, making him jerk up and
clench his fists. ...No. That can’t be right...Can’t hurt to make sure though, right? Yeah, it wouldn’t.

“Hey, uh,” he cleared his throat, “Bill.”

Bill turned around and looked at Pine Tree curiously.

“Yeah?”

Dipper looked around nervously before he spoke. It isn’t bad to ask, right?

“...You sure you uh...you just want to get lunch? I mean, you’re just going out for that reason, and not because you want to get away from me? I don’t mean that you could be like that, but...I just...want to make sure. Sorry.” So I’m saying there’s a possibility he’s a bad person? Can’t I just trust him?

Bill walked back to Dipper without a second thought.

“Look at me,” he said. The brunet did as he was told, though he regretted asking in the first place. I guess doing what he says is the least I can do right now...after being so stupid.

“I like being with you. I wouldn’t try to get away from you without a reason. I’d love to stay, but it’d take too long if I cooked, so I have to go out for a while.” Bill embraced Dipper tenderly and ran his fingers through his hair. “I’ll be back, pine Tree. Don’t worry.”

Let me go. Please. It’s for your own good. I have to leave right now. I’ll come back to you. We promised we wouldn’t leave each other. Remember that. Memories are important, aren’t they? ... I can’t leave such a memory in your precious mind.

Dipper nodded, but he didn’t hug back, knowing Bill had to go. The taller man slowly pulled away, proving his point—it would be pointless to hug him back.

“I’ll just go get some lunch,” Bill said.

“I’ll just continue sorting.”

“Sounds good.”

Bill walked out of the room and carefully closed the door. Once he was finally out, he sighed and silently ran to his room. He made sure to close the door gently so Pine Tree wouldn’t hear. He locked it and walked—or trudged, even—to his bed. He sat on the floor, beside the bed’s edge, and buried his face into the sheets.

I really screwed up back there. I better get things back to normal when I come back. Things need to be good until Saturday. I can’t lose my chance...

Why did I act like that back there, anyway? Acting so dominant then suddenly being so sorry? Nice and easy. That’s what I was supposed to do, but what did I do? Fuck up, that’s what.

Pine Tree must’ve been really weirded out. Well, who wouldn’t be? He asked if I wanted to get away. Maybe that wasn’t simply him worrying. He thought I could be that terrible a person, lying about getting us lunch just to be able to escape and leave him waiting like an idiot.

That’s just cruel. I could never do that to him, but he thought it was possible, didn’t he? That’s how bad I fucked up. If it’s not that, then maybe he was actually telling me to get out in subtext. Could be anything.
What if it’s the other way around? What if he’s the one tolerating me? What if he’s annoyed by me? I can’t blame him, I suppose. If I love him, why do I keep making him feel like shit? Why do I keep on hurting him even though I don’t mean to? I’m supposed to be making him feel important and wanted, but I keep giving off the wrong impression for some reason.

I love Pine Tree. I know I do. But what the fuck is love? Is it supposed to be making me fuck up so much? Is it supposed to make it hard for me to breathe when he’s acting so nice and sweet to me? Is it supposed to hurt me so much when I see him sad, much more if it’s because of me?

I don’t know anything about love. All I know is that it hurts. Why? Why don’t I know anything about love? Why can’t I know? I won’t know the right and wrong things to do, and I might end up doing all the wrong things to Pine Tree...and then he might want to leave me...

...I need to stop thinking so much. Although everything I’ve thought of has a possibility, I need to make sure things go well for now.

I...I need my meds again...I think. I should check. I need to go downstairs fast.

Bill groaned and stood up shakily, holding onto the bed for support. He breathed heavily and slowly walked to his desk. He wondered why he was struggling to breathe so much and why he felt really hot, but then he realized what was happening when he felt a warm liquid roll down his cheek. Another stream of burning water flowed from his eye. The tears just kept falling.

Fuck, I really need my meds.

Bill wiped off the tears with his forearm as he walked, but he couldn’t stop crying. It was as if a dam broke inside of him. When he finally reached his desk, he yanked the drawer open and looked through the labels on the containers.

“Hydroxyzine...f-for tension...and anxiety, I t-think...where...?” He couldn’t think very well, but with those things that happened before, he could remember what certain drugs can do for him. Eventually, he found the said drug’s container and took it out.

“M-maybe I should take clomipramine too...to be safe...t-that should be fine, right...?”

Bill took its container as well and placed it on the desk, right beside the other. He walked to the fridge, took a bottle of Mountain Dew, and went back to his desk.

“Probably not the best idea, but I can’t fall asleep...” He took a capsule of clomipramine and a tablet of hydroxyzine and drank them one at a time, downing them with Mountain Dew.

As he was putting the containers back, he noticed a syringe at the back of the drawer. Oh yeah, I could have injected one of them...

He had the urge to pick it up, but he slammed the drawer shut when an imagine of Pine Tree flashed in his head. ...No. He wouldn’t like that.

“Right, lunch,” he reminded himself. He ran out of his room and made sure to close the door carefully. He ran down the stairs right away and headed to the refectory.

As long as he doesn’t know I have these, everything should be fine. I can’t have him questioning me as to why I need these. I don’t plan to tell him anything, and I wouldn’t want to have to lie. It’s a good thing he doesn’t snoop around when he’s here. Looks like he knows his place.

...No, I shouldn’t say it like that. Fuck, I hope those meds take effect before I come back to his room.
“I’m back! Sorry I took so long, it was pretty crowded.” Bill placed the food on the counter and took some plates and glasses.

“It’s alright. I finished organizing, by the way. Looks really neat now!” Dipper ended up doing everything else while he waited since he had nothing to do. Not that he minded, of course—that meant he lessened the trouble he would have caused Bill.

“Told you so.”

Bill walked towards the brunet, carrying their plates.

“Let’s eat!” he said.

It really was crowded in the refectory, though. He wouldn’t lie to his Pine Tree. As much as possible, he’ll tell the truth every time, even though it could hurt his Pine Tree. It would be better than a lie that would make him lose trust in him…but he didn’t want to hurt him either. That was the last thing he wanted to do to his precious Pine Tree.

…but what will I do when that time comes?

It was night, and the time for Bill to go finally came. They didn’t do very much after lunch; they just talked and read books with each other, reading certain parts to each other out loud from time to time.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Pine Tree. Swet dreams,” Bill said. He stood up and gathered his things after he said so.

“Good night, Bill, and uh...thanks for taking care of me,” Dipper replied.

“No prob! Now, if you don’t mind...” he trailed off. Before the brunet could ask anything, Bill planted a little kiss on his soft cheek and began to walk to the door. Dipper smiled, but that smile disappeared when a thought crossed his mind…again.

“Hey, Bill...” he started. Bill turned to Dipper, though he’d already opened the door slightly.

“Yes, Pine Tree?”

“...What are we?”

I guess kissing each other’s cheeks will be a thing now, but are we still counted as friends? Best friends? Did we become lovers without actually saying it? Probably not...I don’t know with Bill.

“Living creatures who may be interdependent when it comes to their hearts and minds.”

Bill then walked out and closed the door behind him, leaving Dipper confused in his bed. He smirked, knowing what he did despite not being able to see Pine Tree’s reaction, and walked back to his room.

Is he saying there’s a chance we...like each other? What is he trying to do?

...We’ll just have to see on Friday. I should make a plan.
Hi, hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Chapter 20 will be up next week, and it's longer than the usual chapter, even longer than Chapter 16. Chapter 21, however, will probably be the longest one yet in this story; it's like, FOUR times the length of a normal chapter, jesus christ. I'll try to get that done the week after Chapter 20. Chapter 22 would be posted the week after Chapter 21, but heads up: After chapter 22, I will take a 2-week break to have time to pre-write chapters. After Chapter 22 is the next arc of the story, so yeah.

Anyway, I hope you continue to enjoy this story! I really love you guys, you readers are very precious! You and your comments motivate me to write despite the other things I have to do ;u;
A Captured Image

Chapter Notes

Hello! Well, took me long enough to write this; I still have a bunch of schoolwork to do but this is worth it. So, hope you enjoy this chapter! Next chapter, again, will be long as FUCK, about more than 4x longer than the average chapter. Anyway, enjoy all this floof, and I hope you look forward to the next chapter!
Also, here's what they look like in their outfits:
http://ghara2.tumblr.com/post/144550992244/i-want-your-love-and-i-want-your-revenge-you

Edit: mothercuck I forgot to note Bill didn't have glasses but I thought like since he just woke up it'd be assumed? I still love the fanart though, I love you bab ;u; http://i-o-sin.tumblr.com/post/147114640189/inspired-from-the-fanfic-stitches-in-my-heart-by

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Never had so much nervousness and excitement struck Dipper upon waking up to a digital clock with ‘6:00 AM’ flashing on the screen as it beeped repeatedly, filling the room with what would be a very obnoxious noise if it weren’t for what his plans were for the day. The brunet quickly got out of bed before even turning off the alarm. That probably wasn’t the best idea, as he got struck with head rush immediately, not to mention that it was still quite dim, which only made his vision worse.

Once he could maintain his balance and see clearly, he went to the bathroom and splashed some water onto his face, rousing himself even more than he already was.

It’s today or never again.

For the past few days, Dipper had been devising a plan for this day. He hadn’t directly asked Bill about his schedule as that would draw too much suspicion, but he’d somehow figured out when his classes were. If the golden-haired man wasn’t in the library, nor in his room, the brunet assumed Bill was in class. He also considered his own break times and thankfully remembered a few occasions wherein Bill would leave for class while they were together.

Truth be told, he was probably close enough to Bill to casually ask about his schedule in their conversations, but he just couldn’t bear to risk anything. He had to keep things as they normally were between them. Dipper did a pretty good job at that, if he may say so himself.

He had been researching, shopping, and making calls behind Bill’s back. He felt no guilt, though, because it was all for him. After Bill left him last Sunday, he began to list down the said man’s interests. He was supposed to sleep, of course, and he knew Bill wanted him to rest. Maybe he felt a little guilty, but it would all be worth it for this night.

The day after that, he began to look up places that Bill might like. He wasn’t rich, so he couldn’t bring him anywhere too fancy, but he knew that although Bill was somewhat classy—and not just because of his bowtie—he loved to have fun. That said, he looked for places they could enjoy in.

Dipper had also remembered that Bill loves lemons. Since he’d always cook such mouth-watering meals for the brunet when he needed company, he decided that rather than taking him to a five-star
restaurant, he’d cook him a gourmet meal that would hopefully meet his standards. He was actually a pretty good cook, though Mabel was on a far more advanced level. Still, Dipper was confident in his own cooking skills. His sister was quite exceptional in general, so there was no point in comparing himself to her. He’d learned that years ago.

It took a whole day just to decide on which recipes to use and where they would go on their date. He told Bill that he had to do some research—which was true, technically speaking—during his breaks, so, just for that day, he didn’t write with Bill at the library. He seemed to be just fine the following day, but perhaps he felt a little lonesome that Tuesday.

For the rest of the week, other than this day, Dipper would call Mabel for advice. Pacifica ended up tagging along when they went shopping; Mabel invited her, and it seemed that he really did need her help, too. After all, she was raised in a rather posh lifestyle. She knew which tablecloths to choose, which brands of wine tasted the best, and so on. At one point, thanks to Mabel’s charms, she’d treated Dipper to some rather costly products, particularly the liquor and ingredients Dipper would make use of.

‘You better prepare something worthy of a five-star rating, Dipper Pines. I will sue you if it isn’t even worthy to be stepped on by my servants, just you watch me! I am most certainly not paying for these to be turned into utter garbage by your hands, you got that?’

Pacifica hasn’t changed that much, but Dipper supposed it couldn’t be helped. After all, she was being spoiled rotten and treated like a diva every single day of the luxurious life she was cheating with. The American Dream meant nothing to her. Still, Dipper believed that Mabel could change her. Not entirely, of course, but maybe she could learn to be a little less condescending.

Shopping wasn’t actually that easy; Dipper had to go out while Bill was in class, and he had to adjust to Mabel and Pacifica’s schedules to meet up. Sometimes, he’s sneak out after dinner and tell Bill he had to work on his report. He felt bad for lying, but today, all of his efforts will be worth it.

After wiping his face dry, the brunet walked to the counter. Thankfully, the dorm rooms his parents chose were the ‘special’ ones—similar to apartment rooms, but just with a little less facilities.

Once he put on his apron—which he kept hidden in a drawer; he didn’t want Bill to see that when he comes over—he took out a labeled paper bag out of one of the cupboards. He washed his hands thoroughly before taking out the ingredients one by one and placing them on the counter. He’d already prepared the equipment overnight, so he didn’t have to worry about that. With everything fully prepared, including himself, he began to cook breakfast for the man he was hopelessly in love with.

At about 7:03, he’d finally finished cooking a well-made lemon tart for Bill. He made him some lemonade too, which was a perfect mix of sweet and sour, just right for the taste buds. Surely, he would enjoy that for his breakfast.

The only problem was that he didn’t know what time Bill’s first class was on Fridays. Dipper worried that he would wake him up too early, but if he came too late, Bill would have eaten already. He had to do what he must and invite Bill over this morning. ‘Course, if he didn’t want to, he could just bring the food to him…

Shaking off those thoughts for just a little while, Dipper took off his apron and put it back in the drawer. Whilst he was temporarily devoid of worry, he set the table—or desk, rather. It was the best he could do in his dorm room. He saved the fancy tablecloth for later, though.
Once everything was in order, the brunet went out of his room and walked across the hallway. It wasn’t crowded, but a few students living in the same floor were walking around; it was time for breakfast at the refectory, after all. If Bill was planning to go downstairs, he’d probably be up by now.

Dipper took a deep breath and sighed. With a mind overflowing with anxious thoughts, he knocked thrice on the door and waited for a response. About a minute had passed and he hasn’t heard or felt any footsteps from the other side.

Though it would make sense if Bill was still asleep, he couldn’t help but worry a little. For all he knew, something could have happened to him. Dipper tried to open the door, and surprisingly, it was unlocked. That definitely didn’t help him get and less worried.

Dipper stepped inside carefully and closed the door as gentle as he could, so as not to wake Bill up if he really was just sleeping. He quietly walked to the bed, and thankfully, he found the golden-haired man sleeping soundly. For someone who seemed to be a neat freak, he was sleeping rather messily. His sheets were wrinkled, part of his blanket was spread on the floor, and his hair was tousled all over his pillow. His fringe was disheveled, too, and tufts of it covered parts of his face—parts of it almost fully covered his eye.

Dipper really wished he brought his phone right now; he’d love to take a picture of this. He wondered if Bill did something really tiring last night, though. He knelt on the floor beside the sleeping man and ever so lightly brushed aside the stray strands of hair from his beautiful face. He couldn’t help but stare at him. Bill looked so peaceful and relaxed, in contrary to his usual cheerful and lively self.

Judging from the way his chest was rising and falling, he seemed to be resting quite nicely. Dipper decided he probably shouldn’t wake him—who was he to rouse him from a perfectly good slumber? He could just wait for him to wake up; the lemon tart would be fine even if it cooled anyway.

He stood up and decided to let Bill sleep, but when he tried to walk away, he slipped on the blanket and fell with a loud thud on the ground—and the nightstand behind him, too. *Shit.*

At this point, it’d be a miracle if the golden-haired man didn’t wake up.

“The fuck…” he groaned as he slowly sat up, supporting his weight with his arm on the bed.

—Of course, miracles didn’t always happen.

Bill rubbed his eyes and blinked as he looked around, trying to find out what woke him up in the first place. His eyes lit up with recognition when he saw his dearest little Pine Tree on the floor, looking right back at him with those adorable chocolate brown irises.

“Oh, Pine Tree, it’s you. What can I do for you?” he asked as he offered his hand to the brunet.

“I uh…” Dipper cleared his throat and held onto the taller man’s hand as he stood up. He was too worried about what he thought of him at the moment—too worried to realize they were *holding hands.*

“Sorry for disturbing you, I was actually going to walk away but I slipped, so…yeah…” He looked down sheepishly and scratched the back of his neck, feeling his cheeks heat up in embarrassment as well.

“It’s alright, too late to do anything about it now anyway. So, why are you here, hm? Didn’t even think you knew the door was open.” Bill planted a kiss on the back of his hand and caressed it
tenderly, making the brunet’s cheeks turn from a tint of pink to a slightly darker shade of red.

“Uh… I was going to ask if you’d like to have breakfast in my room. I made you a lemon tart—“

Bill immediately perked up upon hearing the word ‘lemon.’

“Lemon tart? Sign me the fuck up. Let’s go!” He practically jumped out of the bed and dragged Dipper across the hall, headed to his room. He stopped in his tracks when he saw a nicely set table for two.

“Wow, didn’t expect you to set your desk, Pine Tree. Looks nice!” he remarked.

“Thanks, I uh, tried my best.”

“Welp, let’s eat!”

Bill excitedly trotted to the chair and pulled it back. Dipper laughed lightheartedly, seeing how Bill was a little too excited—he’d pulled the chair a little too far back and fell onto the floor when he tried to sit down. As if that wasn’t bad enough, the chair tipped over and fell onto the golden-haired man’s head. Bill pouted and crossed his arms like a little kid. Dipper chuckled for once last time before sitting beside the man who’d just fallen.

“Come on Bill, the lemon tart’s waiting,” he told the pouting man. Bill stared at him for a few seconds, like he was actually reluctant to eat a lemon tart.

“Fine, but you saw nothing,” he said as he stood up. Dipper could have sworn he saw Bill blushing, and in that split second, he saw how adorable embarrassed he was. He didn’t get to see him like this very often, so he’d always enjoy it whenever he did.

He stood up as well, raising his hands as if he were surrendering.

“I was blind,” he replied, closing his eyes and shaking his head lightly. Bill chortled and put the chair back to its original position. He sat down and pulled the chair so he’d be close enough to the desk. He did it more carefully this time to make sure he wouldn’t look like an idiot in front of his Pine Tree again.

“Alright, let’s eat! Come to think of it, I’ve never eaten something you’ve cooked before…this should be good.”

Dipper felt a little nervous now; what he made was a lemon tart. If Bill didn’t like it, he’d be screwed. He sat on the bed, right across the taller man.

“Y-yeah, let’s… let’s eat! And uh… hopefully you… like it…”

His voice gradually grew softer from the start of the latter part of what he just said to the point where he was just basically muttering the last few words. Bill raised his eyebrow in suspicion and worry, though he still sliced about a quarter of the lemon tart for himself.

“Pine Tree, if you’re gonna be that nervous, I might as well just sit beside you again,” he said, causing the brunet to flinch.

“N-no, it’s alright, don’t mine me! Was just nervous for a second there, but I’m fine now. Just… enjoy the lemon tart! I got you some lemonade too, as you can see, so… dig in!” Of course, he wasn’t the best at hiding how he really felt.
“Oh I will, but you sure you’re alright?” Bill asked, placing his slice on his plate. He didn’t sound very convinced.

“Yeah,” Dipper replied as he sliced himself a portion of the lemon tart and put it on his plate. Bill sighed and crossed his legs.

“When will you stop lying to me, Pine Tree?” He looked at Dipper rather boredly while resting his cheek on the back of his hand. The brunet looked back at him with a surprised yet somewhat hurt expression on his face. Oh.

“…Sorry. I’m just worried that you might not like my cooking, that’s all,” he admitted.

“That’s more like it.” Bill smiled and held Pine Tree’s hand in his. He brought it to his lips and softly pressed his lips onto it once more. He then pulled away with a little ‘pop’ and placed the brunet’s hand back on the table. Dipper wished that didn’t make him blush so easily, but thankfully, Bill didn’t tease him for that.

“Now, if you’re so worried, feed me,” Bill said.

“What? Why?”

“I might enjoy it more,” he winked, “Just for my birst bite, Pine Tree, please?”

Dipper chuckled, seeing how he really wanted him to feed him. I guess he wants it to be like a date already. I mean, he said ‘please.’

“Alright, sure.”

“Good, get some from mine,” Bill told him. He held up his plate so that Dipper wouldn’t have a hard time in doing so. The brunet picked up his fork and carefully sliced a small portion from the tart.

“Erm…open wide…” he said, bringing the fork closer to the taller man’s mouth. He wasn’t really sure of what to say; anything that came to mind was just cliche, including that. Regardless, Bill opened his mouth like he was asked to and waited until the tart was on his tongue before closing it. As Dipper slowly pulled the fork out, Bill remained silent while gradually opening his eyes wider and wider.

“…Bill?” Dipper called out, getting worried about what he thought of his cooking.

Bill stared off into the distance while he chewed ever so slowly—that is, until the tart’s creamy filling poured all over his tongue. He moaned and sighed ever so loudly whilst tilting his head back all the way.

“Mm…holy shit…” he whispered breathily.

“B-Bill, you alright there?”

“I’m in fucking heaven, Pine Tree, this is some good shit,” Bill suddenly sat up straight and slammed his palms onto the desk, startling the worried and nervous brunet, “Really, really good. I have never had a lemon tart as good as this, Pine Tree. Thank you!”

With that, Bill took another bite, while Dipper was left flattered, relieved, and speechless. That went a lot better than expected…I guess dinner won’t be a problem, then. Thank god. After a few moments, he came back to his senses and shook his head. He took a bite of his lemon tart, and Bill was right—it was really delicious.
Bill absolutely loved the lemon tart Pine Tree made. The crust tasted just like a shortbread cookie, and the filling was just the right mix of tangy and sweet. The filling was thick, and it tasted just like lemon curd, which he absolutely loved. The crunch from the crust combined with the softness of the rest of the tart just made it pure bliss to sink your teeth into it.

Within minutes, Bill and Dipper finished their portions. Surprisingly, Bill finished first—and he had a quarter of the whole thing.

“That was so good…” he said. He took a sip from his glass of lemonade, which made him even more excited, “And so is this lemonade! Pine tree, you’ve made me the perfect breakfast, I swear. It was just…so good.” Other words to describe the delectable treat his Pine Tree made came to mind—there were lots of them, actually, but for some reason, that was all he could say. Nevertheless, Dipper smiled.

“No problem, glad you loved it.” I love you more, though.

“So, here’s a casual question…what time do your classes begin today?” the brunet asked since they probably didn’t have anything else to talk about. Bill leaned back on his seat before he answered.

“Well, first, I have a class from 9-10 AM. After that, I have a break for half an hour, then I go to another class on 10:30, which lasts until 11:30. That’s it, really,” he elaborated.

“Oh, alright.”

“I could give you a printed copy of my weekly schedule if you want it, y’know?” he offered. Saying ‘Here’s a casual question’ made it pretty obvious that he wanted to know something he was probably too shy to ask before, so he might as well do him a favor.

“Really? Thats—that’s great, thanks!” Dipper said.

“You’ll have to give me yours though. Deal?” he asked, offering his hand. The brunet thought about it, but it wasn’t like there was anything wrong with giving Bill his schedule. If anything, it was pretty fair. He brushed off his doubts and shook hands with the taller man.

“Deal.”

After they released each other, Bill leaned back and drank some more lemonade. He really enjoyed it too—it had just the right amount of sour.

“Well, I still have about an hour to spare. So, how would you like to murder some time?” he asked. Dipper raised his eyebrow in suspicion upon the mention of the word ‘murder.’ It was probably just Bill being himself, though, cracking dark jokes and all.

“You mean ‘kill’ some time?” the brunet pointed out.

“Same thing.”

Dipper rolled his eyes playfully. “Well, I guess we could write together like we usually do. I don’t really have a lot of ideas,” he said.

“Hm…yeah, we haven’t done that in a while. You’ve been pretty busy, Pine Tree.”

“Yeah, there was a lot of stuff to do. I’m all done with the preparations now, though.” Preparations? Bill stood up and walked to the brunet.
“I’ll meet you at the library, Pine Tree.” He pressed his lips onto Dipper’s soft cheek shortly before walking to the door.

“Thanks for that heavenly breakfast!” With that, Bill walked out and closed the door, leaving Dipper flustered on the bed. Carefully, he placed his fingers on the spot Bill kissed him and stroked it a bit.

He’s never kissed me on the cheek again since he took care of me…what was different? Heck—no, hell, what are we anyway? I’m pretty sure normal friends don’t kiss each other’s cheeks, but we’re not lovers…yet. Maybe. There’s—there’s a chance he likes me back…hopefully. For now, I guess we’re best friends? I wouldn’t call it that, but I guess we’re in that awkward stage—more than friends, less than lovers. Much, much less than lovers.

Welp, can’t keep him waiting.

He stood up and took his bag right away. He walked to the door whilst ruffling his hair a little, then walked out and locked the door behind him. He didn’t know if Bill headed straight to the library or if he was still in his room getting his stuff; he didn’t hear his door open or close since he wasn’t paying attention to the sounds in the hallway.

Dipper decided to just head to the library without knocking at Bill’s door; not like he was going to open up, anyway. He’s probably gone by now.

Although 6:00 was quite early, Dipper decided to have dinner with Bill right now. He had a plan for the night and there’s a lot of places he planned to go to with Bill.

Dipper put away his apron and took one last look at his setup. It was nice and fancy…and pretty romantic. Well, sort of. It wasn’t the usual candlelit dinner for two, but he’d cooked them a gourmet meal. There was a bottle of five star quality red wine—at least, according to Pacifica—and two wine glasses on the table, which was covered with a gold tablecloth. Dipper had considered a candlelit dinner, but he thought it was just plain cliché.

Once he was satisfied, he changed into what he planned to wear for their date. He wore a t-shirt with the words ‘I want your love’ printed on it in gold along with dark gray skinny jeans and his usual black and white sneakers. Finally, he took the sweater Mabel gave him to wear for tonight. It was yellow—which wasn’t surprising at all since it was for Bill, after all—and on the back was an embroidered eye which looked just like the one in the triangle on Bill’s back, but bigger.

About two weeks ago, Mabel asked Dipper if there was anything special in Bill’s body, so he told her about the birthmark. He felt pretty guilty though, so he told Bill about what he did. Thankfully, he didn’t seem to mind; he was okay with it since it was Shooting Star.

Going back, Dipper understood why she asked. Other than the eye, there was also a black bowtie design below the turtleneck. Of course, it wasn’t Bill without a bowtie.

After examining the sweater, Dipper pulled it over his head and tugged it downwards to straighten it. It’s a little too big…well, ‘a little’ is an understatement. Welp, this is gonna be embarrassing.

Nevertheless, Dipper walked out the door and across the hallway. He adjusted the turtleneck a little in nervousness and sighed. He knocked thrice on the door and slid his hands into his pockets, though he took them back out and let them stay on his sides instead—it looked pretty ridiculous because of the sweater when his hands were in his pockets.

After a few moments, Bill opened the door and smiled at the brunet.
"Well if it isn’t Pine Tree. You look adorable in that sweater! Nice design.” He stroked Dipper’s hair, making the brunet blush in embarrassment. *Well, that was fast.*

"Er, thanks…this sweater is for you, actually. Mabel made it. Should I give it to you now?” Dipper asked. *If he takes it, then…do I have to confess? Probably not; the date hasn’t even started yet.*

“Nah, wear it for a while. I want your scent on it,” Bill replied. The brunet raised his eyebrow, but he just shrugged off his slight suspicion—it was just Bill being himself, as usual.

“Actually, Shooting Star gave me a sweater for you, too. I’ll go wear it in a bit. Now, why’d you come here, Pine Tree?” the taller man asked, wanting to get back on track before the brunet might forget why he came to him in the first place.

“Right, uh, I was going to invite you to have dinner in my room. There’ll be dessert after, too. After that, I was thinking we could…go out? I-I don’t mean go out like hook up, I meant to just…literally go out. With you. That’s kinda why I’m borrowing your car…sorry, I forgot to get mine with Mabel’s help, and it’s too late to rent…”

“It’s alright, Pine Tree, just don’t scratch it.” He ran his fingers through Dipper’s hair once again before he continued. “Anyway, I’d love to have dinner with you! Let me just change into my date clothes for tonight—“

Dipper cheeks immediately flushed when Bill referred to their night out as a date.

“D-date?!” he exclaimed.

“Well…isn’t it a date? Dinner for two, going places that may or may not be romantic…just the two of us. That’s a date, isn’t it?” the taller man pointed out. Dipper pulled up the turtleneck on Bill’s sweater just enough to cover half his face and looked at the ground.

“If you put it that way…I guess,” he said.

“I wouldn’t mind going on a date with you, Dipper Pines.”

Dipper’s cheeks heated up even more when Bill said his name. He stood still, completely unable to move. *Bill said my name. Bill. I don’t think he’s ever said it before…nope, he hasn’t. Well, at least I know he does remember it.*

Bill carefully slid his arms around his Pine Tree’s waist and pulled him against his body. He turned them around and closed the door behind him.

He then leaned into the brunet’s ear and whispered, “Go sit on the bed, Pine Tree. I’ll get dressed.”

He pulled away and walked to the closet, leaving Dipper at the door. Once he had taken his shirt off, he noticed that the brunet was still standing there and staring at him. He smirked.

“You want to watch me change, Pine Tree?” he asked, making the shorter man come back to his senses and immediately look away in embarrassment.

“I-I’ll sit on the bed,” Dipper said. He then walked to the bed and sat on the edge, facing away from Bill, who chuckled and put on a black t-shirt with the words ‘I want your revenge’ printed on it in gold, which was coincidentally similar to Dipper’s, but Bill didn’t know that.

The taller man glanced back at the brunet, who was still sitting there in silence. He pulled off his shorts and put on a pair of black trousers. He sat on the edge of the bed, right across Dipper, and put
on a new pair of socks and his brown hipster boots. Dipper felt the weight shift on the bed, but he didn’t look back.

Bill stood up and finally put on the sweater Mabel gave him. It was white, Prussian blue on the turtleneck parts, and it had a pine tree design on the front, which looked just like the one on Dipper’s cap. The sweater was meant to be a little loose on Dipper, so it fit him just fine.

“I’m done, Pine Tree! This is the sweater Shooting Star made for you!”

The brunet stood up and turned to Bill. Perhaps he would have remarked on his t-shirt if he saw it.

“Huh, it’s really nice. As expected of Mabel,” he said.

“Feels really soft too! So, how about that dinner?”

“Oh, sure; wouldn’t want the food to get cold.” *How long have we been here, anyway?*

Dipper walked out first. Bill took his keys and kept them in his pocket before he followed the brunet and locked the door on his way out. *If breakfast was heaven, I can only wonder what dinner would be.*

Dipper opened the door to his room and waiting for Bill to come in closing it.

“Nice setup—fancy! Where shall I sit, Pine Tree?” Bill asked.

“On any seat you want, really…” the brunet replied, walking to the taller man.

“Well, I’ll sit on the bed this time. I assume you’re right in front of me because you want me to pet you, so—“

“W-wait, no, I wasn’t—“

Bill stroked his hair anyway, making him shut up. It wasn’t like he didn’t like it, after all. Once the taller man was done, he walked to the edge of the bed and sat by the table.

“So, what’s for dinner?” he asked. Dipper was glad he asked; he had an answer for that question, and that might impress him, even just a little.

“I cooked us some pan-fried lamb chops garnished with rosemary sprigs, and surrounding it, as you can see, are potato roses with ketchup. Just added the ketchup so there’s at least be *some* red. A friend of mine helped me pick out this top notch red wine…” Dipper trailed off and shifted his gaze to the wall, then to the floor. “…I’ll just drink grape juice though since I don’t wanna get drunk.”

“You’re adorable when you’re drunk though…and more needy and cuddly,” Bill remarked.

“I want to remember this night. You can get me drunk some other night if you really want to.” Dipper pulled up his turtleneck to cover half his face yet again. He sat across Bill and crossed his arms, though he looked at the table rather than the man in front of him.

Bill chuckled.

“You’re still cute when you’re sober, don’t go getting jealous with the drunk you,” he said. Dipper’s cheeks only got redder at that remark. He didn’t say anything.

“Aw come on Pine Tree, at least look at me before we eat,” Bill pleaded.
And he did. Dipper was still a bit reluctant, but he didn’t want this night to go downhill. He uncovered his face, at least. That was enough to make Bill grin.

“And, let’s eat! Can’t wait to eat more of your cooking, Pine Tree!”

Bill excitedly placed a lamb chop on his plate and sliced it. He ate some, then he took a bite of the meat. He was clearly loving its taste, and watched him react while he waited for him to swallow.

“Pine Tree, this is fantastic! It’s so tender and I could just feel the juice flow the moment I bit it!” He took one of the potato roses and examined it, twirling it around in his hand. “And these potato roses are really well-made, they’re really beautiful…did you shape them yourself, Pine Tree?” he asked, looking back at the brunet with a glint of excitement in his eyes.

Dipper smiled. “Yeah, I did.”

“Amazing!” Bill took a bite of it and looked even happier than he already was. “Crunchy, I love it!” He then carefully put it down and took a sip of the red wine, eager to taste everything the brunet prepared for him. “Splendiferous! Your friend had great taste, Pine Tree!”

“Well, she is rich…” the brunet said.

“Hey, you haven’t eaten a single bit yet, you should enjoy the delectable mean you’ve made for us!” Dipper chuckled, seeing how he was really excited. “Yeah, alright.”

The brunet took a bite and understood how it was for Bill—it was great. Bill then held a spoonful of rice in front of Dipper, who raised an eyebrow in return.

“I can—“

He fed the brunet before he could even argue. He held up his fork with a chunk of the lamb chop as well. Dipper let him feed him more, though he chewed poutily. Bill chortled and continued to enjoy their dinner even more.

“I can eat by myself just fine, you know,” Dipper said, taking a bite off a potato rose.

“Well, people feed each other at dates, right?” Bill asked.

“Well, I guess they do…” Right, a date.

The two continued to eat, interrupted whatever silence came between them with the occasional banter. Bill would flirt as well, making his Pine Tree blush every time. It never gets old.

After they were both done eating, Dipper put away their utensils and plates and took out two sets of clean ones. He placed them on the counter and turned back to the taller man.

“Still got room for dessert, Bill? I’m making lemon crêpes,” he said, walking to the bed.

“Plenty of room, Pine Tree, especially if you’re the one making them!” Bill replied, looking at the brunet excitedly. However, that look of excitement was short-lived; it changed to one of desire within seconds.

Dipper carefully took Bill’s sweater off, exposing a little bit of his rather pale skin as his shirt was getting pulled up as well. Bill couldn’t help but stare at where he saw his flesh. Even though it was just for a few seconds, he thought it was beautiful. It looked really soft and smooth and he wanted to touch it…stroke it…caress it. Of course, he couldn’t. Not yet. He hated to wait, but if waiting meant
he could make Pine Tree his, he’d do it. He sighed.

*The things I do for you, Pine Tree.*

“You can watch some TV first if you want; you don’t have to watch me cook. I’ll wear the sweater after,” Dipper told him, completely oblivious to what the golden-haired man wanted to do with him.

“I think I’d prefer to watch you cook,” Bill said with a little smirk. Dipper started to blush a little, thinking of how embarrassing it would be.

“…Suit yourself.” *Other than the embarrassment, I guess nothing would be wrong with that. I just hope he doesn’t think I look ridiculous with the apron on.*

The brunet walked away from Bill, going to the little kitchen area. He hesitantly opened a drawer and took out his apron. He put it on, closed the drawer, and reached up to open a specific cupboard. Inside the cupboard was another set of ingredients prepared by himself.

The corners of Bill’s mouth turned up when he saw Pine Tree tiptoe a little to reach what he needed. He was tempted to walk over and get it himself, but it was fun to watch the brunet struggle, even though it was just a little.

Dipper pretended not to feel Bill’s stare and took out a mixture from the fridge. He carefully uncovered the bowl and placed it near the stove.

Bill was always so easily entertained by Pine Tree. All he was doing right now was watching him and he couldn’t stop smiling. The apron only made him look cuter and whenever the brunet turned, he could swear his cheeks were a little pink.

Once Dipper poured some batter onto the pan, Bill walked over and slowly sneaked his arms around Pine Tree’s waist. The brunet almost dropped his spatula as he felt an all-too-familiar warmth radiating onto him. He sighed and tried to relax, though his face was still pretty red.

Bill rested his head on Dipper’s shoulder, lips barely touching the crook of his neck.

“Mind if I watch from this close, Pine Tree?” he asked.

“N-not at all…just don’t distract me,” Dipper stuttered.

“I’ll try.” *It’s pretty hard not to do anything to you from this close, Pine Tree.*

The brunet sighed again and continued to cook while being held by Bill. It didn’t take long before he turned off the stove and began to decorate the crêpes on separate plates. Dipper placed a few lemon wedges on each plate—more on Bill’s, of course—and sprayed some whipped cream onto them. Finally, he sprinkled them with powdered sugar and picked up the plates.

“I’m gonna put these on the desk now, so uh…l-let go?” he said.

“Alrighty.” Bill pulled away like he was told to, but not before giving Pine Tree a little kiss on the cheek. Dipper stiffened up for a bit and felt his face burning up, but he came back to his senses after a few moments and turned around. He felt who was doing something wrong, but he didn’t really see how he could screw things up right now, so he ignored it and walked to the table while Bill followed.

“…Don’t want me kissing you on the cheek anymore, Pine Tree?” Bill asked.
“What?” the brunet asked back as he placed the plates on the table. He turned to the taller man and tried to think of something to reassure him.

“I still do…r-really.” Right, that’s really convincing. Dipper took off his apron just to have an excuse to not look at Bill for a bit.

“You sure? Didn’t seem like you enjoyed me hugging you after.”

“I did…I just…” He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. Dipper walked to Bill and looked up at him even though his cheeks were still a little red. I can’t believe I’m gonna do this.

“When you…k-kiss me on the cheek or hug me, my mind just goes blank for a moment. My face would turn red and I could swear my heart skips a beat…I-I have no idea what to do or say, but I really like it when you…do those things. You make me go crazy, but I like y—it.” That was a perfect time to confess, why didn’t I?

Dipper grabbed onto the sweater Bill was wearing and pulled him down. He tiptoed a bit as well, just to make sure he could reach him, and gently pressed his lips onto his cheek. Shortly, he pulled away and lowered his heels back onto the ground. He didn’t want to see how Bill looked at him, so he wrapped his arms around the taller man’s torso and buried his face into the crook of his neck.

Bill smiled a little and pulled him closer by where he’d always embrace him. He tenderly ran his fingers through Pine Tree’s fluffy locks and planted a kiss on the top of his head. He felt the shorter man hug him tighter.

He chuckled. Dipper slowly pulled away and held one of Bill’s hands with both of his.

“That was kinda cliché, but uh…we good? Dessert’s waiting,” he said.

“Yeah, let’s go eat some lemon crêpes!”

Dipper released Bill’s hand, only to have the taller man hold his instead and kiss it. The brunet turned away, not wanting the taller man to see his reddened cheeks, and took his apron.

“You go sit down, I’ll just keep this and wear the sweater.”

“Alrighty,” Bill said. He walked to the edge of the bed while Pine Tree went back to the drawer and kept his apron in it. He then walked to the bed and put on the sweater while Bill watched.

After he kept his key and phone in his pockets, he sat across the taller man. Bill carefully sliced a little portion of the crêpe and ate it along with a bite of a lemon wedge. He closed his eyes and chewed carefully, savoring the taste of the dessert. Upon swallowing, he opened his eyes once more and looked at his Pine Tree with the same glint of excitement in his eyes from earlier—maybe he was even more excited than before.

Dipper looked at the taller man confusedly as he stood up and walked to him. He wasn’t sure of what he was doing, but it became clear in a few seconds. Bill bent down and kissed Pine Tree on the cheek.

“Made them better than my mother,” he whispered. He then stood straight, and when he did, he saw his red-faced Pine Tree placing his hand where he’d just kissed him.

“I uh…t-thank you…” he stammered, running out of words to say.

“No problem, Pine Tree. You’re a really good cook.”
Dipper smiled. “You’re really good too, you know.”

“I know that.”

Dipper rolled his eyes playfully. Right, he’s gotta be the fucking king of narcissists or something. Bill sat back on the edge of the bed and took a sip of red wine—he even held the glass the way fancy people do.

“But thank you,” he said with a flirtatious wink. Well, at least he thanked me for once. That’s new.

“No problem,” the brunet replied, acting like he didn’t see that attractive wink of his. He sliced off a small part of the crêpe and lifted his fork. He watched Bill eat rather happily while he hesitantly brought his fork closer to his lips.

I could feed him. I mean, it’s a date after all, and more importantly, I should be making the moves, not him…so far it was him doing all the flirting. I have to do something.

Dipper was now holding the fork close to the taller man’s mouth. Not right in front of his lips, but just enough to let him know that he wanted to feed him. Bill eagerly leaned in and ate the bit of the crêpe Pine Tree was offering him. He then leaned back while the brunet pulled the fork out of his mouth.

Dipper sliced a portion for himself and took a bite. It was good. It was really thin and soft and delicious. He took a bite off the lemon as well. His face contorted a little since, of course, it was pretty sour, but it was still good. Bill watched him while he also ate; it was like dinner with a show, except it was dessert. He would shift his gaze from his facial expressions to his lips every once in a while. Fuck, he’s adorable. Wish I could at least tease him with touching him.

Two crêpes and a few lemons later, Dipper was washing the dishes. He rolled up the sleeves of the sweater to be safe; he could have just taken it off, but Bill wanted him to keep it on. Once he was done, he pulled the sleeves back down and walked to Bill.

“So…you ready for the rest of the date?” he asked.

“Sure! Where are you gonna take us, Pine Tree?”

“Well, I got quite a lot planned. First, an arcade, then, we could go to Zombie Lasertag. After that, we’ll take a break at a coffee shop and maybe go to this art library I found. The last two destinations are surprises,” he elaborated.

“Surprises, huh? Interesting…” Bill remarked. Dipper smirked, knowing that Bill would be curious.

“Yeah, and you’re gonna love them.”

“Well, if you’re so sure, I better not be disappointed,” the taller man said. He smirked right back at the brunet and took out his keys.

“You definitely won’t be. Now, let’s go,” Dipper said, putting on his bag. He gave Bill a quick kiss on the cheek and grabbed the keys from his hand. Score!

Before Dipper could walk to the door, however, Bill ensnared the brunet with his arms.

“Hang on now, wait for me,” he said, pulling Dipper onto his lap.

Pine Tree laughed lightheartedly, almost causing the taller man to blush. Luckily, he held it back.
“Alright, alright,” Dipper chuckled. Bill couldn’t help but laugh along. He kissed his happy Pine Tree on the cheek with a little ‘mwah’ and embraced him tighter around his waist. Dipper giggled and laughed even more, and Bill loved the happiness on his face. He always loved making him smile. He would always look so cute and it would make Bill’s heart flutter every time.

Dipper relaxed and leaned back once he was done. “C’mon, we gotta finish playing at the arcade before 8pm—that’s when Zombie Lasertag starts,” he said.

“Alright, alright.”

Bill planted one last kiss on his slightly pink cheek before letting him go. Dipper was going to stand up, but he got a little idea. He took out his phone, unlocked it, and opened the camera app.

“How about a picture before we go?” he asked.

“Sure! Damn, I should’ve taken a pic of the food you made for dinner…” Bill said.

Dipper leaned closer to Bill so their faces were right next to each other.

“That’s alright, I could cook for you again if you want.”

Bill leaned a little towards Pine Tree so their cheeks would be squished together. He looked at the camera and smiled.

“Please.”

And with that, Dipper captured their photo. Bill had a soft smile, which was a rather nice contrast to his usual cheerful grins and mischievous smirks. Dipper was pretty different as well; in most of his self-taken pictures, he’d be grinning. However, in this one, he wasn’t. Rather, he donned a smile just like Bill’s—tender, warm, and full of affection; maybe even love. He liked it, it felt nice—both their smiled and the fact that he could feel the warmth on Bill’s cheek, that is.

Dipper took one last look at the photo before exiting his gallery and slipping his phone back into his pocket. It had a feature which locked it if the screen was covered, so he didn’t have to do it himself.

“Thanks,” he said, standing up.

“My pleasure!” Bill replied as he got off the bed as well.

“Oh, let’s really go now.”

Dipper opened the door and walked out, while Bill followed and locked the door behind them.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, hope you enjoyed this~ I'm just gonna give y'all another heads up. I will do my BEST to be able to publish Chapter 21 next week, okay? BUT, in case I don't, I will post it the weekend after that. I really hope I do, though, I don't wanna keep you guys waiting.
Hello my precious children, I've worked my ass off for three days just to write this very, very long chapter, so I hope you love it! If you're going to read this, do it if you have a lot of time; might take you an hour or something, I dunno. Anyway, I really did my best for this one and make sure it would satisfy all of you! It's the moment you've all been waiting for, so enjoy these cute dorks along with Bill's hilarious lines! I really enjoyed writing some of his dialogue, you'll see why. I'll just drop off a few things in this note for you to check out while you read!

TL note: "Mathematica, scientia, sensibus amplio, nunc non deficient mihi." = "Mathematics, science, heightened senses (well, 'improved perception' when directly translated), don't fail me now."

As Time Goes By: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d22CiKMPpaY
Also, I'm still not over that fanart I got for last chapter, I really love it ;u; It's here: http://i-o-sin.tumblr.com/post/147114640189/inspired-from-the-fanfic-stitches-in-my-heart-by

A few flights of stairs later, the two walked out of the building. Bill guided Dipper to where his car was parked, knowing that he’d probably forgotten since he’d only been there once—unless he checked out his car without him knowing, that is. That’s a nice thought.

Once they were at the car, the brunet pressed a button on the keypad attached to the car key to unlock the doors, just like he saw him do before. Bill then went into the passenger’s seat while Dipper, of course, sat in the driver’s seat.

“…I think we should’ve taken off the sweaters. I mean, we are going to play laser tag later, so we might sweat if we keep these on,” Dipper pointed out.

“I guess what’s why you call them sweaters, Pine Tree.”

“Haha. No. Now let’s take them off,” said the brunet in a flat tone. The smug smirk on Bill’s face disappeared as he rolled his eyes and gave in.

“Fine. You go first,” he said.

“Why?” Pine Tree asked with a raised eyebrow while he took off his bag.

“I wanna watch you.”

Dipper could feel the blood rise in his cheeks, but that didn’t stop him. He should probably get used to stripping in front of Bill…at some point.

“Okay then…”

He carefully took off the sweater while the taller man stared at him. He wasn’t sure what he was
expecting though, there’s nothing interesting about a man taking off a turtleneck sweater. Bill was a little disappointed; Dipper’s shirt didn’t ride up again like it did a while ago—that is, until it did when he turned to toss the sweater and the bag to the back of the car.

Bill relished in this moment. The sight of Pine Tree’s absolutely lovely—maybe even perfect. It was, in his eyes—skin from this close was pure bliss for him. If only he could touch it—now, that would make him euphoric. Although he loved it, the fact that Dipper was so oblivious to the things he does to him irked him. You’re a fucking tease. You’re a temptation. Hell, I daresay you’re a sin…but I do like sinning.

“Bill?” the brunet called out. The taller man quickly snapped out of his trance and shifted his gaze to Pine Tree’s face.

“Yeah?” he said.

“You were staring…well, anyway, go take that sweater off,” Dipper continued, fastening his seatbelt. Bill glanced at his Pine Tree’s shirt and smirked.

“Alright.”

Dipper watched as Bill took his sweater off and toss it to the back as well. His movements were so much smoother than his and he admired it. Perhaps that was a thing with all good dancers…and he was nothing compared to that. He wish that moment lasted a little longer, but it only took so long to take off a sweater. It was then he suddenly caught sight of the design of his shirt.

“Woah, we’re matching,” he said.

“Sure are.” Bill gave Dipper a kiss on the cheek and buckled up. “Let’s go and have a bad romance!”

Dipper snorted at his little reference. “You make it sound a little wrong…” he trailed off. It was a little harder with a seatbelt on, but he leaned in and kissed Bill on the cheek anyway. “…but alright.”

*I could’ve just kissed Pine Tree when he leaned in, dammit. That would’ve been perfect.*

The brunet leaned back on his seat and started the car. However, before he could even step on the gas pedal, Bill reminded him of something.

“Don’t forget the traffic cone, Pine Tree!” he said.

“Right…”

Dipper carefully backed up the car, not wanting to get it scratched in the first few seconds he was driving. Once he got it completely out of its spot, he unbuckled his seatbelt and stepped out. While he walked to the trunk, Bill unlocked it for him with a press of a button, knowing that he forgot to do that…or he didn’t even know how to do that in the first place.

Dipper then opened the trunk and took out the traffic cone, which was actually heavier than it looked. He struggled a little as he carried it to the parking spot, but he made it. Once that was settled, he walked back to the car, closed the trunk, and sat back in the driver’s seat.

“Thanks for unlocking the trunk,” he said as he fastened his seatbelt.

“No problem, I noticed you forgot.”
The brunet’s cheeks turned a little pink in embarrassment.

“Yeah…forgot…welp, to the arcade we go.”

Dipper still had his knowledge about driving, so he had no problem in getting them out of the campus. Now, that was something, but the city at night was entirely different. It was pretty nice at day, but it was absolutely beautiful night. He hasn’t driven a car around the city, so all the lights and tall buildings just amazed him.

As he drove, he had to try really hard to stop himself from looking around. It was a shame he had to focus on the road. Bill was gazing at him the whole time. Who wouldn’t smile seeing Dipper looking so excited? Bill definitely would, and he was.

He decided he wanted to capture an image of his face. He took out his phone and opened the camera app. Bill tried to lean a little as he extended his arm. Of course, he wanted to be in the picture too. This was a memorable moment for him and Pine Tree—Dipper was driving his car to the first destination of their date, and both of them were very excited. There’s also the fact that no one other than Bill has driven his car except for Pine Tree. He was very special and dear to him. He loved him.

Bill looked at the camera, flashed a grin, and took their photo. He then leaned back on his chair and checked out the picture in the gallery. It was pretty nice. There was him with a big wide grin on his face, then there was Pine Tree in the background, looking focused yet excited. Bill could see a little bit of the blurred view from the window behind the brunet, too.

“What are you doing?” Dipper asked curiously.

“Staring at the beautiful photograph I just took.” Bill still had his eyes on the screen and was smiling like an idiot. The brunet chuckled softly. There was a chance he was talking about himself as the beautiful part of the picture, but he could also be talking about him. He wouldn’t always be a huge narcissist.

“You mean a picture of you with me driving in the background?” he said.

“No, a picture of us on our date.”

Dipper felt his cheeks warm up, and though he wanted to see how the taller man was looking at him—if he was, that is—he couldn’t turn to look at him.

Bill took another photo—a picture of Pine Tree blushing. It was just him in the photo this time. I suppose a picture can look nice even when I’m not in it…I mean, it’s Pine Tree. He’s always adorable.

He snickered rather dorkily to himself as he looked at the picture.

“What’d you take that for?” Dipper asked.

“You just looked so cute, Pine Tree.” Bill gave Dipper a quick kiss on the cheek before going back to looking at their photos and smiling to himself.

“Hey, no distractions,” the brunet teased.

“Aww, fine,” the taller man replied in a melodramatic tone. They laughed together at their little banter, though as they were, Bill thought about Pine Tree.

He gets less flustered every time I kiss him on the cheek, and slowly, he kisses me more and more.
That’s good. He’s getting used to it; he’s being more confident and less shy and that’s great. I love him and I want him to be comfortable around me. I’m going a great job. He can act as dorky as he wants around me and he wouldn’t be so embarrassed anymore. He’ll trust me.

Bill stared at their pictures for a few more seconds, then exited the gallery app and locked his phone. He kept it back in his pocket and looked at Pine Tree.

“Hey, Pine Tree,” he called out.

“Yeah, Bill?” Dipper replied, though he was still focused on the road.

“Would you mind if I held your hand later? Like, in public and all.”

Dipper was surprised by his question, but he couldn’t look at Bill until he could stop the car. He smiled though; it was nice of him to ask.

“No.” He glanced at the taller man. “I wouldn’t mind at all.”

Bill smiled back, though that smile curled into a smirk in a matter of seconds.

“I’d kiss you on the cheek, but you said ‘no distractions’…” he teased. The brunet hummed audibly, pretending to think about it.

“Well, maybe you could distract me a little,” he said.

“I know you like it when I kiss your cheek.” Bill leaned in and gave his Pine Tree another kiss on the cheek. Dipper didn’t say a thing until Bill sat back.

“Guess I do.”

The taller man looked at him surprisedly, though he smirked again in a few seconds—Dipper couldn’t faze him for very long. No one can.

“You just earned yourself another distraction.”

Bill kissed the brunet on the cheek again, emphasizing the sounds a little more this time. Dipper giggled and stepped on the brake—thankfully, he saw the stop light go red, despite having just one eye open in that split second. He released the steering wheel just to cup the sweet man’s cheek. He could care less about the pedestrians crossing right now.

Might as well kiss Pine Tree now…then again, can’t bite off more than I can chew. One wrong step and the minefield blows up.

“Bill, you okay there?” Dipper asked.

“Huh? Yeah, I’m alright,” he replied.

The brunet turned back to look at the road. “You sure? You kinda spaced out when I…kissed you. On the cheek.” As he saw the green light flash, Dipper continued to drive.

“Yeah, don’t worry about it! I love it when you kiss me, so just keep going, y’know?”

Love…? Maybe I could tell him when we get there.

Dipper smiled. “Sure, I’ll uh, keep kissing you…okay, that sounded weird.”
Bill chuckled. “We’re both a couple o’ weirdos, Pine Tree. But hey, I like weird, remember?” Bill reminded him.

“Pff, like I could forget it.”

“True, Pine Tree. Very true.” Bill kissed him on the cheek again; he just couldn’t get enough of it. He’d take it a little further if Pine Tree’s trust wasn’t very fragile.

Dipper looked at the taller man endearingly, as if reassuring him that he wouldn’t distrust him, though of course that wasn’t possible—he couldn’t read his mind. Bill didn’t know why he was staring at him like that so suddenly, but he looked at Pine Tree the same way.

_I love it when you kiss me too…well, I love you in general, really. I’ll make sure I tell you later._

“CURVE!” Bill yelled, causing the brunet to snap back to reality.

“FUCK!” he exclaimed. He quickly turned the steering wheel, avoiding the edge of the road. He panted, waiting for his heartbeat to slow down.

“Alright, tone down the distractions…you have plenty of time later,” he told the taller man.

“Fine, I’ll try.”

“We’re almost there, don’t worry.”

“…Am I allowed to kiss you in public?” Bill asked. Dipper didn’t respond for a while—he knew he was blushing. When he did say something, though, he didn’t exactly answer the question.

“Since when do you even ask permission?” he said, accompanied by nervous laughter.

“Since I want this date to go well. I’ll take that as a no?” the taller man answered, crossing his legs and arms. He didn’t mean anything with his actions though, it was just something he’d always do. Dipper knew that well, and he wished he could look at him right now—he always found it quite attractive whenever he did that. He sighed and smiled.

“Well…I’ll allow it. We’re going to the arcade though, so…don’t do it too much there, since there’s children and all…”

Bill smiled a little as well. Though he knew he couldn’t look at him, he didn’t want him to worry.

“You sure you’re alright with it?”

“Yeah, I mean, it’s you…n-not that I meant anything by that, but uh…I just think I should get used to it.” _If we ever become a couple, I really should get used to doing it in public._

“Alright! Can’t wait for both the arcade and kissing you in public!” the taller man cheered. The brunet chuckled, and he laughed as he felt a soft pair of lips press onto his cheek.

“We’re really close now, Bill,” he said.

“Yeah, we are.”

Dipper didn’t realize what he said meant something different to Bill, though it was true one way or the other.
“We’re here! I’ll just get us some change and I’m gonna win us all the tickets you want in a few tries,” Dipper said rather confidently. Bill smirked, having something up his sleeve as well.

“Oh, really? Well, I can get you anything from the claw machine. So, what do you want? The usual stuffed toy? I can also win you stuff from Key Expert and other similar stuff,” he said. The brunet raised an eyebrow and smirked back, interested in his offer. It’d be fun to see that he was actually bluffing, but if he was telling the truth, he’d be impressed.

“You sure about that? Those games are usually rigged.”

“Hundred percent sure, Pine Tree. I’ve been a master at those since I was a kid, I can get literally anything from them. So, what do you want, hm?” Bill asked as he slung his arm around his Pine Tree’s shoulders and pulled him closer.

“Well, I don’t really sleep with stuffed toys and I don’t have a sweet tooth…those two apply to Mabel—“

“But it’s our date, so I should get something for you.” Bill playfully poked the tip of his Pine Tree’s rosy little nose, make him giggle.

“Well, I don’t really know so…surprise me,” Dipper said. He’s pretty close to my face… I could kiss him. Right now. I think it’ll be just fine, the mood seems right and we’re not in the arcade yet…

But he couldn’t. Even now, he was far too shy. He was the one taking Bill on a date and he was supposed to be the one making the moves, but I think that’s too forward…

“Oh believe me, I will,” Bill said.

“Alright, let’s do this.”

The two entered the arcade and headed directly to the counter. Dipper got them forty quarters, so each of them got twenty.

“Well, that ought to do it. So, I’ll see you around?” Dipper said.

“Yeah, see you around.” Bill quickly gave Dipper a kiss on the cheek and ran off before the brunet could even register what just happened. Once he did, he shook his head and took out a quarter from his pocket. Time to do some calculations and show Bill just what I can do.

He walked around, looking for a game that would yield a lot of tickets. He didn’t just focus on the games, though—he looked around in general. The arcade was a little different than the others, which is why he chose this one. Here, it was a mix of modern and retro games, and best of all, almost all games only cost a quarter per play, hence the arcade’s name UniQuarter.

It didn’t take long before he found the game he was looking for: Cash Wheel. Dipper took out his notepad and pan and stood close, but not too close, to the game, which was currently being played by somebody else. Thank god this isn’t Vegas.

Grunkle Stan, Great Uncle Ford, Mabel, don’t fail me now.

Meanwhile, Bill was checking out the prizes in different games. Since Pine Tree didn’t want a
stuffed toy—which would have been pretty cliché anyway—he had to get him something worth remembering; maybe something he could use.

Looks like the answer was right in front of him—inside a huge claw machine was a water jug filled with who-knows-how-many dollars. Of course, everyone would want to get that, so someone was trying to get it at this very moment. Bill smirked and decided to watch. He took out his phone and began to type notes. *Dang, I should’ve brought some pen and paper. Well, this will have to do.*

The man trying to get the water jug was persistent. He kept failing, which was expected, though that was good for Bill—he could do all the calculations he wanted and have enough data.

*I bet Pine Tree would never expect this. Tons of dollars for a quarter? Now that’s a great deal for me. With all these quarters, I might as well go shopping for gadgets in Key Expert and Reward Cube. Gotta hang it to Pine Tree, he chose a great arcade.*

“Hey man, you wanna give this thing a go?” the man asked him, causing him to snap out of his thoughts.

“You done playing? Seems like you really want that fortune over there, pal,” he said as he opened his notes on his phone.

“I do, but I ran out of quarters. It’s probably rigged, but I tried anyway.”

“Rigged, huh? Pretty sure this place would be closed if it was.”

“You suggesting blackmail, man? You sure go deep.”

“Hmm…that’s an option, but it’s a lot of work. I’m suggesting that it isn’t rigged, but you need to do it perfectly. Even if you capture the jug, it could still tip over and fall on the way to the chute,” Bill said.

“That’s true…but do you think you can pull it off, man? It seems impossible…”

“Hell yeah, watch me.”

“Well, good luck then.”

The man stepped aside and let Bill go in front of the machine. Bill went over his calculations one last time before keeping his phone in his pocket and taking out a quarter.

*Mathematica, scientia, sensibus amplio, nunc non deficient mihi.*

Bill inserted the quarter and positioned his hands—one on the joystick, the other on the start button.

25 seconds.

He pressed the button and began to maneuver the claw right after the three-second countdown at the beginning ended. The man watched him intently, wondering if this oddly confident stranger really could get the water jug.

Within ten seconds, Bill had already positioned the claw over the jug. All he had to go now was adjust it until it would be perfect, based on his calculations. Once the timer ended, the two anxiously watched the claw descend and spread.

“You really think you’re gonna get it man?” the stranger asked the taller man.
“Definitely,” Bill said, absolutely sure of himself.

The jug was caught and hoisted up, just like he planned. It was at the far back of the machine though, and the claw wobbled while making its way to the chute. Bill stared at it intently, though it seemed that he was staring far too intensely—strangely enough, he could have sworn the water jug was bluer than it already was.

The water jug finally fell into the chute, which convinced Bill that his eyes were indeed playing tricks on him; it was the same shade of blue as when he first saw it when he took it out. Well…it was a bit darker than how it looked from behind the glass, but that’s just normal.

“Holy shit man, congrats! You’re rich!” the stranger said, giving the golden-haired man a pat on the shoulder.

“You’re sure this is actual money?” Bill asked just to make sure.

“Yeah, I even asked the staff before.”

“Well then, guess my date’s rich! Told you I’d get it.” He smirked rather smugly, though he did try to hold back. He didn’t try very hard, though.

“You’re really damn good, man. You’re like, fucking god-tier in skills or something.”

“Well, you can thank my 4.8 GPA in high school for that.” His smirk grew wider, but the man wasn’t really minding it at all.

“Woah, you’re a genius.”

“Indeed I am.”

“You come here often? You probably win prizes every day or something.”

“Actually, it’s my first time here; I’m just on a date. I’ve played claw machines a lot when I was a kid, though,” Bill said.

“Wait, where is your date? I mean, the point of being on a date is being with your lover, where the hell are they?” the man asked—apparently he didn’t notice Bill already mentioned his date.

“Winning us tickets, or so he said, anyway. I thought you win prizes for your date though, isn’t that the case? That’s what people usually do in arcades.” Bill tilted his head, getting a little confused now.

“Well, yeah, but you win the prize while your partner’s with you. Get back to him, man!”

“Alright…but I’ll win him a few more prizes before I get to him.”

“Suit yourself, I’ll see you around.”

With that, the stranger walked away. Bill shrugged and carried the water jug as he walked around, looking for more prizes to win. It didn’t take long before he found a normal-sized claw machine with a laptop in it.

*Boy, how rich could this place possibly be?*
While Bill was pretty much shopping, Dipper had finally finished a game of Cash Wheel. He’d won 3,185 tickets, but that wouldn’t really matter in the end. He had a trick to get the whole ticket roll, and this game dispenses from two slots. His plan wasn’t exactly to play for all the tickets.

It was taking really long for the tickets to be dispensed, so he sat beside the growing piles of tickets. After about five more minutes, the tickets finally stopped coming out. Dipper looked around to make sure no one was watching anymore. Fortunately for him, there weren’t too much people around, and this game was quite far from the prize counter. Since this game normally gives a lot of tickets, it wouldn’t be too suspicious to see him with a lot of them. Once he was sure no one was paying attention to him, he knelt in front of the ticket dispenser.

*Mabel, you better be right about this…*

Dipper held the edges of the very last ticket in one of the dispensers, which was still connected to the rest of the roll. He carefully pulled it out, and pulled out two more tickets. Once he felt the click Mabel was talking about, he continued to pull out more; as long as no one was watching, he could take as much as he wanted—even if it meant he could take the whole roll.

*Thanks, Mabel. Now, just how many tickets are there in a roll…?*

Dipper regretted nothing, but his arms were getting tired with every minute that passed. *I’ll just stop when I feel like my arms are gonna fall off…*

About five minutes later, Bill began to look for his Pine Tree. He could barely carry all the prizes he’d won, and he was merely kicking the jug across the floor at this point. ‘Course, it didn’t take very long for him to find a brunet surrounded in piles of tickets.

“Woah, Pine Tree, how many tickets did you win?” he called out. Dipper quickly stood up and turned to Bill, who was pretty much covered in prizes.

“What the—Bill?!”

“Yep, it’s me, your date!” he responded.

The brunet released the tickets and ran to the taller man without hesitation.

“What all this? You can barely carry all of these!” Dipper dragged the water jug to the Cash Wheel, and it was only then he realized it was filled with money.

“Wait, you won *money*?!?”

“Yep, got that at the claw machine! Oh, and this laptop’s from a claw machine too, but a smaller one. These gift cards and phones are from Key Expert and Reward Cube. There was an Xbox in there too, but I don’t have enough quarters. If you can get that jug open, I could win it for you,” Bill offered.

“For me…? *You’re* the one who worked for all of these…” Dipper helped Bill out and placed the prizes on the floor, next to the water jug.

“Well, I won them all for you, but I suppose I wouldn’t mind taking the duplicates.”

“We split the money too, Bill. 50-50,” Dipper said.

“If you say so, Pine Tree. So, how many tickets did you get?” the taller man asked.
“Well, I won 3,185, but…” he trailed off. The brunet walked closer and tiptoed so he could lean into his ear. “…Mabel taught me this trick so I can pull out as much as I want until the roll runs out. I’m uh, getting tired though.”

Bill snickered and gently pushed Dipper as he bent down, just so he didn’t have to tiptoe anymore. Pine Tree knew exactly what he was implying and shoved him playfully. The taller man laughed at the pouting brunet and walked back to him.

“Let’s get all the tickets. Is the other dispenser modified by you, too?” he asked.

“Erm, not yet. I’ll do it, but you’re gonna have to keep pulling out the tickets from the other one. Just…don’t be too obvious.”

“No problem, let’s do it!”

Dipper then stepped aside and let Bill join in. How strange. A date with Bill…cheating to get tickets for prizes. I wonder if this would even count as a date.

After a few minutes, the golden-haired man heard footsteps approaching them.

“Pine Tree, I think we got a visitor,” Bill said, looking to their right. Curious, Dipper followed his gaze. His worried face only got worse when he realized an employee was headed their way. Fuck, we’re gonna get caught…pretty bad end to our first destination of our date…maybe I should just drop it…but I can’t.

The taller man noticed his Pine Tree worrying quite a lot. He was frozen in place and stuttering all over the place. He couldn’t let him be like that, they’re on a date. That wouldn’t create the right mood. What do I do? What do I do? What do I do? What do I do? He invited me here, I shouldn’t let him turn out like this…

Without being able to think very much, Bill protectively embraced his Pine Tree. However, that may have been a shock for Dipper for some reason; as the employee passed by them, he gasped, although he did it softly so that Bill wouldn’t notice. In that split second, it was like everything turned black and white, but once they were behind the employee, all the colors around them returned, as well as the sounds. Was I really that nervous?

It was only then he noticed that Bill was hugging him the whole time. He hugged him back rather Shakily and buried his face in his neck. Well, at least we didn’t get caught…but…if things changed in that split second, am I going crazy? Was something like that really enough to cause that much of a reaction?

“H-hey uh…did you see anything weird just now…?” he nervously asked, trying to be as vague as possible. He didn’t want Bill to think he was nuts.

The taller man gently stroked the brunet’s fluffy locks and raised an eyebrow, even though Dipper couldn’t see his face anyway.

“Well, that employee passed by us but didn’t even notice the pile of tickets around us. Sheesh, I don’t know how they run this place,” he told him.

“I see…well, I think we’ve collected enough tickets. Would be a pain for all the other people who’ll play after we leave if we finished up both rolls. Some on, let’s hide them all in my bag and we’ll head to the ticket-counting machine,” Dipper said.

“Sure thing, Pine Tree.” Sorry.
Dipper knelt down and placed his bag on the floor. Once he opened it, he began to place the tickets inside, followed by Bill. The tickets filled up the bag in seconds, and thankfully, they’ve folded most of them. Once all the tickets were inside, the two stood up and headed to the machine, taking everything with them.

“…This is going to take a while,” Dipper said.

“Worth it. You barely had to play, this is great!”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

The brunet inserted a ticket into the machine, which continued to take in the rest of the connected tickets.

“I wonder how many we get; with a game like that, there should be more tickets than usual in the machine, and we didn’t even empty it out,” he said.

“I’d say we pulled out about 30,000.” Bill took the bag from the brunet and placed it on the floor.

“C’mon, let’s just sit here for a while,” he said as he sat on the floor, leaning against the machine. Dipper sat beside him—well, almost; his bag was between them. The taller man then gave him a little kiss on the cheek. Dipper smiled and thought of kissing him back, but he chose to rest his head on Bill’s shoulder instead. Bill fondly smiled at Pine Tree and took out his phone.

“Mind if I take a picture?” he asked.

“Go ahead.”

Bill opened the camera app, extended his arm, and smiled for the camera. Dipper looked at the camera and smiled as well. With that, the golden-haired man took their photo. Bill checked his gallery right after he did so and showed the picture to Pine Tree, too. He noticed they looked like how they were earlier. They had the same smiles—absolutely full of love.

_I may have had my own plans, but I’ve got to ask Pine Tree to be mine. Tonight. I don’t think I can wait for tomorrow._

“We look great, don’t we?” he said, keeping his phone.

“Yeah, we do.” Dipper chuckled. He noticed the tickets had disappeared behind them, which meant the machine was done counting the first batch of tickets.

“Huh, this machine’s faster than expected,” he remarked. He then inserted the last ticket of the other batch and let it do its work.

“Guess it’s faster at sucking than releasing.” Bill sniggered.

“Bill.”

Dipper playfully punched the taller man on the shoulder, making him laugh.

“Come on, you’re smiling,” he teased. The brunet rolled his eyes, though he chuckled.

“Fine, you got me there.”

Bill kissed his Pine Tree on the cheek once more.
I said I would tell him when we got here...

“Hey, Bill…” he started.

“Yes, Pine Tree?”

‘How do you feel about me?’ ‘I like you,’ ‘I love you,’ ‘Would you want to be a couple?’ I don’t know what to say, exactly…I need to think this through.

“…did you claim the actual prizes from the manager or staff?” I’m sorry Bill, it’ll have to wait.

“Oh, you’re supposed to do that? No wonder they were so light,” he said.

“Christ, Bill.”

“Don’t go putting Jesus and me in one sentence, Pine Tree.” Bill gathered all the prizes’ boxes and stood up. “I’ll be back in a few.” He headed to the prize counter, leaving the brunet sitting by the machine.

Oh yeah, we still have some quarters left...

After a few moments, the machine had finished up all the tickets. Dipper quickly took note and decided to leave his thoughts for later. He took his card from his bag and stood up. He swiped the card on the reader, collecting all the tickets’ value.

Not sure what we could get other than novelties…maybe I could afford a gadget for him, too? What, he already got duplicates...

“I’m back, Pine Tree! These boxes are heavier now, though…” Bill called out.

“Need some help with those? I collected all the tickets, by the way.” Dipper stood up and wore his bag as he said so.

“Sure, why not…hey, how many tickets did we get anyway?”

“…I forgot to look. Sorry…”

“It’s alright, Pine Tree, at least I’m here with you! That doesn’t make sense, but hey, we can always check the balance,” he said.

“Yeah, you’re right.” Dipper smiled slightly and walked to Bill, dragging the water jug with him. He opened his bag and let Bill put in the phones and gift cards.

“I’ll just carry the laptop, no sweat,” Bill said.

“It wouldn’t really fit in the bag, so yeah…”

“Well anyway, let’s get out prizes!”

“Yeah, let’s go.”

Thw two walked to the prize counter, and Dipper handed his card over to the employee.

“You have 23,128 tickets, sir, what would you like?” the clerk asked.

“Damn it, not close enough to my guess…” Bill said.
“It was a wild guess anyway, but holy crap, 23,128, that’s a lot! What should we get?” the brunet asked, sounding a little more excited than the taller man expected.

“Well, Pine Tree, you could actually afford an Xbox right there for 20,000,” he pointed out.

“Really? That’s great!” Yes, something he doesn’t have!

“We’ll take an Xbox, please. Oh, uh…what else, Bill? There’s still a lot,” Dipper asked.

“Hmm…” Bill looked at the prizes available, and a certain pair of triangular glasses caught his eye. “Oh, I want a pair of those gar glasses! The yellow ones!”

Dipper snorted at how much of a child he sounded like. He didn’t mind, though—it was one of the things that made him fun to be with.

“Right, of course you do,” he teased.

“Hey, they look great on me,” Bill said.

“You, I guess they would.”

“Pfft, you ‘guess.’ But hey, what do you want? I mean, sure, you didn’t play for all of it, but they’re still yours.” He didn’t care if he subtly said he cheated for the tickets, he just wanted him to reward himself as well.

“I won them for you, Bill. Well, some of them. You get me.” Dipper looked at the ground, not wanting to see how the taller man was looking at him at the moment. It probably wasn’t bad—there wasn’t any reason for the taller man to look at him like he’d done something terrible…probably. Despite that, he still didn’t want to look.

“Hey, come on, look at me. I’m smiling,” Bill said. Dipper tried to pretend to ignore him and asked the employee for a few pens as prizes. The taller man wasn’t really sure what to use as bait—or incentive, rather—but he could try.

“Hmm…I’ll give you a hug if you look at me right now.”

“Pff, what makes you think a hug would make me?”

Despite what Dipper said, he turned to look at Bill, who had a smirk on his face.

“Well, it worked just now, didn’t it?” he teased. Like Bill said he would, he slid his arms around Pine Tree’s waist and pulled him against him.

“…You got me again, Bill.” The brunet chuckled and hugged him back anyway.

“Sure did, Pine Tree.”

Bill turned to the employee, who was clearly distracting herself so she wouldn’t get caught staring.

“Hey, could you add five of those Chinese finger traps too?” he asked.

“Oh, y-yes, of course,” she replied.

“Right, we should probably…let go of each other…” Although Dipper said that, he held the taller man tighter. Bill chuckled and planted a kiss on his fluffy brown locks.
“Your actions don’t match your words, Pine Tree,” the taller man said. “Why, because people will stare? Let them, I don’t really care. We’re not doing anything against the law,” he continued. He looked back at the employee. “Throw in that executive pen set, too.”

“Wait, they have executive pen sets…and Chinese finger traps?” the brunet pointed out. He pulled back a little to look at the display case and saw that they really did.

“You’d be surprised at what’s in the back; the manager gets a lot of things from yard sales,” the employee told him.

“Must be a wide variety of prizes,” Bill joked.

“Believe me, there is. Oh, you have 1,053 tickets left, what else do you want?”

Dipper completely pulled away and tried to look for a prize he’d like. It was a little hard since he wasn’t very interested in the usual novelties.

“You could get a stuffed toy,” the taller man suggested.

Dipper rolled his eyes.

“I already told you, I wouldn’t have a use for it.”

“Maybe you’ll find a way to use it if I give it to you myself?”

“Do you just really want to give me a stuffed toy, Bill?”

He couldn’t help but smile a little, though it wasn’t so little anymore when he saw Bill shift his gaze to something other than him. *I wouldn’t mind, you know. Just tell me.*

“That’s…certainly a possibility.”

Dipper laughed, making the taller man’s heart melt.

“Alright, I’ll get a stuffed toy, but you hand it over to me,” he gave in. He tiptoed and placed one of his hands on Bill’s shoulder for support. He leaned into his ear and whispered, “Pick one for me.”

Bill could feel his cheeks get even hotter as he felt Pine Tree’s breath on his ear. Technically, that wasn’t a bad thing, but he didn’t want Pine Tree to see him blushing; it’s supposed to be the other way around. Dipper gently pressed his lips onto his cheek before placed his heels back on the ground. The taller man then quickly wrapped his arms around the brunet’s waist and held him close to him once again.

“You still have to pick one, Bill.” Pine Tree chuckled.

“Yeah, hang on, I’ll go choose…hm…” Bill looked at the stuffed toys on the shelves, trying to find something Pine Tree might like.

As much as Pine Tree would probably like a stuffed toy of indeterminate species, something else caught his eye.

“That one,” he told the employee, pointing at the said plushie.

“What’d you get for me, Bill?” Dipper asked, embracing him around his torso.

“A stuffed toy of a puppy.”
He didn’t know why a simple puppy got his attention, but he just felt like he should get it. He was usually right, so he went with it.


“Just felt like it. I’m sure you’ll grow fond of it, Pine Tree.”

“We’ll see about that.”

The employee cleared her throat a little awkwardly. “Um…you have 53 tickets left, do you plan on spending those?” she asked.

“Nope, that’ll be all,” Dipper replied as he pulled away from the taller man and faced the employee.

“Alright, here are your prizes, you two.”

Bill quickly looked for the gar glasses inside the paper bags, making Dipper snort.

“You seem to be really excited,” he pointed out.

“'Course I am!” The taller man put on the glasses and placed his hands on his hips as if he were posing.

“How do I look?” he asked, though he was already expecting a certain answer.

“Hmm…not bad,” Dipper teased.

“Oh come on, you know it’s way better than ’not bad.’ Well anyway,” he took the stuffed toy and handed it over to the brunet, “Here’s your wittle puppy, Pine Tree! What are you gonna name him, huh?”

“I’m not going to name him.” The brunet chuckled. He placed his hands over Bill’s and stared at them for a bit. Bill, on the other hand, stared at the look on Pine Tree’s face rather than their hands. He had that cute little smile, and that made him smile too.

Dipper slowly slid his hands off and took the plushie. He hugged it against his chest. *Shit, that’s cute.*

Bill quickly took out his phone and opened the camera app. He slung his arm around the brunet’s shoulders and pulled him close so he’d fit in the frame.

“Say deer teeth, Pine Tree!” He grinned at the camera.

“What?” Dipper asked as he laughed. That was good enough for Bill, so he took their picture and looked at it. The happiness on Pine Tree’s face was way more adorable than a simple grin could ever be.

“You are a precious and absolutely adorable little Pine Tree,” he said. He kissed him on the cheek, as if it were to prove his point. Dipper couldn’t help but blush and stay silent for a bit.

*Right, kissing in public…gotta get used to it…*

“Pine Tree? You alright there?” Bill called out. The brunet looked at Bill, who was leaning really close to his face. Apparently he’d taken off the glasses when he was distracted.

“Yeah…”
Dipper stared into Bill’s eyes as he carefully placed his hand on the taller man’s cheek. Right now, I could just…oh shit, wait, we’re in an arcade. He quickly turned away and took the paper bags their prizes were in.

“L-let’s go, Bill, I still have to drive us to that laser tag…” he said.

“Hmm, alright.” Bill took the paper bags from the brunet; his hands were full enough with the stuffed toy, after all. He gently pressed his lips onto his Pine Tree’s cheek and flirtatiously winked at him before he headed to the exit, dragging the water jug with him.

“Bill, w-wait up!” Dipper called out as he quickly ran to catch up with him. Bill laughed and gave him another kiss on the cheek.

Once they’d put all their prizes in the trunk, they sat in the driver and passenger seats.

“That was fun, Pine Tree!” Bill said, fastening his seatbelt.

“What exactly was? I guess you mean the claw machines and all the other games you played, right?” Dipper asked as he buckled up as well.

“I meant being at the arcade with you. Even before that, actually.”

“All we did together in the arcade was steal tickets and pick out prizes.”

Yeah, those were pretty fun. Hey, I kind of talked to this guy in there…he said the point of having dates was to be together, even while playing games. Is that right?” he asked.

The brunet remained silent as realization struck him. I’m not one who asked him on a date, but I can’t even do it right. He knows things about romance. I don’t. I can write romance stories, but those are merely fiction.

“Bill…” he groaned, “Sorry…” he mumbled as he leaned his elbows on the steering wheel and hid his face in his hands.

“What? Why are you saying sorry? Wait, what’s the word…right, why are you apologizing?” the taller man asked worriedly. I don’t understand…did I do something wrong?

“I ask you out on a date, yet the first thing I do is miss the whole point of one. You don’t have to act like you don’t mind, Bill, I know…it was terrible…just tell me if you want to go back home and cancel the rest of the date,” Dipper told him.

“I’m not acting, Pine Tree. I still had a good time with you. I actually thought I was supposed to win you tons of prizes at the arcade since it’s a date, but I didn’t know we had to do it together. We’re both idiots, but hey, we’re still going to more places, right? We can make this date a lot better…I wanna stay with you until the end.”

He wasn’t sure what the ‘right thing to say’ was, but he hoped that honesty would help win his heart. He wasn’t sure about that, but the brunet didn’t even look at him.

He took off his seatbelt and turned to Pine Tree. He placed his hand on the brunet’s and planted a little kiss on his hair when he’d leaned close enough, hoping to get his attention. Maybe this’ll get him to look at me.
It worked.

Dipper slowly lifted his head, whilst Bill leaned back, though kept his hands where they were. The<br>brunet faced the taller man, albeit looking rather confused instead of sad. The golden-haired man<br>smirked, seeing how his plan worked, and slid his hand off the brunet’s. He carefully cupped his<br>Pine Tree’s cheek and slowly leaned in.

_Maybe…_

Bill tilted his head a little and stopped when their lips were less than an inch apart. He looked into his<br>eyes as he grazed the brunet’s lips, checking how he’d react. His lips were soft, and he would love to<br>kiss them, but…

…_No…?_

…he was tense. His body had stiffened and the eyes staring right back at the taller man’s were filled<br>with fear, worry, and something Bill couldn’t quite decipher. What he knew, however, was that it<br>hurt. He was sure he didn’t mean to do so, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t allowed to be hurt, _right?_<br>If he wasn’t ready, then he wasn’t ready. He’ll have to wait.

He pressed his lips onto Dipper’s cheek instead. _The things I do for you._

“Hey, relax.” He ran his fingers through the brunet’s hair and gave him another kiss on the cheek.

“Bill, I’m alright…I…” _I want to kiss you. On the lips._

“…I just couldn’t think properly. I-I wouldn’t mind if you kissed me, though…if that’s what you<br>were doing,” Dipper said.

“I’ll save it for later, Pine Tree. Now, drive.” Bill kissed his cheek once more before leaning back on<br>his own chair and fastening his seatbelt again. Dipper started the car, though he looked at the man<br>beside him right after.

_‘Later..’?_

The taller man only responded with a flirtatious wink, but that was enough to tell Dipper that he was<br>serious. He looked back at the road, trying not to let Bill see his reddened face. Of course, that didn’t<br>do much, but it was the best he could do. He began to drive to the laser tag’s venue. Luckily, it was<br>nearby, so they won’t be late—well, hopefully.

_I’ll make you wait, Pine Tree. I’ll make you wait until you so desperately want it you ask me to do it.<br>Begging would be nice…but a little over the top for you._

It was as if he felt no guilt at all.

________________________________________________________________________

“Prepare for the ultimate zombie experience in three, two,” the screen above the doors flashed,<br>‘GO!’ as the siren began to sound.

“Let’s get that ‘antidote,” Dipper said.

“You got it, Pine Tree.”

The two ran into the ‘asylum’ with the other players. It was dark and foggy, with the lights only
coming from the lines on the floor and walls. It wasn’t like the usual laser tag; you could barely see anyone, eerie music was playing, and places to hide in were not lit, nor at least lit to show they were nearby. This was a difficult stealth map, especially since their vests were lit.

“Stay close to me, Pine Tree,” Bill whispered.

“Alright…but stay behind me and try to find that ‘antidote,’ I’ll protect you,” the brunet replied. The taller man chuckled softly so Pine Tree wouldn’t hear.

*How cute. I'll probably be the one protecting him though, since I can see better in the dark…and I may or may not know where that ‘antidote’ is.*

“Whatever you say, Pine Tree.”

Right after saying that, Dipper stepped in front of him and shot a laser to their left.

“Can’t stay here for too long, follow me.” The brunet ran to a hiding spot, shooting several zombies along the way. Bill followed whilst looking around, keeping an eye out for the ‘antidote.’

“AH! Stay back!” Pine Tree shrieked, practically letting everyone else know of their existence in that very spot. However, Bill didn’t care. Instead, he quickly ran in front of him and prepared his gun without a second thought.

“Don’t you touch my Pine Tree!” he yelled. Perhaps the reason he didn’t care about their location being revealed was because he would have done it too anyway.

“W-wait, we’re players too!” said one of the strangers.

“Yeah, hold your horses!” said the other, who had a voice that was much more like a man’s.

Bill was going to respond to the players, but as he heard three lasers shot, he turned around to look at Pine Tree.

“We’re surrounded, so if you guys are players, act like it!” he said.

While the two other players began to shoot, the taller man grabbed the brunet’s arm and ran while the others kept shooting.

“Bill—“

“Shh.” *It’s gotta be somewhere…*

While Bill was looking around, Dipper was frantically shooting every zombie he saw coming towards them. Unlike those in movies, the zombies here could run. Not all of them, but some—they were actors, after all.

“Bill, where are we even going?! Can you even see?!” he yelled.

“Yes, I can! Now shut up and quit giving away our position!”

A few moments later, Bill finally found a rather large hiding spot. It could be a trap for all they knew, since most of the hiding spots weren’t as big as this, but it’ll have to do for now.

“Pine Tree, cover for me. I think I hear players nearby.”

“What are you—“ With a hand covering his mouth, he was cut off.
“Quiet, Pine Tree. I’ll be right back,” he whispered into his ear. The taller man slowly pulled away, and when the brunet turned around, the golden-haired man had disappeared in the fog. Dipper sighed and looked out for zombies; after all, they re-animate thirty seconds after being shot. It was a nice touch —after all, the dead can’t die again. Well, supposedly, but his personal experience begged to differ.

*What if he got tagged by a zombie…? Or…tagged by someone else? Maybe I should check on him…*

He turned to where Bill seemed to have headed and carefully stepped forward, not letting his guard down. He quickly aimed his gun in front of him as he heard footsteps rapidly coming towards him. He shot his laser upon having an arm wrapped around his waist. For once, he was glad he missed.

“It’s me, Pine Tree, relax!” Bill told him.

“How can I relax when you’re still dragging my heels across the floor?!” he argued.

“Just run with me, then! I know where the ‘antidote’ is!”

“What? How?” After Pine Tree shot a few more zombies, Bill ran to a hiding spot and ended up pinning the brunet against the wall.

“…What are you doing?” Dipper asked.

Bill leaned into his ear. “There’s an open area with the most zombies around. In the middle of that is the ‘antidote.’ Once we get there, you need to keep shooting, got it?”

Dipper was stiff, still taken aback by how the man he was in love with was so close all of a sudden, but he nodded. Bill gave him a quick kiss on the cheek before standing straight.

“Follow me. Also, keep your gun ready.”

“Alright, but hey, relax a bit, would you? This is still a game.” *Though I almost shot you. Sorry about that. If that was a deadly situation... I don’t know how I’d feel. I’m glad it isn’t.*

Dipper couldn’t see very well, but he could have sworn Bill’s face was redder than usual as he turned around. He didn’t try to look at it again; it wasn’t the time anyway. The taller man began to run where the open area was, and the brunet followed. As they went further, Dipper saw what Bill was talking about. They had to shoot more and more zombies, and the amount of hiding spots was slowly decreasing. *Just how big is this place…?*

“We’re here, Pine Tree! Shoot as much as you can!” Bill said.

“You get the ‘antidote,’ I’ll cover for you!” he replied. He ran to the taller man’s side and shot zombies, but when he could finally see the ‘antidote’s’ outline, he suddenly couldn’t shoot.

“Bill…I think my gun ran out of charge! I can’t go back to the base now!”

“Use mine, just take it!”

Dipper kept his gun in the sheath on the vest and took hold of Bill’s. *It’s still warm…* He shook his head and kept up with the taller man; he couldn’t stay too far behind or he’d be holding him back.

“Pine Tree, you do the honors,” Bill told him. He took the laser gun from the brunet and began to shoot the zombies himself. Without arguing about the fact that it was Bill who found it and not him, Dipper ran past the taller man and quickly grabbed the ‘antidote’ from the stand.

Lights shone all over the walls and the fog gradually dissipated everywhere. Arrows that were
presumably leading everyone to the exit flashed on the walls, and all the zombies left the players alone.

“I-I did it! Haha!” he cheered.

“Don’t you owe someone a little thanks, Pine Tree?” Bill asked, crossing his arms.

Dipper turned to him and chuckled. “Yeah, thanks. How’d you find it so quickly though?” he said as he put the bottle back. You only had to get it off the stand once, you don’t have to keep it off.

Bill offered his hand with an ominous yet smug smirk on his face.

“I’ll tell you in the car.”

The brunet shrugged and took his hand, assuming it was just one of his usual ridiculous antics. Perfect.

As they were talking to the exit, Bill laced their fingers together. Dipper felt his cheeks heat up as he felt a familiar warmth on his hand. He smiled and gave the taller man’s hand a light squeeze. In return, Bill bent down and pressed his lips onto the shorter man’s soft cheek. Dipper probably would have been annoyed with Bill, who was definitely rubbing fact that he was taller right in his face, but…he did kiss him. He decided to let him off for now.

If we’re doing this, are we a couple? Are we together but we just haven’t said it out loud yet? I really don’t know…Should I ask?

Dipper opened his mouth, about to actually ask for once, but he was stopped before he even started.

“Your vests, please,” the employee told them.

Bill pulled his hand away from the brunet’s so he could take off his vest. Of course, Dipper took his off as well and gave it to the employee. He contemplated whether to ask Bill to hold hands. At least, he was going to, if it weren’t for the taller man walking off right after surrendering his vest like there was nothing to think about. Then again…maybe I’m just overthinking it?

He ran to the taller man’s side and stared at his hand whilst they walked to the exit. Bill smirked to himself, as he could see the brunet was struggling beside him.

Fuck it, I’ll just do something more romantic.

Dipper linked his arm with Bill’s and held onto him before he could change his mind. He had his doubts, but he didn’t regret it; not when the man he loved chuckled and pet him with his free hand.

“Holding hands wasn’t enough, huh?” the taller man teased.

“No, you’re doing pretty great. You don’t have to try though. You’re really damn adorable, even if you don’t try to be.” Bill planted a kiss on the brunet’s fluffy locks, too.

“Are you enjoying the date so far?” Pine Tree asked him.

“Of course, I’m with you!”

Should I tell him now? The mood seems right...
“H-hey, um…” he nervously started. It seemed that he was ignored. Bill carefully pried his arm and hand off him instead of asking what he would say next.

“Unlock the doors, Pine Tree? Oh, and continue what you were about to say just now.”

Nevermind…

Dipper took out the keys and pressed a button to unlock the car’s doors. He sighed and kept them back in his pocket once he was done.

“You look down, Pine Tree. You alright?” Did I do something? Again?

“Yeah, don’t worry. I’ll just drive us to a café.” He began to walk to the other side of the car, looking at the ground as he did so.

Is it because I made him let go of me? I mean, he had to do it at some point, right?

Bill quickly grabbed his Pine Tree’s arm, though he didn’t exactly have a plan after that. Dipper looked back at him.

“Do you uh, need something, Bill?” he asked without any signs of joy in his tone.

Bill felt really strange when their eyes met. His heart felt like it was wrenching. He could breathe just fine, but it hurt. He was sure this feeling had been explained to him before, but…what was it again? He hadn’t felt it in a long time. …Guilt?

“U-um…well, I…” he stuttered. Shut, now I’m the nervous one… He frantically looked around, trying to find something that could possibly cheer Pine Tree up.

“Well…we still have a few spare quarters, right? How about we go get some ice cream cones at that convenience store over there?” he suggested. Curious, Dipper turned to where he was pointing.

“Well, I suppose it wouldn’t hurt…”

Bill pulled the brunet into a tender embrace upon hearing his reply. Dipper almost pushed him away out of reflex, but as he felt the taller man’s warmth radiating onto him, he came back to his senses. He hugged him back, burying his face in the crook of his neck.

“So, let’s cross the road? the taller man asked. This time, he let Pine Tree pull away himself.

“Yeah, let’s go.”

“Look both ways before you cross.”

Dipper chuckled. “Everyone says that, Bill,” he slowly reached out and held his hand, just in case he might not want to hold hands at the moment. After all, he didn’t seem to enjoy linking arms for very long, “Of course I know I should look both ways.”

Bill smiled at his happy-looking Pine Tree and entwined their fingers lovingly. They looked both ways and crossed the road together. Neither was in front of the other, they walked side by side. The doors slid open when they reached the entrance. Bill was tempted to play with the sensor, but he kept in mind that he had to eat ice cream with his Pine Tree.

“…How much is it for an ice cream cone again?” he asked. Dipper snorted, making him pout and blush in embarrassment.
“They’re fifty cents each, Bill. Keep your quarters, I’ll buy for both of us.”

“I have three left, though. I could buy one for you.”

“I have eighteen, I’ll just treat you. I’m the one who’s taking you on a date, after all.”

Bill smiled and leaned in to give his Pine Tree a little kiss on the cheek. The brunet chuckled softly with a tint of pink on his cheeks. He walked with the taller man to the counter and ordered two ice cream cones, both vanilla. In about a minute, they got their sweet treats.

“So…are we going to stay here until we finish these?” he asked. He licked the soft serve whilst looking Bill in the eye, leaving a few…*indecent* images in the taller man’s mind.

*Fuck, Pine Tree.*

“How about we stay at the back seat of the car?” Bill licked his lips and he planned to use the ice cream as an excuse if he got a suspicious look. Dipper didn’t seem to mind at all, though. In fact, Bill could see him smiling a little. *I know you’re not innocent, but what the fuck is this? Did you really not see that? Aren’t you at least getting a few ideas in your head? I’m not going to do anything like that, but acting so clueless like that is just…*

“Sure, that sounds pretty nice.” Dipper linked arms with the taller man, making his heart skip a beat. However, he realized he might be making the same mistake.

“H-hey, uh…do you like this? O-or should I let go of you?” he asked. He then decided to try and distract himself a bit with the ice cream; maybe it would hurt less when Bill tells him to let go.

“N-no, no, I love it when you’re close to me!” the taller man accidentally yelled, getting the attention of some people. Dipper looked up at him, who was clearly really embarrassed with what he just did. Well, he couldn’t say he wasn’t embarrassed either, now that people were looking at them.

Despite the fact that they could be judging them, he chuckled. “Alright Bill, let’s go.”

Bill focused on eating his ice cream as they walked to the exit. *Why was I so stupid just now? Was it because of love? …If it is, is it worth it?*

The brunet carefully let go of him and unlocked the car doors. He opened the door to the backseat and looked at Bill…who looked rather silly, eating an ice cream cone while seemingly musing on something.

“After you?” he asked, taking a bite off the sugar cone right after. Bill snapped out of his thoughts and shifted his gaze to the brunet.

“Yeah, sure.” He slid one of his hands in his pocket and walked to his Pine Tree. He stopped right in front of him, confusing the brunet a little.

“…What?” Dipper asked, feeling a bit nervous.

Bill answered without saying a single word. His eyes fixated from the brunet’s soft serve to his Pine Tree’s eyes. He stared right into them mercilessly as he leaned in and licked off the cold melting liquid dripping down his cone. Dipper felt the blood rushing to his cheeks, but he couldn’t dare look away. His eyes were too captivating to resist, and the way he stuck out his tongue and lapped up the sugar cone in his hand without hesitation drove him nuts. He stiffened, though followed the taller man’s eyes as Bill stood straight. Bill licked his lips once more, making sure that Pine Tree was watching him this time. He smirked, seeing his Pine Tree’s face so flushed.
“It was dripping because you bit part of the cone,” he said.

“O-oh, right…”

“It’s dripping again, Pine Tree. How’s about you lick it this time?” he teased. Dipper nervously shifted his gaze to the cone in his hand.

...Would it count as an indirect kiss?

He brought the cone to his lips and sheepishly licked off the melting portion. Bill chuckled and pet him with his free hand.

“Cute.” Definitely worth it.

He went into the car and set their sweaters aside so they had room to sit in. The brunet ate a bit more of his ice cream before sitting beside the golden-haired man and closing the door. He leaned on the door, whilst Bill rested on the other end.

Neither of them spoke. Bill stared at his Pine Tree as he ate his ice cream, but he didn’t talk. Pine Tree seemed like he was deep in thought, so he let him carry on.

You’re on a date…you should go near him…why don’t you? Try making the first move for once.

Dipper dusted off his hands and turned to Bill, who was staring right back at him while eating his ice cream…which wasn’t even half done.

“Need something, Pine Tree?”

“Oh, um…where are the sweaters?” he asked.

“I put them in the driver’s seat for now.”

“Oh, thanks.” Dipper leaned into the gap between the two front seats and started the car.

“It’s already cold enough with the ice cream, why’d you turn on the AC?” Bill asked. As the brunet took his sweater and put it on, certain thoughts came to mind. He may have just learned something knew about Bill.

“…You hate the cold, don’t you?” he asked, taking his own sweater.

“Well, let’s just say I’d rather be in the sun than motherfucking ass-freezing Antarctica.”

Dipper burst out laughing at his expression of profound hatred of the cold. Bill rolled his eyes and continued to eat his sweet treat.

Pine Tree handed the taller man the sweater and gave him a warm smile. “Here.”

“Hold my ice cream while I wear it?” the golden-haired man requested, handing it over already.

“Sure.” Dipper took the cone from his hand and watched him put on the sweater. He looked cute in it, but he’d certainly look better wearing the one made for him. Bill held out his hand and made grabby motions with it. The brunet chuckled softly and gave him the ice cream cone.

Maybe I should ask him now.

“Hey…after you finish your ice cream, would you maybe want to…I don’t know…” he trailed off.
“Fuck?” Bill asked nonchalantly, like it was the most normal thing in the world. Dipper’s face immediately turned beet red.

“NO! I-I was going to say cuddle, you jackass!” he yelled. Bill laughed out loud, causing his Pine Tree to pout and avert his gaze in embarrassment.

“Oh, sure, I’d love to cuddle with you.”

He continued to eat his ice cream, clearly at a much faster pace this time. Dipper moved a bit closer to him, though he still didn’t look at him. Once Bill finished his ice cream, he dusted off his hands and licked his lips, hoping they’d be less sticky. He carefully took off his shoes and propped his leg on the cushions.

“Alright, c’mere, Pine Tree. Facing me,” he said.

Dipper kicked off his shoes and knelt on the seat. He carefully slid his arms around the taller man’s torso and rested his head on his chest. It was warm, of course, but he knew that with or without the sweater, he’d feel nice and cozy because it was him.

Bill wrapped his arms around his Pine Tree’s waist and pulled him against him. He placed his other leg on the cushions as well, entangling his legs with the brunet’s. He traced his fingers along Dipper’s back, and despite the thick sweater he was wearing, Dipper gasped softly and held Bill tighter. The taller man chuckled and continued to go higher until finally, he could run his fingers through his Pine Tree’s fluffy brown locks. The man in his arms sighed and relaxed.

_I wonder…_

Dipper ran his hand along Bill’s side, stomach, and stopped on his chest. He looked up at the taller man with those big brown orbs of his golden-haired man ever so loved staring into.

“…Could I touch your hair, too?” he asked.

“How could I say no to your cute little face?” Bill replied with a light shade of red dusting his cheeks. *You’re not playing fair, Pine tree, making me want to kiss you so bad.*

The brunet slid his hand up the taller man’s neck and felt his silken strands brushing his fingers.

“Your hair’s actually really smooth. Kinda spiky, but it feels nice,” he remarked.

“Why thank you.”

“Wow, you finally thanked me again for a compliment.”

“Shut up, you adorable little fuck,” Bill teased.

Dipper laughed and repositioned himself so he could give the taller man a kiss on the cheek.

_Oh quit cheating, it’s not gonna work._

Bill tugged on Pine Tree’s hair, tilting his head to the side. The brunet barely gasped as he did so, and he whimpered, feeling his nether regions slide down the taller man’s thigh. Seeing how he reacted so nicely, Bill smirked and placed a kiss on the corner of Dipper’s lips. Pine Tree closed his eyes and kept his mouth shut tight in response.

“Pft, relax,” the taller man told him. *Looks like it doesn’t take very much to punish him.*
He let the brunet rest his head on his shoulder and stroked his hair gently. Dipper sighed and grasped Bill’s hair a little tighter. The taller man gently pressed his lips onto the nape of his neck and resisted the urge to bite or even lick his flesh. That was enough to make Dipper grip his hair even tighter and sling his other arm over the taller man’s shoulder. Bill sighed in pleasure and kissed him again, sending shivers down his spine.

“B-Bill…” Dipper mewed, and fuck, Bill loved the way he called his name.

“Sensitive on your neck, Pine Tree?” he whispered in his ear. The brunet only nodded silently.

“How’s about you turn around, Pine Tree?” he asked, releasing him.

“Sure…” Dipper slowly pulled away, and he stopped when their faces were right in front of each other. Bill stared right into his eyes, making him unable to look away.

_Beg._

We’re so close, but…I don’t know.

Dipper lifted his leg off Bill’s and turned around, breaking eye contact with him. He sat between the taller man’s legs and leaned against his torso. Bill secured his arms around his Pine Tree’s waist, leaving his hands dangerously close to the shorter man’s crotch. He smirked, seeing how Dipper’s cheeks turned red.

Thank god I’m wearing his sweater…

“Y-you uh…haven’t told me how you found the ‘antidote’ so quickly.” He pulled up the turtleneck to cover half his face once he was done asking.

“Oh, right! When we were in that large hiding spot, I could hear two players talking. I couldn’t really understand though, so I had to get closer. That’s when I asked you to cover for me. So, I got closer without being seen and found out they knew where the antidote was. Now that I mention it, you probably should’ve asked them instead. Anyway, right after I got the information I needed, I shot them and ran as fast as I could, taking you with me,” Bill elaborated.

“Wait wh—you _shot_ them _and_ stole data?! Bill, you cheated!”

The taller man rolled his eyes and took hold of the brunet’s hands.

“That’s how the world works, Pine Tree. You can get anything you want, but not always in a good way.” He brought Pine Tree’s hands to his lips and kissed them, hoping that would help him get over the fact he _helped_ them win.

So that’s the way he thinks…well, I can’t say it’s a lie. However…

Dipper turned to his side and embraced the taller man once more.

…it if you want me, I’m right here.

_Don’t make me kiss you just like that._

Bill’s arms returned to the brunet’s waist. “Wanna carry on with our date?” he asked.

As much as it pained him, he should probably let go of him for a while. It might help him suppress the urge to kiss Dipper Pines.
A kiss on the lips. A sign of love. According to Ingrid Bergman, it is a secret told to the mouth instead of the ear. I know what that secret is. It’s three words. No matter how anyone phrases it, it always means the same thing. A kiss will say the words for anyone.

‘I love you.’

Love. Defined as an intense feeling of deep affection, a deep romantic or sexual attachment to someone. It can be defined just like that—just look it up in a dictionary, search it up. Wish I could just say it’s dopamine, serotonin, and oxytocin. However, its meaning is different for everyone. Sometimes it even takes over someone’s life. Would it be like that for Pine Tree?

“Bill?” Dipper called out. Bill blinked twice, slowly coming back to his senses.

“How’s your Latte Macchiato?” the brunet asked.

“Warm and strong, I like it! The foam created a little mustache whenever I sip, so I get to lick it off every time!” Bill replied.

He doesn’t seem to be trouble right now…maybe what he was thinking about in the car wasn’t too important. What was it, though? He sure mused for a long time.
...I still haven’t said it yet. How long am I going to wait? The aroma of coffee is in the air and the voices of people chatting are around us…it’s a rather relaxing atmosphere. I could confess right now; the mood’s just fine. We’ve been hugging, holding hands, kissing each other’s cheeks, and even cuddling. Hell, if I’d already confessed, we might have…taken it to the next level. If he’s been doing those with me without me even asking, then it’s possible he likes me back…or he’s just doing those because it’s a date and nothing more than that?

Dipper placed his cup on the table and sighed. He then leaned back on the chair and continued to brood, oblivious to the fact that the man he loves was staring at him.

Why do I always find a negative possibility to everything? Why can’t I just be like Mabel, who does the opposite? I just want to tell him I love him, why must I get in my own way again?

“Wanna taste?” the taller man asked, offering his glass. Dipper snapped out of his thoughts and looked at the drink being held in front of him, then Bill.

“Sure…” he said.

Bill rotated the glass before he let Pine Tree take it, making the brunet raise his eyebrow in curiosity.

“Drink it like that if you want an indirect kiss from me.”

Dipper looked away from the smirking man and focused on the glass. He blushed at the thought, but he really did want to kiss him. Carefully, he brought the glass to his lips and took a sip whilst Bill watched him, clearly amused. If you want more, just ask.

The brunet licked off the foam above his lips and gave the glass back. The taller man rotated the glass once again and drank where Dipper’s lips were.

If he doesn’t mind kissing me, then he definitely likes me at the very least, right?

“So, how was it?” Bill asked, licking his lips.

“H-how was what?”

Bill chuckled. “The Latte Macchiato, Pine Tree, though feel free to tell me you’d like to kiss me,” he teased. The brunet felt his cheeks heat up even more, much to Bill’s enjoyment.

“…It tasted nice,” he said.

“Sure does.”

Dipper took his own drink and sipped from it. “After this, let’s go to the library beside this café.”

“…I didn’t bring my notebook and pen,” Bill said.

The brunet chuckled. “That’s alright, we’re not going there to write. It’s a library filled with sketchbooks from all over the world, and we’re free to browse them.”

Bill finished off his drink before he said anything else. He leaned back and pat his lap thrice, leaving the brunet confused whilst drinking his frappe.

“Sit on my lap, Pine Tree,” he said, looking right into Dipper’s eyes.

Dipper almost choked on his drink and spit it out, but he quickly came to his senses and swallowed. He pulled the cup away from his mouth and coughed.
“W-what?!”

Bill’s smirk grew wider, as he was pleased with this reaction.

“You heard me. Sit on my lap. Finish your drink here.”

“…S-should I be facing you when I do?” the brunet asked.

I guess I should get used to doing that in public…right?

“Well, that would be nice, but I’m asking you to sit on my lap the normal way so you can finish your drink. I’d be happy to watch you finish, though.” Bill flirtatiously winked at Dipper, causing his cheeks to become even redder than before. The brunet sighed and hesitantly stood up with his drink in hand.

“I’ll just…sit normally,” he said.

“Alright, c’mere.”

Dipper walked towards him with his gaze locked onto the eyes staring right back at him. He was a little nervous, but the look in Bill’s eyes told him he could trust him. Then again, this was just one of his usual antics.

He turned around and carefully sat on the taller man’s lap. He continued to drink his frappe without saying a word, both because of embarrassment and the fact that he couldn’t think of anything to say. Maybe they just didn’t need words right now. Dipper smiled as he felt a warm pair of arms wrap around his waist and pull him closer. This was good enough for him. He held his cup in front of Bill, who gladly took a sip from the straw.

“Hey, you know what your frappe looks like?” Bill asked, sounding like he had a joke in mind.

Dipper drank more of his frappe as he thought of what he was probably going to say. Didn’t take long before it hit him.

“No. Don’t you dare,” he said.

“Semen. Lots of it,” the taller man said with a smirk. The brunet nudged him in the stomach quite harshly, but Bill still laughed. The pain just made it better.

“This is supposed to be a wholesome place, asshat!” he yelled in the form of a whisper.

“Right, the word ‘asshat’ would be great for a family-friendly show.”

Dipper rolled his eyes and finished his drink. I’m done, but I don’t want to get off yet…

He placed the empty cup on the table and leaned back on Bill’s torso.

“So, you done?” Bill asked.

“Yeah, but your first surprise isn’t till late night,” he held onto the taller man’s hands rather nervously, “C-could we just stay like this for a bit? I mean, there’s no rush, after all…”

“Sure, Pine Tree.” Before anything else, he pulled down the brunet’s turtleneck. Bill then buried his face into the crook of Pine Tree’s neck and held his hands in his. He stroked them tenderly to help him relax.
So you like sitting on my lap.

I could confess right now...why not, then? Why am I still holding back? Why can't I just say 'I love you'? If this date ends without me telling him how I feel, Mabel's gonna be really mad...and I might not get another chance to tell him.

Bill realized he probably shouldn't be this close to his Pine Tree's neck—such exposed, smooth, and untainted skin shouldn't be within his reach. He didn't care anymore. He traced his lips up the brunet's neck and jaw, sending shivers down his spine.

"Pine Tree, may I touch your back? By that I meant I want to get under your shirt," he whispered.

"W-what? Bill, we're in public..."

"Just you back. No one will know if you don't make any noise. What do you say?"

Dipper thought about it, and what came to mind only made his cheeks redder. Bill gently pressed his lips onto the brunet's cheek and stroked the back of his hands. If he was so tense, he didn't have to let him; it wouldn't be fun for him.

"If you don't want me to, just tell me."

"No! I mean, that's not it, just...I guess I'm just nervous. All this romantic stuff's pretty new to me—well, things never worked out's more like it—so I...well...I'm just kinda shy. There, I said it," he admitted.

Bill chuckled softly and gave him another kiss on the cheek.

"My,' huh?"

"So, your answer to my question?" he asked.

"Y-you may," Dipper said.

"For once, don't let your voice out."

Bill released the brunet's hands and slid his fingers from his sides to his back. He planted a kiss on his Pine Tree's neck as he snuck his hands under his sweater and shirt. Dipper shivered, feeling a soft pair of lips on his neck and cold fingers touching his skin. The golden-haired man sensually ran his hands all over his smooth back, with his thumbs grazing his spine.

"You have a lovely body, Pine Tree."

"You really are my precious little Pine Tree."

"He's really sensitive...fuck, I gotta try hard to not get hard. Haha...that was just sad. Fuck, Pine Tree...well, if he's reacting like this already, what if...

Bill subtly slid one of his hands to his chest and brushed his fingers against his nipple, causing Dipper to flinch and choke back his moan.
“B-Bill…no…you said it was just the back…” he whimpered.

“Right, right. Sorry, Pine Tree, you’re just so tempting.” Bill carefully slid his hands out of his shirt ad sweater. “Did you feel good, though?” he asked, wrapping his arms around his waist once more.

“Well…yeah, I-I did. You’re really good at touching…” Thank god I didn’t get hard from just that.

“Why thank you.” The taller man smirked and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“So, have you touched someone else like that before? I-I’m not implying anything, really. I just thought maybe you’re good at it because of that reason. Sorry, I should just keep my thoughts to myself, right?” Dipper pulled up the turtleneck to cover half his face and crossed his arms.

“No, it’s alright, Pine Tree. I like knowing what’s going on in that head of yours. Ask all you want. Also…no, not really.”

‘Not really?’

“Well…I may or may not have worked as a stripper. Once. For a lot of money in one night.” Bill suddenly remembered a question Dipper once asked him, and what the answer was. All the memories came back to him in a split second.

“Oh, remember when you asked me whether I’ve had one night stands or not?” he asked.

“…Yeah, why? I can’t believe you remembered that question though. It was kinda pointless…and probably a little invasive, too,” the brunet said.

“I just remembered that I did have a few…but not when I was a stripper; it’s when I got drunk at a few parties. If you’re wondering, I always topped.”

“I see…”

Bill held the brunet a little tighter and rested his head on his shoulder. “So…you disgusted or something? I wouldn’t blame you; I mean, thinking about me getting drunk and sticking my dick in random strangers in their houses isn’t the most appealing thing, and it probably changes the way you look at me, but…”

“Nope. You were popular, so it’s not like I didn’t see that coming.”

“Hey, just because I was popular, doesn’t mean I was a fuckboy…for your information, I didn’t do it that many times. Probably like, what, three times?” Bill argued.

Dipper chuckled, both because of the way Bill was acting and the sensation of the taller man’s hair tickling his neck and cheek.

“Bill, it’s alright, I don’t mind. It probably wasn’t your fault you got drunk anyway, maybe your friends just gave you too much to drink or something. I’m not really surprised you had a few; someone as attractive as you’s really likely to have had them. But hey, I just wanted to know.” I still love you.

He held Bill’s hands and leaned his head on his. The taller man pouted, but he was relieved.

“Wanna go to the library now?” the taller man asked.

“Sure, Bill,” Dipper stood up and faced the pouting man, “You just want to go now because you’re embarrassed, aren’t you?”
Bill immediately got out of his seat and ran away, knowing that his cheeks have turned red. The brunet laughed and chased after him.

“Heyyy, you almost forgot your date!” he joked when he was finally next to him. The taller man rolled his eyes and held Dipper’s hand without saying a word. He laced their fingers together and cupped his cheek with his free hand. He leaned down and gave his Pine Tree a kiss on the cheek.

Dipper played along and kissed him back. He then began to walk to the library, taking Bill with him. He took a good look at the building’s exterior before pushing the door open for him.

“If you got time to look at the building, look at your date instead,” Bill told him. He walked inside without looking at the brunet, who he was dragging along. Dipper chuckled and linked his arm with the taller man’s.

“You know, I don’t think there’s any shame with you having one night stands back then. I mean, you didn’t get hooked, and…it was high school. Doesn’t make you any different in my eyes, really. You’re still a good person, I really don’t mind,” he told the taller man, who was clearly worried about his thoughts about him.

“…Sure, Pine Tree. Thanks.” You don’t get it. I want to fuck you one day but you know you’re not the first, and you know this dick’s gone in others’ asses. You don’t want that, but I can’t exactly tell you all this so you’d understand.

“Sorry I don’t know how to convince you, but…I tried. I’ll still continue trying to make you feel better. So, where do you wanna start reading?” Dipper asked.

“That bookshelf by the wall, I guess.” Bill walked to the said bookshelf and picked out a random book. The brunet released his arm and took one as well. Since the taller man didn’t seem any happier than before, so he tried to reach for another book on a higher shelf—maybe teasing him about his height would make him feel better.

Bill saw that the shorter man beside him was tiptoeing to reach as high as he could, but rather than asking what book he wanted to get and pointing out the fact that he was shorter than him, he gently ran his fingers through his fluffy locks and smiled at him, just a little. “You don’t have to pretend, Pine Tree. I’ll be better later, I don’t want this to be a shitty date.”

“If you say so, just…don’t force the happiness. Anyway, what’s in that book you picked out?” Dipper asked. Bill opened the book and only saw a page full of merely blended colors.

“…Aesthetics?” he said. The brunet snorted and opened the book he was holding. After a few pages, he looked at Bill, who was merely flipping pages without any signs of interest.

“I think I found something you might actually like.”

“You?” Bill asked as he closed the book. Dipper felt his cheeks heat up, thinking that Bill just flirted with him. He shrugged it off and decided to continue what he was saying.

“Uh…triangles.”

The taller man returned the book he was holding and took the one Pine Tree was giving him.

“Huh, you’re right. These are nice-looking triangles,” he remarked, looking at the page.

“Thought so.”
Dipper checked the time on his phone after browsing yet another book.

“Welp, time to go, Bill,” he said.

“Is it time for my first surprise of the night?” the taller man asked. He hugged the brunet out of excitement, making him giggle.

“Almost, Bill. By the time we get there, we’ll have to wait a few minutes before your surprise starts.”

“So it’s a show, huh?”

“Mmm yeah, you could say that.” Dipper tiptoed and kissed the taller man’s cheek. Bill smiled and gave him a kiss in return when he was back on his heels. The brunet then pulled away and held the golden-haired man’s hand.

“Let’s go, wouldn’t wanna be late,” he said. With that, they walked back to the car.

“Oh, you’re gonna want to take off your sweater for the rest of the date, trust me,” he told him as he unlocked the car.

“If you say so,” Bill replied.

The two went into the car. Once they were in, Bill took off his sweater and tossed it to the back. He smirked the whole time, knowing that Pine Tree was watching him.

“Your turn. Of course, I’m going to watch you too,” he teased.

“I-it’s just me taking off your sweater…” the brunet meekly said. Bill smirked even wider, seeing how his cheeks have turned red. Dipper shrugged it off and took off the taller man’s sweater. Bill, of course, stared at him. He relished in the few seconds his lovely pale flesh was exposed. Once he was done, Dipper tossed the sweater to the back as well and started the car.

“Buckle up, Bill,” he said, fastening his seatbelt.

“Right, right.” Bill did as he was told and took out his phone right after. As he captured a photo, the brunet turned his head to look at the golden-haired man.

“What are you taking a picture for?” He chuckled. Bill took another photo, capturing the happy look on his adorable page.

“Taking a few pictures before my surprise.”

“Pft, do what you want.” Dipper didn’t bother saying anything when he took another picture and began to drive.

“…You still up for a few distractions?” the taller man asked. Pine Tree laughed lightheartedly, and of course, Bill took a picture of him when he did so.

“Of course, Bill.”

Bill then leaned in and gave him a kiss on the cheek. Dipper focused on the road and drove with a smile on his face, whilst the golden-haired man gazed at him lovingly.

*If I want to make you mine, all I have to do is tell you, right? I’d kiss you, but I want you to beg for*
“...but it is a way of delivering the same message without words...nope.

“Hey... you mind sending the pictures you took today to me after our date?” the brunet asked.

“Well, they’re mostly just pictures of you with the cutest faces I lo—admire so much, but sure!”

“...Thanks.”

Bill, for once, didn’t take a picture of him. Instead, he kissed his now flushed cheek.

“Dammit, I wanna cuddle more,” he said. Dipper laughed once again, making Bill feel his heartbeat...fluctuate.

“Don’t worry, we have all night...not implying anything, though,” the brunet told him.

“Well, that’s a thought,” Bill said with a smirk. He kissed his Pine Tree’s neck ever so lightly, lips barely touching his skin. Dipper pursed his lips and tightened his grip on the steering wheel. 

Well, maybe it'd be pretty good...

The taller man chuckled, pleased with his reaction. He leaned back on his seat and crossed his legs.

A few blocks later, Dipper could see their destination. Bill was looking at it too, but of course, he wasn’t sure if that’s where they were going. The brunet glanced at the man next to him, who seemed to really want to go there. Good thing he was taking them there. Good job, Dipper.

Within a few minutes, they arrived at The Double-Decker.

“Surprise, Bill!” Dipper said with a smile.

“Holy shit we’re really going in there?” Bill asked as he took off his seatbelt.

“Yup!” the brunet confirmed as he turned off the engine. Excited, the taller man took off Dipper’s seatbelt himself and pulled him into a hug.

“I’ve always wanted to go here, Pine Tree, thank you!” He crawled over so he was on the brunet’s lap. He hugged him even tighter and tenderly kissed him on the cheek. Dipper chuckled and wrapped his arms around Bill’s torso.

“No problem, I knew you’d like it here. Now let’s go inside, wouldn’t wanna be late,” he said.

“All right!” Dang, I coulda kissed you on the lips a while ago. So close. He crawled back to his seat and got out of the car as quickly as he could. The brunet watched him scurry and he chortled before he went out as well. He locked the doors and held the taller man’s hand—apparently he rushed over to his side, even though he seemed so excited to go inside already.

Bill laced their fingers together and let Pine Tree lead the way. The shorter man opened the door for them and stepped inside. The golden-haired man stayed by his side and looked around the place, just like the brunet was doing.

It was bright, and though it was a rather small place, it was lively—and there wasn’t even anyone playing the piano or cracking jokes at the stage. People were seated on high-top bar stools on one side, drinking and probably talking about how they were excited for the party, whilst people sat on chairs and couches on the other side, happily chatting about who-knows-what.

“Dang, looks like a full house...” Dipper remarked.
“I see two empty barstools there, you *up* for it? Get it? Barstools are kinda high, so, ‘up,’” Bill joked. The brunet rolled his eyes and walked to the seats the taller man pointed out.

“Yes, I get it.”

Bill laughed and planted a kiss on his Pine Tree’s cheek before he sat down. The brunet sat beside him and looked around once more, somewhat hoping that nobody saw that.

“Order any drink you want, I’ll treat you,” he told the golden-haired man.

“Why thank you, my blushing little Pine Tree.” Bill stroked his hair, making him chuckle and blush a little more than he already was.

While he waved for the bartender, Dipper saw a woman just leaning on the bar counter rather than sitting. She was wearing a red turtleneck, black pants, and brown boots; that get-up reminded him of someone. She reminded him of another someone as well—she was flirting with the man next to him.

“Heaven must be missing an angel because here I am—I meant ‘YOU!’ Look at the time…oh boy…GOTTA RUN!”

Dipper chuckled and even snorted. *And I thought I was terrible at flirting…back then, at least. I think Bill made me a little better at that.*

Bill turned to the brunet and saw that he was watching a woman run away. *Oh shit, he’s bi.* He grabbed his Pine Tree’s chin and turned his head so he’d be looking at him.

“Hey, Pine Tree, *I’m* your date,” he said.

“Y-yeah, you are…” Dipper replied, nervously looking into Bill’s eyes. He didn’t know what he did wrong, but even so, he felt trapped in those eyes. The way he was looking at him right now made him feel like he was going to be ripped apart with claws and devoured by Bill right now.

“Then why were you looking at that woman just now? You should be looking at *me,* Pine Tree. No one else.”

Dipper then realized why he was so angry. He chuckled softly, confusing and frustrating the taller man.

“Bill, it’s not like that, no need to get jealous.” He stood up and stepped a little closer to Bill. He lovingly wrapped his arms around the golden-haired man’s torso and pressed his lips on his soft cheek. “I was looking at her because she reminded me of my two grunkles.”

“…Grunkles? What are those?” Bill asked.

“Great uncles.”

The taller man hugged him back, slowly letting him off the hook. “How does *that* work?”

“No idea. It’s best not to question it. But alright, I guess I should have kept my eyes on you. You forgive me?” he asked, looking at Bill with pleading eyes full of sincerity.

“Oh how could I say no to that?” the taller man gave in. He playfully poked his Pine Tree’s rosy little nose.

“Boop.”
Dipper giggled and realized how close their faces were right now. Perhaps he would have stared at Bill’s lips if he wasn’t so captivated by his eyes. *Maybe it would be clear even if I don’t say it… would it count?*

“Good evening! Well, it’s late night, but people don’t say ‘Good late night!’ now do they?” a humorous and energetic voice said. The people around them laughed, and in that instant, the romantic atmosphere between the two dissipated.

“Oh, it’s time for open mic night,” Dipper said.

“Open mic night?! Perfect!” Bill kissed his Pine Tree on the cheek before he let him sit back on his own barstool.

“I’m Jaune Mulkins and no I am not French. Boy, wouldn’t it be great if I went ‘OUI BAGUETTE HONHONHON’? Well, no offense to the actual French, especially if there are any here.”

That got Bill laughing pretty hard, just like the rest of the audience; even Dipper.

“Well, that’s enough of me, it’s open mic night! So, who wants to go crack a joke or two or maybe tell some hilarious stories?”

“BOY, ALL THE STORIES I COULD TELL,” yelled a familiar voice of a woman.

“Looks like it’s gonna be a long night then! Mic’s all yours!” With that, Jaune sat by the back door, while the woman the brunet was looking at a few minutes ago came up on stage.

“What the fuck is up?”

Dipper snorted. “Nice greeting,” he remarked.

“My name’s Aria but that’s not the point here, so I’m just gonna get on with it. So, back in school, I remember we hosted a party at some rich kid’s house; they were a classmate—I don’t even want to remember it, FUCK—“ she burst out laughing, and as a certain quote was proven to be true, some people couldn’t help but laugh along.

“I WAS LIKE, SITTING IN THE CORNER, DRINKING WATER. WHEN I GET REALLY DISTURBED I JUST DRINK WATER. I THINK I DRANK LIKE 4 BOTTLES OF WATER HOLY SHIT,” she cleared her throat, while the audience was already laughing, “Like, I was sweating while drinking the water. There was this huge group of drunks at the party and I just talked to myself for a bit. ‘Why are they drinking alcohol,’ ‘Thank god it’s illegal for me to drink it,’ ‘Oh god.’ I was just there, in a corner, sweating with large water bottles on my table.”

She paused for a bit, letting the audience laugh as they please. Once the laughter died down, she continued. “At that same party, this drunk was screaming ‘YOOOOOO I’M GONNA COMMIT SUICIDE LIKE YOO I’M GONNA DO ITTTT NO ONE’SSSS GONNA STOP MEEE’ and I stopped drinking water just to scream ‘DON’T LET MY DREAMS BE DREAMS!’”

The audience laughed even harder than before, and even Dipper couldn’t help burst out laughing. Bill especially liked that; it was a little morbid.
“I giggled to myself the whole time. That was the first time. THEN THE SECOND TIME IS WHERE I DIE.”

“Okay, I know I was jealous of this chuck a while ago, but her stories are good,” Bill remarked.

“Yes, glad it’s open mic night; sure, she’s pretty loud, but the people upstairs probably aren’t getting stories better than hers,” the brunet replied.

“SO THAT GROUP OF DRUNKS FROM A WHILE AGO WAS DANCING, RIGHT? I WAS JUST SITTING IN THE FAR CORNER DRINKING WATER THEN THIS ONE GUY CAME AND ASKED ME TO DANCE WITH HIM. I literally said 0% joke, ‘I’m drinking water.’ THEN HE JUST LOOKS AT ME LIKE ‘What the fuck?’ AND HE FUCKING LEFT AND I CONTINUED ON MY WATER-DRINKING JOURNEY. I’m so proud of myself.”

She paused again and let the audience laugh for a while. She looked so satisfied.

“So then they were all dancing fuckin’ drunk and some shit. Now, this one person was singing Justin Bieber. I always up to that group of drunks and I said, ‘Your mother’s here,’ and let’s just call that guy I talked to ‘dickwad.’ Dickwad is a fucking DICK.”

Of course, Bill laughed at that. Dipper, who knew he was a sucker for dick jokes, rolled his eyes… despite the fact that he said one in his mind just now.

“So then after I said that they all started screaming and ran the fuck outta there and were finding hiding spots. I left after that; it was too much for me. I also went to the toilet several times after drinking too much water. When I’m laying on my deathbed, I’ll remember that moment and laugh until I die. That’s most likely to happen. Well, I never went to a party ever again.”

The audience was practically howling with laughter, but she wasn’t done just yet.

“Pine Tree, I’m gonna order a margarita,” the taller man said.

“Alright, go tell the bartender.”

While Bill ordered his drink, Dipper took out some money from his wallet and slid it across the counter. The golden-haired man gave him a kiss on the cheek as a sign of thanks.

“So, this last one’s from another time, in my house,” Aria cleared her throat and yelled out her story again; it seemed to be her thing. “I WAS IN THE SHOWER AND THEN I HEARD MY MOM SAY, ‘If your Aunt Aria isn’t playing her computer than you can play it’ AND THEN I HEARD MY COUSIN AND MOM COMING. I GOT OUT OF THE SHOWER IN RECORD TIME, PUT ON CLOTHES IN RECORD TIME, AND VROOMED TO MY COMPUTER. It’s all good—I JUST GRABBED WHATEVER WAS IN THE CLOSET AND WORE IT. It's all good. I got a sweater and some fuckin’ shorts.

“IF I WASN’T SITTING ON MY CHAIR IN TIME, THAT LITTLE BRAT WOULD’VE SEEN MY MEME STASH. WHEN MY MOM SAW ME SHE WAS LIKE, ‘Oh well’ AND STARTED HEADING TO MY BROTHER’S ROOM. MY BROTHER WAS LIKE ‘NO YOU DON’T UNDERSTAND, STOP!’ ‘I’M DOWNLOADING A GAME STOP THIS MOM NO!’”
Bill was laughing real hard, like the rest of the audience, though mostly because he enjoyed other people’s misery.

“That’s all for tonight my dudes, and if anyone got offended, fuck you. I don’t care, take a damn joke.”

The taller man took a sip of his margarita as he watched that woman walk off the stage and out the doors.

“Dang, that was gold,” Dipper said.

“Sure was.”

“Boy, that was some show! Nice way to start the party! Now, let’s not forget that this is still a piano bar. Anyone know how to play the piano?” Jaune said.

Bill immediately stood up and placed his glass on the counter. “I sure do!” he yelled.

“Piano’s yours! Not literally, of course.”

The brunet smiled as Bill walked up to the stage; he knew he’d love to play.

“Name’s Bill Cipher, folks. I’m gonna play something old, so if you remember Casablanca, sing along!” He sat on the piano bench and positioned his fingers on the right keys. *A little something from me to you, Pine Tree.*

He began to play, and though he should keep his eyes on the piano, he looked into Dipper’s eyes the whole time; he knew this song well enough.

“You must remember this
A kiss is still a kiss
A sigh is still (just) a sigh
The fundamental things apply
As time goes by

And when two lovers woo
They still say: I love you
On that you can rely
No matter what the future brings
As time goes by

Moonlight and love songs - never out of date
Hearts full of passion - jealousy and hate
Woman needs man - and man must have his mate
That no one can deny

It’s still the same old story
A fight for love and glory
A case of do or die
The world will always welcome lovers
As time goes by”

The audience applauded, but Dipper was too enamoured to even clap once. ‘I love you,’ he said… while looking at me… did he mean it, or is it just part of the song and he was coincidentally just
looking at me…the whole time…

“Enjoyed the show, Pine Tree?”

Dipper flinched, only realizing just now that Bill was in front of him. “Y-yeah, um…you’re really good at playing the piano,” he said.

“Course I am. You didn’t clap, though. Too touched?” the taller man teased. Pine Tree didn’t answer, though his red cheeks were already a giveaway anyway. Bill chuckled and kissed him on the cheek while stroking his fluffy brown locks.

“Y-you haven’t finished your margarita yet…” Dipper pointed out.

“You’re better than margarita, Pine Tree. I’d taste you if I could.” He flirtatiously winked at the brunet, causing him to get even shyer. He chuckled again and placed his hands on his Pine Tree’s back and under his knees.

“What are you doing? H-hey!” the brunet yelled. Bill ignored his protests, knowing he’d like what he was gonna do anyway. He carried Dipper and sat on the barstool he was on before he went on stage. Carefully, he placed the brunet on his lap and took his cocktail glass with one hand, whilst his other arm stayed around his Pine Tree’s waist.

“I’m just gonna drink my margarita like this.” Bill took a sip of his drink and smirked at his Pine Tree, who was looking at him like he was annoyed, yet embarrassed and shy.

*Maybe I could tell him now. The date’s going to end soon enough…*

Dipper wrapped his arms around the taller man’s shoulders and leaned into his ear.

*I love you…*

But even though he tried as hard as he could to just say it, he couldn’t. Instead of telling him how he felt, he quivered, struggling to just tell him already. Meanwhile, Bill finished off his margarita and ate the whole lemon slice in one go; he didn’t mind the sourness. He slid his other arm around the brunet’s waist as well and gently pressed his lips on his now rosy cheek.

“You alright, Pine Tree?” he asked.

*I’ll just try again later...for now…*

“And when two lovers woo, they still say, ‘I love you…’” he sang. Of course, Bill took that in another way. He smiled fondly at the brunet.

“You like that line?”

Dipper nodded and pulled back a little so they’d be face-to-face. “Open mic night ends on 4 am, we should go to your last surprise before then.”

“How about right now? I’ve watched and laughed at some stand-up comedy, played the piano and sang on-stage, and I’ve finished my drink. I don’t see why not,” Bill said.

“Let’s go then.” *Time for the big guns.*

Dipper slid off Bill’s lap rather than hopping off—he made sure he at least grazed his crotch. If he can’t tell him himself, perhaps he could make Bill say it instead.
So you’re trying to seduce me now, Pine Tree? Let’s see what you can do.

Bill looked at the brunet, who wasn’t trying very hard to hide his smirk.

You should probably think twice before trying to seduce a former stripper.

He spun on his seat once, hands on the edges of the barstool and one leg raised a little higher than the other. He slowly slid off his seat, one hand remaining on its edge while its twin’s thumb teasingly tugged on the hem of his trousers.

Dipper averted his gaze; if he watched him anymore, his cheeks might turn red. Bill chuckled and walked to him. He sensually traced his fingers down his back before he held his hand and entwined their fingers. Pine Tree stiffened up a bit as he felt his touch, but he sighed and began to walk to the car with him. He just knew Bill had that smug smirk on his face. Of course, that irked him a bit, but he wouldn’t let Bill win.

He unlocked the car’s doors and let go of the taller man’s hand once they got there. He walked to the other side of the car and sat in the driver’s seat, while Bill went in the car and sat in the passenger’s seat.

“You’re gonna enjoy your last surprise for the night, Bill,” he said as he fastened his seatbelt.

“Is it the taste of your lips?” the golden-haired man teased while he buckled up.

“No…I planned something else, maybe even better…”

“Sex?” Bill asked, smirking. Dipper felt the blood rush to his cheeks, but he didn’t even care at this point.

“No! The surprise is the place, Bill, not the happenings…and really now, quit talking about fucking.”

Looks like one of those is going to be your surprise, then…maybe both.

Dipper rolled his eyes and started the car, while Bill took out his phone and quickly took a picture as he kissed Pine Tree on the cheek. The brunet smiled and decided to just play along.

“Take a picture of this one.” Dipper kissed him back, and of course, the taller man took a picture of them.

“Adorable, as usual,” Bill remarked. The brunet didn’t respond to that and began to drive to the last place for their date.

Actually, do people even go on dates in more than one place? This is basically a trip around NYC with Bill…

“Hey, Bill…” he started.

“Yes, Pine Tree?” Bill replied, locking his phone and turning to the brunet.

“…Would you really call this a date? I mean, most people just stick to one area, but here I am, driving you to yet another place.”

“Of course I do. I say a date can be done anywhere you want as long as we’re together…and alone. I’m really enjoying this date, you know.” He gave the brunet another kiss on the cheek to reassure him. It seemed to work; he smiled a little.
You don’t have to worry at all; I’ve fallen in love with you since what seems to be long ago.

“...You must remember this, a kiss is still a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh...The fundamental things apply, as time goes by...” he sang.

“And when two lovers woo, they still say, ‘I love you.’ On that you can rely...No matter what the future brings, as time goes by...” Dipper continued.

The two then sang together, perhaps directing the lyrics towards each other.

“Moonlight and love songs, never out of date. Hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate...Woman needs man, and man must have his mate that no one can deny...It’s still the same old story, a fight for love and glory, a case of do or die...The world will always welcome lovers...As time goes by...”

“We’re here, Bill. What do you think?”

“A club? I thought you weren’t gonna get drunk tonight, Pine Tree.”

“I’m not gonna drink—well, maybe just one shot. Oh, and it’s not just a regular club, Bill; it’s a gay club,” Dipper pointed out.

Bill smirked; he liked where this was going. “Let’s go,” he said. I’ll make it clear to everyone you’re mine.

He stepped out of the car, and after the brunet kept the keys, Dipper followed. The taller man walked to his side and protectively wrapped his arm around his waist the moment he got out.

“Stay close to me at all times, I don’t want anyone thinking they’re free to flirt with you.”

Dipper chuckled and slid his arm around his torso. “Don’t worry, I will.”

Bill walked into the club along with his Pine Tree; the place was open to anyone, so they had no problem getting in. Dipper looked around for a bit; he knew it was a gay club and he’d gone inside for a bit, but there was much more people at this time of the night, apparently.

“You know if there are any seats near a corner or something?” the taller man asked.

The brunet looked back at Bill, who seemed to be pretty wary of people. “Yeah, just keep walking in that direction,” he pointed.

Bill walked to where he pointed, glaring at anyone who looked at anyone who looked at them along the way. Dipper, on the other hand, saw a couple making out. He stared, but his date quickly noticed what his eyes were on and held his chin between his fingers. Bill turned and tilted his Pine Tree’s head so he’d be looking at him.

“Hey, I’m your date. Don’t go watching two other people make out.”

“Right, right...”

If you want to kiss me, just say so.

“That’s a nice loveseat right there; vacant,” Bill said, pointing at the said piece of furniture.

Loveseat...
“They have waiters here, right?” the taller man asked as he walked them to their table.

“Yeah, order anything you want. I guess I’ll just get a shot of low proof vodka,” the brunet said.

“Then I’ll get a shot of stronger vodka and a shot of whiskey. Already had margarita anyway.”

“You really love margarita don’t you?” Dipper chuckled.

“Course I do, it’s the best drink!”

The two sat on either side of the loveseat. Bill ordered for Dipper and himself, while the brunet watched him do so as he relaxed on the comfortable cushions. He handed the money to the waiter and looked at a man being given a lap dance in the distance. Bill followed his gaze once again and leaned into his ear the moment he saw what he was watching.

“You’re not allowed to have one unless it’s from me,” he whispered.

“H-have what?” Pine Tree asked.

“A lap dance.”

Dipper turned his reddened face away and crossed his arms. The taller man chuckled and pet him lovingly.

“Y’know, I asked for a glass of water, you might need it,” he said.

The brunet looked back at him and smiled. “Thanks.”

*Oh that fucking smile.*

“…No problem.”

The waiter came back and placed their drinks on the table. “Need anything else?” he asked.

“Nope, we’re good. Run along, now,” Bill said. Dipper took his shot glass and stared at it, looking rather nervous. The taller man took the other shot of vodka and held out the glass to Pine Tree, who raised his eyebrow in return.

“Let’s take a shot together. C’mon, clink it,” Bill told him.

“Alright.” Dipper chuckled. He clinked his shot glass with Bill’s and drank the vodka along with him. He immediately placed the glass back on the table and took the glass of water—*Thank god Bill got me this. That was nice.*

“F-fuck…it burns…” he weakly said in between coughs. Bill laughed and watched as he chugged on his water; he, on the other hand, was perfectly fine after that shot. Dipper put the glass when he finished the whole thing and panted.

“My tongue…s-still burns…” he said, looking at the taller man.

Bill couldn’t help but stare at the way his chest rose and fell. His face didn’t make him any less tempted either. Flashed cheeks, half-lidded eyes, slightly stuck out tongue…they’d had better moments. He had better chances to kiss him, and yet here he was, lusting over the brunet instead. Then again, it probably didn’t matter what the reason would be; *a kiss is still a kiss.* It’s still a sign of love, and he really does love his Pine Tree. This is his last surprise, meaning their date would be over after this. Pine Tree didn’t seem like he was going to do it any time soon. It’s possible he just didn’t
want to kiss him after all, but who knows, he could just be shy like he always was. He wanted him, and maybe keeping him waiting would only make him lose him.

_Fucking hell, Pine Tree, are you doing this on purpose? Stop being so fucking…you know what, fuck it. You’re going to be all mine now._

“Hey, Pine Tree, you’re not drunk, right?”

“No…why?” Dipper asked, giving him a confused look.

Bill smirked and looked him dead in the eye.

“Good, wouldn’t want you to forget this,” he said, tilting his head.

Before Dipper even had the chance to answer, Bill leaned in and pressed his lips onto his Pine Tree’s. The brunet’s eyes grew wide in surprise and his face was probably as red as it could be right now. He blinked twice, confirming that this was all real.

…I love you.

Dipper closed his eyes and meekly kissed him back. He slowly pulled away and opened his eyes. He stared back at the man he loved.

“…I’m not an experienced kisser…” he told him.

“That kiss seemed just fine to me. Now, open your mouth,” the taller man said, placing his Pine Tree’s chin between his fingers. Dipper swallowed nervously and slightly parted his lips. That was good enough for him.

Bill kissed him a little more roughly this time, but Dipper seemed to have no problem with moving his lips and pulling away and getting back into the kiss in sync with the taller man. He gripped on Bill’s shirt rather than leaning his hands on the cushion.

The man overflowing with desire slowly traced his Pine Tree’s soft lips with his slick tongue and thrust it into the brunet’s mouth, making him tighten his grip. Dipper shivered as he felt Bill’s hot tongue coax his own to ‘dance.’ He sheepishly stuck his tongue out and slowly twisted it with the taller man’s. He shuddered and inadvertently moaned when Bill’s tongue slid in deep—right at the back of his throat. He slowly pulled away, leaving a silver thread of saliva between then. Bill did him a favor and licked it off for him.

“Sorry I…I made an awkward sound…” Dipper said as he panted heavily.

Bill gazed at his flushed face and smirked. “I love it when you moan.” He tenderly kissed him again whilst cupping his cheek. His free hand slid under his Pine tree’s bum while its twin slid down, headed to the same place.

“Let me hear more of your sweet voice, Pine Tree,” he whispered into his ear in a sultry voice. Bill then lifted him and carefully propped him on his lap, letting him straddle him.

“If you don’t know how to give someone a lap dance, now’s the time to try.”

Dipper slid his arms around the taller man’s shoulders and rested his forehead against his. Bill chuckled lowly and gave him what he wanted.

He slid his tongue back into the brunet’s mouth and thrust it in deep, determined to taste every single
crevice of his mouth. His Pine Tree moaned without holding back and slowly began to rock his hips against the taller man’s crotch, pleasuring himself with the friction as well. He slid his hand into Bill’s hair and yanked on it as he gave him a staccato thrust, eliciting a groan from the taller man that sent vibrations to his tongue and down to his cock. Shit…

Bill sneak ed his hands under his Pine Tree’s shirt and began to touch his back all over. Dipper’s moans only made him want more, and that tent in his pants alone was enough to show that. The brunet couldn’t say his jeans weren’t feeling tighter either, and at this point, he didn’t even care that they were in public.

Bill sensually bit on Dipper’s lip and tugged on it, and now that their lips were apart, his Pine Tree’s moans sounded even sweeter. The golden-haired man traced his lips along his jaw, tongue slightly stuck out, whilst his hands were slowly sliding past the brunet’s sides and up his stomach.

Dipper shuddered and let out the most beautiful moan Bill had ever heard as he felt the taller man’s teeth sinking into his neck and his fingers pinching his nipples. Bill fervently sucked on his flesh and ran his hands up and down his chest, making sure he brushed against his sensitive, hardened buds each time. Whenever he grazed against his stitches, he made sure to be a little more gentle. He still cared; he didn’t get lost in the heat.

The brunet’s legs were practically squeezing the taller man’s sides right now, and his mind was going blank. Bill licked the mark he’d created on Pine Tree and lightly blew on it, making the shorter man shiver. Dipper was tugging on his hair and clawing on his back and Bill loved it. His moans were music to his ears and his cute little face was flushed a deep red.

Should I tell him I love him…or should I tell him I might…come…? That would be embarrassing…and troublesome…but I…

“B- Bill…” he started nervously.

“Yes, Pine Tree?” the taller man asked, taking his hands out of his shirt. Too much?

“I…m-might uh…well, you know…”

Bill followed his gaze; he was looking at their crotches, which were pressed together.

“You don’t wanna finish, Pine Tree?” he asked, gently running his fingers through his fluffy—although now a little messy and sweaty—brown locks. Yeah, too much.

“…Do you want me to?” Dipper asked, looking back into his eyes.

“That’s your choice, Pine Tree. Being able to kiss you’s more than enough for me…you didn’t push me away. You liked it. I’m happy with that.”

The brunet didn’t respond, but he looked like he was going to cry, so Bill comforted him with a kiss on his soft lips.

“It’s alright, maybe we could ask for some ice cubes and tissue?” the taller man suggested.

“We can…”

Bill lifted the brunet and carefully set him beside him. Dipper curled up against him, legs lifted in attempt to hide his boner—really embarrassing. He just hoped he wouldn’t get teased about it; the man who just kissed him wasn’t one to talk anyway.
Bill wrapped his arm around the brunet’s shoulders and pulled him closer, while he raised his other hand to call for a waiter. He had no shame. A waiter came to them within a few moments.

“What can I—“

“Lots of ice cubes and lots of tissues. No questions asked.” Bill was rather curt, but the waiter shrugged and walked away, off to get them what they needed. Dipper took out a dollar from his wallet and handed it to him.

“What’s this for?” the taller man asked, taking it from his hand.

“Give it to the waiter after…” he told him.

“Hm, alright.” ‘Course Pine Tree would always leave a tip. Bill stared at his lover for a while, waiting in case he wanted to say something. He didn’t.

“Does it hurt?” he asked.

“Kinda…I can take it though, don’t worry.”

Bill drank his shot of whiskey and gave Dipper a chaste and tender kiss. His lips felt warmer and softer, probably because of their little make out session. The brunet smiled and snuggled closer to him. Despite he was happy that the man he loved kissed him—which meant he did love him back—but he didn’t make the first move like he was supposed to. Maybe he could make the second.

“…Wanna kiss again? I mean, I wouldn’t mind,” he said.

“You sure? Don’t wanna make your uh…current situation worse. Pains me to hold back when I kiss you, so make sure you’d be okay with that.”

“Yeah, it’s alright. We’re getting ice anyway, it’ll go back down…if I’m not into it. Hopefully not.”

Bill chuckled and turned the brunet so his neck wouldn’t have to twist like an owl’s when they kiss. “Would be pretty kinky if you were. Well, we’ll see later.”

With that, he gave his Pine Tree another open-mouthed kiss. Once Dipper cupped his cheek, he held his hand and wrapped his other arm around his waist. He then slid his tongue into his mouth once again, a little more slowly this time. He stroked the back of the brunet’s hand as well; he felt his fingers slightly curl up. He tried not to kiss him too hard; he didn’t want their teeth to hit each other, especially not his canines. He was relieved Dipper wasn’t sticking his tongue in his mouth either, it would probably hurt him if he did.

Dipper sighed and tried to taste Bill this time; it was the other way around a while ago.

*His tongue feels hotter now…it kinda burns. Must be the whiskey…it’s kinda nice. I won’t let him know this, but I might want to do this more often.*

*…Okay, fuck, how does he French kiss so well?*

He slowly pulled away and leaned back on Bill, who released just his hand. He then held onto his shoulder instead while his other hand remained on the cushion, supporting his weight. He panted against the taller man’s body.

Bill chuckled. “You look like my bitch.”

Dipper rolled his eyes and got off him. He tried to pull down his shirt to possibly cover up the tent in
his pants, and unfortunately, it was just short enough to cover his torso, so doing that only exposed his back. He just rested his back on Bill again anyway, it would be pretty embarrassing for anyone else to see him like that in a frontal view.

Bill chuckled and planted a kiss on his hair. As if on cue, the waiter came back and placed a bowl of ice cubes and two table napkins on their table.

“Thought maybe these fit the situation more,” he said. He winked, but even Bill knew he wasn’t flirting. Could be just his job, or the fact that he knew what was going on and he wanted to be more helpful. Either way, he seemed like a nice person.

“Here, have a tip,” Bill said, handing over the dollar.

“Thanks, have a good night…and a lot of fun.” The waiter took the dollar and winked at the taller man before he walked away.

_Huh, must be me. I’m not wearing glasses, after all._

“Well, looks like someone’s into you,” Dipper teased. Unlike Bill, he didn’t get jealous very easily. He knew that was nothing, especially not after they just made out…twice.

“Pff, no. Well, maybe. I mean, I don’t have my glasses on so I look really damn hot.”

_Well, there’s his usual narcissism._

The brunet said nothing to tease the taller man, which seemed to work. He didn’t seem annoyed, but he did give him a kiss on his hair. Maybe he’s just glad he wasn’t mad or anything like that.

“Alright, here we go,” he said.

Dipper leaned on the loveseat and watched as Bill took some of the ice cubes and wrapped them in table napkins. He tied them to make them like ice packs and handed one to his Pine Tree.

“Here, put it on your dick.”

Dipper snorted and took the ice pack. “Nice way to put it,” he said.

“No lie there.”

The two placed the ice packs on their crotches, and of course, Bill cursed under his breath since frozen water—that was only covered with a thin cloth—was on the most sensitive part of his body. Sure, it was covered with the fabric of his trousers, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t fucking cold.

Dipper noticed his usual reaction and gave his lover a warm embrace. “You really hate the cold.”

The taller man sighed and planted a kiss on the brunet’s cheek. “Yeah, but snowball fights are fun. I just have to move around a lot and take a nice, warm bath right after. That milkshake from back then was pretty nice too; I didn’t drink it too fast anyway.”

“Guess the cold can’t stop you from having fun, huh?”

“Well, anyway, if your dick still hasn’t calmed down, go think of that grunkle you mentioned naked or something. Any relative with the prefix ‘grand-‘ in them’s pretty disgusting without clothes,” Bill suggested.

“Uck, gross. Thanks for the thought.”
The taller man laughed, entertained by his reaction. “So, you ready to go home? Well, to the residence hall, but yeah…home,” he said.

Dipper placed his ice pack on the table and looked at him. “Yeah.”

Bill placed his ice pack on the table as well and carried his lover with his hands on his back and under his knees. “I’ll drive; I’ll use the navigator on my phone.”

“But I’m still the one who took you on a date…”

“It’s alright, I wanna take care of you for the rest of the night.”

The brunet smiled and curled up against Bill. “Are you really going to carry me like this every time we exit a club?” he teased.

“Yes, yes I am.”

The taller man carried his beloved Pine Tree as he walked to the back door, then to the car.

“Key’s, please. See how that rhymed?” he pointed out.

Dipper laughed and took the keys out of his pocket. Bill carefully put his Pine Tree down and took the keys. “Thank you,” he said as he unlocked the doors. He gave the brunet a quick kiss and opened the door for him.

Dipper stepped inside the car and sat down. Before he could buckle up, Bill kissed him again for just a little longer. He kissed him back, and the taller man could feel his smile against his lips.

“I think kissing you’s become an addiction for me, Pine Tree.” You have no idea how long I’ve waited.

“I don’t mind at all,” Dipper said as he fastened his seatbelt. Bill smiled back at his lover and closed the door. He walked to the other side of the car and sat in the driver’s seat. In those few seconds he was outside the car, Dipper realized he hasn’t said the most important thing yet. Well, that was pretty stupid of me. We went a few steps ahead….

“...I love you, Bill.”

The taller man looked at Pine Tree, whose cheeks were tinted red and lips were curled into that little smile he loved.

“I love you too, Dipper.”

He said my name…

Bill leaned in and kissed him again. Dipper kissed him back and cupped his cheek; his hand stayed there even when his lover pulled away.

“Could I take a picture of us kissing?” the taller man asked.

“Sure.” The brunet chuckled.

Bill took out his phone, kissed him again, and took a picture. Once that was over with, he placed his phone by the speed meter and opened the navigator app. He began to drive them back home after buckling up.
“Hey, could you sleep with me in my room right? Literally, of course.”

“Sure, but I need to get a change of clothes, since…well, you know,” the brunet said.

“I’ll get your underwear and socks for you, just wear my clothes,” the taller man offered.

“I-I don’t want you going through my underwear drawer!” Dipper went out of the car, and Bill locked the car. Once he kept the keys, he followed.

“I’m just gonna get a pair of each, come on!”

“No!”

Bill wrapped his arm around his Pine Tree’s waist and tried again. “Pleeease?” he said, resting his head on his shoulder. Dipper playfully rolled his eyes.

“Fine,” he gave in.

“Thank you!” He released the brunet and held his hand instead. “You know, you can kiss me anytime you want, Pine Tree. Don’t be shy,” he told him as he laced their fingers together.

Dipper then tiptoed and pressed his lips onto Bill’s. The taller man smiled against his lips and kissed him back. The brunet slowly pulled away and got back on his heels once they were done.

The two walked back to the residence hall. After a few flights of stairs, they finally reached Bill’s room.

“Your key?” the taller man asked as he unlocked his own room. Like Dipper agreed to, he took them from his pocket and handed them over.

“Here,” he said.

“Which one’s your underwear drawer and which one’s for socks?” Bill asked as he took the key.

“…Bottom right drawer under the cabinet. Same drawer for both,” he answered with a little blush on his cheeks.

“Alright, wait in my room. Pick out some clothes if you want.”

“Okay.”

Bill gave his lover a quick kiss before going into his room. Dipper chuckled and walked into Bill’s room. He supposed it wouldn’t be so bad if he knew where his drawers were…as long as he didn’t do anything weird with his underwear.

Meanwhile, Bill opened the drawer Dipper told him about and took a pair of boxers and socks. He stared at the drawer’s contents for a few more moments before he closed it. At least he organizes his clothes.

He curiously stretched the boxers in his hand a few times. They’re smaller than mine…pretty cute.

He walked out of the room and locked the door behind him, not wanting Pine Tree to get suspicious. He walked across the hallway, and when he entered his room, he realized that apparently Pine Tree can get cuter than he already was.
Dipper was wearing one of his shirts, which was way too big on him. He wasn’t wearing any of his pants or shorts, but really, he’d be better off just staying in his underwear.

“Oh, hey. Your shirts were all too big, so…yeah,” the brunet said, a little embarrassed.

“Holy shit you have really nice legs.”

Dipper’s face turned even redder at that remark.

“Uh…t-thanks…give me my socks and underwear now, please.”

“Right, right.” Bill walked to his Pine Tree and handed him his socks and underwear. “Pine Tree, you don’t even need to wear pants; my shirt reaches half your thighs. Stay in your underwear.”

“N-no! I mean, yeah, your shirt’s pretty long, but…well, I’ll get cold.” Obviously, that wasn’t the reason.

“I can keep you warm! Besides, I have a blanket.”

“…Look away, I’m gonna change my underwear.”

“Fine.” The taller man turned around and crossed his arms.

Dipper took off his underwear and tossed them to the hamper while he watched his lover sulk because he wanted to wear something above his boxers. He wouldn’t even agree to shorts, even though his legs would be exposed anyway.

I…guess why not, though. I mean, we technically dry humped a while ago, why would this matter now? He…is my lover now. I can trust him.

“…Why do you want me to stay in my underwear?” he asked as he put a new pair on. If his intentions are okay, then I guess I’ll give in.

“Because you’re really adorable in just my shirt. Also, your legs look really smooth and it’d be a waste. I…won’t do anything you won’t like, if that’s what you’re thinking about,” Bill answered.

“…Well…I guess you are honest…alright.” Dipper changed his socks and sat on the edge of the bed. “You can look now,” he said.

The taller man turned around and walked to his beautiful lover. “Thank you.” He gave him a kiss before going to his closet and looking for clothes to wear.

“…You don’t get to wear pants either. Deal?” the brunet asked.

Bill picked out a shirt and stripped off the one he was currently wearing. “If you just wanted to see me in my underwear, you could’ve just asked,” he said with a smirk as he turned around.

“…Shut up. Deal?”

“Learning from me, huh?” He took out the stuff in his pocket and placed them on the nightstand, where Pine Tree apparently placed his stuff as well. He then put on his new shirt and tossed the other to the hamper. He then took off his boots and placed them beside the brunet’s shoes. “Sure, no problem. Also, I’m gonna change my underwear now. You wanna watch?” he teased with a flirtatious wink.

“N-no.” Dipper turned away, and though he tried to hide his face, Bill knew he was blushing anyway.
The taller man took a new pair from his drawer and changed his underwear. He changed his socks too and threw them along with his boxers to the hamper. When he was done, he walked back to his Pine Tree. “I have a spare toothbrush in the medicine cabinet. I probably should’ve taken yours from your bathroom but…well, I don’t know.”

“Oh, thanks. Sorry though, I guess I should’ve told you. You sure I can use your spare?” the brunet asked. I could tell him I could just take mine myself...but maybe he doesn’t want me to leave. Not in just his shirt, anyway.

“Yeah, it’ll make me feel like you live in with me! Well, kinda. Next time you come over, you can use it all you want. So, you wanna go first?”

Dipper smiled and stood up. He didn’t say anything, but he did kiss the taller man’s cheek before he went to the bathroom. Bill waited beside the door, leaning on the wall. When the brunet opened the door a few minutes later, he gave him a quick kiss before he even got out.

“Alright, go lie under the blankets now, you adorable little fuck. I’ll be there in a few minutes. You can sleep if you want, by the way. I know you’re tired,” he said.

“Nah, I’ll wait for you. I know you’d probably want to stare at me while I sleep, but I think we should both be on the bed first before we sleep. I mean, we are sleeping together.”

“If you say so, Pine Tree. Don’t push yourself.”

While he went into the bathroom and closed the door, Dipper smiled at him warmly. He really cares about him. I’m really glad he loves me back. I have to thank Mabel for making me ask him on a date...some parts didn’t go well, but it was all worth it. My white lies were worth it. Maybe I’ll let him know I lied to him...someday. Just maybe.

For once, someone I love loves me back. I hope we’ll last.

After a little while, Bill went out of the bathroom and say that his Pine Tree was still sitting at the edge of the bed, just like he left him.

“I’m back. Let’s sleep now, yeah?” he said.

“Yeah, okay.” Dipper crawled into the blanket and lied down, leaving whatever space was left for the taller man.

Bill turned off the lights before he lay down beside his lover. Before he could do anything else, his Pine Tree gave him a little kiss. He smiled and kissed him back while he wrapped his arms around the brunet’s waist and pulled him against him.

“Sweet dreams, Pine Tree. Preferably with me.” He planted a kiss on his forehead as well, making Dipper chuckle. Adorable, as usual.

“Good night, Bill.”

Dipper gently pressed his lips onto Bill’s and snuggled against his chest. He entangled their legs as well; he knew he’d like it. He closed his eyes, but Bill stared at his lover’s cute little face and ran his fingers through his fluffy brown locks before he slept.
So, did you enjoy it? :^) I'm really, really happy for these cuties ;u; Although, my online chapters are catching up with the pre-written ones. Welp, gotta write faster, I guess. I hope you appreciate my efforts, and I hope you are not disappointed with how this turned out! Next chapter will be full of fluff, just a little 'break.' After that will be a two-week break (please don't blame me if I ever extend that, I do have school), then the next arc of this story will start.

Thank you very much for reading my story, I appreciate and love you all! You guys are what motivate me to work so hard!
Also, Aria (from the comedy/piano bar) is actually my friend; her stories are real. Her tumblr's here: http://billshitposts.tumblr.com
Dipper sighed and felt a warmth around his waist when he came to his senses. He shifted forward and felt he hit something warm, which felt just like whatever was embracing him…and what he was embracing too, apparently.

Before he even opened his eyes, he remembered everything, and now he knew exactly what was going on. He and Bill were an actual couple now. The date went well, though some of the things that happened were unplanned. They kissed each other’s cheeks a lot, but perhaps that would change to something even better; they made out last night all of the sudden, then they had an awkward moment, then…they told each other ‘I love you,’ and finally, they went home and slept together.

The brunet slowly opened his eyes and looked at the pair of arms hugging his waist under the blanket. He smiled, feeling part of the man’s back with his hands. He tilted his head back so he could gaze at his lover’s face. Bill was sleeping quite peacefully, and it wasn’t everyday Dipper could stare at his golden hair shining radiantly in the sunlight. Tufts of his silken locks covered part of his face— they fell on his cheeks, nose, and eyes.

Dipper slid one of his hands past the taller man’s shoulders and ever so gently cupped his cheek, not wanting to wake him up. However, it seemed that he was awake anyway. Bill held the soft hand on his face, leaving his other arm in the same position, and opened just one of his eyes—after all, the other was covered by his fringe.

“Good morning, Pine Tree,” he greeted, smirking as he looked at the brunet’s slightly startled face.

Dipper softly chuckled and brushed his hair off his eye so he could gaze into it, too. “Good morning, Bill.”

Bill leaned in and pressed his lips onto his Pine Tree’s. The brunet closed his eyes and kissed him back, caressing his freckles with his thumb as he did so. They stayed like that for a while, and once he was satisfied—for now, that is—he pulled away. He ran his fingers through the brunet’s fluffy locks and pulled him a little closer.

“Hey, what do you want for breakfast?” Dipper asked.

“Well, I’d love another lemon tart of yours, but I don’t have any lemons. I’m just gonna cook for us though, so there’s no need to worry.”

“You sure? I mean, I should at least do something as your…new lover.” He wasn’t really sure what to call himself; boyfriend was just…well, it was something Mabel would say. Not him.

“Hmm…let me touch your legs?” Bill suggested, sliding his other hand down to the brunet’s hip.
“You really like my legs, don’t you? Didn’t tell me you had a leg fetish, Bill,” he joked.

“Well, maybe yours are the only ones I like. So, what do you say?” the desirous man asked, sneaking a thumb onto his Pine Tree’s thigh.

“I can feel your hand, Bill…carry on.” Dipper moved his legs back a bit, just enough for them to be apart from the taller man’s.

Right after being allowed to touch his lover, Bill pulled the blanket off Dipper’s side so he could see his lovely pale flesh. He then carefully released the brunet and sat up. He did like having him in his arms, having his whole body for his self, but letting go of him just for a bit for this reason would be worth it.

Dipper watched as the taller man knelt beside his legs and admired them. “Thought you were gonna touch them, Bill,” he teased.

“I see you’re eager for my fingers, Pine Tree,” the golden-haired man countered.

Dipper rolled his eyes, though his rather playful expression changed into one of surprise as he felt warm, slender fingers running down his thigh. Bill smirked and gave it a squeeze, making him sigh in pleasure.

“You like that, Pine Tree?” he teased.

“I…yeah…” the brunet replied rather shyly.

“Can’t touch your other leg when you’re lying down like this though, so…” he trailed off. He pressed his lips onto his Pine Tree’s slightly reddened cheek and pushed his thigh aside, making him spread his legs right in front of him. That only made it even harder for him to not do anything or touch anything other than his thighs, but he could still control himself. As long as he didn’t get too close, it’ll be fine.

“T-this is an awkward position…” Dipper said, his face even redder than before.

The taller man chuckled and positioned himself between his Pine Tree’s legs. “Don’t worry, I’m not gonna fuck you. Although, if you get hard, that’s your problem.” He flirtatiously winked at the brunet, who rolled his eyes in return.

“I swear to god Bill, if you give me a boner before we even eat breakfast—“ Bill shut him up by kissing him tenderly. Dipper didn’t struggle at all and kissed him back, though he could tell the brunet was still quite skeptical. He slowly pulled away, producing a little ‘smack’ between their lips as he did so.

“Let’s just get some food delivered after this, alright?” he said.

Dipper chuckled and cupped the taller man’s cheek. “Fine, go continue caressing my thighs or whatever.” He kissed his lover once more before he leaned back on the pillow.

“You get to choose the restaurant. Also, it’s not just your thighs; I’m also gonna caress these calves,” the golden-haired man clarified.

“Whatever you say,” Dipper said, pulling his hand off his cheek.

Bill leaned back and placed both his hands just above the brunet’s ankles. He sensually ran his hands
up and down his smooth, and apparently hairless, legs. They were absolutely flawless, not a scab or bruise to be seen—not anymore, thankfully—and though they weren’t toned like a dancer’s or runner’s, he thought they were perfect. They were lithe and soft—which made them pretty fun to squeeze…and, seeing they were untainted, tempting to mark.

He wanted to bite them, at the very least. He slid his hand under the brunet’s knee and lifted his leg.

“Woah, hey, w-what are you—"

What probably would have been protests were reduced to soft whimpers as Bill ever so slowly ran his tongue along a small part of his inner thigh, tasting him.

“Try not to get hard,” he said right before he licked his lips.

He sunk his teeth into his Pine Tree’s soft flesh, eliciting a rather loud moan from him. Dipper gripped onto the sheets and tried to make his moans a little softer—he didn’t want anyone outside to hear, after all—as Bill sucked roughly, clearly desiring to give him yet another mark. *Good thing I don’t have to try too hard to hide that one…*

Bill planted a kiss on the new mark he’d just created before he leaned back and rested the brunet’s leg back on the bed. He turned to look at his Pine Tree’s face and saw that he was staring at the bite mark on his inner thigh. He looked surprised, yet somewhat annoyed.

*Hm…too far? Yeah, maybe I went too far. Fuck.*

The taller man pursed his lips nervously and cleared his throat. “Sorry, I’ll stop there. I’ll uh, get the laptop so you can order some food.”

Dipper sat up and looked at the golden-haired man confusedly. *What was that just now?*

He watched Bill take his laptop from its bag rather hurriedly, though mostly he was just staring at that expression on his face. His lover looked really nervous for some reason, but he couldn’t see what could possibly have made him like that all of the sudden.

Bill sat at the edge of the bed and placed his laptop on his thighs. Dipper stared at him, waiting for him to sit beside him like he always would; he’d do it every time he had the chance, after all. But he didn’t.

“So, which restaurant do you want food from?” the golden-haired man asked, opening the browser.

The brunet furrowed his brows in confusion, but he responded. “Erm…what time is it?”

Bill looked at the clock on the taskbar and answered, “About a quarter till noon, actually. I’d go for fried chicken, what about you?”

Dipper pursed his lips and looked at the taller man worriedly. “I think I’ll order some fried chicken too, then. But hey, Bill…”

“Y-yesh? I mean, I didn’t—“

“Bill, are you alright? C’mon, sit next to me,” he said, moving over and patting the empty spot beside him. He wanted to give him a warm smile—it might help to convince him—but he couldn’t. Not like this.

“Yeah, s-sure…” Bill stuttered. He carried the laptop and carefully crawled onto the bed. He sat
beside the brunet, just like he was told, and placed the laptop back on his lap. He kept his eyes on the screen the whole time—he didn’t want to see the look on his Pine Tree’s face. Not right now.

“You became so nervous all of the sudden, what’s wrong?” Dipper asked. He snuggled against him, hoping it would help him relax.

“I…thought I took it a little too far. I mean, I said I was gonna touch your legs, but I just went and bit you too because I couldn’t control myself…I didn’t ask you if it was okay and when I looked at you, you didn’t seem to like it, so I thought…I thought you were mad or something.”

“What? No, no, I just wasn’t expecting that…like, at all. But hey, really, I don’t mind. I-in fact, I…like it. Y-you remember when I told you my kinks, right? Biting…i-it was one of them. “ The brunet buried his reddened face into the crook of the taller man’s neck and embraced him lovingly.

“Oh…right. Dunno how I didn’t think of that.” Bill gently ran his fingers through his Pine Tree’s fluffy locks and gave them a kiss. He then opened a menu on his laptop and placed his order. “So, what do you wanna get?” he asked.

He gently pat the brunet’s back twice, making him lift his head and look at the screen. Dipper opened his mouth, about to talk, but was instead cut off by Bill giving him an open-mouthed kiss…not that he minded. He sighed and kissed him back. It's nice to be able to kiss so easily now...

Bill slowly pulled away, producing a little sound between their lips, and leaned back. “So, your order?”

“Hmm…let me see what they hav—ooh, it’s NYFC! Well, I don’t wanna make you spend a lot, so I’ll just have a five-dollar fill up, the one with the chicken breast,” Dipper said.

“What? Pine Tree, you took me out on a date last night, you’ve treated me to stuff that definitely cost way more than five dollars! We’re not in the 1930’s, a dollar isn’t that much. Hell, we could get a bucket if you want!”

“Well, I…I guess some fried chicken from NYFC for more than a day sounds nice, but…” he trailed off.

“Buuut?” The taller man leaned closer to the brunet; putting his arm around him would be pointless at the moment, considering that he would have to release his Pine Tree to type in required details, so he did the next best thing.

“I wanna taste their buttermilk biscuit and chocolate chip cookie, which are…well, then again, we could just order those individually too. Would you mind?”

“Not at all! In fact, I just added a bucket of sixteen pieces of chicken. Oh, extra-crispy, of course. It’s like the crunching of bones, except it’s their delicious chicken breading.”

Dipper laughed a little, despite his comparison being quite morbid. It was just Bill being Bill, after all. He was quite odd, but he didn’t mind. In fact, he liked it—it made him fun to be with. He wasn’t really one to talk, though.

“Finally, someone who gets the joke and doesn’t slowly back away,” the taller man said. The brunet laughed even more, and though he didn’t know, his lover was smiling at him.

“You also get eight biscuits with the bucket, and four large sides as well. We’ll just order eight individual cookies, I guess. You want eight?” Bill asked.
“I think four will be just fine,” Dipper replied. The taller man cleared out his own order and replaced it with a bucket meal instead, just like they were talking about right now.

“So, what’ll the four sides be? Dang, this is gonna last us for weeks...or not, maybe three days tops. I don’t exactly know how much fried chicken you usually eat in one sitting, but I eat more than one every time, that’s for sure.”

“How can you not? It’s too delicious to eat just one! I eat two at the very least. The most I’ve eaten in one sitting is...well, sixteen, actually; Mabel and I had a little competition before to see who could finish a whole bucket of NYFC first...she won, in case you were wondering. I won against her when we had a competition of who could eat the most super hot and spicy chicken wings without drinking anything or taking a break.”

“Seems like you two love coming up with stupid things, huh?” Bill remarked with a smile that had the corners of his lips twitching.

“Yeah, it’s what twins do, I guess. Probably siblings in general. Hmm...speaking of which, you ha...”

“Okay, so how about we get a little variety with these sides? Max and cheese, mashed potatoes with that delicious gravy, seasoned potato wedges...what’s the fourth one?” the taller man asked.

Dipper pursed his lips, having been cut off and all, but he answered him. “Let’s just get more mashed potatoes; can’t get enough of those either,” he said.

“Aight, let me just add the cookies...aaand we’re all good.” The golden-haired man took care of the rest of the details and once he was done, he shut down his laptop and stood up. While he put it back in its bag, the brunet wondered why he cut him off; it just wasn’t possible that he didn’t know he was about to say something else.

Bill trotted back to the bed and jumped right next to his Pine Tree. “Y’know, I was supposed to take you to my special spot and slow dance with you tonight. I guess I won’t now since I don’t really have to; the point was to confess to you, but we’re already a couple,” he said before he leaned in and gave his lover a kiss. Dipper happily returned it, letting Bill feel his smile against his lips. The taller man slowly pulled away and snuck his arms around his Pine Tree’s waist once again.

“How about we just make that our first date as a couple? I mean, I don’t want to barge in your special place again—it seems like you’ve had it to yourself for a long time, after all—but I wouldn’t want your plan to go to waste either...I’m up for it if you are,” the brunet said.

Bill chucked and gave Dipper another kiss. “Well, I’m just been there since my first year of college. Anyway, let’s go on a date tonight then. You’re gonna love the song I’m gonna play the—oh, I just got an idea to make it better! Damn, I have got to be the best boyfriend in the whole universe!”

The brunet laughed and hugged the taller man endearingly. So he says ‘boyfriend’ too.

“Hmm, I don’t know if you’re the best...” he teased.

“What’s that? You can think of someone who’d be better than me? Let me at ‘em Pine Tree, I’ll show them who’s better!”

Dipper laughed even more and lovingly pressed his lips onto his lover’s. “Don’t worry, I just meant that in general. You’re definitely the perfect one for me if you’ve come this far. Cheesy, but yeah.”

Bill smiled—warmly, not smugly—and took a hand off his waist so he could lift his bangs. He
gently pressed his lips onto his Pine Tree’s lovely birthmark.

“Yes I am, that’s why you’re mind. Also, I guess cheesy is just how we go,” he said.

“Yeah, but I don’t mind…I wasn’t so cheesy until you came along, you know. Your fault,” Dipper teased.

The taller man laughed and placed his hand right back where it was a while ago. “Now, for what’s probably the most important thing to ask: When are you going to tell Shooting Star?” he asked.

The brunet pursed his lips and stared into nothingness with widened eyes all of the sudden. How could Mabel possible have slipped his mind? She was probably waiting for a call since this morning, and they were still asleep then.

“Riiight, Mabel…maybe after we eat? Once I call her, there’s no going back. We’re probably gonna talk for a really long time, especially since it’s a weekend.”

“Right, right. Well, I should go get our prizes. We gotta count our money too. Now that I think about it, what kind of bills are in that water jug.”

Dipper rolled his eyes at his obvious pun. “Hopefully not one-dollar bills; that’s going to be hell to count. I should help you get the prizes though; you could barely carry them last night.”

“You gotta stay here in case the delivery guy comes,” the taller man said. He carefully pulled away and stood from the bed. The brunet still had more to say, though he glanced at Bill’s arse—he couldn’t help it, it was nice, but hopefully he wouldn’t notice—and his hair back and forth as he did talk to him.

“What if you do one trip with the money and a prize or two, then I go get the rest while you stay here?” Dipper offered.

Bill opened up his cabinet and picked out a pair of trousers. “Nah, I’d take two trips for you,” he said, putting on his pants. The brunet rolled his eyes, though he did appreciate it.

“Cheesy as always.”

Bill slapped his ass, making the brunet flinch. He chuckled and turned around.

“I know you look at my ass every time you get the chance,” he said with that smug smirk on his face. Dipper turned away, cheeks red and lips pursed in embarrassment.

“Anyway, you’d have to go to your room to change. Plus, you’d have to cover the mark I made on your neck,” he continued.

“I have a bunch of turtlenecks thanks to Mabel, you know.”

Bill ran his fingers through the brunet’s fluffy locks and gave him a little kiss. “I’ll take two trips for you, okay? I’ll get you a pair of pants from your room though, I don’t want the delivery guy seeing you in your underwear.”

“I can get it myself, Bill, I’ll be quick…if no one’s outside, anyway,” the brunet said as he stood up.

“Hmm…fine. Also, as much as I want people to see your hickey and know you belong to someone, you probably don’t, right? You can get a scarf before I come back; I’ll get our sweaters, too,” the taller man told him.
“Oh, thanks…”

Bill cupped his Pine Tree’s reddened cheek and planted a kiss on the other. He kissed him on the lips as well. They stayed like that for a while, and after that, the taller man leaned a little lower and gently kissed the mark he’d created on his neck.

Before he could leave, Dipper secured his arms around the golden-haired man’s torso and pulled him against his body. Bill wasn’t quite sure why he did so, but he didn’t mind. He wrapped his arms around his Pine Tree’s waist and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“…You can mark me again if you want, Bill.”

The taller man realized why he was doing this. He supposed it wasn’t bad if he really wanted it, and biting was one of his kinks. This was probably his way of asking for it, and Bill wouldn’t pass up an opportunity to mark his lover.

He leaned into the brunet’s ear and breathily whispered, “Where do you want it?”

Dipper slightly tightened his grip on the taller man; the sensation of his hot breath on his ear sent shivers down his spine. He shuddered when he felt Bill’s tongue trace his earlobe, and he whimpered as he bit and sucked on it. His hands were now tugging on the back of the taller man’s shirt, and his legs were growing shaky.

“A-Anywhere’s…fine…” he said in between soft gasps.

“If you say so.”

Bill pulled back and placed his fingers on either side of the brunet’s chin. He turned his head to expose more of his neck. This time, it was the untainted side he was going to mark. As he leaned closer, he kept his eyes on Dipper’s face; if it seemed like he wouldn’t like it, he’ll stop. He slowly licked his lovely skin, and he was certainly pleased with how the brunet was clearly trying to not close his eyes. His cheeks were tinted red and his lips were shut tight, probably to hold back whimpers.

The taller man smirked and dug his teeth into his Pine Tree’s skin. He could feel him suppress a moan and tense up as he did so. He sucked fervently, making lewd sounds loud enough for the brunet to clearly hear. Dipper gripped on him tightly, but the strength in his hands began to falter when Bill sneaked his hands under his shirt and onto his back. He arched slightly, pressing himself against the taller man even more.

Bill had to stop himself from inserting his thigh between his Pine Tree’s legs. He pulled away carefully and slid his arms out of the brunet’s—well, actually his—shirt, making sure to lightly scratch his skin with his nails as he did so. He looked at Dipper’s face, which was even more flushed than it was when he saw it moments ago. He licked his lips just to tease him, which worked.

“You like that, Pine Tree?”

“Yeah…that—that was good,” Dipper said as he panted. He smiled at his lover, who smiled back at him, though with a raised eyebrow as well.

“ You liked it too, didn’t you?” the brunet asked.

“Of course I did.” I love marking you.

“Well, I’m glad you’re not so nervous anymore. We’re a…a couple now, so don’t be afraid to do
things to me or touch me, alright? I’m fine with it.”

Bill blushed a little and felt his heartbeat fluctuate for a second. He couldn’t help but feel touched; that was pretty sweet of Pine Tree. Although, despite what he said, he wasn’t going to do just anything he wanted to him—there were still things he wasn’t ready for, and that was clear when they made out last night. If he tried anything that was too much, Dipper might begin to fear him.

“I appreciate the thought, Pine Tree, thank you. Anyway, I’ll be on my way now, alright? I’ll check the hallway for you,” he said.

“Alright. Thanks, by the way.”

Bill took their keys from the nightstand. He kept the one for his room and car in his pocket, and tossed the one for Pine Tree’s room to the smiling brunet. He then walked to the door and opened it partially. He looked left and right before he closed the door again. He turned around, and apparently Dipper was peeking from his shoulder just now.

“Well, I can see you already know there are some people outside. I have a plan, and no, it does not involve me getting your pants myself. You in?” he asked.

Dipper knew there was a catch, especially since he could see that smirk on his face.

“…Alright, I’m in.”

“Wait for me here, just give me your key first.”

The brunet shrugged and handed it over. Once the taller man took it, he opened the door just enough for him to fit through—he didn’t want people to see his Pine Tree, who was still in his underwear. He walked across the hall and unlocked Dipper’s door. He left it open and trotted back to the brunet.

“Well, you seem excited, wha—oh, so this is why you’re excited,” Dipper said. Bill didn’t say anything, but he did carry him as he ran across the hall and into his room. Once they were there, he carefully put the brunet down, releasing his back and knees, and gave him back his key.

“Alright, see you in a few minutes,” he said.

“Yeah, see you in a bit.” Dipper thought about kissing him, but then again, the door was open. People might see them, and what happened before…might happen again. He wasn’t even worrying about himself getting beaten up again; he was worried about Bill—if he ever finds out he got beaten up again, he’ll fight whoever hurt him and would risk getting killed again. And it would be his fault, again.

The taller man walked past the brunet, and before he went outside, he sneaked a little slap on his Pine Tree’s cute little ass. Maybe that made him seem like an ass—at least, that’s how Bill would like to be insulted if ever—but hey, he had the chance and he took it.

Dipper flinched and immediately blushed out of embarrassment, annoyance, and something he may have just discovered about himself. Please don’t let me be into this.

“A-ass!” he yelled without thinking.

“Exactly!” Bill cracked up and cackled as he closed the door behind him. The brunet stared at the door for a while, somewhat relieved that he didn’t kiss him, though still embarrassed with him slapping his arse and all.
He sighed and walked to his closet. He took a pair of pants and put them on. He then looked around his room, checking for anything he might need. Well, I might just stay over again, so I might as well ju—oh…

Dipper caught sight of his desk, which was still set up from their dinner last night. He remembered he’d left his pen and notebook in his drawer, but first, he took a pair of underwear and socks before he closed the cabinet doors and drawer. He walked to his nightstand and took his pen and notebook as well. I haven’t written in a while, maybe I could do it while I wait….or even later.

He walked out of his room right after that, not wanting to stay in his room for too long. He locked the door behind him and went back into his lover’s room.

Wait…where should I put these? I can’t just put it in one of his drawers…

He sighed and placed his underwear and socks on the nightstand so he could just ask Bill later without having to be caught holding them.

Just as he was about to sit on the bed and try to write, he heard three knocks on the door. Knowing how many prizes Bill would probably try to carry—not to mention that the parking lot was pretty far—it couldn’t be him. He placed his pen and notebook on the bed, then walked to the door and opened it.

“Delivery for Bill Cipher!” the man in an NYFC uniform cheerfully said.

“Oh, hi, uh…come in, I’ll go have you place it on the desk.”

Dipper opened the door a little more before he ran to Bill’s desk. Well, he has a bookmark on this page, so…I guess it’s okay if I place this somewhere else for now. He carefully closed the book on the desk and made sure the bookmark was sticking out before he placed it on the bed.

The delivery guy placed all the food on the desk—thankfully, it could all fit—and looked back at the brunet. He tipped his cap and let himself out right away.

“Well, I suppose they don’t really have to talk that much,” Dipper remarked.

Shortly after the delivery guy left, he heard two thuds on the door.

“Okay, that’s Bill.” So much for writing while I wait. Oh well, I don’t mind.

He ran to the door and opened it for Bill, who was wearing both of their sweaters and the glasses he won from the arcade. He was also carrying the laptop and phones on one side of his body, and apparently, he put the gift cards in the turtlenecks of their sweaters. He was holding the water jug in his other hand, and the puppy plushie was being squeezed between his arm and side.

Dipper laughed out loud—and snorted, even—and took the two gadgets that were completely occupying his right arm, as well as the gift cards in the sweaters. Poor guy must’ve felt like he was being choked…

“The point of taking two trips was so you wouldn’t turn out like…this” he gestured to his whole get up, and thought it was definitely uncomfortable, Bill grinned at his Pine Tree rather stupidly. Dipper sighed fondly and shook his head.

“Just come in, Bill. Oh, and take off those sweaters, you look ridiculous,” he said as he placed the stuff he took on the floor.
“But I’m your ridiculous—no wait, that doesn’t work. Okay, I’m just gonna come in,” Bill said.

Dipper laughed and closed the door for him after he walked in. The taller man took off the two sweaters—with the brunet’s help, of course…though he could have done it by himself, too.

While Bill was walking to his closet, planning to keep their sweaters in there, he noticed the pair of underwear and socks on his nightstand.

“That yours, Pine Tree?” he asked as he kept the sweaters.

“Oh, yeah. Where can I uh, put them?”

“You’re staying the night?” the taller man said, sounding excited.

“Well, yeah, i-if you don’t mind.”

Bill took hid Pine Tree’s neatly folded boxers and socks and placed them in an empty space in his closet.

“I would love that.”

The brunet tiptoed a little and gave his lover a kiss. The taller man gently pushed him down so he wouldn’t have to make it harder for himself and kissed him back. After a few seconds, he pulled away and glanced at the food on his desk.

“So, how was the delivery guy? Was he friendly? Maybe too friendly?” he asked.

Dipper chuckled, seeing him so jealous over a stranger. “He just did his job, don’t worry. All he said to me was that he had a delivery for you, then he just put the food on the desk and that was it.”

“Hmm…alright, let’s eat. I’ll get some plates and utensils, you uh…open the covers of the bucket and…stuff.”

“Okay, but don’t go getting jealous with the chicken while you’re not looking,” the brunet teased.

“Shut up, I’m not gonna get jealous over every little thing…or person…yeah, just shut up.” Bill pouted and walked to the counter as an excuse to turn away from his Pine Tree.

Dipper chuckled and walked to the desk. They all smell so good…I wouldn’t be surprised if we did finish everything.

“Dang, I wish I had some rice,” Bill said as he walked to the brunet, carrying two sets of plates and utensils.

“You really like rice too, huh? I mean, you don’t eat without it very often.”

“We always eat it at home, so yeah.” The taller man handed over a set to his Pine Tree.

“Home, huh?” Dipper took the plate from him.

“Well, my house.”

“Wha—“

“Wait, I haven’t taken the rest of the prizes from the car yet!” Bill placed his own plate on the bed and ran to the door— at least, he was about to, but he tripped instead. The brunet turned around as he
felt the thud on the floor.

“Bill, are you alright?!” he yelled. Bill didn’t say anything when he stood up and took a few more steps—and tripped again. Dipper rushed over to the man on the ground and carefully helped him up.

“Well, I took two trips for you just now.”

Once the brunet realized why he did that, he looked at him unamusedly.

“You just did that for the pun, didn’t you.”

“Yes,” Bill said, seeming very satisfied with himself with that smirk on his face. Pine Tree playfully rolled his eyes and walked back to the desk, pretending to ignore him. The taller man walked out without a word, though he wasn’t mad or hurt. Dipper looked back once he closed the door, but he wouldn’t let Bill know that.

The two were lying on the bed, and since Bill wanted to try spooning, Dipper let him do so.

“Well this sucks; I can’t see your face!” the taller man complained.

“Yeah, but I think the point is to be able to hold me without uh…getting tempted to kiss me or something like that.”

“Makes me wanna bite your neck.”

“N-not now Bill, I’m gonna call Mabel,” the brunet told him.

Bill held his Pine Tree just a little tighter and entangled his legs with the brunet’s. “Fine, we’re going on a date later anyway. That makes up for whatever.”

Dipper chuckled and pressed the call button on Mabel’s contact profile. He set it on loudspeaker before she picked up—which was pretty fast, considering she picked up almost immediately.

“You guys a couple or what?! Please say yes?!”

The brunet laughed at how his sister just yelled right off the bat, sounding really excited. He could hear voices and squeals in the background too; he wouldn’t be surprised if she invited Candy and Grenda over just for this very phone call.

“Yes Mabel, we’re a couple now.”

“We’re spooning right now!” Bill added.

Mabel and her friends squealed, and even without having to listen to their voices, he could tell she did invite Candy and Grenda; he heard thuds from the end of the line, which was definitely Grenda, and where she was, Candy followed.

“SPOOING, GIRLS, SPOONING! I DIDN’T EVEN TELL THEM TO DO THAT, I’M SO PROUD!” Mabel yelled.

Dipper and Bill listened to the girls go crazy on their end and laughed; it was more entertaining than Friday Late Night Live right now.

“If I knew I’d cause this much chaos, I would have kissed you sooner,” the taller man said. The
brunet chuckled and carefully placed the phone on the nightstand. While the girls were fangirling, he decided to turn a little—just so he would be lying on his back—and pulled his lover in for a kiss.

“Hey, bro-bro, tell us about the date!” Mabel said from the other end of the line.

Dipper silently pulled away and turned back to his side, causing Bill to pout. “Well, I cooked dinner for both of us…”

“A romantic dinner for two!” the golden-haired man chimed in. The brunet chuckled and held the back of Bill’s hands.

“Yeah, we had a romantic dinner for two.”

Mabel and the girls squealed, as expected.

“After that, we went to the arcade. By the way, thanks for the tip, Mabel! I got a ton of tickets for Bill—“

“And I got a ton of prizes for Pine Tree without tickets! I’m probably the best player in the whole wide universe when it comes to claw machines and Key Expert and all other similar games!” the taller man interrupted him. Dipper snorted, but Bill didn’t really care.

The brunette gasped, and her brother could tell she had something in mind.

“Did you get him a teddy bear?” she asked, sounding really excited.

“No, but he got me a puppy plushie. It’s pretty cute.”

All three girls awwed in unison, making Dipper playfully roll his eyes.

“Okay, okay, what happened next?” Mabel asked.

“We played zombie laser tag, though it was just a really quick game because Bill found the ‘antidote’ really fast, which is like, the goal for the whole thing.”

“Well, at least we got more time to relax. I got you to sit on my lap,” the taller man said, making sure the girls would hear him.

“LAP? You scallywags!” Shooting Star teased.

Dipper then continued to tell them about their date, though of course, neither he nor Bill mentioned ‘that’ awkward incident. The girls, who were squealing the whole time, probably wouldn’t want to know that. In about an hour full of chatter and interrogations, they were pretty much done.

“Okay, we’re gonna give you two some alone time now,” Mabel said. Kissing noises to tease them could be heard from the other end of the line. Dipper rolled his eyes, though admittedly, he couldn’t say there wasn’t a chance they’d make out again either.

“Alright, see you soon. Maybe you too, Candy and Grenda,” he said.

“He knows we’re here!” Candy said in her distinguishable accent.

“I have nothing to do with it!” Grenda said.

“Bye, see you soon! Go live a happy life with Bill, bro-bro. And Bill, if you hurt my brother, you’re gonna get a very unpleasant surprise from me!” Mabel warned. Before her brother could say
anything else, Mabel hung up. He shrugged it off and locked his phone.

He turned to Bill and snuggled against him, wrapping his arms around his torso to feel his warmth. The taller man lovingly planted a kiss on hid fluffy brown locks and caressed his back—just on his shirt, of course, nothing under that.

‘Go live a happy life with Bill,’ huh?

“Hey, we’re not going to be the kind of couple that uh…like, a couple that’s only hot and passionate in the beginning and…just loses its spark and ends…a-are we?” the brunet asked. He pursed his lips, immediately regretting he just said that. Welp, no turning back.

Bill chuckled, and that made his Pine Tree confused and worried at the same time.

“First day as a couple and you already have doubts?” the taller man teased.

“S-sorry—“

“Classic Pine Tree. But hey, we’ve made is this far, right? We’re exactly the same as when we were best friends, except we kiss now. With me as your lover, I swear, things just get better every day. You don’t have to worry at all, we already made a deal that we will never leave each other.”

So we were best friends…

“Right, we did…right, how could I forget, dammit.” Dipper said. He sighed and held his lover a little tighter. Bill took a hand off his Pine Tree’s waist to run his fingers through his hair.

“Since you’re feeling down, I’m going to shower you with extra love and affection! More cuddles and kisses and all that!” he said.

The brunet chuckled weakly, almost as if it was forced. “You don’t have to…”

“I’m gonna do it anyway and you know it.”

“You ready for our second date, Pine Tree?” Bill asked, holding his lover’s hand.

“Yeah. Sorry I forgot to get clothes from my room a while ago, though.”

“You didn’t really get a sweater either, now that I think about it…Why’s that? I thought you would since I let you.”

Dipper pulled up the turtleneck of the sweater he was now wearing, feeling his cheeks go warm. How ironic. “Well, you liked having it exposed, so…there. I-I did it for you. I guess it was a good thing I didn’t since we cuddled and all, and you know, I think the delivery guy saw it,” he said.

“Hmm, yeah. Hope you didn’t force yourself back there.” The taller man leaned in and planted a kiss on his Pine Tree’s cheek.

The brunet chuckled and pulled the turtleneck back down. “Not at all.”

“Hey, Pine Tree, look at my face.”

Dipper did as he was told; he already had an idea of what was going to happen. Bill bent down a little and kissed him on the lips this time, just as he expected. He, of course, kissed him back. With
his free hand, he cupped the taller man’s cheek as well.

Bill slowly pulled away, letting the brunet’s hand slide off his face. “If you want more, wait until later or distract me enough in the car…or be so adorable I can’t resist you. Any of the three, Pine Tree, pick your poison!” he said.

“Well, I mean, your kisses are pretty intoxicating…I'll pretend I never said that.”

The taller man laughed and began to walk to the door. “You get it from me!”

“No one else would make such terrible puns,” the brunet teased.

“I regret nothing. Besides, you still love me!” Bill said as he opened the door.

“Yeah…I love you.” Dipper quickly hid half his face by pulling the turtleneck up again.

The taller man stopped walking right after locking the door behind them. He turned to his Pine Tree, making him a little more nervous.

“’Be so adorable I can’t resist you’ it is.”

With that, he pulled the shorter man’s turtleneck back down and kissed him again. Dipper tensed, remembering that they weren’t inside the room anymore. When Bill pulled away, he looked at his Pine Tree confusedly; he was nervously looking left and right for some reason. He tried to find what he was looking for…then it hit him.

“Oh uh...good thing people weren’t around to see that, am I right?” he said. He awkwardly ruffled his own hair, feeling a little guilty for going something he knew Pine Tree wasn’t very comfortable with. Shit, I need to gain his trust and I’m not doing a very good job at it. I think he does trust me though, but I can’t afford to lose any of it. So...how do I fix this fuck up?

Dipper carefully fixed the taller man’s hair, even though he had to tiptoe a bit. “It’s fine, let’s go on our date. Oh, and don’t think about it too much, just enjoy our first date as a couple.” With that, he brought Bill’s hand to his lips and kissed it lovingly.

Bill couldn’t help but blush at his sweet gesture. He loved the sensation of his soft lips on the back of his hand, and his slightly smaller hand holding his own only made him look more adorable.

He gets that from me, too...

“Huh, who knew that’d make you blush,” Dipper teased. The taller man rolled his eyes, though his cheeks were still red.

“I’ll let you off this time.”

He walked them to the stairs without saying another word. The brunet didn’t mind holding hands as they walked down the stairs and to the parking lot. Bill didn’t mind either, though he did feel a little different with him being so sweet and all. He fiddled with the plastic bag he’d been holding since they went out of his room.

Dipper stared at him the whole time. Bill wasn’t what he’d call ‘down,’ but he was certainly less chipper than usual. He was the one enamoured and probably shy or embarrassed this time…but the brunet realized he preferred it the usual way; the taller man being an ass and making him feel embarrassed and flustered. It was more fun, and honestly, Bill was way better at the whole teasing thing than him. He knew that well…although, a mellow Bill’s pretty rare, so he might as well enjoy
The golden-haired man took out his key when they arrived at his car and turned to the brunet.

“…What, you want another kiss or something?” he asked, since the shorter man was still looking at him. Dipper’s cheeks turned slightly red, both because of his offer and realizing that he never stopped staring at him.

“Well, I…do you want to—to kiss me?”

“I always do.” Bill leaned in and kissed his Pine Tree right away. He pulled away after a little while and playfully slapped Dipper’s arse before he walked to his side of the car.

The brunet flinched as he felt the taller man’s hand cause a sting on his ass. Rather than throwing him an insult, this time, he flipped him a bird. The golden-haired man looked very amused, and Dipper wasn’t even surprised he couldn’t tell if it was he himself or the reaction he got that made the asshole don such an annoying expression on his face.

Regardless, Bill responded by sticking his tongue out and held up two fingers—his middle and index fingers. He spread them wide apart and flashed his Pine Tree a suggestive look, making his cute little face become even redder.

“Asshole!” Dipper yelled.

“You’re right, Pine Tree, these fingers are going up your asshole someday!”

The brunet groaned in annoyance and went to the back seat rather than the sweat in the front. The taller man was about to get in the driver’s seat—heck, the door was already open—but he wouldn’t just let his Pine Tree not sit beside him during the ride. He opened up the other door to the back seat and bent down to look at the brunet.

“Hey, it’s a given you’re gonna sit beside me, you know,” he said.

Dipper crossed his arms and rolled his eyes, though the little smirk on his face showed he wasn’t really serious.

Bill crawled onto the seat and pinned him down, right on the cushions.

“Sit in front, Pine Tree, or I’m gonna eat you up,” he joked.

“oh really? Eat me up then, maybe I’ll consider it,” the brunet said, playing along.

The taller man faked a roar playfully and buried his face into the crook of his Pine Tree’s neck. While growling playfully, he shook his head left and right repeatedly, nuzzling against his soft skin. Dipper laughed lightheartedly and pulled the ‘deadly predator’ in for a hug.

“Looks like being mauled to death by you isn’t so bad.”

“Did I make you wanna sit beside me?” Bill asked, lifting his head.

“Hmm…yeah, you did.”

“Alright, come on, let’s get on with our date.”

The taller man carefully got out of the car and waited for the brunet to step out as well. After they got in their respective seats and buckled up, he began to drive to the forest.
“Miss this place, Pine Tree?” Bill asked, adjusting the volume of his car’s radio.

“I think I should be the one asking you that since it’s yours.” Dipper chuckled.

“I don’t really have much to think about now. I mean, I know that I love you, nothing else really matters. Alright, all set up!” He left the car’s doors open and turned to Pine Tree, who was covering his reddened cheeks with his turtleneck and staring at him, looking embarrassed and shy, as usual.

He chuckled and played the song he’d chosen, then he ran to his lover. He gently placed one hand on the brunet’s waist and held up the other, hoping that maybe they could dance with their fingers entwined; it was the way it should be done, after all.

Dipper placed a hand on the taller man’s shoulder, but he hesitated to hold his hand. He looked into his eyes to see if it was okay first, though the answer should’ve been clear. Bill gently smiled at him and lovingly laced their fingers together so his Pine Tree didn’t have to be so nervous.

The song started just in time, thanks to the few seconds of silence in the track before the actual song. The taller man slowly stepped forward with one foot, giving the brunet the time to realize they were going to start dancing.

“I’m a killer, cold and wrathful
Silent sleeper, I’ve been inside your bedroom
I’ve murdered half the town
left you love notes on their headstones
I’ll fill the graveyards until I have you.”

Dipper couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow at those rather morbid lyrics, though he supposed it was just Bill being Bill. The taller man noticed his confusion and chuckled, knowing that the next verse would mention him.

“Moonlight walking, I smell your softness
carnivorous and lusting to track you down among the pines.
I want you stuffed into my mouth
hold you down and tear you open, live inside you -
love, I’d never hurt you.”

The brunet almost lost focus in dancing upon hearing his name, but he quickly came back to his senses. He didn’t exactly get the whole gore and probably psychotic love thing going on in the song, but he still found it romantic. Perhaps it was Bill’s way of showing his love.

“But I’ll grind against your bones until our marrows mix
I will eat you slowly...

Oh, the horror of our love
never so much blood pulled through my veins.
Oh, the horror of our love... never so much blood”

So it really is a love song…

Dipper gave his lover’s hand a little squeeze, feeling a little…conflicted. He wasn’t sure how to feel about the song; Bill probably thought a lot and chose it for a special reason, but..

The taller man kissed the back of the brunet’s hand as they danced, helping him relax a little. After
that, neither of them spoke. They just danced to the song, one line of morbid lyrics after the other. Dipper didn’t mind them anymore; it was just a song that fitted Bill’s tastes, nothing too serious.

When the instrumental part of the song came, things became a little different. Bill slowly pulled his hand away from the brunet’s, making him worry for a second. However, that worry disappeared when the golden-haired man slid his hand under his sweater and shirt and placed it right above the stitched on where his Pine Tree’s heart was. Dipper felt his heart skip a beat as he felt his lover’s fingers stroking him right above his stitches.

“I’m gonna be the reason you’ll never need stitches like these again,” Bill said.

The brunet’s cheeks turned even redder at that. He didn’t know whether it was counted as cheesy or not, but he just got so enamoured he couldn’t dance anymore; he couldn’t take it. He slid his hand off the taller man’s shoulder and rested his head on it instead, hands remaining on his sides. He just stayed like that, rather than embracing the sweet man.

Bill carefully slid his hand off his heart and wrapped his arms around the brunet’s waist instead. With one of his hands, he tenderly stroked his Pine Tree’s back. He planted a kiss on his hair, too.

“Sorry I stopped even though the song’s playing…I just…”

“It’s alright, Pine Tree. Hugging like this is nice too,” he said.

“Yeah, it is.”

After a few seconds of just standing there hugging, Dipper noticed tiny dots of lights slowly appearing and coming closer, a few at a time. He gazed at them, mesmerized at how beautiful they looked in the night. They were like stars, only they glowed a bright light green, and they were moving.

“Fireflies always come here when it’s night, you know,” Bill whispered.

“They look really nice…the glow they give off is just wonderful. I don’t go out very often in the night these days, so I barely see them anymore.”

“Good thing I took you here, then. By the way, do you like the song?”

“Well…I guess I do. It sounds nice and romantic, but when you listen closely, it has dark lyrics…but in a way, it’s still sweet. Kind of like you,” the brunet said with a warm smile on his face.

The taller man looked into his Pine Tree’s eyes and smiled back. He leaned in and kissed him softly—the mood was just perfect. If they didn’t have the date yesterday, he would have confessed by now. Either way, he would have kissed the brunet. Rather than suddenly thrusting his tongue in, he did it slowly. Instead, he let their sweet and innocent kiss gradually turn into a passionate and rough one.

Bill slowly pulled away, resisting the urge to take it a little further and create another mark on his neck. He didn’t want to end up biting his tongue instead, either. Holding back definitely paid off when he saw the look on his Pine Tree’s face; his cheeks were tinted red, and his eyes made it seem like he was in a little bit of a daze. However, after he blinked a few times, he was back to normal.

“So…you wanna eat dinner now? The fireflies won’t be a problem, and we shouldn’t let my playlist reach its end before we even eat,” the taller man said.

“Yeah, sure. Won’t we attract wild animals, though?” the brunet asked.
His lover smiled at him, but somehow, he looked different. Dipper wasn’t sure if that was a good or bad thing, but right now, it didn’t seem like there were any problems.

“Don’t worry, they’re not going to bother us…if they come, that is,” Bill said.

Chapter End Notes

So, did you enjoy the chapter? :^) Anyway, sorry about this, but I’m gonna have to take a one-month break. Performance tasks are coming up and shit, and unfortunately, my chapters online just caught up with my supposed pre-written ones. I can’t write very much during school, that’s why. If I don’t get to about 4 chapters in advance next month, I’ll have to update every two weeks instead, sorry ;_; Grade 10’s really hard, good god. Anyway, thank you for reading, and I hope you’ll be patient and stay tuned ;_;
Thanksgiving

Chapter Notes

HI I'M SORRY THIS IS A DAY LATE I HAD SATURDAY CLASSES YESTERDAY AND THIS IS A LONGER CHAPTER THAN USUAL
This is the start of the second arc of the whole story!
Anyway I hope you guys enjoy, I really worked hard on this one! There will be a few original characters for members of Bill's family, but I assure you, they will not be shipped with any canon character and they're not fucking cancerous :) They're there for the sake of the plot! You guys will also get to see some of the people in Gravity Falls in this chapter! I did my best in writing this chapter, so I hope you guys will like it!

Translations for foreign words used this chapter:
• Mi hijo = My son (Spanish)
• Me paenitet = I'm sorry (Latin)
• Está bien = It's okay/It's alright (Spanish)
• Álo = Hello (Spanish, usually when they pick up on the phone)
• Hasta mañana = See you tomorrow (Spanish)
• Te quiero = I love you (Spanish, used for any kind of love)
• Primos = Cousins (Spanish)

The piano music Bill listens to: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y0KDYDwqPbA
(just pretend her voice isn't there)
The song Dipper sings: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fLuWMOF6vOU

See the end of the chapter for more notes

__________________________________________

"And we all know love is a glass which makes even a monster appear fascinating."

-Alberto Moravia, The Woman of Rome

__________________________________________

About a week or two had passed since Bill and Dipper became a couple. They began to write together again, though they sat beside each other in the library rather than across each other. On the day after their first date as a couple, they counted the money Bill won. Apparently there was $20,000 in the water jug—which really made them wonder just how rich that place was—so they got $10,000 each. It was a pain to count though, since they were in five-dollar bills.

Currently, Bill was walking to his Pine Tree’s room. He just finished his homework, and since they gave each other duplicates of their keys a few days ago, he figured he’d use it whenever he could. He unlocked the brunet’s door and opened it rather excitedly.

“Hey Pine Tr—what are you doing?”

Bill darted his eyes all over the place; on the floor was an open duffel bag filled with clothes and a
sleeping bag, which he assumed Dipper planned to roll up sooner or later. On the bed was a camping bag and suitcase, which were both still being filled up with things by the brunet. He looked back at his Pine Tree, confused as to why he was packing up so much.

Dipper turned to the golden-haired man, looking quite startled. After all, he didn’t expect him to just barge in….though in retrospect, he probably should have.

“Oh, hey Bill. Just packing up for Thanksgiving; Mabel and I are gonna go visit Gravity Falls for a few days,” he said.

“Gravity Falls? Where’s that?” Bill asked with a raised eyebrow. Eager to know more, he closed the door behind him and walked to the brunet.

“It’s in Oregon, though it isn’t marked on any maps. It’s a small town, but it does have lots of secrets and mysteries. That’s what’s so great about it, actually!” Dipper closed his suitcase and placed it on the floor.

“Secrets and mysteries? Keep talking.” The taller man walked to the sleeping bag and began to roll it up for Pine Tree.

“When Mabel and I were twelve years old, our parents sent us to Gravity Falls to live with our Grunkle Stan. At first, I wasn’t really into it—oh, thanks,” he said, having noticed that Bill rolled up his sleeping bag for him.

“Go on.”

Dipper continued to fix up his camping bag while he talked. “Well, it all started when I found this hidden journal in the woods. It had all these codes and so much info about Gravity Falls, including the mythical creatures residing in it! There were even so much more secrets and notes written in invisible ink, and that’s not even all of it—that one journal I found was just the third out of three journals.”

“Woah, do you have it with you right now? Speaking of which, I’ve never even seen some of the stuff you have here. What gives?” Bill asked.

“Oh, no…we threw them all in the bottomless pit. Also, Mabel brought some of my stuff from our house; she’s not going to bring them for me, of course.”

“What?! Why’d you throw them?!”

“Well, long story short, we didn’t have much use for it anymore. I mean, yes, it’d be a lot of help since it has tons of information, but we’ve gone through so many things, and so have the journals. Mabel got the idea to throw it in there, and hopefully they end up in the hands of someone who could go on adventures with it.” The brunet closed his bag and placed it next to the rolled up sleeping bag.

“Hm, Gravity Falls seems like an interesting place. Shame you threw those, though; would have loved to read them all. Anyway, I think I might go there someday.”

“Really? That’s great! Come visit the Mystery Shack when you do! Oh, but enough about all that. Sit on the bed if you want, by the way.”

Dipper continued to fix all of his things before he continued, leaving Bill to watch him for a bit. Once he was done, he sat beside the taller man and rested his head on his shoulder. Bill smiled and wrapped his arms around his Pine Tree’s waist.
“So, what about you? What are your plans for Thanksgiving? …Now that I think about it, where do you live?” the brunet asked.

Bill pursed his lips and held Dipper a little tighter in his arms. He sighed softly and planted a kiss on his cheek. “I guess I’m just gonna enjoy the food on the holiday…gonna stay at my house in Los Angeles for a few days with my parents. That’s about it.”

Dipper chuckled. “Well, not just the food, right? I mean, looking at you, you must have a pretty fun family. Plus, your parents are there; my parents are in Europe, so Mabel and I don’t get to see them very much,” he said.

“Mmm sure, maybe the rest of the holiday. I guess it’d be nice to see ma and pops again.”

The brunet held Bill’s hands and caressed them, making the taller man blush a little.

“So, we’re both gonna go to the other side of America for Thanksgiving, huh?” he said.

“Yeah…”

“You should pack too, Bill. You’re gonna have to leave early tomorrow too, right?”

Bill sighed and reluctantly released his Pine Tree. He stood up and crossed his arms, looking rather sad.

“What’s wrong?” Dipper asked, sounding worried. The taller man only grunted and turned away in response. With that, the brunet knew it probably wasn’t that serious. He chuckled softly and stood up as well.

“Come on, what is it?” he asked again, snaking his arms around Bill’s torso.

“…I’m just used to seeing you every day.” The taller man carefully turned around in Dipper’s arms and hugged him back.

“You’re gonna miss me, huh?” Dipper teased. Bill rolled his eyes and hugged the brunet even tighter, though that didn’t do much to hide his embarrassment.

“If you put it that way…maybe. Just maybe, no promises,” he replied. Pine Tree laughed and gently pat his back a few times.

“It’s just gonna be for a few days, Bill. We can chat while we’re in our planes. We can chat after the holiday too, though don’t expect me to be up early the day after Thanksgiving,” he said.

Dipper and Mabel have been celebrating Thanksgiving in Gravity Falls since their parents went to Europe for their jobs, and it’s been really fun and crazy every year—way better than how they celebrated it in California. Abuelita and Melody would cook for everyone, though of course, a few people would help them out too, like Ford, apparently.

Mabel would squeal about whatever things she, Grenda, and Candy were into, which were usually boy bands and romance novels. Dipper always found the characters edgy, but he wasn’t going to tell them that unless he had a death wish. If his sister wasn’t with them though, she’d be hanging out with Pacifica; they’ve grown to be good friends. Really good friends, Dipper would say.

Dipper, on the other hand, would catch up with Wendy. She was still the coolest person he knew, after all, and she was also one of his closest friends. He was really glad she didn’t just leave him after she knew he had a crush on her back then—whenever that was, anyway. She never did say when
exactly she found out.

After hanging out with her, they’d usually go to the rest of her friends and do crazy shit with them… or make Thompson do even crazier shit. A little bit of both, really. Sometimes, they’d pull pranks on Grunkle Stan and Great Uncle Ford. If not them, well, pretty much everyone else. Soos, Sheriff Blubs and Deputy Durland, or even “Manly” Dan. They’d prank anyone who’d be gullible enough.

At a certain time, Mabel would drag Dipper with her to sing in karaoke. They weren’t always the first ones to sing for the night, but one way or the other, they’d sing at some point. It was always fun; almost everyone would sing with no shame of having terrible voices. Like Mabel said, karaoke isn’t about sounding good—it’s about sounding terrible together. Some of the song choices of certain people really show what relationship they have with each other in duets, especially Sheriff Blubs and Deputy Durland, and Mabel and Pacifica. Dipper thought those two were really obvious, and he couldn’t possibly be the only one who notices.

Everyone would be up all night on Thanksgiving, and on some years, they’d sleep when it was morning. They’d all do different things each year, and for every time they’d celebrate, the whole town would get to be together and enjoy the holiday. It was like Christmas, but earlier.

On the few other vacation days after Thanksgiving, Dipper would help Great Uncle Ford with whatever research he was conducting. Sure, Ford had been exploring the world with Stanley for years, but he still kept a few projects for him and Dipper to work on together; it was always enjoyable to spend time with his nephew, especially if they were going to be total nerds together.

Mabel would do stupid things with Grunkle Stan, sometimes even a few illegal things. One way or the other, they’d bond pretty well. It wasn’t always the siblings with their great uncles that remember them more, though; sometimes, they’d ‘exchange.’ Dipper would also be with Stanley, while Mabel would be with Ford. Their personalities weren’t the same, but they’d still have lots of fun and learn new things about each other.

“Is it because turkey will make you sleepy and all? I don’t see how that works though; it has less tryptophan than chicken, so…what?” Bill asked. Dipper laughed, confusing the golden-haired man even more.

“Nerd.”

“So are you.” The taller man replied rather curtly, but the brunet knew that was just his lack of manners, as usual.

Dipper playfully rolled his eyes and continued. “Okay, not gonna lie, I’m a nerd too. Anyway, it’s not the turkey that makes people sleepy, we just happen to eat a lot of food with that amino acid—that’s not the point here. It’s not the reason I’ll probably wake up late; I’ll definitely get really tired because I’m gonna see all the people I’ve been missing for a long time. We’re gonna do lots of things together, and we have so many stories to tell each other, so we might as well just sleep the morning after!”

Try as he might, Bill just couldn’t laugh very well—not as much as Pine Tree was right now. He seemed really excited to come back to his…home. There, it seemed to Bill that he had a lot of folks in that small town of his. A town full of oddities, he says. That would make the golden-haired man fit in perfectly…but he wasn’t welcome there. Everyone most probably knew each other there, and they’ve been through a lot, like the brunet said. He’d just be a stranger; a tourist. He may know Dipper, but that might not exactly take him very far. He had no plans of visiting Gravity Falls—Dipper’s home.
He pulled back a little, just enough to be face-to-face with his Pine Tree, and pressed his lips onto the brunet’s ever so soft pair. Dipper kissed him back, and although he was still a little shy with open-mouthed kisses, he parted his lips and let Bill slide his tongue into his mouth.

The brunet gripped on the taller man’s sweater vest and stuck his tongue out as well. Bill chose to be gentle this time for his sake. He moved his tongue slowly, twisting it with Dipper’s. He relished in that sweet taste, and though he wanted more of it, he held back from biting and even sucking.

After quite a while, he slowly pulled away and released his Pine Tree, though he did it rather reluctantly.

“I’m gonna go pack now; almost forgot about my flight tomorrow,” he said. *If it weren’t for you.*

He turned around immediately, not even giving Pine Tree a chance to glance at his face after having just come back to his senses from their kiss.

“Alright,” Dipper replied with a smile, clueless about what was going on with the golden-haired man. “Oh and uh, I can’t guarantee I’ll be online very much after Thanksgiving at all; I might help my Great Uncle Ford with research and experiments. Sorry, it’s just—“

“That’s alright, I’ll see you in a few days.” Bill opened the door and just as he was about to step outside, he stopped in his tracks. “Nerdy family you got there, Pine Tree. I see where you get it from,” he added. With that, he walked out and closed the door behind him, leaving the brunet standing there and…not knowing how to feel.

He just acted like a normal person so suddenly…why? I don’t know whether that’s a bad thing or not, but it’s pretty weird either way. Should I worry? I guess I don’t know that much about him… maybe one day I’ll understand him fully.

Meanwhile, Bill had taken out his luggage, but he hadn’t even started packing yet. Right after he placed the open luggage on the floor, he looked for his phone. Although he only dials this certain number every important holiday each year—specifically the holidays where he has to come back to his house—he still memorizes the number very well. He never sounds any less desperate, asking the same question every time, hoping that maybe the answer would be different just for once as if there was even a chance.

He dialed the number once he got his phone and pressed the call button. Impatiently, he waited for someone to pick up.

“¿Álo?” said the voice of a woman from the other end of the line.

“Is she coming?” he asked, almost cutting off his mother’s simple greeting.

“Yes, mi hijo, she’s coming to visit, as usual. She’d never miss an opportunity to see us.”

“By ‘us,’ you mean you and pops, right?” Bill said, stopping himself from raising his voice.

“Mi hijo, I’m sure she want to see you as well; things are different now. Talk to her, just try it! I’m su —“

“I don’t know how you’re so sure, but I don’t think you understand ma…me paenitet, couldn’t help but raise my voice.” He sighed and mussed up his hair in frustration. Having suddenly realized he was standing up the whole time, he sat on his bed.

“Está bien, mi hijo. Well, your papa and I are very excited to see you! I’m going to make your
Upon the mention of his favorite meal—the meal that had been willingly made for him since he was little—Bill lightened up. He didn’t bother to wonder what was it with mothers and being able to cheer up their children just like that. It worked on his yet again somehow, and now was a time for something else. He smiled warmly and looked at the phone as if he could see his own mother at the moment.

“Looking forward to seeing you two too.” He laughed, amused with himself. “Looking forward to that steak as well, can’t wait!” he added.


Bill rolled his eyes and pretended he didn’t hear part of that. “Glad you noticed! Well, I gotta go pack, ma. Say hi to pops for me!”

“Of course, of course. Okay, hasta mañana, mi hijo! Te quiero!”

“Love you too, ma. See you tomorrow night.”

He hung up and slumped onto the bed. He stared at the ceiling for a while, unsure of whether to mope about the fact that Mary was coming to visit as well, or stick to his somewhat happy mood and pack up…and maybe try to get her out of his mind.

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“Bro-bro, you’re here!” Mabel called out, waving until Dipper was finally right in front of her.

“I’ve actually been here for a while, Mabel. Glad to see you again, though! Good thing we get to sit next to each other on the plane.”

The brunet was pulled into a hug by his sister before he could do it himself. He embraced her as well, of course, and though neither of them declared an awkward sibling hug, they patted each other’s backs anyway. They just always did that—in sync, even. Every time.

“So, is Bill having his flight in this airport too? I bet you’d love to have your sweet goodbye kiss here!” Mabel teased right after she pulled away.

Dipper chuckled. He’d usually be shy about him and Bill when he was teased, but he had an answer this time. “No, we had that last night. He didn’t book a flight here, either. I…actually don’t know where or when his flight is. I should call,” he said.

“Aww! Call him right now!”

Dipper took out his phone and pressed the call button on his contact profile. It took more than five rings, but he picked up.

“Mmh…yellow…?” Bill greeted, sounding pretty sleepy.

“Oh, hey there sleepyhead. Did I wake you up? Sorry,” the brunet replied.

“It’s alright, Pine Tree, it’s always nice to talk to you.”

Dipper chuckled and looked at his phone like he would at Bill. “Flirting right after you wake up, huh?” he teased.
“Sure am. Anyway, did you call because you miss me already?”

“Pft, no. I just wanted to ask which airport you booked your flight in, if you don’t mind. I just got… curious, you know? When’s your flight anyway?”

“Oh, uh, I’m actually in the plane right now; took at at like 6:30 this morning from ROC. I just dozed off here in my seat for uh… I dunno, what time is it?” the golden-haired man asked.

“Oh… well, it’s uh… around 8:30… We’re boarding in a few minutes.”

Bill noticed the change in his tone right away. He worried. Did I say something wrong?

“Everything alright?” he asked.

“O-oh, yeah, everything’s alright!” Dipper replied, though of course, he wasn’t fooling anyone.

Mabel raised an eyebrow at her brother, but she chose not to interrupt. Her brother didn’t seem to notice her, though, but she sure did notice his phone. It was different; since when did Dipper have a new phone, and why would he get a new one? Hmmmm…

Bill hummed as he thought of what could possibly be wrong with his Pine Tree. It hit him in a few seconds, which was good since that meant he wouldn’t have to keep him waiting. He did say their flight was in a few minutes.

“…Miss me, Pine Tree?” he teased, though he really did mean it. Dipper’s face immediately turned red. Bill couldn’t see him, but he could tell since he became quiet all of the sudden. He chuckled, imagining his cute little face whenever he got embarrassed.

“Shut up… maybe I do, maybe I d-don’t,” the brunet said, rubbing the back of his neck shyly. Little did he know that Mabel took a picture of that.

“Miss you too, Pine Tree.”

“Flight 423 is now boarding at gate D11,” announced a voice from the speakers.

“Oh, uh… I gotta go, Bill,” Dipper said.

“Don’t worry, I heard it. You really should go.”

The brunet furrowed his brows in doubt… or disbelief, even. He wouldn’t just let me go like that… wouldn’t he be whining for me to stay a little longer? Then again, maybe he’s just sleepy…

“Love you, Pine Tree! Miss you already!” Bill said, causing his lover’s face to turn red yet again. Dipper looked at Mabel, who was looking right back at him with her camera in hand. She snapped another picture just to spite him. Clearly, that worked really well—Dipper turned away from her with pursed lips. The brunette laughed, though she would have loved to hear what his brother was going to tell his lover.

“I… I love you too, and… I do miss you, okay? I—there, I said it. You uh, happy?” he stuttered.

The golden-haired man laughed, making him even more embarrassed than he already was. If he was with his Pine Tree right now, he’d walk away. Unfortunately, he couldn’t.

“’Course I’m happy; it’s always a pleasure to know my beloved Pine Tree loves me back!” he said.

“Bro-bro, we gotta go! Talk to your boyfriend later, come on!” Mabel called out.
“Okay, we gotta get on the plane now. Uh…b-bye, Bill.” Dipper lifted his hand, about to wave like an idiot. He realized what he was doing and slapped it on his face instead.

“See you, Pine Tree.”

The brunet heard a familiar sound from the other end of the line, but he couldn’t quite put his finger on what it was.

“W-wait, don’t hang up yet!” he accidentally yelled. Mabel raised an eyebrow and walked to her twin brother’s side. She looked at him curiously—she did just tell him they had to go, after all.

“Hm? Didn’t you just say you gotta get on the plane?” Bill asked.

“Y-yeah, but…” Dipper started as he looked at the questioning brunette. He pat her twice while he continued. “…What was that sound I heard from your end? I feel like I should know what it is, but I can’t remember…”

The golden-haired man laughed, confusing the brunet even more.

“It was a kiss, Pine Tree.”

“Oh…” Dipper awkwardly ruffled his hair—until his sister stopped him, anyway—unsure of what he should do.  

“Do I get one back?” Bill asked in a teasing yet endearing tone. Pine Tree smiled and chuckled. Although, when he noticed Mabel pointed her camera at him, he turned away and covered the lens with his hand. She still managed to snap a photo, though.

“Of course, Bill,” Dipper replied. He cupped a hand over one side of his mouth so Mabel wouldn’t be able to see—and maybe hear—him. He positioned the phone’s microphone right in front of his lips and ‘kissed’ his lover back.

“Ooo, you got a secret, bro-bro? You better tell me later!” the brunette teased.

“It’s not a secret, Mabel. It—“

“See you in a few days, Pine Tree!” Bill said.

“See you, Bill. I…I—“ Before he could say anything else, Bill hung up. He sighed and put his phone back in his pocket.

“Couldn’t tell him you love him, Dippin’ Dots?” his sister asked worriedly.

“I already did a while ago, it was just hard to say it a second time for some reason…anyway, we should go before the final boarding announcement.” The brunet carried his duffel bag and began to walk to the gate with his sister. While they were walking, Mabel tried to think of a reason as to why Dipper couldn’t tell Bill he loves him again.

On the other hand, Bill was staring at his lock screen—a picture of him and his Pine Tree kissing—until it faded to black. He slid his phone back in his pocket and shifted in his seat in attempt to feel more comfortable. Well, his ass certainly felt better, but the rest of him still felt as shitty as ever. He sighed and rested his head on his hand. Crossing his legs, he began to think of things all over again.

*She better not stay there for more than a day…At least I could probably chat with Pine Tree. Speaking of Pine Tree, I should go look at more pictures of him while I’m at it; I don’t have anything
It was evening, about a quarter before 7, and the twins have finally arrived in Portland. Mabel called for a cab and insisted that she pay for both of them. Dipper, of course, tried to convince her otherwise since she’d already treated him so many times. He failed to do so, obviously—Mabel had made up her mind, and once she has, it was very difficult to change her mind.

They arrived at Gravity Falls just in time for their Thanksgiving dinner and on their way to the Mystery Shack, they’d already greeted a few people they haven’t seen since their third year of college started.

“Dudes! You’re here!” Soos called out, arms spread wide and practically begging for a hug.

“Soos!” the twins called back in unison. They immediately dropped whatever they were holding and simultaneously ran to the man who’s been doing a very good job at managing the Mystery Shack and keeping the ‘fun’ in ‘No refunds!’

Before the twins could even do it themselves, Soos pulled them into a tight hug. They didn’t really mind; yes, it was kinda choking them, but they could definitely feel the love. After a few seconds, Dipper patted his back, about to run out of air like his sister was.

“Oh, sorry dudes!” Soos said as he quickly released them.

“Same…same old Soos…” the brunet remarked in between gasps.

“Mabel!” called two very different voices. The said brunette immediately turned to her best friends and ran to them, completely ready for a ‘hug attack.’

“Girls!” She greeted them with a big hug, although not bigger than Grenda’s, of course. While the three were being a squealing mess, Dipper talked a little more to Soos.

“We miss you, y’know. How are things going with Melody?” he asked.

“I missed you dawgs too! You guys actually came just in time; I have an announcement to make just before dinner!”

“An announcement, huh? Does i—“

“Do I hear a pre-pubescent voice in this room?” Stanley called out. Dipper rolled his eyes with a little smirk on his face and walked to the old man; he gave Soos a light pat on the shoulder as he walked past him.

“Come on Grunkle Stan, I’ve had a better voice since I was like 15.”

“Yeah yeah, whatever. Now c’mere and let your Grunkle Stan give you some affectionate—“

“Grunkle Stan!!!” the cheerful brunette yelled as she tackled the old man with a hug full of love. If he wasn’t so strong, his ribs or back would probably be broken by now.

“Oh, hey there, pumpkin. Nice to see you too,” he said, slinging an arm over her shoulders. “Dang, you kids are so big now; can’t give both of you noogies at the same time anymore. Welp, snooze you lose, kid!” he told Dipper.

Mabel laughed in her little victory as Grunkle Stan gave her an affectionate noogie first. Dipper
didn’t really mind; after all, they were much closer with each other. They had more similarities, which is why they get along better.

“Stanley, you didn’t tell me the kids were already here!” chided a familiar voice.

“Great Uncle Ford!” the brunet called out as he turned to the old paranormal investigator.

“Happy Thanksgiving, Dipper! Would you like a hug?”

Dipper glanced at Stanley, who was done with his sister and waiting for him. “You’re gonna have to hug Mabel first, Great Uncle Ford; I still have to get my complimentary affectionate noogie from your twin brother,” he told Ford. Sure, he and Stanford got along better since they had a lot of things in common, but he wouldn’t keep Stanley waiting.

“Well then, come here and give me a hug, Mabel.” The old man turned to the brunette with open arms.

While Mabel tackled her other grunkle, Dipper walked to Stanley and let him practically grind his knuckles onto his scalp as a greeting. He was sure the old man went just a little easier on Mabel, but that wasn’t much of a surprise anyway; even until now, he would still be harder on him—just a little more subtle than when he was a kid.

“Alright Stanley, don’t hog the little genius; you might actually create a dent on his head if you keep that up,” Ford said.

“Fine, but I’ll have you know I wasn’t even going that hard on the boy.” Stan released the brunet and let him hug his brother. He rolled his eyes at Mabel, who was looking at him rather smugly—that was the look she gave him whenever she knew he cared.

“Hey, Dipper! Welcome back to the Shack,” called a familiar voice.

The brunet pulled away from his great uncle and turned to the only redhead that voice could belong to. “Wendy!”

“What up, dude? It’s been a while,” she said as she walked to the brunet.

Even until now, Wendy is still a really cool person, just like she always was. She’s also grown a bit taller, which still makes her a lot taller than lots of people. The year after that war in Gravity Falls, Manly Dan had asked her to work for him instead; someone had to inherit the family business, and she was frankly the best out of her siblings. When Dipper and Mabel returned that year for summer, they were pretty sad that Wendy wouldn’t be working with them at the Shack anymore, but they got over it. After all, having a different job didn’t mean she couldn’t hang out with them. Plus, ‘Manly’ Dan was actually nice enough to give her long breaks—he was grateful to the Pines family, who led the town in the war, and although he was all about violence, he still had goodness in his heart.

“Mabel and I just got here. I see you’re still pretty tall,” Dipper said. She’s still taller than me…but not as tall as Bill.

“Yep, and I see you haven’t caught up to me yet. One day, dude. One day.” Wendy ruffled the brunet’s soft locks, not knowing that that gesture reminded him of someone else.

Why is she reminding me of Bill all of the sudden? Are they really that similar…?

“Hey, bro-bro, you’re totally out of it!”
As if yelling at her brother wasn’t enough to interrupt his thoughts, she threw a playful punch on his shoulder.

“Ow!” Dipper exclaimed. He rubbed his shoulder, which was painful thanks to a harsh punch his sister calls playful.

“HEY, WHEN ARE WE GONNA EAT DINNER?! I’M STARVING!” ‘Manly’ Dan yelled.

“Alright, alright, everyone go to the dining table, chop cho—“ Stanley was cut off by Melody, who was already in the dining room.

“Food’s ready!” she announced, peeking from behind the door frame.

“Wooo! We’re gonna get us some delicious turkey!” Durland cheered, ringing his bell, which was still the same one since he became a deputy. He wasn’t a deputy anymore, though—he was now a sheriff, just like Blubs. They still worked together, of course; they didn’t want to leave each other, and he most certainly wasn’t going to do that just because his occupation changed.

Sheriff Blubs laughed and held his hand. “Without you, it wouldn’t be a happy thanksgiving.”

“Git ‘em! Git ‘em!” Mayor Tyler chanted like he always would. That may be almost everything he says, but he’s been doing a good job as the mayor of Gravity Falls.

While Dipper walked beside Mabel, he looked around him. All the familiar faces he missed over the months were now in the place he’d been spending the best summers in. He felt that he was home.

His sister slung an arm over her twin brother’s shoulders and lightly bumped her head with his. Dipper chuckled as he heard her say “bap” as a little sound effect.

Once everyone was in the room, Soos walked to the table where the wine glasses were and took one. While the others took their plates, he called Melody and asked if she could stand beside him. She did what she was asked to handed him a little fork as well, seeing how he probably forgot it if he was going to do what she thought he was. Soos took it and gave her a little smile before turning to the crowd. He took a deep breath and began to clink the glass with the fork.

“Hey um, can I have everyone’s attention please? I-I have an announcement to make…”

He was a little nervous, but his voice was loud enough for the people to hear him. Everyone, of course, directed their attention to him; they were quite curious since he doesn’t make announcements that often. They didn’t want to be rude either, especially not to the manager of the shack of their dreams.

“Melody and I…we’re gonna be parents!” he announced.

In less than a second, everyone cheered and congratulated them. They raised their wine glasses in joy and had toasts with one another.

As much as Mabel was totally thrilled and proud of Soos, she had an announcement, too. After she vigorously shook her brother in excitement, she grabbed his hand and ran through the crowd with her other hand raised.

“Wait, wait! I have an announcement too!” she yelled, trying to get everyone’s attention.

“Mabel, hey! Wait up, don’t drag me!” Dipper called out.
By the time he was done complaining, they were already in front of the crowd. Before he could even think of what his sister was up to, she practically headlocked him to bring him right next to her.

“This guy has a BOYFRIEND!” she yelled, pointing at her now very embarrassed twin brother. Dipper wasn’t planning to argue, but he didn’t know how all the people in front of them would react to him being gay…well, bi, but the point remains.

He thought they’d react negatively or maybe just stay silent, but they cheered. They were all actually happy for him; Grunkle Stan even gave him another noogie. He smiled and gave his grunkle a hug. He was glad he accepted him—he helped him get more confident around girls, which made him think the old man was expecting him to get one, and not a guy.

“Hey Grunkle Stan! I know you’re really happy he’s finally in a relationship and all, but can I borrow him again? Pleeeeeease?” Mabel asked, staring at Stanley with her lovely big brown orbs.

No one could resist those pleading eyes. They were adorable, yet also pretty deadly—she could ask anyone to murder someone and they’d agree. That said, Stan released the brunet and tousled his hair before he walked away, leaving the twins alone.

“What’s up, Mabel? I know you’d let me celebrate a little more before taking me away so quickly,” Dipper said, raising an eyebrow.

Mabel leaned into his ear and covered a side of her lips with her hand. “Do mom and dad know you guys are a couple?” she whispered.

“No…not yet.” I’m not sure when I will, but I know I have to at some point. He looked at the ground as he answered, and slowly, his smile faded. The whole town knowing about them was something, but his parents knowing was something else. They were nice and actually quite open-minded—especially towards Mabel—but he couldn’t help but worry about what their reactions would be.

“When are you gonna tell them?”

“I don’t know.”

Mabel warmly smiled at the worried brunet. “Don’t worry bro-bro, I’m sure they won’t mind. I bet they’ll be really happy for you!” she said as she gave him a sincere sibling hug.

“Thanks, Mabel.” Dipper hugged her back, and after a few seconds, they pat each other’s back, saying “Pat, pat” simultaneously.

While people where enjoying Thanksgiving with each other in the Mystery Shack, Bill was helping his mom in the kitchen, though whenever a guest arrived, he’d be the one to let them in and greet them. Although they didn’t see each other very often, his relatives seemed to like him, especially his cousins; they’d always invite him to hang with them.

“Mi hijo, why don’t you sit with your primos? I can prepare the rest, you go have fun,” Vespera told him.

“Nah, I know they’re just being nice to me because it’s Thanksgiving and they’re here…and because you wanted me. You know that very we—ow!” His mother slapped his hand with her spatula, causing him to take it off the table.

“Oye, I see your hand there. Don’t even think about touching the venison steak before dinner starts!”
Bill pouted and rubbed his hand; there was a little oil on the spatula.

Vespera sighed and continued to cook. “That’s not the reason they’re nice to you, okay? They really do just like you as a member of the family, not because of me…I know you’re just going to stay in your room again, so just enjoy while you have the time.”

Before the golden-haired man could say anything, the doorbell rang. He sighed and walked to the door.

“Hey, Bill, wanna sit with us?” one of his cousins asked him as he passed by.

“Nah, I’m good. Well, maybe later.”

Bill looked through the peephole in the door when he got there. Once he saw who was outside, he walked back to the kitchen with a rather displeased expression on his face.

“She’s here.”

Vespera put down her spatula and turned around. She took a french fry from a bowl on the table and held it up as if she was going to feed her son. Bill was a lot taller than her though, so he bent down and ate the fry. He wasn’t exactly sure why she did that, but he did want to eat something she prepared, so he just went with it.

The redhead gave Bill a motherly kiss on the cheek and gently pat his back twice. “Go greet her, okay? You can go to your room right after, just talk to your sister at least once,” she said.

The taller man rolled his eyes and stood up straight. “Fine.”

The doorbell rang again, which annoyed Bill, though it was to be expected. He walked back to the door and opened it reluctantly.

“Happy Tha—oh, hello there.”

Right after he opened the door, a little puppy barked happily and ran to his foot. His—or her, for all he knew—front paws were on the man’s shoe, while their tail was wagging rapidly as they began to sniff him.

“Cuddles, heel!” the woman called out. The puppy then walked back to her side and sat down, though it was still looking up at the golden-haired man with its little tongue stuck out.

“Sorry about that…um, happy Thanksgiving, Bill.”

“Yeah, sure. Happy Thanksgiving…Mary,” the taller man replied without any hints of joy in his tone or face. You again. Every year.

Mary was Bill’s sister. She had straight, black hair that reached just below her shoulder blades, as well as eyes with a mix of blue gray and green irises. She owned a pretty fancy restaurant, and she was 26 years old. She got her hair color from Aedan, her father, as well as part of her irises’ color—blue gray. Her mother had green eyes, which is why her eyes were a lovely mixture of all those colors. She was a little more like her mom than her dad when it came to her personality, though she preferred American culture—from Aedan’s side—than Spanish.

Mary breathed in and awkwardly rubbed the upper part of her arm. “Look, I…I know you still hate my guts, but I just gotta ask you for a little favor. That alright?” she asked.
Bill sneered and placed his hands on his hips to mock her even more. “Really? You know I hate you because of what you did when we were kids because you hated me, and you expect me to do you a favor? I think you’ve been on that merry-go-round way too many times.”

The woman sighed and looked at the ground, feeling the guilt all over again. “I’m really sorry, okay? Look, I’m willing to pay you, just hear me out.”

The golden-haired man crossed his arms and leaned on the door frame, but he didn’t say anything. Mary assumed he was letting her continue, and so she did.

“So, you probably heard me a while ago; this little guy’s name is Cuddles,” she said, looking at the puppy beside her leg.

“Mhm, very original,” Bill remarked.

“Hey, we named him Cuddles for a reason.”

The taller man shrugged, and anyone could tell he didn’t care about what she just said at all. She sighed again.

“Anyway, I was thinking…maybe you could take care of him for the night. You always stay in your room when I arrive, right? I mean, it’d be pretty troubling if he stays downstairs; I can’t keep track of where he is the whole time, so who knows what he could do? He’s really sweet and very disciplined, and he’s pretty playful too, so it wouldn’t be that hard for you to take care of him…Will you do it?”

Bill stared at the puppy, whose tail was still wagging happily. He supposed Cuddles was too excited to actually feel the tension between him and his sister. Then again, he was just a puppy; Bill wasn’t even sure if dogs could feel tension between humans in the first place.

Cuddles was a Border Collie. Although he was just a puppy, he was still pretty small for his breed. He had merle eyes, though—an uneven mix of brown and blue in his irises. Despite his pretty unique appearance, he still acts just like a normal dog. He had lots of energy, which is why he loved to play and had to exercise a lot. He was trained pretty well by Mary, though sometimes, he’s still really hyper and mischievous. There wasn’t much she could do about that, but it wasn’t really bothering anyone.

Bill bent down and carefully picked Cuddles up, hands on either side of the puppy’s front legs. Cuddles barked at him once with his rather squeaky voice and kicked his back legs repeatedly.

“All right little guy, I’m gonna be taking care of you tonight.”

“Bill, you’re not supposed to hold any dog like that!” Mary yelled.

“Well, excuse me, you know very well I’ve never had a pet; I wouldn’t know that shit, so don’t fucking yell at me for it. Just tell me how to hold a fucking puppy. Oh, and while you’re at it, go tell me how to take care of him—I don’t wanna go deaf because of you. You’ve done quite enough to me,” Bill retorted.

He glared at Mary, causing her to take a step back—he was a lot scarier than when he was a kid. Even though she was five years older than him, she was still quite immature back then. She wished she wasn’t; maybe things would have been better for them. However, whenever Bill acted rudely to her these days, she couldn’t help but get fucking pissed at him. They just don’t get along, and at times like this, she wonders why she even feels guilty for the things she’d done. Maybe this asshole deserves all those things after all.
“Hey, everything okay over there?” a man asked, walking to the two with a backpack in hand.

Mary sighed and positioned Bill’s hands herself. “There, that’s how you hold a puppy. You can probably manage with one arm, just make sure to support his chest and rump at all times; it hurts him otherwise,” she said.

“Got it. Easy enough.” The golden-haired man carefully transferred the puppy onto his arm and ever so lightly stroked Cuddles’ head with his fingers. Cuddles stuck out his tongue several times as if he wanted to lick the man’s fingers.

Curious, Bill moved his fingers so they’d be on the puppy’s rather wet nose. It was to be expected, as its tongue had just been on it. Once he did so, Cuddles licked it repeatedly, and even Bill knew that meant the puppy liked him.

“I see you’ve agreed to take care of Cuddles, Bill. Thank you,” Damien said.

“I’m only taking care of him because he’s cute and friendly…and behave,” the taller man said. I don’t have a reason to tell them it’s the first time an animal has willingly approached me.

Damien chuckled and gave him two friendly pats on his shoulder. “Happy Thanksgiving, by the way.”

“Happy Thanksgiving to you too, Damien,” Bill replied.

Damien was Mary’s husband, and he got along with Bill; he was nice. He didn’t treat him any differently than he would to other people just because he and his wife didn’t get along. He was the same age as Mary, and he had dark brown hair, as well as hazel irises. He was shorter than Bill, but still taller than his wife. He was a news anchor, which is why they were pretty rich.

The golden-haired man gave the man a fist bump; Damien’s hand made it seem like he was asking for it.

Damien turned to Mary and raised the backpack he was holding. “I got all the baby stuff, honey. Well, puppy stuff. My bad,” he said.

“Thanks, I’ll tell him some special instructions.”

Bill rolled his eyes as the married couple kissed right in front of him. Pine Tree and I can do way better than that.

He looked down as he felt Cuddles rub his head against his chest. So, this why they called you Cuddles? He gently stroked the puppy’s head with his whole hand this time. He scratched him a little bit behind his ears, too; he heard dogs liked that.

“You like him, don’t you?” Mary teased.

“He’s more likable than you.”

The woman rolled her eyes and opened the backpack. “Okay, listen carefully. Cuddles is only four weeks old and he’s an orphaned puppy, so he needs a little special care. He can only eat soft food for now, so we packed some warm puppy much in the thermos here. Just twist the cap when you’re going to pour it into this food bowl. There’s another bowl here for water, and if Cuddles has to ‘go’ and he’s indoors, he’ll claw at the door. If you’re holding him, he’ll whine. There’s a little ball in here so you can play with him, too. You got all that?” she elaborated.
“Yeah, got it. Gimme the bag and I’ll let you come in,” Bill said. He held out his free hand, asking for the backpack. Mary closed the zipper and hung the bag on his fingers. He then headed to the stairs, letting the married couple come in.

Bill stood in front of the first step and looked at the puppy on his arm.

“Hm…can you walk up stairs?” he asked.

Cuddles only barked in response—which was perfectly normal; Bill wasn’t sure if he was expecting anything else.

“I don’t speak dog so I’ll just find out. Down you go!” He carefully put the puppy on the floor. He then began to walk up the stairs like he normally would. He looked back after a while, and that was when he realized that Cuddles was only at about the fifth step.

“Oh. Must be pretty hard for you, huh?” he said.

Cuddles barked once and slowly climbed up another step. It seemed that he had a hard time getting his back legs on it. Bill sighed and walked back to the puppy. He carried Cuddles once again and walked up to his room.

Once he was inside, he closed the door and put the puppy down, as well as the backpack. He watched as Cuddles excitedly barked and ran around. It was pretty cute, seeing such a little creature sniffing pretty much anything it set its eyes on. It took a lot of steps for it to get from one place to another—Cuddles had short legs, after all.

After a while, Bill walked to his closet. He took a spare bedsheet and lay it all over the bed, though he had to make sure he wouldn’t accidentally step on Cuddles; he was following him around and hopping wherever he went.

“Allright, alright, I’ll give you some attention now,” he said. He carried the puppy on one arm and pet him with his free hand. Cuddles would lean into his palm and lick him every time the man stroked him. Bill thought the puppy’s tongue was thin but warm, and though he didn’t like having dog droll all over his hand at all, he let Cuddles continue licking; there was just something about having a puppy like him that felt nice.

“Hmm…how’s about we watch a movie? You okay with gore?” He lightly scratched the puppy under his chin as he walked to the drawers in the television stand. The man transferred him to his other arm so he could look through his DVDs with a cleaner and dry hand.

“Hang on, I’m gonna find a movie where you can see solves mauling humans or other animals to death; you might learn a thing or two—oh, here’s one.”

Bill took a case before he closed the drawer and walked to his bed. He carefully placed the puppy on the sheets and hoped it wouldn’t run to the edge and fall on the floor.

“Allright, just let me go wash my hand; you put a lot of drool all over it, y’know.” He turned around and began to walk to the door. However, Cuddles barked, and when Bill looked back, he was a little too late; the puppy’s front legs slipped, causing it to fall off the bed.

“Motherfuck!” he yelled. He quickly ran to the puppy and dived in with his hands reaching out to try and catch it. Well, he tried—Cuddles fell to the ground and let out a whine upon impact, while Bill ended up falling face flat with a loud thud.

“…Fuck,” he said in a muffled voice. He planned to just stay on the floor for a while, but he shot
right back up when he felt something wet touch his hair.

“Hey, keep your tongue off my hair!”

Cuddles whimpered and lay down, looking up at the man with those sad puppy eyes. Bill stared at the puppy for a few seconds and tried to stay annoyed, but he couldn’t; Cuddles was just too cute. The same thing would happen to him with Pine Tree, though he found the brunet more adorable, even though he doesn’t even look at him with puppy eyes at all.

“Fine, it’s okay. I guess you only meant well.” He carefully lifted the puppy and placed it back on the bed, making sure he wasn’t too harsh on Cuddles’ little legs.

“Did you break anything? Does it hurt anywhere, boy?” he asked, stroking each of his paws and grazing the rest of his legs to see if he’d react somehow. Cuddles didn’t seem to be in pain—in fact, the way his tail was wagging showed that he was quite happy.

“Guess not. Okay, if you’re really behave, stay here.”

Bill then realized why Cuddles kept on following him when he was walking; since he was just a puppy, he was probably only conditioned to stay if he was told the exact word ‘stay.’ Cuddles barked and sat down, confirming the man’s thoughts. Bill pet the puppy a few times before he went out of his room.

While he was walking to the bathroom, he glanced at the stairs. They sounded really happy downstairs, but he didn’t want to go there till dinner started. He wasn’t tempted to go there at all; he’d been doing this for years. Every holiday in this house, he’d stay in his room when Mary arrived, and when dinner is served, he’d get some food from downstairs. After that, he’ll shut himself in again until the party ends.

He rolled his eyes and walked into the bathroom. He didn’t bother to close the door—after all, he was just going to wash his hands. Once he was done, he went back into his room, where he found Cuddles still right where he left him.

“I see you’re a good puppy. I’d give you a treat if your ‘mom’ put some in the bag,” he said.

The puppy barked and wagged his tail, as if he was happy about getting praised. Well, that, or maybe it’s because he heard the word ‘treats.’ Bill didn’t know very much about dogs.

The golden-haired man turned the TV on and put in the DVD. After he adjusted the volume, he took his shoes off and hopped onto the bed and patted his lap repeatedly.

“C’mere, boy! C’mere!” he called. Cuddles quickly got up on all fours and ran to the man’s lap. He placed his front paws on Bill’s chest and attempted to lick his face. Fortunately, Bill blocked him with his hand quickly enough.

“Woah, hey, face is off-limits, pal! Only Pine Tree can kiss these lips and cheeks...well, maybe ma and pops too, but whatever. No dog drool allowed on my face.” He tapped the puppy’s nose, which only made it begin to lick his hand again.

Bill sighed and stroked Cuddles’ head repeatedly, occasionally scratching behind his ears or under his chin. Slowly, he was getting used to handling a puppy. He shifted his gaze to the television and realized that they should watch the movie he picked out. He carefully turned the puppy himself to that it would be sitting on his lap and facing the television.

Bill felt that he had to be extra careful; Cuddles was soft and most definitely fragile. He felt like he’d
break something if he held the puppy too harshly.

“Alright, go learn from the wolves in this movie. Maybe you can tear flesh with your sharp teeth and cause chaos when you grow up,” he said.

Cuddles lay down on his lap and directed his attention to the movie. Bill got pretty absorbed in the film after a few minutes as well, and he didn’t even realize he was idly petting the puppy as he watched.

“Hey, Great Uncle Ford, where did you even get a turkey this big? I mean, it was big until we ate it all. Did you use my height-altering flashlight from back then?” Dipper asked.

“Ah, yes, that simple device you made…I completely forgot about that, so I made my own. I didn’t use that crystal from the forest—though in hindsight, that would have been much easier,” Ford coughed, “Instead, I used science. Feel free to use it anytime, just be responsible. It’s just in my lab.”

“Oh, no thanks, I’ll just stick with my flashlight. Anyway, did you kill the turkey before you made it bigger or—“

“Neeerds!” Mabel yelled. Dipper playfully rolled his eyes.

“Well, we can’t say we aren’t.” The old man chuckled.

“Mabel, you don’t have to sit right between us, you know. I don’t mind if you hang with Candy and Grenda; you always do, so yeah.”

The brunette leaned towards her brother and squinted at him. She hummed audibly with her lips pursed and cheeks puffed out. Dipper stared at her until finally, she stood up.

“Alright, but you better go catch up with Wendy later,” she said.

“What, you still don’t believe I’m over her? I already have a boyfriend!”

“Bro, I’m telling you to just talk to her as a friend; I just wanna keep you guys close, she’s a really cool friend to have! Anyway, I’m gonna go to my BFFs now, see you at karaoke later!”

With that, Mabel ran off, and shortly after that, Grunkle Stan sat where the brunette was just moments ago. Dipper wondered why his two great uncles were looking at him like he was a criminal about to be questioned. He looked at them back and forth, clearly confused as to what exactly was happening.

Ford cleared his throat, implying that Dipper was probably going to get his answers to whatever questions he had in mind. “So, um, Dipper…what’s your boyfriend like? I don’t mean to sound like a teenage girl, but I’d like to know his name, at the very least,” he said.

“Yeah, you never told us anything about this guy. Sounds shady, definitely not like my old commercials…well, I see where you get it from,” Stanley added. Dipper chuckled softly, while Stanford shook his head.

“About time, Grunkle Stan. Anyway, Bill Cipher’s my…lover’s name.” He cleared his throat. Grunkle Stan looked at his brother this time; apparently Dipper picked up a few things from someone else as well. Ford, however, ignored him and kept his eyes focused on the brunette.
“He studies in the same university I’m in, and we’re in the same year. He’s taking up BS Psychology, and his room’s right across mine in the dorm. We met when—“

“Yeah yeah, blah blah blah. Tell us something actually interesting about him, like, uh…is he an expert at conning people like me? I mean—I’m not a con man! I am not a paranormal expert like my brother!” Stan said. His twin brother look at him, clearly not believing what he just said about not being a con man. He didn’t stare for long, though—he returned his gaze to Dipper after a few moments.

“Well, I think he chose a pretty good course. Anyway, I guess you should give this old man what he wants before you bore him to death,” Ford said, pointing at the said old man.

“Like you’re one to talk, Poindexter.”

Dipper rolled his eyes and leaned back on his seat. “He could definitely be one, but he isn’t. I can’t say he hasn’t done anything illegal, though,” he continued.

“Good taste, kid! I like him already!” Stan said, banging his fist on the table once.

Stanford, on the other hand, had a completely different reaction. He didn’t want his grand nephew’s lover to be a mess like his brother. Stan ended up being trustworthy, but that didn’t mean this ‘Bill Cipher’ guy was.

“Wait, he’s done something illegal?! Does he have a criminal record?!?” he practically yelled.

“Oye, don’t make such a big fuss about it. Look at me, I turned out juuust fine! Heck, even better than that!” his brother pointed out.

Ford tried to think of an argument, but none came to mind—none that wouldn’t offend his brother or his nephew’s lover, anyway. He sighed. “I don’t know very much about Bill, so I can’t really say anything about him. That said, can you tell me why you love him? You didn’t give him a good first impression for me, so…perhaps some enlightenment would help.”

Dipper thought for a while. There were lots of things he loved about Bill, but were any of them the exact reason he loved him? He wasn’t sure, so he decided to just describe him.

“Well, let’s see…he can be pretty annoying—a jerk, actually—he’s an extreme narcissist like Grunkle Stan.” He began to hold up a finger each time he mentioned a…not-so-nice quality of his, including those two he just mentioned.

“Yeah! Wait, what?” Stan said, realizing what he just said a little late.

The brunet chuckled and continued. “He makes dirty jokes—dick jokes, mostly—and terrible puns, sometimes in the most inappropriate places to do so, he pulls pranks on me, though that’s been happening less often recently, and he’s pretty damn possessive. He’s a selfish brat when it comes to me, really, even if it’s Mabel who wants to talk to me for just a little while. He doesn’t exactly have good manners either, and he’s a smartass most of the time.”

“If he’s all those things, then why do you love him? With all that said, I’m surprised you didn’t say he’s triggered you at least once,” Ford said, making tons of hand gestures as he spoke.

Dipper stared at the old man for a few moments. He stared at the floor after that. He has triggered me…but not recently. He didn’t mean to, either, so maybe I shouldn’t tell him…

“So he has. Are you really sure you want to stay with him, Dipper?”
Without a warning, Stanley smacked Ford on the back of his head.

“Hey, let the boy finish what he’s saying. You know the kid isn’t stupid like I was, don’t you? There’s gotta be something Bill has that made him like him. Also, quit ruining the mood,” he chided.

Ford looked back at his nephew, who was still avoiding eye contact and staying silent. His arms were crossed as well; he was clearly nervous. Maybe anxious, even.

“Right…I suppose I went too far. I apologize. So, uh…continue, Dipper. I do trust your decision-making skills. Perhaps I went overboard because I didn’t have a very good love life,” he said.

Dipper returned his gaze to the old man and slowly, he unfolded his arms. “It’s alright, Great Uncle Ford. So, Bill…well, he may be pretty annoying, but somehow, he’s also pretty endearing like that. I’m not really sure how, but…well, emotions just don’t mix with logic, Great Uncle Ford. Anyway, despite all the things I said about him, he’s still a nice person. He cares about me, he’s always there for me, and he really doesn’t want to lose me. He always does his best to cheer me up, and he always helps me relax when I get…stressed out. Oh, and also, he’s pretty keen about consent—“

“Woah woah woah, wait, consent? Are you saying you—“

The brunet’s face immediately turned red; he knew exactly what Stan was thinking, and his brother was likely thinking of the same thing, but that was not the case…well, sort of.

“NO!” he yelled, though thankfully it was pretty noisy anyway so he wasn’t noticed. “We…we haven’t gone there, o-okay?! I just meant stuff like he wouldn’t kiss me if he sees that I don’t want to, you know?” he clarified.

“Consent, huh? Hm…that’s nice. I’ll approve of him for now. Well, not that I’d forbid you to see him if I didn’t like him; nothing like that,” Ford said.

“Well, thanks for approving of us, I guess. Actually, I thought you two wouldn’t even be okay with me having a boyfriend, and not, well…a girlfriend.”

Dipper shifted his gaze to his hands, which were on his lap as he twiddled his fingers rather awkwardly; he wasn’t exactly used to talking about stuff like this with his great uncles or even anyone, for that matter. It was never like this, not even with Mabel.

“Eh, I guess this is why you were terrible with girls—you’re probably meant for a guy,” Stan said. Dipper laughed, and Grunkle Stan did, too. Ford couldn’t help but chuckle along, just a bit.

“Hey, I’m gonna go catch up with Wendy now, if you guys don’t mind. Mabel would probably yell at me or something if she sees I’m still here,” the brunet said, standing up.

“Alright, see you around, Dipper,” Ford said.

“Yeah, see you when your sister drags you to karaoke,” Stanley joked.

The three of them laughed, knowing that was going to happen. Dipper waved at them and began to look for Wendy. She was probably with her friends, so it shouldn’t be that hard to find her.

After a few minutes of looking around, strangely enough, he couldn’t find her. He saw Robbie and Tambry—who seemed to be engaged, since they were wearing matching rings—Nate, Lee, and Thompson, but Wendy wasn’t with them.

Maybe she’s just in the bathroom…wait, there’s still one place I should check. I can’t be sure, but
Dipper walked to a certain curtain and looked around, making sure no one was looking, and climbed up the ladder. Quietly, he opened the trapdoor and climbed onto the roof. He was right—Wendy was there, sitting at the edge with a can of beer. She was wearing a flannel button-up with the sleeves all the way down for once, and she was wearing her usual lumberjack hat—she and Dipper traded their hats back a few years after the twins had their first summer in Gravity Falls.

“Hey, Wendy,” he greeted, walking to the redhead.

“Oh hey, Dipper! What are you doing up here?” Wendy asked as she turned around.

“Well, Mabel told me to go catch up with you, so here I am.” He sat beside her. She offered him some beer, but of course, he refused.

“Still a lightweight, huh?” she teased.

“Yeah, sure am,” the brunet chuckled, “So, how’s things been for you?”

“Well, work’s pretty fun for me. I’m gonna take over our business one day, but right now, I’m still working for dad. I get paid pretty good, but I gotta admit, I miss working here at the Shack.”

“Yeah…Mabel and I didn’t get paid for working here, but it was still really fun, even though Grunkle Stan kept making me do the hard stuff.”

Wendy chuckled, and Dipper did the same.

He couldn’t help but remember Bill’s shortles and laughs. He’d do it every time he teased him, made a terrible pun, told a dirty joke, or just thought he was adorable. He was always such a happy fuck…but he shouldn’t be thinking of him right now.

“Oh yeah, you have a boyfriend now, right? Congrats!” Wendy said, snapping him out of his thoughts.

“W-what? Yeah, I-I do, but uh…was I saying anything?” the brunet asked, cheeks slightly red.

The redhead laughed. “No, you weren’t. Why, were you thinking of him just now? Looks like you really love him,” she chuckled, “You’re even blushing!”

“I—well…y-yeah, I…I guess I was thinking of him…kind of,” he mussed up his hair in embarrassment and sighed, “I guess I just…miss him. Oh, uh, it’s great that you’re cool with this. Then again, you’re cool with pretty much anything.”

“I’m the ice bag for a reason dude.” She threw a light punch on the brunet’s shoulder. He laughed a little, and so did Wendy…It was nice to hang out like this again.

“You know, we’ve all seen weirder things than a gay couple. Actually, everyone knows Blubs and Durland are a thing. I don’t see a reason for us to be so shocked with you having a boyfriend…what’s his name? Oh, do you have any pictures of him too?” she said.

“You have a point. Anyway, his name’s Bill Cipher, and let me just get my phone to show what he looks like.” Dipper took his phone up from his pocket and picked out a picture of him and Bill in his gallery. He chose the one with his lover kissing him In the car right after their very first date.

“Here you go. He was actually the one who took this, I just asked him to send it to me…along with
all the other pictures from our date. Our very first one,” he said, showing the picture.

Wendy leaned a little closer to take a look. For once, Dipper wasn’t fazed by her being this close. He didn’t have to move away at all. Heck, he could even smile.

“Woah, dude, I might actually get a crush on him if he wasn’t taken. You’re a pretty lucky guy, aren’t you?” she remarked as she playfully shoved the brunette. They laughed together, and although Dipper was fine, he was relieved that Wendy leaned back.

He then kept his phone and replied, “Yep, I’m a really lucky guy. He’s a narcissist though, don’t tell him he’s hot if you ever meet him…don’t tell him I said I was lucky to have him either, he’ll probably tease me about it…and kiss me right after.” He muttered that last part.

Wendy heard it, just like the other stuff he would constantly whisper under his breath as a kid, but she didn’t say anything about that.

“Alright, I won’t.” She zipped her lips, just like she would back then.

Dipper smiled at her, seeing how she was still the same, despite being older. “Y’know, it’s nice talking to you again. It became pretty awkward when Grunkle Stan and Great Uncle Ford interrogated me about Bill, mostly Great Uncle Ford,” he said.

“Woah, they did? Dang, did they approve of you guys being a couple or something?”

“Oh, yeah, they did. It just kinda took a wrong turn, so I’m glad I can just relax and talk to you.”

“Come hang with me anything you wanna chill out, man; I’ll be there to listen,” Wendy said as she ruffled the brunette’s hair.

“Thanks, Wendy. Just don’t mention anything about you touching my hair—Bill’s pretty possessive,” he warned her.

Wendy chuckled. “No problem,” she said. She then zipped her lips once again.

Bill looked at the puppy on his lap, who just yawned and lay his head on the man’s thighs.

“You know, you kinda look like the stuffed toy I got for Pine Tree,” he said, stroking Cuddles’ head. He scratched him behind his ears, causing him to lean into his hand. He chuckled and rested his other hand on the puppy’s soft body. It was pretty warm, too.

“Y’know, I could just squish you to death; you’re really fragile.” Cuddles barely reacted though. If anything, he just moved closer to the man.

“Well, I guess your cuteness would be a waste if I did that. You’re still not cuter than Pine Tree, though…my Pine Tree. Damn it, I miss him already. Pathetic.” He sighed and put his hand back on the bed, leaving its twin limp on Cuddles’ head. He shifted his gaze back the television and stared, though clearly, he wasn’t focused on the movie.

Cuddles barked and placed his front paws on the golden-haired man’s chest, making him look at him. Bill scratched him under his chin. “Hmm…would you fit on my head?” he said. The puppy barked and licked the man’s hand a little more.

“Yeesh, you sure love putting your slobber all over me. You like doing that to other people too,
Suddenly, he heard two knocks on his door.

“Mi hijo, dinner’s ready!” the person outside called out.

“Okay, ma!” he replied. After he heard his mother’s footsteps fade away, he looked back at Cuddles, whose tongue was stuck out and tail was wagging.

“I don’t know if you like the idea of getting on my head or if you’re just excited for dinner, but either way, you’re getting on my head…just don’t lick my face or my hair.” He carefully lifted the puppy—not in the proper way, though; how else was he going to put him on his head?—and turned him around so he’d be facing where the man was facing. Bill then gently set Cuddles’ head and front paws on his hair, and his back legs on his shoulders.

“Alright boy, let’s go. Don’t move around too much.” He took the remote, paused the movie, and carefully turned to the edge of the bed and put on his shoes. Slowly, he stood up, with his hands on either side of the puppy’s body. He then walked out the door and made sure to close it behind him.

He walked down the stairs and tried not to tilt his head too much; if he did, Cuddles might start kicking him because his legs would be dangling. He headed to the kitchen, where he knew everyone was. He didn’t really have a choice—there would probably be no food for him left. Well, Vespera would probably set some aside for him, but it wouldn’t be enough to satisfy him.

“BILL, WHAT THE FUCK IS MY PUPPY DOING ON YOUR HEAD? Ow!” Mary yelled.

“Lengua!” Vespera chided after smacking the back of her daughter’s head.

“Why not?” Bill shrugged.

“HE’S A PUPPY.”

“HE LIKES IT HERE.”

“Alright you two, shut up. Mary, keep eating. Bill, go get some food,” Aedan told them. Mary sighed and ate another spoonful of rice and a slice of turkey.

“Might not be the best idea to have a puppy on your head when there’s food right in front of you,” he pointed out.

“Fine, I’ll put him down, pops.” Bill lifted Cuddles to get him off his head and carefully placed him on the floor. He then walked to the sink, though it was pretty hard with Cuddles chasing and hopping around his dress shoes with every step he took.

“Dammit Cuddles, don’t you dare make me trip and waste my venison steak,” the man said as he washed his hands. Cuddles, still being a little fuck, didn’t stop barking and running around him. Bill rolled his eyes and turned the faucet off. He shook his hands, purposefully splashing a few drops of water onto the puppy. Despite that, Cuddles didn’t stop. In fact, it even seemed like he wanted to drink what was being splashed on him.

“Oh my fucking g—just—Mary, how do you get him to stop blocking my way?! I swear, if he doesn’t stop I won’t even care if I step on him and—well, you can probably understand that.” Right, no gore talk at the table or anywhere near it.

Mary rolled her eyes and snickered, much to Bill’s annoyance. “Bill, just tell him to heel and he’ll
follow you properly,” she said.

“…I can do without the not-so-subtle mockery.”

His sister sighed and turned back to the table.

Bill snuck one last glance at her before he turned away. “…Thanks, I guess,” he muttered as softly as he could. He was thankful no one heard him. He then looked down at the puppy, who clearly just couldn’t sense tension.

“Heel,” he said. With that, Cuddles walked to his side and stopped hopping around.

He walked to the table and got himself a set of plate and utensils. He took all the food he wanted—mostly venison steak, of course. Once he was done, he gave his mother a little kiss on the cheek before he went back to his room and took off his shoes.

Of course, he waited for the puppy to get up the stairs and follow him before he closed the door. It took a while, but he supposed Cuddles had to learn how. His food wouldn’t get cold that quickly anyway. Besides, I can just heat it again…probably.

He placed his food on his desk—which was still nice and tidy, just how he left it. Perhaps Vespera kept it clean for him; it should have a little dust on it if it was left alone. Shrugging off those thoughts, Bill pulled out his chair and sat on it. He spun around in it a few times before he got himself closer to the desk and began to eat.

He was savoring the taste of his own cooking along with his mother’s. That didn’t last for very long, though—Cuddles barked repeatedly and hopped around him again. The puppy jumped and kept scratching on the man’s leg. Well, trying to—he didn’t take out his claws. The golden-haired man rolled his eyes and swallowed his food before he looked down at the puppy.

“What do you want? I can’t put you on my head right now.”

Cuddles didn’t stop jumping and barking, which annoyed Bill, though it did make him wonder what was wrong with the puppy. He’s not whining so he doesn’t have to go, he’s probably hydrated and —oh, wait a minute.

“Mary too busy in the playground to feed you? I gotcha.”

He stood up and pushed his chair back. He bent down and pet the puppy a few times. It was pointless, but there was just something with cute things that made humans want to squish them to death. Well, he couldn’t do that anyway, so he just settled for the next best thing. He decided to carry the puppy on his arm as he walked to the backpack Mary gave him. He opened it and took out the thermos she told him about and placed it on the floor. That was easy, but taking the food bowl out was…well, it was certainly something.

“Cuddles, no, no don—oh you little shit!”

The puppy was way too excited—once he saw the food bowl, he got on all fours and tried to run down the man’s arm. Well, he kinda did, but he ended up slipping into the backpack head-first. Bill placed the food bowl on the ground and picked Cuddles up.

“Easy there buddy, food’s on the way,” he said. He put the puppy on the floor and placed the food bowl somewhere else. While Cuddles was waiting excitedly, he took the thermos and twisted off its cap. His face contorted in disgust the moment he got a whiff of the ‘puppy mush’ Mary was talking about. Apparently its appearance was more disgusting than its scent.
“This looks like shit, is she really making you eat this? Damn, Mary’s a bitch. Wait, you’re a dog, so uh…just don’t take it literally—it’s an insult,” he said as he poured it into the bowl.

He stopped and put the cap back on. “Anyway, you’re not gonna eat just this; I’m gonna give you some of mine…whichever’s soft enough. Your teeth aren’t very strong, are they?”

Cuddles wasn’t really paying attention to anything the man was saying, which wasn’t surprising at all—again, Bill wasn’t sure if he was even expecting anything. He rolled his eyes and stood up. He went back to his desk and sat down. He continued to eat, and since Cuddles wasn’t so loud anymore, he could savor the taste again…for a few minutes, that is. He felt a light thud on his foot.

“Hm?” He curiously looked down and couldn’t help but smile a little. Cuddles was looking up at him with the food bowl right in front of him. Bill chuckled and picked out some food that he assumed was soft enough for the puppy. I suppose some mashed potatoes with gravy would do. And, of course, some good ol’; turkey; it ain’t Thanksgiving without turkey.

“Happy Thanksgiving, pal,” he said, sliding some of the food on his plate onto Cuddles’ food bowl. He watched the puppy happily dig into his way better dinner as he placed his plate back on his desk.

“Now that’s what you’d call dinner, am I right?”

Bill shrugged, getting no response from the puppy. He finally ate in peace and was able to fully enjoy the food’s taste. He had to make sure not to kick around too much—he might accidentally kick the food bowl and spill the food all over the puppy, or he could just kick Cuddles himself, really.

I suppose some mashed potatoes with gravy would do. And, of course, some good ol’; turkey; it ain’t Thanksgiving without turkey.

“Can’t believe I almost forgot about that. Whoops!”

Bill sat on his bed and placed the puppy on his lap, just like they were earlier. He took his phone from the nightstand. He stared at his lock screen—the picture of him and Dipper kissing—until it faded. He pursed his lips and unlocked his phone, somewhat annoyed because the few seconds their photo was visible wasn’t enough. He took his earphones from a drawer in the nightstand and plugged them into the jack. He put them on, played some piano music, and stared at another picture of him and Pine Tree.

“I miss Pine Tree…I want to see him as soon as possible, but even if I come back to Rinchester tomorrow, Pine Tree wouldn’t be there anyway. He hasn’t sent me any messages either…guess he’s enjoying at…what was that place’s name again? Gravity Falls…weird name. I like it. Can’t go there though, it’s unmapped.”

He looked at another photo—one without him. Just Pine Tree. Adorable and happy.

“I haven’t told them about you yet, but you don’t know that. As long as you don’t ask, I won’t tell you that. You…you don’t have to know. They don’t have to know about you just yet either. I
wonder if you’ve told them about me though. I plan to tell them when I actually bring you here. I don’t know when I can do that, but I will at some point.”

Bill felt the puppy shift on his thighs, so he took a look. Cuddles was now lying peacefully on his lap. He wasn’t asleep though, he was still watching the movie.

“That night…it’s the best night in my life so far. Can’t say it is the best night already; I mean, a night fucking you would probably top our first date.”

He stared at his Pine Tree’s picture for a few more seconds before he locked his phone with piano music still playing. Once that was over with, he placed it back on the nightstand.

He crossed his arms and shifted his gaze to the puppy on his lap. Cuddles, of course, wasn’t aware he was being looked at; he was still watching the movie. Apparently a puppy can get absorbed in a movie.

“I wonder how you’re doing without me, Pine Tree. Are you having fun or are you…lamenting like me too? I mean, I guess you could call this lamenting. Just now, I was talking to a picture of you. Now, I’m talking to…thin air. I guess I can lament without…”

It suddenly felt hard for him to breathe. He saw a liquid drop onto his sweater vest, darkening the color of its fabric. Once he realized what was happening, the heat kicked in. His whole body felt a lot hotter, especially his face. His eyes were burning the most—tears were welling up and spilling down his cheeks.

Without thinking, Bill stood up, not even caring that the puppy dropped onto the bed. He rushed out of the room, not giving any chance for Cuddles to follow him outside since he closed the door so quickly.

He turned the bathroom door’s knob without checking the lights, which made him end up opening the door for his sister, who was apparently inside. Mary looked at him with eyes wide in shock—she looked just as shocked as Bill.

“Bill…”

Bill pulled and shoved her right out of the bathroom, hating the fact that Mary, of all people, saw him crying.

“Bill, wai—“

Before she could finish, he slammed the door shut and locked it. Mary couldn’t help but worry; she didn’t get along with her brother, but she hasn’t seen Bill cry since they were kids—like, when she was about ten and Bill was five. Maybe even younger than that—and since he was an adult now, it had to be something really bad if he turned out like this. I’m still his older sister…

She leaned onto the door and placed her hand on it. “Bill, what’s wrong…?” she asked.

“Fuck off!” Bill yelled.

Mary got irritated for a moment and planned to slam her fist on the door, but she sighed instead. She couldn’t blame him for being upset and not wanting to talk to her. She walked away and headed downstairs, leaving him alone.

Once Bill was sure she was gone, he washed his face. It was pretty useless though, considering he was still crying. He didn’t dare look at the mirror; he knew he looked pathetic. He turned off the
faucet and wiped his face with a towel. He put it back, but he still didn’t stop crying. He leaned on the door and kept using his hands to wipe off the tears that didn’t stop flowing.

“I like weird, but…love is a bad weird…”

______________________________

“Bro-bro, it’s time for karaoke!” Mabel called, pulling her brother away from a certain blonde.

“Told you she was gonna come get me,” Dipper said.

Pacifica rolled her eyes, though she smiled. “Whatever, I’ll go watch you though; can’t wait to hear your voice crack,” she replied, crossing her arms.

“Hey, Pacifica!”

“Yeah?” the blonde responded, looking at the brunette curiously.

“Watch me sing too! Actually, how about we sing a duet? I mean, when we were twelve, we had that singing competition in a party here, so why don’t we sing together? What do you say?” Mabel smiled at Pacifica and offered her hand. Sure, she had to take one off her brother, but she knew he wouldn’t try to escape anyway.

Pacifica stared at her hand, then her face. She quickly turned away, feeling her cheeks heat up, though she did take the brunette’s hand. Mabel could see her blushing, but she didn’t say anything about it. She smiled though, and Dipper saw that.

He playfully rolled his eyes and began to walk them to karaoke himself. His sister chuckled and ran ahead of him so she’d be the one dragging them, while Pacifica remained silent. Dipper looked at both of them and shook his head. These two couldn’t be more obvious.

Once they were all inside, Mabel let go of Pacifica and told her they’ll sing together a little later. She gave the blonde a hug too, making Dipper roll his eyes yet again.

“Hey bro-bro, before we sing a duet, why don’t you sing a song dedicated to Bill? I’ll have someone video it with my phone, and I’ll let them video us too!” Mabel suggested.

Dipper laughed a little nervously as his cheeks turned a light shade of red. “I dunno…he’s heard me sing before, but this is kinda embarrassing…”

Mabel playfully punched her brother’s shoulder and slung her arm around them. “Now now, don’t get so down, bro-bro! I just know Bill would love it if you sang for him—it’d be so sweet and he’ll be so touched! He loves you, so he’ll enjoy pretty much anything you do! He definitely misses you, and I know you haven’t even texted him today, you know. Give him something to watch so he can at least see you and hear your voice, okay? I’ll send it to him for you!”

The brunet was a little sad—he did miss Bill too—but he smiled. I guess he would like that…maybe he’ll send something back too. I haven’t gotten anything from him either…

“Yeah…alright. I already have a song in mind, so go get the camera—or the phone—ready,” he said.

“YES!” Mabel gave her brother a short, tight hug and ran to Wendy, who was at a pretty good spot. Plus, she was really tall.

“Hey, Wendy, mind taking a video of Dipper when he sings for his boyfriend? Pleeease?” she said,
handing over her phone.

Wendy chuckled and pat the brunette’s head before she took the gadget. “Sure thing, Mabel! Sounds pretty sweet, by the way. Was it your idea?”

“I know right?! And yes, it was! Oh, and record our duet too, okay?”

“Gotcha.”

“Thank yooouuu!” Mabel said, hugging the taller woman tightly. Wendy hugged her back, though she only did it for a few seconds.

“Dude, he’s on the stage now, you might wanna watch,” she pointed out.

“Oh, yeah! Thanks, Wendy!” the cheerful brunette replied before she turned around. Wendy then began to record, just like she was asked to.

“Uh…hi! So, it’s finally time for karaoke, aaand Mabel told me to do this,” Dipper started.

“Yeah I did!” his sister proudly yelled from the crowd.

The brunet playfully rolled his eyes. “Anyway, I’m gonna dedicate this song to my…lover. B-Bill Cipher.”

As the audience cheered, the song he chose began to play.

“Kiss me on the mouth and set me free
Sing me like a choir
I can be the subject of your dreams
Your sickening desire
Don’t you want to see a man up close?
A phoenix in the fire”

Mary knocked twice on Bill’s door, but there was no response. She then decided to slowly open it—apparently, it was open. She didn’t even have to look for Cuddles; he was in plain sight.

Bill was resting on a few pillows on his bed. He was sleeping peacefully despite not lying down, and on his lap was the puppy, who was also asleep. His hand was left on Cuddles, which Mary found pretty cute. She smiled a little and walked to them, making sure that her footsteps wouldn’t wake them up.

Once she was there, she stared at her brother for a few moments. She didn’t want to touch him though; it might wake him up. She sighed and picked the puppy up very carefully, then tucked Bill in with her free hand. She placed the puppy back on his lap when she was done.

Mary then stared at Bill a little more, and this time, she stroked his hair a few times. Bill groaned, but he didn’t wake up. She sighed and retracted her hand, not wanting to bother him too much, especially in his slumber. She stepped back, turned on the lamp, then walked further and turned off the lights. She left the room and carefully closed the door, letting Bill and Cuddles sleep in peace.
Hi, hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! More about Bill will be revealed in this arc, so I hope you guys stay tuned! There's a lot you don't know about him, and the same goes for Dipper so far!

I'm sorry to say that the chapters I've published here online are still catching up to my drafts irl, so I'll have to update every two weeks starting from now. I might go back to updating every week when it's vacation, but that's in like, 7-8 months, so yeah, I'm so sorry ;-;
It’s been two days since Thanksgiving, and finally, Dipper was back in Rinchester. As much as he loved being in Gravity Falls, he missed the dorm…mostly because Bill was there.

He unlocked his room’s door, and he was actually quite surprised that it was still locked before he came back—he figured that Bill was going in there while he was gone, snooping around his things and possibly his underwear drawer…and hopefully not jerking off on his bed. Then again, Bill probably hasn’t even returned yet. He’ll probably return later since it was still pretty early.

_Huh, we’d usually be eating breakfast together at this time in the morning…_I miss it. _If Bill was already here, he probably would’ve eaten on his own anyway. Guess I’ll have to wait until tomorrow._

Dipper went into his room and dropped his bags. He closed the door, but before he could even open one of his bags, he heard three loud knocks on the door. More than three, actually—they didn’t stop. That startled him a bit, but not too much. He already knew who was outside, so he opened the door.

Once he did so, he was immediately greeted with a tight hug around his waist.

“Pine Tree!” said the golden-haired man he missed so much.

He chuckled and hugged him back. “Miss you too, Bill.”

Without saying a word, Bill pushed the brunet so they’d be inside the room. He quickly slammed the door shut and pressed Dipper’s back on the door. Although he seemed like he was in a rush, he pressed his lips onto his Pine Tree’s rather gently.

Dipper happily kissed him back, letting the taller man feel his smile against his lips. He slowly ran his hands along Bill’s back, pulling him a little closer at the same time. He loved Bill’s warmth; it always made him feel at ease. He didn’t exactly need to relax right now, but it was still nice to feel it.
Bill grazed the brunet’s soft lips, pleading for entrance. He was doing his best to hold back, so as not to shock him with being too rough after not seeing each other for a few days. However, if Dipper seemed like he wanted more, he’d be glad to do more things to him.

Pine Tree parted his lips and let his lover side his tongue into his mouth. He couldn’t help but grip onto Bill’s back and quiver a little; it’s been a while since he felt his hot, slick tongue tasting every crevice of his mouth. He did miss it though, but he definitely couldn’t say that out loud.

As the golden-haired man coaxed Pine Tree to play along, he snuck his hands under Dipper’s shirt and sensually caressed every inch of his smooth skin that he could reach. He resisted the urge to bite at the moment and fervently sucked on Dipper’s tongue instead, eliciting a few soft moans from him, though they grew louder when he began to touch his nipples. Bill groaned in pleasure, feeling his lover’s nails digging into his back and scratch it all over.

He tried to kiss a little deeper, though he ended up clinking their teeth. He realized that Dipper might hurt his tongue since his canines were sharp.

Although he didn’t want to, Bill slowly pulled away and brushed off the thin thread of saliva between them with the back of his hand.

“I missed your taste…glad you’re back, Pine Tree,” he said, carefully taking his hands out.

“Yes, I…I missed you too…Bill. You sure know how to greet your…l-lover,” Dipper replied in between heavy pants.

“You know it! Boy, you sure are lucky to have me!”

“Yeah…though I guess everyone heard me moaning from the other side of the door…” the brunet pointed out, loosening his grip on the taller man.

“Woops. Guess I shouldn’t have kissed you here…right?”

Bill chuckled softly, trying to not make Pine Tree worry, but Dipper saw him step back. He knew he just forced that laughter. The brunet chuckled fondly—which was much better than the taller man’s attempt—and walked towards him. He gave Bill another hug, although this time it was a more tender one.

“Nah, it’s alright. I can see you care, so I wouldn’t mind doing that again…if you greet me like that again, anyway. I…I do like it, you know, so you don’t really have to worry.”

The brunet slid one of his hands up the taller man’s back. He did it carefully, just in case he’d react to what he was about to do; it wasn’t anything harmful, but it wasn’t something he did very often. Bill froze, though he tried not to make it obvious. He didn’t talk and he didn’t hug Pine Tree back just yet, but he did try to relax his muscles as much as possible.

Dipper felt him tense up just a little, but he supposed it was better than the negative reaction he expected. He took that as an ‘okay’ and ever so gently ran his fingers through Bill’s silken locks. The taller man seemed to melt into it just fine, which was good.

“You okay there, Bill? I can let go if you don’t like this,” Dipper said.

“No, no—I’m fine, just not…used to this. I-I mean, it’s sweet but…well…uh…”

The brunet slowly pulled away; he was getting a little worried. When he saw the taller man turn his head away from him, he realized why he was stuttering so much. Dipper could see the blush on
Bill’s cheeks—he was just embarrassed…and hopelessly in love with his adorable Pine Tree. Dipper laughed, making Bill’s cheeks turn even redder. The taller man pouted and crossed his arms, too.

“I know you love me, Bill. Come on, look at me. If you wanna do something, tell me,” he said.

Bill answered right away, as if he had something in mind the whole time.

“Sit with me. On the bed. Shirtless,” he answered, looking back at his Pine Tree.

“Alright, let’s—wait, shirtless?”

“Yeah; I’ve seen you without pants and even cuddled with you that time, but not shirtless. I mean, I have seen you shirtless, but not for a long amount of time, so…do it for me, your very special someone? If you don’t want to…well, just tell me then, it’s all good. You get to see me shirtless too if you agree, though. Sounds like a good deal to me, what do you say?” he asked, offering his hand a little nervously.

Dipper smiled and softly chuckled. “I’ll do it for you, don’t worry. I’m…glad that you care for me though. Thanks,” he said.

Bill didn’t seem convinced at all, even though Dipper had gone so far—he could be completely honest without hesitating and getting embarrassed or shy anymore. The golden-haired man stayed silent and looked at Pine Tree confusedly, instead of blushing again and probably getting so enamoured he’d just kiss him in the end.

“Then…shake my hand. Why aren’t you? It’s right in front of you.”

Dipper looked at Bill a little differently, but his smile didn’t fade—it just changed. It was a warm smile, one that he’d don in sincere moments with the people he loves.

“I don’t think you have to shake hands when you’re lovers. We can trust each other’s words now. But, if you insist, then…” He held the taller man’s hands and brought them to his lips. He gave them a little kiss, then he looked back at the golden-haired man’s face. Bill didn’t look confused anymore, but he just looked surprised now.

“Pine Tree…trusts me now…”

“Of course I do! Don’t you trust me? I…I’m really trying here, you know.”

Bill didn’t realize he said that out loud, but he shrugged that off. He couldn’t do anything about that anyway. “I do! You don’t even have to try, Pine Tree; you’ve done more than enough! You…you even gave me the choice to make you release on our very first date. I….” Hmm…I probably shouldn’t tell him everything, though. “…Well, I don’t know, I just fucking love you, alright? We’ll leave it at that.” His cheeks turned red yet again, making the brunet laugh.

“I fucking love you too, Bill. So, let’s uh, get shirtless?” Well, that sounds really weird out of context.

Bill locked the door and looked around first, despite being really excited just moments ago.

“Hmm…maybe I should help you unpack first. Would you like that, Pine Tree?” he asked.

“Pft, says the guy who wanted to cuddle shirtless right off the bat,” Dipper teased, releasing the taller man’s hands.

“Hey, I’m trying to be nice here. If you really want to see my bare torso, I can have it off while I
help. All you have to do is tell me what you desire, Pine Tree.” Bill crossed his arms and smirked smugly.

The brunet playfully rolled his eyes, though he did satisfy Bill with the tint of red on his cheeks. “‘Desire’ is a strong word, buuuut…I’d like to see you roaming around my room shirtless.”

“Only if you do the same; take it or leave it.”

Dipper shrugged and slowly took off his shirt, trying to be just a little seductive to tease Bill. “I’m taking it alright. What about you?” he asked, tossing his shirt to the ground.

The golden-haired man felt his cheeks warm up, but he answered anyway. He could beat Pine Tree at his own little game, so he just let him have a little sense of victory.

“I’m definitely taking you on.”

He pulled his sweater vest off and walked closer to the brunet. He rolled it up a bit and teasingly wrapped it around Dipper’s neck. He then tugged on both ends, crashing their lips together.

Before the brunet could even touch him, Bill pulled away and slid his sweater vest off his Pine Tree and tossed it to the shirt on the floor. He wasn’t done just yet, though; he pulled off his bowtie, threw it to the rest of the pile, and unbuttoned his dress shirt at a teasingly slow rate. With each one he undid, he pressed his exposed skin against Dipper’s bare torso, causing the brunet to get more flustered with each time the golden-haired man did so.

“I see your nipples are still hard from what I just did to you a while ago, Pine Tree,” he teased as he let his button up slide down his arms and drop to the ground.

Dipper turned away from him. “Shut up, you did that.”

Bill chuckled and stroked the brunet’s hair. “Sure did, just like I said.”

“Right, you just…said that. I probably could’ve come up with a better comeback.”

“Doesn’t really matter; I already beat you at your own little game. Y’know, when it comes to seduction, it’s probably not the best idea to try it against a former stripper. Well, unless you want me to dominate you—I’m always down for that.” Bill planted a kiss on his lover’s cheek.

The brunet smiled and gently pushed the taller man off him. “I…might be down for it too. Maybe uh, a lot…oh.” He shifted his gaze to his hands, which were splayed on Bill’s chest. “um…I should take those off you, huh? Yeah, this is getting weird and awkward,” he said as his cheeks turned red.

The golden-haired man chuckled once again and placed his fingers on either side of his Pine Tree’s chin. He turned the brunet’s head so he’d be looking right into his eyes. “You’re allowed to touch me, you know. Relax. Well, you probably shouldn’t keep your hands just on my chest, but what the heck, we always get weird and awkward at some point. Anyway, shall we unpack now? The sooner everything’s sorted, the sooner we can cuddle.”

“Yeah, alright.” Dipper took his hands off the taller man and bent down to pick up his bags.

Bill took one so he could help. He wanted to take all of them, actually, but the brunet wouldn’t give the rest to him. “You sure you don’t want my help? This bag’s pretty heavy, and you’re carrying two! Well, one’s a suitcase, but still,” he said, placing the bag by the bed.

“Oh, that’s just because my equipment’s in that bag you’re holding. You don’t really have to unpack
that since I’m gonna give that to Mabel—she’s going to put it back in my room at our house in Syracuse.” The brunet placed his duffel bag and suitcase on the bed itself. Once that was over with, he stretched, arching his back a little and extending his arms above his head. He breathed out audibly—and make it sound like a moan, even—just to make it a little more fun for him.

“You trying to turn me on on purpose, Pine Tree?” Bill asked, leaning close enough to the brunet so their faces would be right in front of each other.

“Maybe.”

“Look at this little asshole, learning from me. I’d say you’re going a good job so far, but…” he practically slapped Dipper’s ass when he grasped it. He gave it a squeeze, making the brunet blush and stifle a moan. “I’m still going to top you in the end. Your little seduction attempts do make you cuter though, so I guess they technically work. Good job,” he continued. With that, he gave Dipper one last pat on his rather soft arse before he leaned back.

“T-thanks, I…I guess. Let’s—let’s just continue what we were doing,” Pine Tree said.

“Each other? Let’s fucking go,” Bill joked.

Dipper laughed and playfully shoved the taller man on his shoulder. He chuckled along, though admittedly, that shove did hurt a little. Maybe that made him laugh too, besides his Pine Tree’s adorableness.

“Okay, so, where’s your underwear?”

“What? Bill!” The brunet lightly punched his shoulder this time.

Bill laughed a bit before he answered. “Whaat? All I know is where your underwear drawer is!”

“Oh, right. Sorry about that, uh, my underwear’s in this suitcase.” Dipper opened up his suitcase for him and turned it so it’d be facing him. “All of my clothes are clean, by the way—I laundered them all back at the Shack.”

“Oh yeah, you’ve mentioned this ‘Mystery Shack’ before…the holiday. You told me to go there; do you stay there when you go to Gravity Falls or something? You want me to go in your room?” he asked as he took the brunet’s underwear—and socks, since they were in the same suitcase too—and walked to the closet.

“I do stay there, but…well, Mabel and I don’t exactly have our own room there. We used to sleep in the attic, but we can’t now, because Soos and Melody used it for storage, while Abuelita took Great Uncle Ford’s old room. Soos and Melody moved in the old wax figure room, so that’s a no-go. We just bring sleeping bags and sleep in the living room, and that’s alright.”

Dipper took out his clothes and placed them in the closer as he spoke, while Bill listened and got rather confused. At first, he was still helping out, but there wasn’t enough underwear and socks to last him through everything Pine Tree just told him. He sat on the bed and watched Dipper as he talked, but even though he listened intently, he couldn’t get a full grasp on what the brunet was talking about.

“So…you do stay there, you sleep in the living room, aaand…whatever other shit you said. Did I get that right?” Bill asked, crossing his legs.

“Well, yeah, I guess that’s the gist of it…” Dipper kept the last of his clothes and closed the closed. He then turned around and worried even more when he saw the golden-haired man’s face. Bill was
staring at him with that blank look—a look he hasn’t seen in a very long time.

“Bill…?” he nervously called out.

“What is it, Pine Tree? You seem uneasy all of the sudden.”

Bill pat the empty spot beside him, and so the brunet walked towards him. He wanted to make sure he was okay, but he was still hesitant. After a while, Dipper finally sat beside him.

“Alright Pine Tree, tell me what’s wrong.” Bill carefully wrapped his arm around his Pine Tree’s waist, not wanting to surprise him and make him flinch.

“I think you should tell me what’s wrong, Bill,” Dipper retorted, looking the taller man in the eye.

“Woah there, calm down. What makes you think there’s something wrong with me? You’re the one acting like this all of the sudden.” The golden-haired man uncrossed his legs, propped the brunet on his lap, and embraced him tenderly.

Dipper sighed and wished he hadn’t said that. “You just…I don’t know, your tone just changed when I told you about the Shack, and when I looked at you…you were giving me that blank look all over again…What did I do wrong?”

“You didn’t do anything wrong, Pine Tree. Maybe you’re worrying too much because of jet lag. You should probably rest for a while, yeah? We could go cuddle at my room now…or you can just sleep on me, I wouldn’t mind,” the taller man offered.

“No, you…you give me that look when I do something wrong…but maybe you’re right. Are you sure I didn’t do something to make you feel uh…bad?”

“Yeah, I’m sure, so don’t you worry! Now give me a minute, you’re staying in my room tonight.”

“What?”

Bill only answered by giving Dipper a little kiss on the cheek. He carefully placed his Pine Tree back on the bed and stood up. He walked to the closet and took a pair of underwear and socks, leaving the brunet to watch him.

“Wait, Bill, I—I haven’t even showered yet, so uh…at least let me do that first before I come over,” Dipper said.

“Nah, do it in my room, I have a towel and clothes for you to borrow. Let’s go now, alright?” The taller man offered his hand to Pine Tree and smiled a little.

Dipper took his lover’s hand and let him lace their fingers together. He did the same and stood up, but he kept an eye on the Bill’s face. He was nice and caring, but he felt that there was a little more to that.

Bill opened the door and made sure no one was roaming around in the hallway before he walked with the brunet to his room. He unlocked the door and let Dipper come in first, releasing his hand and letting their fingers brush past each other when Pine Tree walked in.

“I gotta admit, I do miss your room,” Dipper said.

“And I missed you being in it,” he replied as he closed the door. He looked back at his Pine Tree, only to see that he was staring at him like he was a criminal. “What’s with the look? You’re looking
at me like I’m some sort of criminal. I think you really do need to rest. Lie down, at the very least.”

The brunet’s eyes widened when he realized what he was doing. Maybe Bill was acting…differently because he himself was acting so weirdly. “I’m…sorry. I don’t know what’s causing me to be like this. I-I don’t think jet lag could be this bad…could it? Y-you study psychology, maybe you know something! I mean uh, I guess I should really just shut up and sleep. It’s still pretty early in the afternoon though, but who cares, right? Maybe I’ll just sleep like a rock.”

“On the contrary, Pine Tree; as a future psychiatrist—or psychologist, whichever one I choose—I say we should talk. It’d help a lot, I guarantee it!” Bill walked to the bed and took off his shoes right away. He placed Dipper’s things on the nightstand, then he crawled into the blanket, fluffed a pillow, and placed it next to him.

“Come on Pine Tree, try it out,” he called out, patting the space next to him.

Dipper stared at him for a while before he walked to the bed. He doesn’t seem like he’s…planning something like that. He wouldn’t, not after how he was on our very first date.

“Christ, I’m going crazy here,” he said as he lay down right next to the taller man.

“The brunet sighed and tried to think of something. He fiddled with the blanket and looked around as he did so, while the golden-haired man shifted so his whole body would be facing Pine Tree.

Dipper eventually noticed that Bill was staring at him. He gazed back at him and thought of some things he’d done with him.

I don’t think I can just bring up romantic stuff right now…can I? There’s the time we first met, that time I called him ‘buttface,’ that time I told him about my past...then there’s also our very first da—hang on. He didn’t say anything about me singing for him in Thanksgiving! Huh, thought he’d tease me for that the moment I got back here. Guess not. Maybe I could ask about that.

“Hey, did you uh, see the video Mabel sent you? From Thanksgiving, I mean,” he asked.

“Which one? She sent a lot. Well, it doesn’t really matter since I watched all of them.”

“A lot?! Dammit, I thought she only sent two! W-what did they have?”

Bill audibly hummed, just to tease the brunet. “Well, a lot had you singing, and one of those was a duet with Shooting Star, then everything else was stolen. You were adorable in every single one of them, so don’t even worry.”

Dipper covered his face with the blanket and groaned. Bill laughed, though he also wrapped his arms around the brunet.

“Alright Pine Tree, which video were you asking about?” he asked, stroking Pine Tree’s hair.

“The one where I dedicated a song to you…”

“Oh, that one! I love that song, especially when it’s you singing it! That was very sweet of you, Pine Tree! My personal favorite among all those videos Shooting Star sent, by the way. I mean, the one
with you sneezing was very fucking cute, but that song still won me over.”

“She took a video of that too?! I mean, I wasn’t c…well, anyway, I’m glad you liked the video—the one with me singing for you, I mean. I uh, don’t know what else to talk about…should I sleep?”

“Uncover your face before you do anything else, I wanna see it.”

Dipper did as he was told, and as a little reward, Bill gave him a little kiss on the nose, making him chuckle softly.

“Now isn’t this better? I get to kiss you, you get to kiss me,” he said, caressing his lover’s soft cheek.

“Yeah…it is. I think I’m feeling a little better, too. Thanks,” the brunet said with a smile.

“Adorable as usual, Pine Tree.”

Having just come back from Gravity Falls, Dipper remembered other people calling him adorable. It wasn’t always just Bill, after all.

“Huh, you know, lots of people have called me cute before.”

Bill raised an eyebrow. “Well, no surprise there…your point?” he asked.

“Nothing, I guess. I just remembered Gravity Falls. Oh, speaking of Gravity Falls, this year’s holiday was great! I mean, you might be able to tell from whatever videos Mabel sent you—I probably don’t want to know what some of those are—buuuut yeah, it was really fun!”

“Yeah? What’s that?” The golden-haired man looked at the brunet curiously; he didn’t exactly know what makes a holiday good anymore.

“I got to see everyone again! I mean, I can go to Syracuse to see Mabel whenever I want, but in Gravity Falls, I get to see Grunkle Stan, Great Uncle Ford, Soos, Wendy, Pacifica…and pretty much the rest of the townsfolk. It’s a small town, so I know almost everyone there. Anyway, the celebration was at the Mystery Shack, and guess what?”

“Alright…all you meatsacks ate together?”

“Yeah, but what?”

“Turkey?”

“Technically, yes, but it was giant turkey. Great Uncle Ford made a height-altering device—even though I already have a flashlight that does the same thing; guess he’s getting to the age where he forgets stuff—and made the turkey so huge it was enough for the whole town!”

“Did he make it grow before or after killing it?”

“Yeah, about that…..”

Dipper pursed his lips and shifted his gaze a little lower. He ended up looking at Bill’s chest, causing him to blush and look away. The man right in front of him, of course, noticed that. He chuckled and placed his fingers on either side of the brunet’s chin. He leaned in and gently pressed his lips onto the brunet’s to make him look at him again, which worked like a charm.

He pulled away after a few moments and stared into Dipper’s eyes. “You were saying?” he said.
Pine Tree blinked a few times before he came back to his senses. “O-oh, right. Great Uncle Ford didn’t get to answer that question because Mabel interrupted while I was asking. Guess we’ll never know.”

“Hm, alright.”

“Anyway, after we ate, I had to go find Wendy and hang out with her because Mabel told me to, but I was planning to do that anyway.”

“Mhm, sure. Now, who exactly is this ‘Wendy’?”

“Oh, Wendy’s my friend. She’s the coolest person I know, and anyone else who knows her would definitely say the same.”

“Really. So, the coolest person in your life is your friend. Lovely, Pine Tree,” the golden-haired man said.

“What?”

“Oh, nothing. That’s quite enough I need to know about her. Carry on.”

Dipper furrowed his brows in confusion. Why is he so angry all of the sudden? Enough he needs to know? Hm…I guess I should tell him, but…well, I guess I don’t have a choice. Hopefully he doesn’t get too mad.

He sighed and slid his arms around Bill’s torso. “I’m guessing you think there’s something more to her, right?” he asked.

Bill merely shrugged in response and still looked like he didn’t want to talk anymore. Of course there is; why else would she be ‘the coolest person in your life’ and not me, your lover? And here I thought I’d always be the best for you.

“Look, I…you’re not wrong. She’s my ex-crush; I’ve been over her since I was twelve. That’s totally unrelated to why I see her as the coolest damn person.”

The taller man rolled his eyes, confusing the brunet yet again.

“Bill, that’s all there is to us; she’s my friend and she’s the coolest person I—wait…Bill, are you—“ Dipper chuckled all of the sudden, making Bill raise his eyebrow. “You’re jealous, aren’t you? Bill, it doesn’t matter who the coolest person I know is. You’re still the one I love, okay? Good god, that was…a little embarrassing to say so bluntly. A-anyway, are we good now? I kinda want to continue telling you about Thanksgiving this year. You’ll…get to know a few things about the people I call my family, even though not all of us are blood-related.”

I can barely call the people in my house family.

Bill looked at his Pine Tree, who was begging with those big brown orbs of his. He sighed and gave him just a little smile. I’d prefer if you talked about something other than that, but I’ll let you; who am I to say no to your cute little face? You’re a cheater but I love you anyway…besides, you love me and I’m an asshole, and…something else.

“Alright, we’re good. Quit looking at me like that now, you could make me do anything with those eyes,” he said.

Dipper smiled right back at him and happily kissed him. The taller man could feel the brunet’s smile
against his lips. Though he didn’t really feel like it, he smiled a little more—he didn’t want his Pine Tree to worry about him.

Dipper pulled away and rested his head on Bill’s chest, then he continued. “After Wendy and I hung out, I went back to where everyone else was—we um, had this ‘special place,’ which Mabel also knows about, so don’t get the wrong idea—and caught up with her friends. I noticed their rings before I talked to them, but still, I was happy to know that Robbie and Tambry were engaged. They’ve come so far; back then, they were fucking emos, and now they’re adults with proper jobs.

“Anyway, after we all talked, we did a few crazy things. Well, not that crazy, just some stuff that’d remind us of our teenage years…and like, one of my pre-teen years.” He snorted, remembering some of those things.

Bill could only look at him and wish he could have some of his joy.

“When we were pretty much done, I ran into Pacifica. Pacifica’s that rich friend I told you about, and by the way, she and Mabel clearly like each other. Now I know how Mabel felt…except I wasn’t that obvious…w-was I?” He looked up at the taller man, who stared right back at him.

“Well, maybe a little. Not enough for me to be sure you really did like me, though.” The golden-haired man ran his fingers through the brunet’s fluffy locks, hoping that’d stop him from staring long enough to realize he wasn’t smiling very much.

“Oh…well, alright. Going back, Pacifica managed to make me drink just a little wine since she was the one who brought it all. That explains why I may have sounded a little drunk while I was singing, especially in that last song. Everyone enjoyed it though, so at least I didn’t completely embarrass myself.”

“That’s good.”

“Yeah, it is…but you know what, enough about my holiday. How was yours, Bill? I can only imagine how crazy your family is.” With that, Dipper carefully released the taller man and sat up.

Bill sat us as well. He’d prefer to stay lying down, but that probably wasn’t a good idea. He knew how doubtful Pine Tree could be.

“Was just the usual for me, really. Well, a little more than the usual—I got to hang out with a puppy!”

“Really? Do you have any pictures? I’m not Mabel, but I do find puppies cute.”

“Ironically, you’re more like a kitten when it comes to sneezing,” he teased. Pine Tree rolled his eyes, feeling his cheeks warm up.

Bill chuckled. “Let me just get my phone; I’ll show you the little guy.”

He gave Dipper a quick kiss before he took his phone from the nightstand by his side of the bed. He then leaned back and opened a photo he took of himself with the puppy.

“Here. He looks a lot like that plushie I gave you,” he said, showing the picture.

“Woah, you’re right…”

“His name’s Cuddles. Original, ain’t it? Obviously, I wasn’t the one who named him.”
“Oh, so he wasn’t given to you or something?” the brunet asked.

“Nope, was just babysitting him for a relative. She paid me a hundred bucks to do it! Her husband’s rich, so I guess it wasn’t that big of a deal for her.” *Now that’s enough about her.*

He locked his phone and placed it back on the nightstand, assuming that Dipper was satisfied already. *Hope he doesn’t get too curious.*

Unfortunately, he was. Well, at least it wasn’t regarding who was Cuddles’ owner.

“So, what else did you do? I mean, you didn’t just hang out with Cuddles the whole time, right? Getting to play with a cute puppy’s great, but knowing you, you probably did something more exciting.”

“Well, you’re more adorable than that ball of fur and I get to play with you. That’s way more exciting.”

*You don’t know me.*

Bill teasingly slid his finger down Dipper’s lovely, untainted neck to his chin. He lightly pressed his lips onto the brunet’s soft pair and stayed like that for a few seconds—just enough to make Pine Tree want more.

Dipper thought of kissing the taller man himself, but he decided to save it for later. After all, he could do it anytime. On the other hand, he felt that he couldn’t bring up this topic ever again. *Weird.*

“So…what did you do? Otherwise than hanging with the puppy, anyway,” he asked.

*This’ll work. Just a few more kisses.*

“Well, I wish I did you,” Bill joked…sort of. Regardless, he took Dipper’s hand and placed it on his shoulder. He then leaned in and kissed him again. A little less tantalizing, this time.

He slowly pulled away. He leaned back, though he did keep the brunet’s hand where it was. Dipper, on the other hand, tried not to stare any lower; he had to stay focused. He was fond of his way of flirting, but he wanted to get this conversation over with. They could do anything they wanted afterwards, couldn’t they?

“You…probably want to do more than just that, right? Just tell me some other stuff you did and we can uh, cuddle or…s-something. You can flirt all you want later, okay?” he said.

“Hm, fine.” Bill slid Pine Tree’s hand down his torso and around his back. He made sure Dipper felt every little detail on every inch of the skin his hand touched; the texture of the skin that could never be as smooth as Dipper’s, the subtle bumps of the muscled he didn’t bother to build, the slight arch in his back, and the warmth he knew Pine Tree loved.

“I went downstairs with the puppy on my head, got some food, then ate dinner back at my room. Oh, and I also watched a movie with him. It had wolves eating humans—thought he could learn a thing or two. That’s pretty much it,” he said.

“…What? I think you forgot about the part where you spend time with your family and talk, and most likely catch up. Didn’t you do stuff with them and enjoy?” Dipper asked.

“Well, I talked to…some of my cousins, but not a lot—I was helping ma prepare the food. I found helping out in the kitchen to be fun, y’know.”
Without warning, he pressed his lips onto the brunet’s yet again, only this time, he stuck out his tongue. Dipper was taken aback, but since he did get some answers, he parted his lips and let Bill slide his tongue in. It was sudden, but it wasn’t like he didn’t like it. When it came to things like this, Bill was always one to please.

The golden-haired man cupped the brunet’s cheek as he deepened the kiss. He coaxed Dipper to play along, which was no problem—he knew Pine Tree enjoyed it when their tongues twisted with each other, and so did he. He could feel the heat between them intensify, and he could taste him as much as he wanted.

He sensually ran his free hand along his lover’s chest, drawing out soft, adorable moans from him. They were music to his ears, and if that wasn’t good enough, he could feel the vibrations being sent through his tongue and down to his crotch.

He slowly pulled away, tugging on Dipper’s bottom lip before their faces were completely apart. As much as he wanted to continue, he couldn’t milk it for all its worth. Pine Tree was persistent, but he knew he could distract him enough if he tried hard enough.

“How’d you like that…Pine Tree…?” he said between hot, humid breaths.

“I…well, it…uh…” the brunet stuttered as he panted.

“Breathe, Pine Tree. Take your time. Rest if you want, you did seem to need it,” Bill cooed, wrapping an arm around Dipper’s waist.

“Well, I…guess I needed it in the first pla—wait, no, not yet!”

The brunet was about to lean on the taller man’s chest, but he shot right back up when he remembered what he was really supposed to be doing.

“What? Clearly, you need some rest,” the golden-haired man said with a raised eyebrow.

“Bill, you…did you really not spend time with your family? Didn’t you have fun? Didn’t you at least make puns and make them laugh? You…you mentioned you had a sister before, didn’t you? W-what about her, huh?”

Bill did his best to not grimace at the mention of his...sibling. Just fucking stop already. Not everyone gets to celebrate like you and the people in Gravity Falls, so you don’t get to tell me how I’m supposed to spend my holiday.

“I made a few puns. I told you, I talked to my cousins, and I opened the door for my sister. I greeted her, she told me to take care of Cuddles, and you know the rest. That’s it. There’s nothing else you should ask about.”

Before Dipper could respond, Bill crawled onto his lap and crashed his lips onto the brunet’s, inadvertently causing their teeth to hit each other. He pulled back slightly and thrust his tongue into Pine Tree’s mouth when he got the chance.

Dipper moaned as he felt the taller man’s slick tongue slide into every crevice of his mouth, much more when Bill clawed up his chest and pinched his nipples. His moans only grew louder and louder as Bill became rougher —digging his nails into his skin until they began to create visible red scratches, grinding against him, and he practically yelped when he bit on his tongue and sucked harshly on it.

The brunet felt like the golden-haired man’s tongue was burning him inside, but even though the
things he was doing to him were slightly painful...he relished in it. It was the type of pain that felt
good. He couldn’t help but wrap both his arms around Bill’s back and his legs around his waist. He
was getting lost in the heat and passion between them and he was loving it.

The taller man slowly pulled away and went straight for Dipper’s neck, ignoring the thread of saliva
that was left between their lips. The brunet gasped for hair, finally able to breathe through his mouth,
though his breathing hitched when he felt Bill sink his teeth into his flesh and suck on it. He looked
at his lover’s body as he was marking him. He was still feeling pleasure, but now, he had time to
think.

*Huh, Bill’s pretty forward today; he’s never been this rough...because he always stops when I show
any sign of being in pain.*

And that’s when realization dawned upon him. It was all making sense.

*No...he...he wouldn’t...he kept trying to make me stop asking him questions and accept his vague
answers. What doesn’t he want me to know? Is it so bad that he had to...use that, of all things,
against me...?*

He looked at Bill in disbelief, holding back tears.

The golden-haired man lithely blew on the new mark he’d created on his Pine Tree, knowing that
it’d send shivers down his spine...or so he thought. He leaned back and saw how Dipper was
looking at him.

*...Fuck.*

He began to slowly get off the brunet, returning to his side and intending to avoid all physical
contact, thinking Dipper didn’t want him touching him anymore. He was being respectful, and he
might have gone too far, but he still cared...but his thoughts were wrong.

Dipper held Bill’s hand. He was hurt and worried, but not disgusted.

“Bill, are you really okay?” he asked, looking into those fierce yet reassuring eyes.

*Oh come on Pine Tree, don’t make this so hard for me. Why can’t you just understand that you
don’t have to know?*

The taller man sighed and, with a little pain in his heart, pulled his hand away from the brunet’s
slightly smaller one.

“Don’t worry Pine Tree, I’ll be better in a few days,” he said.

“So there is a problem.”

“Doesn’t matter, it’ll be gone in a few days.”

“Of course it matters! There’s something that I don’t know about you and...you had to use kisses
and fondling just to stop me from wanting to know...is it really that bad?”

Bill crossed his arms and avoided eye contact. He thought of trying to be a bit less obvious, but he
decided that it wouldn’t make much of a difference.

“You don’t have anything to do with it, so don’t go sticking your nose in it,” he said, doing his best
not to sound harsh.
“Maybe not, but it’s affecting us, especially you.”

Dipper waited for Bill to say something, but he didn’t. He left it dead silent between them.

The brunet then continued what he was saying; they weren’t going to get anywhere like this. He sighed and carefully embraced his lover. He didn’t seem to have a problem with that, so he rested his head on Bill’s shoulder, too.

“We’re…l-lovers, right? We’re supposed to, you know, be there for each other and help each other with problems, no matter how small.” He paused again, thinking that maybe Bill had something to say this time; maybe he’d agree with his point.

Bill only rolled his eyes in response. He didn’t want to talk at all at this point—he’d probably hurt him more than he already was. He didn’t want to be the reason for his beloved Pine Tree to cry.

Dipper froze for a second; the thought of what the taller man’s answer might have been had crossed his mind, but it was just ridiculous. There was no way it’d be true; not after everything they’ve been through.

Silence means yes…right? Yeah, he’d probably answer that if I ever ask. He may be acting weird right now, but he still loves me. He wouldn’t have done so many things for me just to get the satisfaction of breaking my trust in the end. He’s not a horrible person…I know at least that much about him.

He sighed. “What’s wrong, Bill? Why didn’t you have fun with your family? Why…why didn’t you enjoy the holiday with your sister? You never even told me her name.”

You don’t have to know her name. You don’t even have to know her in the first place! Why are you so fucking curious?

“I talk about Mabel pretty often—hell, you’ve even met her—but you don’t. You never bothered to tell me anything about her at all…do you have problems with her? With your family? Please, at least let me know wha—“

“Looks like it was useless to tell you I’ll be fine in a few days. Even that didn’t get you to shut up,” Bill said. He shoved Dipper away and quickly got out of the bed.

“B-Bill?”

Bill took his phone, stuffed it in his pocket, and didn’t hesitate to run to the other side of the room.

“Bill, wait!” the brunet called out.

The golden-haired man smacked away the hand Dipper was reaching out with. He grabbed his keys to his room and to Dipper’s room, and…he was about to take it as well, but he decided to leave Pine Tree’s keys there. I can’t deny that I still want to see him.

He then ran out the door without looking back, leaving Pine Tree on the bed, unable to do anything but stare at nothing and regret what he did.

Bill paused and sighed before he unlocked the door to the brunet’s room. He stepped inside and closed the door behind him. He walked around and began to look through some of Dipper’s things. Just a few drawers; he didn’t look into anything that seemed too personal.

He stared at a picture of Dipper and Mabel. He grimaced, but then he sighed and sat on the bed.
“I promise I’ll be okay after a few days, Pine Tree…I just hope it won’t be too late by then.”

He slightly raised his hand, as if he were going to give someone a handshake.

“I’d love to make a deal about that, you know. I’d tell you that I guarantee I’ll be okay, then you’d tell me that you’ll still love me.”

He chuckled softly, not realizing that he just made it easier for his tears to well up and flow down his cheeks.

“…If only I wasn’t talking to thin air right now.”

Meanwhile, Dipper was lying in Bill’s bed, under his blanket. He sighed and mussed up his hair.

“I really went too far…I guess he’s really mad at me now. Hell, maybe he even hates me now…but I have to help him. He can’t keep everything to himself, it’ll just hurt him more…I thought he trusted me. Why won’t he tell me the exact problem? I know it’s never easy, but…”

He sighed once again and slightly curled up. “I want to be someone he can talk to when he’s having difficulties in life. He has to understand that it’s okay to ask for help, and…I want to be able to do something for him for once.”

I don’t want to be useless.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, hope you guys enjoyed the chapter! Yeah, it's angst, but I think it's still enjoyable in a way. You guys are gonna find out what Bill's hiding, you'll just have to wait a few chapters or so. I'm still writing my drafts everyday, so I don't really know what chapter his secrets will be revealed in. Well, take a few guesses if you want!

Also, thank you guys very much for reading until now!!! I really appreciate it, and I didn't expect my fic to be this much of a success thanks to you guys! I love you all! <3
It was evening, and finally, Dipper had an excuse to see Bill. *Thank god.*

He couldn’t rest since he left. He was lying in his bed the whole time, worrying about him and their relationship. He was trying to think of ways to get Bill to forgive him; he wanted to help him, but he had to fix things between them first.

He stood up and fixed the bed, then he walked to the closet and picked out a shirt his lover might like to see him wearing. Bill would love to see him in probably any of his shirts for that matter, but maybe there’d be a design that would appeal more to him.

*I’ll just…do the stuff he likes seeing me do and, well, give him what he wants, I guess. Maybe that’ll work a little.*

Dipper put on a black shirt with an inverted pentagram on it. It exposed a small part of his chest, with the collar reaching slightly below his clavicles. He did remember that there were a few books related to demons when he looked around the first time he entered this room, which felt like such a long time ago.

*Maybe he’ll enjoy teasing me for wearing a symbol of black magic despite looking nothing like a would-be devil incarnate.*

After he took a spare shirt for Bill, the brunet took his keys from the nightstand. He stood there and stared at them for a few moments, remembering what the taller man did before he left.

“I know you still care; I couldn’t stop you from leaving, but I did see you hesitate. You want me to come to you, don’t you?” *You thought I wouldn’t notice…dummy.*

He kept his key to Bill’s room before he went out and locked the door. He walked across the hallway and stopped in front of his own room. He took a deep breath and held up his fist in front of his own door.

*I know I have my key, but…he wouldn’t like a sudden entrance, would he? He’ll open the door…unless he’s asleep, but I doubt it.*

Dipper nervously knocked thrice and waited, fiddling with the printed design on Bill’s shirt. In a few seconds, the golden-haired man opened the door and looked at his Pine Tree from head to toe.

Although he didn’t look happy, he embraced the brunet quite tenderly. Dipper smiled and hugged
him back right away, though that smile didn’t last very long.

“Hey, uh… I’m sorry for taking things too far. I shouldn’t have just asked every question that came to mind. That never lead to anything good when I was a kid… I really should fix that habit of mine, or whatever you’d call it,” he said.

“Look kid, it’s fine. If you couldn’t change that, then that’s just how you are; it’s your personality. I’m okay with that, y’know? Besides, I already told you, I’ll be alright in a few days, so your little… well, what you did didn’t do too much, so don’t worry. Just drop it.” Bill held the brunet a little tighter and stroked his hair to ease him.

“’Kid’?” Dipper chuckled, “This isn’t the first time you called me that, and I’m not even younger than you… I think. Speaking of which—“

“Whoops! Just a little habit there, Pine Tree,” the taller man said, cutting him off.

The brunet pulled away and raised an eyebrow at him. “Habit? You mean you call other people kids too?”

Bill laughed and slung his arm around Dipper’s shoulders. “It’s just like your habit of asking too many questions and ending up fucking things up, but different! Well, I mean, I didn’t fuck things up, but… you uh…“ he dangerously trailed off.

He saw how Pine Tree looked at the ground and placed his hand by his shoulder, rubbing it with his thumb.

What am I even saying?

“… You didn’t mess up that much. Anyway, did you come here just because you missed me so much?” he teased, trying to lighten up the mood.

Dipper didn’t look at the taller man, but he tried his best to smile. “I was going to ask if you wanted to eat dinner together; we haven’t seen each other for days, yet here we are, staying alone in each other’s rooms. The least we could do is eat together, right?”

“Hm, yes, but of course we’re not going to just settle with the least. You didn’t exactly answer my question, but I know you missed me, so I’ve decided to stay in my room with you, even after we eat.” Bill released the brunet, “I see you’re wearing one of my shirts. You look adorable, but it looks a little too big on you, so you can go change.”

“Of course it looks big on me; it’s your shirt. I know you like it when I wear your shirts, so I did. Speaking of shirts, here, I got you one too since I know mine would be too small for you,” Dipper said, handing the spare shirt over.

“Why thank you, Pine Tree.” Bill took the shirt and put it on while the brunet watched him do so. “Now, I do love it when you wear my shirts—especially without pants, but that’s not the point—but I don’t want strangers seeing you like that, only I can! And maybe some people I’d probably trust enough, but definitely not strangers.”

“So… you really want me to change for now, right? I… well, are you okay with me now? I mean, I wore your shirt because I planned to do the things you like me doing so you’d forgive me.”

Bill chuckled and wrapped his arm around Dipper’s waist. “I forgive you since I love you, but I’d also love it if you do what I tell you to instead of you deciding what to do. Pretty nice first try though. I like it.”

The brunet felt his cheeks warm up because of how close they were right now, and also because of
Bill’s compliment. At least he was doing *something* right.

“Alright, I’ll go with that, but I’ll still act a little sweeter tonight, i-if you don’t mind. I think I shouldn’t be, you know, *too* submissive. I should make some moves, too,” he said.

The taller man snorted and slid his hand off his Pine Tree. “Go ahead, I don’t mind at all. In fact, it’d be really fun to see you try!”

“Well, for starters…do you want to take off this shirt for me instead?” Dipper offered.

“I…”

*Seems a bit much for making amends…*it wouldn’t feel right. *There might be something wrong with him.*

Bill smiled at him. “No, it’s alright, Pine Tree. You don’t have to go so far to make me forgive you since I already have. Just go change like I told you to.” *I wonder what I could make you do, though…no, I probably shouldn’t think like that, even though those would probably be some pretty nice thoughts…Fuck.*

He gently pressed his lips onto Dipper’s for just a little while, enough to let his lover kiss him back. He pulled away before things got too heated though; he wasn’t up for that at the moment.

“Go on now, I’ll be watching you!” he said, walking to the brunet’s bed.

*I guess I’d technically be stripping in front of him…*

Dipper blushed at his own thoughts, but he quickly shrugged them off and went inside. He locked the door and walked to his closet. Slowly, he took off the taller man’s shirt, wanting to tease the golden-haired man a little. He walked to Bill, who was sitting cross-legged at the edge of his bed, looking pretty amused with him.

He handed over the shirt to the taller man. “Uh…here, you can have it back. I’ll just wear it again later, if you want.”

Bill laughed and took the shirt.

“What? W-Why are you laughing? Did I screw up somehow?” Dipper asked with his cheeks red in embarrassment.

Bill laughed even more, unsettling him—somehow, he was starting to sound a little…crazy, after all—but he assured him he was still sane by stroking Dipper’s fluffy brown locks.

“Nope, you’re just trying really hard. Kinda pitiful since you’re looking pretty desperate, but that’s my humor!” he answered.

“…Dark?” Dipper asked, raising an eyebrow.

The taller man shrugged. “Yes, dark humor. You know that already. Anyway…” he trailed off with a rather mischievous tone. He teasingly traced his finger along Dipper’s sternum and opened up his hand.

AS he spoke in a flirtatious tone, he was idly stroking the brunet’s smooth chest, sending shivers down his spine. It was honestly quite a wonder how almost every part of Dipper’s body was hairless, other than the top of his head. He couldn’t possibly be shaving every little bit every day, right? It
certainly raises some questions, but not ones he could simply ask out of nowhere.

“You better go change before I get us off-track…to loads of pleasure, but not what we’re supposed to do at the moment.”

Dipper nervously swallowed and leaned back, away from Bill’s touch. Admittedly, he was tempted to let him go further, but he was right; they were supposed to eat together.

“Oh, I’ll go…pick out a shirt, maybe one that could match the design on the one you’re wearing right now. I know I’m the one who handed it over to you, but I didn’t exactly choose that—I just took whatever was next to the shirt I chose to wear for you in the closet.”

Bill chuckled. “Sure, go find something that matches an eye without eyelashes,” the taller man said, clearly thinking that the brunet couldn’t.

Dipper didn’t mind his condescending tone—that was pretty much normal—since he already thought of something. Bill probably wouldn’t get it, but that was the best part. If he knew what he meant though, he’d have a lot of questions to ask him.

He walked back to his closet and looked for the shirt he had in mind. Once he found it, he put it on and closed the doors.

“Here’s my matching shirt,” he said, turning to the taller man.

Bill raised an eyebrow, not seeing how a red cross mark had anything to do with the design on his shirt. “I don’t know how that matches this eye, but you probably have something up your sleeve, don’t you? Well, either that or you’re slowly going crazy.”

“Probably both, because I’m…crazy for you…? Okay, nevermind, forget I did that. I’ll just try flirting again later.” Dipper stood in place, though his gaze was shifting to different areas in the room—to anywhere but Bill, really. He pursed his lips, and he hoped he wasn’t sweating too much.

Thank god I’m not twelve anymore. He’d definitely tease me like everyone else if I was sweating as much as I was back then.

The taller man stared at the brunet intently, trying to figure out how he was feeling. Hmm…he seems a tad too nervous. Did I make him remember something again?

“Cheesy, but I probably would’ve said the same thing,” he said, standing up.

“I guess, but the difference is that you have no shame.”

Bill chuckled and offered his hand to the brunet. You make me do so much awkward things, but I’m not even annoyed by that at all. Hell, I even kinda like it.

“Wanna hold hands, Pine Tree?” he asked. I’d tell you all these things I’m thinking, but part of me wants to tease you by not saying anything so sweet. I know that’s kinda wrong, but it…feels good. I don’t know why it does, so I won’t tell you about this.

Dipper stared at the taller man’s hand for a while before he held it. “Yeah, I do, I-I guess.”

The golden-haired man laced their fingers together and brought their hands to his lips. He planted a gentle kiss on the back of his lover’s hand. He wouldn’t say anything too sweet, but he’ll still act as sweet and…sincere as he wanted to.
“I know you do,” he said rather smugly.

“Pft, then why ask?”

“Because it’s always more fun to hear you say it.” Bill poked Dipper’s rosy little nose with his free hand, making him giggle.

“Come on now, let’s go. I’m pretty hungry after…” After all that crying and brooding. “…After being without you again for hours.”

He quickly turned away and headed to the door, not wanting his Pine Tree to see that his smug smirk was gone.

Dipper didn’t say a word as they walked out of the room; he didn’t want to tell Bill he was lying in his bed and regretting what he did the whole time, and he couldn’t think of anything good to talk about.

The couple walked down the stairs and to the refectory. Neither of them spoke, though the taller man did constantly look at the brunet whenever people were around. Bill knew he’d get nervous, so each time he was, he’d subtly—or not so subtly, really—comfort him with a sweet gesture. He would give his hand a little squeeze, boop his cute little nose, and even kiss him on the cheek.

Once they arrived at the refectory and got their food, they finally spoke to each other again, though they also had to release each other since they had their own take-outs to carry.

“Hey, do you uh, I don’t know, maybe want to…feed each other? I-I mean, you know, so it’s kind of like a date in your room…if you want,” Dipper offered as he walked back to the room with Bill.

The taller man laughed, causing the brunet to get more embarrassed than he already was.

“I’m doing this because I’m not going to stop asking you questions.

“…Sorry.”

“No, no, it’s great! It’s entertaining to see you like this. Also, you just get even cuter—apparently that’s possible.” Bill glanced left and right before he cupped Pine Tree’s soft cheek. It wasn’t naturally rosy like Mabel’s, but he loved Dipper anyway, not his twin sister. “I’d love to go on another date with you, especially if it’s in my room. I’ll always be better at flirting than you, but it’s always nice to have you being so sweet and awkward at the same time.”

Once he saw Dipper smile ever so endearingly, he kissed him gently. He pulled away shortly, though—the hallway wouldn’t stay empty for a long time, and he knew that very well.

“T-thanks, I guess,” the brunet replied.

“Pft, look at you, your cheeks are pinker than Shooting Star’s,” Bill teased yet again, caressing his cheek. Dipper playfully shoved him and walked away in return.

“Oh come on, you’re smiling!” he called out as he caught up with his Pine Tree, who merely chuckled and rolled his eyes as a response.

“I know you love me, Pine Tree; you can’t ignore me!” He slung his arm around the brunet’s shoulders, pulled him as close as he could, and planted a kiss on his fluffy brown locks.
“Fine, I do love you, you asshole.”

“I love me too!”

Dipper nudged him in the stomach, probably as harshly as Mabel would ‘playfully’ nudge Grunkle Stan.

Bill laughed at the pain, as usual. “Alright, I love you too,” he said.

After that, they didn’t say anything else to each other. They just kept walking until they were finally in front of the door to Bill’s room.

The taller man unlocked it and held it open for the brunet. “After you, my Pine Tree,” he said, bowing rather jokingly. Dipper chuckled and walked inside. He didn’t plan on saying anything, but he thought that was a funny yet sweet gesture.

*Dork.*

The golden-haired man closed the door and locked it. He walked to the little ‘kitchen’ part of his room and opened the cupboards, then he glanced at the brunet before he took some plates and utensils for both of them.

Dipper caught that look Bill gave him—somewhat condescending, but also mischievous like he usually was—though he didn’t know what that was about. He looked at the taller man with a raised eyebrow as he took the table appointments from him.

“What?” Bill asked with a tone that showed he clearly knew what was up.

“Oh come on Bill, you’re not fooling anyone. What was that look for?”

“Just rubbing in the fact that you’re shorter than me; you can’t get anything from my cupboards without tiptoeing.”

Dipper playfully rolled his eyes, while the taller man smugly laughed even more. He let it slide since he had his own little plan up his sleeve—it was something that would make Bill shut up for a bit at the very least. It was times like this that knowing him well came in handy.

He stepped closer to the golden-haired man and, without warning, tiptoed and gave him a quick kiss on the lips.

“Can’t kiss you like that without tiptoeing either, Bill,” he said with a smirk.

This time, he could be the smug one. He got a pretty good reaction—Bill did shut up. Plus, he was now blushing and totally avoiding eye contact. Dipper laughed in triumph and walked to the bed, leaving the taller man standing there, embarrassed. Well, for like, a split second; he ran to the brunet’s side once he wasn’t in front of him anymore.

“You like that, don’t you?” Dipper teased as he sliced a portion of meatloaf for Bill.

“Oh shut up.”

The brunet laughed and held up his spoon in front of the taller man’s mouth. “Here you go. Uh…say ‘ahhh,’ I guess? Yeah.”

Bill snorted at his awkwardness, but he still let Dipper feed him. “Hm, not bad for meatloaf from an educational institution,” he remarked. After he chewed, of course.
“Oh come on, you don’t honestly believe that ‘disgusting and probably poisonous meatloaf in schools’ stereotype, do you? It was actually pretty good in Piedmont, maybe even better than the one here.”

“You tell me, Pine Tree.” Bill fed him as well and watched him intently as he ate.

Rather than ‘uncomfortable,’ Dipper got a little nervous and awkward. If he somehow messed up or did something stupid while he was eating, Bill would be right there to see it. Luckily, he didn’t. The golden-haired man was still staring right into his eyes though, and as if that wasn’t making him melt enough, their faces were only a few inches apart. He nervously swallowed and slowly turned away. He distracted himself by slicing more portions of meatloaf.

The taller man chuckled and held up his spoon in front of the red-faced brunet’s mouth. Dipper let him feed him and even fed him back, but even so, he was still pretty nervous.

_Do something, do something…_

He pursed his lips and rested his head on his lover’s shoulder.

“Pft, what are you doing?” Bill asked as he stroked Dipper’s hair anyway.

“Being sweet…?”

He laughed quite loudly, almost as if he was laughing at the brunet in _that_ way, but his loving embrace assured Dipper that wasn’t the case; he was still the asshole he loved.

“Well, I guess you are. Anyway, here, eat up!”

Dipper rolled his eyes and let him feed him again.

For a few minutes, it was silent again. The two only kept feeding each other the whole time, and Bill didn’t play any music for ambience, at the very least. All they could hear was the clinking of their utensils on the plates every once in a while.

“Well…that was awkward,” Bill finally said after a while.

“Yeah…” Dipper cleared his throat and sat up straight.

“Want me to play something while we eat? I don’t have 80’s pop music, but I still have nice songs on my playlist,” the taller man offered.

“That’d be nice, but I think we should just talk, y’know?” _I can’t just let you win, Bill. Not this time._

Bill subtly gripped his utensils a little tighter.

“Talk about what?” he asked, doing his best to sound like he normally would.

“Well, I don’t really know, but I’ll think of something.”

Bill stared at the brunet beside him for a while. He thought he’d bring _that_ up again and try to find out things he shouldn’t, but Dipper just seemed to be…innocent. Maybe he really was just thinking of something they could talk about so it wouldn’t be so awkward between them.

He shrugged and let the brunet do what he wanted since he trusted him; he knew Pine Tree wouldn’t deceive him.
Now, how do I get back to that topic without screwing up as much as I did…? Hm, did I forget to tell him anything? I told him about karaoke, Wendy and her friends, Pacifica, Great Uncle Ford and the turkey…wait, Great Uncle Ford, that’s it!

“AHA!” Dipper exclaimed, startling the man beside him.

“You finally going insane, Pine Tree? Nice to have you!” Bill joked, though he was pretty confused.

The brunet laughed and held his spoon in front of the taller man’s mouth again. Bill still wasn’t sure why Pine Tree was so happy all of the sudden, but he let him feed him anyway.

“I haven’t told you something yet, Bill,” Dipper said after the taller man was done chewing.

“What is it?” the golden-haired man asked, suddenly sounding so serious.

Dipper raised an eyebrow at his rather strange reaction. Did it really sound like he was going to say something important, or was Bill thinking he was going to say something related to whatever he was hiding?

I guess I’ll just have to find out.

“I was just going to say I…well, Mabel announced to everyone in Gravity Falls that I have a boyfriend. I didn’t deny it, of course—I mean, they had to know someday, right? Anyway, I was really glad that they had no problem with that at all…sort of. After I ate and let Mabel hang out with her two best friends, Grunkle Stan sat with me and Great Uncle Ford. Apparently those two planned something—probably after Mabel’s announcement—and that something was an interrogation.”

“An interrogation for what? Did you commit a crime? Besides stealing my heart, that is.” Bill didn’t sound that flirty, but somehow, that made it pretty funny for Dipper, even though the taller man didn’t intend to be funny. Well, maybe a little, but not very much; he focused more on the question than the pick-up line. It wasn’t as good as all his other attempts at flirting, but it was still pretty damn cheesy, and that’s what he loved.

Dipper snorted and lightly nudged the taller man. “They interrogated me about you, stupid.”

“What about me? What did you say?”

The brunet noticed the change in his tone, as well as the expression on his face. He was suddenly so serious...why? Sure, no one liked people talking shit about them behind their back, but Bill knew he wouldn’t do that, right?

What is he so afraid of, then?

“Bill, relax, it’s nothing too serious. They just asked me about your qualities and why I loved you. Great Uncle Ford was like some police officer—he was asking one question after the other, and I know he was silently judging you. He was kinda hard to please, but I got you approved when I told him about your good side, so don’t worry.

“Oh, and Grunkle Stan was pretty easy to convince; he asked if you were a great con artist like he was. I told him I can’t say you haven’t done anything illegal, and that got you approved, like, instantly. I didn’t tell him anything more than that, by the way; y-you can still trust me, really.”

“Mhm, that’s good.” Bill said rather dismissively.

Dipper pursed his lips and stared at his food. He wondered, did that response mean Bill didn’t
believe him, or did it mean that he said something wrong? Did I make him remember something, maybe?

He fiddled with his utensils for a while, unsure of what to say.

Does the place remind him of something, or is it the people I talk about? Is he gonna be like this every time I mention anything related to them? I don’t know what his actual problem is, and I really want to find out, but if it’s something I can’t fix or he just won’t tell me…does that mean I can’t talk about Gravity Falls ever again?

…but that seems unfair.

The taller man, on the other hand, began to worry. He didn’t show that on his face, but he did want to do something about the brunet being silent.

Pine Tree’s probably thinking too much…again. Well, like I’m one to talk.

He poked Dipper’s cheek to get his attention and make him face him—which worked just like he expected. It always worked.

The brunet looked at the taller man curiously, though he was still worried about his trust. He realized that Bill was just trying to feed him again once he saw him lifting the spoon, so he went along with it. He didn’t have anything better to do anyway; he was just keeping things awkward.

Bill pulled out the spoon and gently petted the brunet.

“Mind telling me why you look so down, Pine Tree?”

Dipper swallowed and carefully took the taller man’s hand off his head. “I don’t know…what did you mean with what you said? After I told you about my great uncles, you just seemed…unconvinced?” he said, resting his cheek on Bill’s hand.

“What?” the golden-haired man asked, furrowing his brows in confusion.

“I thought you said you trusted me. Should I just, uh, not talk about you to others, a-at all? If you don’t trust me, I mean…or if you’re starting to lose your trust in me, anyway. Is that what’s happening?”

Bill’s eyes widened in realization. He inadvertently released Dipper for a moment, but once he couldn’t feel his softness and warmth anymore, he placed his hand on his cheek again.

I’m not supposed to let him go. I’m not supposed to be the cause of him being anxious. I’m supposed to be the one making him feel safe, happy, and that he’ll always have someone no matter what. He may be close with his twin sister, but surely Shooting Star isn’t that person; siblings can’t be that close. I’m going to be that person in his life. I’m his lover. I have to…what would I be if I wasn’t?

“I did, and I still do. I never said that I didn’t trust you anymore, I just…didn’t care,” he said.

“Didn’t care? What do you mean? I…and well, Mabel pretty much got me out of the closet and into the whole town, then I did my best so that my great uncles would approve of you! I didn’t tell you this because I thought you’d be the usual narcissistic fuck you are, but I guess I should just tell you now; I told Wendy I was lucky to have you as my lover,” the brunet sighed and pulled the taller man’s hand off his cheek, “If you didn’t care about all of those things, then I guess you never cared about anything I’ve said at all,” he continued, idly caressing Bill’s palm as he spoke.
Well, I definitely gave him the wrong idea.

“Dipper, I meant that I didn’t care about whether they approved of me or not. I’m going to stay as your lover no matter what, so none of that matters. Oh, and yes, you are very lucky to have me; I’m the best thing that came into your life!”

Bill gave Dipper a light kiss on the cheek, but that didn’t just erase all the questions the brunet had in mind. It did reassure Pine Tree that Bill still trusted him, though.

“Oh…well, um…that’s good to know. I’m glad that I’ll always have you, but I should really stop thinking of possibilities like that. You’re a good person—and a narcissist—and I should remember that.”

I’m not a good person.

Realization struck the brunet a little late, but when it did, he blinked and slightly blushed in surprise.

“Huh, you didn’t call me ‘Pine Tree’ that time.”

“Sure didn’t.”

“You don’t usually call me by my nickname, which makes it nice when you do.”

“Nickname? Pine Tree’s your nickname and I always call you that,” the taller man said, raising an eyebrow.

“I meant ‘Dipper,” Bill. Well, anyway, have you told your family about me? About…us?” Dipper asked.

“Wait, what’s your real name then?”

“Answer my question.” If you’re going to hide something, then so am I.

Bill sighed and didn’t say a word. Instead, he took the brunet’s hand and fed himself.

“Bill, your answer?”

He pretended he didn’t hear that and held his spoon in front of Pine Tree’s mouth. Dipper furrowed his brows and looked at the golden-haired man. He was slightly confused, but he still ate what Bill was giving him.

Maybe he’ll answer after he swallows…

But he didn’t; Bill just stayed silent and avoided eye contact while fiddling with his fork.

“Bill, just tell me whether you’ve told them or not,” he persisted. The taller man still didn’t answer, making him even more curious and worried.

“Bill, please, just tell me. I’m not going to hate you if you didn’t tell them about us, but I’d be pretty happy if you did,” he pleaded. And it worked. Just not the way he wanted it to.

“Are you gonna be disappointed, then? I didn’t tell them.” Bill crossed his arms and still didn’t bother to look at the brunet. He didn’t want to be looked at, either, and he tried to make that clear with the somewhat harsh tone in his words. It was just a little—he didn’t want to scare him away or make him feel bad. He still meant well. He just wouldn’t stop.
“Why not?” Dipper asked, placing his hand on the taller man’s shoulder.

“I plan to tell them when I bring you there someday…maybe. Until then, they don’t have to know.” Technically, I’m not lying.

“But Bill, your pa—“

“Do mom and dad know you guys are a couple?” she whispered.

“No…not yet.”

“When are you gonna tell them?”

“I don’t know.”

“…You know what, nevermind.” Dipper sighed, realizing that he’d be a hypocrite if he continued what he was going to say.

“You shouldn’t have asked.”

The brunet’s eyes widened when he heard what the golden-haired man just said.

“…Why?” he asked in a soft voice.

Bill covered his mouth, wishing he didn’t say that out loud. I was never going to tell you the real reason. I didn’t lie, but I didn’t tell you the whole truth. I should be telling you this right now. I wonder why I’m not. Do I just not want to see how you’ll react, or is it that I just can’t say it? I’ve… been having trouble.

Dipper decided to just drop it and let go of the taller man’s shoulder. “You didn’t have to answer. Sorry.”

No, I’m sorry.

Bill didn’t say anything and ate his own food, looking like a strange mix of anger and remorse. The brunet noticed that and remembered they haven’t finished eating yet, and that they’re supposed to be feeding each other. Like a date in his room.

Dipper held up his filled spoon and offered it to Bill, but that didn’t do anything—Bill ignored him and took another bite of his own food. He sighed and turned away. He did the same and fed himself, though that was pretty hard to do—maybe it would’ve been easier if he didn’t feel so sad and regretful. He was right next to his lover, but he still missed him.

Being in Oregon while he was in LA didn’t hurt more than this.

Both of them continued to eat without talking to each other. Perhaps it was a good thing Bill didn’t play any music; the silence was unsettling, but it’d be way more awkward and uncomfortable if he did. The song he would’ve chosen would have been very inappropriate for this mood they have at the moment.

“I’ll go wash the dishes now, Pine Tree. Give me yours,” Bill said once he could see they were both done. He was already offering his hand, but Dipper gently held it, rather than giving him his plate.
and utensils.

“L-Let’s just wash them together. You know, like a couple…if you don’t mind,” the brunet meekly suggested. There was a chance what he said would only make things worse, after all. He always thought of the worst things that could happen, and that was something he couldn’t change. He wished he could be more like Mabel in that sense.

Bill didn’t expect that from Pine Tree, but he didn’t mind, either.

“Sure. I wash, you dry,” he said with a little smile. He planted a light kiss on the back of his lover’s hand as well, then he slowly pulled his own hand away and stood up. He waited for the smaller man to get up as well before he walked to the sink.

_He is pretty small…at least, compared to me. I know I’m taller than a lot of people, but he’s different. It’s cute that he’s got a shorter height and smaller build—I can hold and carry him all I want—but at the same time, that also makes me want to protect him; keep him happy. I’m doing a terrible job at that. Why am I not giving up? Love, again? Shit. It’s not the best thing to go with what I really am._

While Bill washed their dishes, Dipper stayed beside him and waited for him. There was already a dishcloth hung by the counter, so he didn’t have to go look for one.

“Hey, uh, I could go wear your shirt again. You know, so my scent will get on it while I sleep or whatever. You like that, right?” the brunet offered.

“It’s alright, you can just keep your shirt on.”

“Are you sure? Well, do you want me to take my pants off instead or something? Maybe my shirt?”

Bill chuckled softly and ran his fingers through his Pine Tree’s hair. “I’m sure, Pine Tree. Just sleep in what you’re wearing now; you still look cute in it.”

Dipper stared at him for a few moments, just to make sure. Once he saw that he was telling the truth, he gave him a warm smile, then lay on the bed. The golden-haired man did the same and draped the blanket over them, making them more comfortable.

“Sweet dreams, Pine Tree.”

“You too, Bill…Good night.”

With that, the taller man closed his eyes. Dipper didn’t; he was still pretty messed up. Instead of sleeping, he stared at his lover restlessly.

After a while, Bill opened his eyes—not just because Dipper was looking at him—and noticed Pine Tree’s rather woeful expression.

“Pine Tree, why are you looking at me like that?” he asked in a soft voice.

Dipper was startled; he didn’t expect Bill to wake up because of him…if he was already asleep in the first place. Can anyone really fall asleep that was? Maybe it was a stupid idea to stare at him right away.

“O-oh, uh…just…” he sighed and mussed up his hair, “I’ve been doing so many things wrongly
today. We just got back from our own homes, and we’re supposed to be really happy to see each other again, but we ended up like this instead because of me.”

The golden-haired man’s curiosity turned to worry and sorrow, and that was clear on his face. “hey, it’s not all you; I’ve been screwing things up a lot too,” he admitted.

“But that means I still made mistakes. I’m trying to make it up to you, but I don’t think anything’s working.”

“Pine Tree, we’re humans, aren’t we?” I know you are. “We’re flawed; we can’t not make mistakes. I’m not mad at you at all, so you don’t have to try so hard. It’s nice to see you doing your best to act so sweetly, but don’t push yourself or anything like that.”

“Humans change too, don’t they? Looks like things are already changing between us…”

“What do you mean?” Bill asked, furrowing his brows.

“For starters, you’re not holding me anymore…and I’m not holding you. Bill, what if we just keep getting further from each other until—”

“I won’t let that happen. Also, I was planning to do that when you fall asleep. I’ll do it now though, alright? Just relax.”

The taller man gently kissed Dipper before he wrapped his arms around his waist and pulled him closer so he could snuggle against him. But even though they were this close, they really were just drifting further from each other. Instead of knowing more about each other, they lock themselves in their own worlds, keeping each other out as much as they can. Neither of them intend to hurt each other, but they are, and they can’t stop it because both of them believe what they’re doing is for their own good and hurts them less.

“How’s this? Better?” Bill asked, tenderly stroking the brunet’s back. He got a smile and hug in return, both of which were relievingly adorable, if that made any sense.

“Yeah, it is.”

“Alright, let’s really go to sleep now. See you in your dreams.”

“You too.”

Both of them closed their eyes once again, but Dipper still couldn’t help but wonder what Bill was hiding from him—what his problems here.

...Maybe I should call Mabel.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed the chapter! Thank you guys for still reading this fic, I really appreciate it ;u; Oh, and a little heads up! Well I wanted it to be a surprise, but what the heck, it’d be a shame if I did say this; when I finish this story, I’m going to make a video...thing. It's gonna have illustrations of stuff that happen within the fic, and even stuff that happens but aren't mentioned (think of it as off-screen stuff; stuff that you don't see in the chapters, or stuff that happens even after the last chapter or epilogue)!
I'm gonna be drawing those unmentioned ones, but I'm also going to add your fanarts in the vid (with proper credit, of course). If you guys want your art featured in there someday (I'll post it on tumblr when the time comes), don't be afraid to draw! I keep track of all the art you tag me in in tumblr, as well as your usernames! Sure, it's a little early to say this, but it'd be better than you guys cramming if you want to be in it.

Anyway, I love you guys so much for reading this fic, I swear. I'm not the most optimistic person, so it really means a lot when you guys support me! Thank you for making this story such a big success, it really makes all my work pay off! <3
A Plan

Chapter Notes

Finally finished writing this chapter! I have an important announcement at the notes after this chapter, so please read them...and I apologize in advance. Anyway, enjoy the chapter, I hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A soft sigh escaped the brunet’s lips as he slowly woke up. His eyelids fluttered open, and once he could see clearly, he saw why he couldn’t feel a certain warmth—Bill wasn’t next to him anymore. He knew he didn’t have to worry though—he could smell bacon and butter.

Guess he’s cooking.

Dipper slowly sat up and yawned as silently as he could, not wanting to get the golden-haired man’s attention just yet. After stretching for just a few seconds, he walked to Bill, who was frying scrambled eggs while wearing a black apron.

“Good morning…” Dipper greeted, rubbing his eye.

“Good morning to you too, Pine Tree! Hang on, let me just put these on our sandwiches.”

Bill turned off the stove and, using his spatula, placed the eggs on the strips of bacon on their sandwiches. He then topped them with two pieces of buttered toast and flipped them over.

“So, my ass looks good with this apron, doesn’t it?” he said, slapping his ass to tease the brunet.

Dipper immediately blushed and crossed his arms. “W-well, uh…w-why are you wearing an apron anyway? I mean, I do, and I guess you’re cooking…but still.”

The taller man laughed and turned around. “I know it does and you think so too, so don’t bother avoiding the question. Anyway, I made us some bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches! I didn’t cook the eggs sunny side up; hope you don’t mind,” he told the brunet while as he was taking off his apron.

“Oh, not at all. I don’t really have a preference for how my eggs are cooked, y’know?”

“Hm, good.”

Bill gave Dipper a loving kiss before he handed him over his plate. The brunet smiled and kissed him back, then he walked to the bed. The taller man happily followed and sat right beside him.

“Tell me what you think about my cooking!”

Dipper then took a bite out of the sandwich and savored it. He hummed in delight, whilst his eyes widened in both surprise and excitement. Bill, of course, saw his reaction. He was happy to see his Pine Tree very pleased so far, which made him more impatient—he really wanted to hear what he had to say.
The brunet chuckled, noticing how the golden-haired man was staring at him so eagerly. He swallowed. “it’s really good, Bill! The bread’s got a buttery taste, and it’s crunchy on the outside, but soft and fluffy on the inside! The bacon’s really crispy, the egg’s soft and tasty, and the cheese feels like it’s going to melt in my mouth! They’re all so delicious together, especially since they’ve just been cooked. As usual, you did great.”

“Of course I did!”

Dipper snorted and playfully shoved Bill’s shoulder, making him laugh.

“Alright, thank you Pine Tree,” he said. He planted a kiss on the brunet’s soft cheek before he took a bite of his sandwich himself. Huh, it really is that good.

Dipper stared at the taller man curiously, which made Bill look right back at him. The brunet quickly shifted his gaze somewhere else, but that obviously didn’t make any difference.

Bill chuckled. “What is it, Pine Tree? Do I look that good under the sunlight?” he teased.

“N-no…well, I mean, you look nice…and I can see your freckles more. Anyway, I just noticed that uh, you don’t wear your glasses anymore.”

“Well, that’s because I don’t have to anymore. If someone tries to flirt with me or anything, I could just tell them I’m taken, without having to worry about no one trying to get me to either like them back or just fuck with them…but I swear, those few times I fucked with people are when I was really, really drunk, and not while I was sober, so I had no intention of fucking with the people who wanted to do it with me. At all. O—“

Dipper gently pressed his lips onto Bill’s cheek, effectively shutting him up right away. The taller man felt his cheeks heat up, but he didn’t mind. He couldn’t really think of anything to do, and it wasn’t like blushing was something Pine Tree wouldn’t like. He wasn’t in much of a place to say anything, anyway.

“I know, Bill. Relax,” he said. Bill just took another bite of his sandwich; he was too enamoured to respond in any way.

The brunet smiled and continued to eat, but then he began to think, and that never led to anything good.

It’s nice that he really wants to assure me those times he…did it with other people—who are most likely strangers—didn’t mean anything at all. Plus, he’s learning to actually thank people…or maybe just me. I don’t know; it’s something. I’m just glad things are pretty normal today so far. He’s being sweet and full of himself, as usual…but like every other time after we...’argue,’ he acts like nothing ever happened.

I know it’s good that we’re not awkward, but he’s definitely doing it so I’ll forget about ever bringing that up again. It’s not going to work though; I won’t stop. He’s hiding something that’s hurting him and he won’t let me help, yet he always helps me when I have problems. It’s unfair to him…and, in a way, me. I’m the submissive one in this relationship, but that doesn’t mean I should let him do everything for me while I do nothing for him just because he won’t let me.

While Dipper was lost in his thoughts, Bill stared at him. He was still eating when he noticed the brunet looked miserable, but eventually, he stopped because he was too concerned.

He quickly finished his breakfast and dusted off his hands, then ran to the sink. He placed his plate there and ran back to the edge of the bed. He sat beside Pine Tree again carefully, so as not to stirle
him too much. He slowly wrapped his arms around the brunet’s waist.

Dipper snapped back to reality and flinched. Thankfully, the plate on his lap didn’t fall or anything.

“What’s wrong with you all of the sudden, Pine Tree?”

“When can we go back to normal?” the brunet asked, looking Bill in the eye.

“…What do you mean? Didn’t everything go back to normal the moment you woke up?”

“No, Bill. You’re still hiding things from me, and with the way you’ve been acting since I got back, I know that whatever you’re not telling me is still bothering and hurting you.

“Yesterday, you refused to take off the shirt I was wearing, and you let me take it off myself instead. Then, when I handed over your shirt, you laughed. I mean, I guess that isn’t too out of character, but you…you didn’t kiss me, and you even avoided taking things a little further. You had a point at the time, but with all the things we’ve been doing—what you’ve been doing, I know you would have kissed me and touched me more anyway because you wanted to.

“Oh, and last night, I noticed you were acting weirdly, too; you didn’t exactly say you didn’t want me to sleep with your shirt on and my pants off, but you didn’t let me either. I…I might sound like I’m sexually frustrated or something, but no, that’s not it. I know you wouldn’t have refused that offer—or any of the other choices I gave you—unless something was wrong. Ever since we saw each other again after the holiday, nothing was normal.”

Bill pursed his lips as his facial expression turned into one of…guilt. That’s what he’d call it, though it seemed to be more of heartbreak, and mostly of pain.

Reluctantly, he pulled away from the brunet and forced a smile that was painful to look at.

“I said I’ll be better in a few days. Oh, and about all those things you mentioned…I’m just trying to act like a good lover. I’m trying to be sweeter and less…well, I don’t know what to call it, I just don’t want to seem like I only want you for your body or something, y’know?” he said.

“I know you’re not like that, so it’s okay; I like you as the asshole you are!”

“Look, I’ll still be that asshole, alright? You just have to wait; the holiday just…made me think of things.”

Dipper looked at the golden-haired man rather skeptically. He wanted to believe him—and in a way, he did—but if things really did go back to normal, he still wouldn’t know what Bill wouldn’t let him know. They had to be better than they were before.

The brunet sighed and finished off his sandwich. He dusted off his hands, and though he planned to hold the taller man’s hand, he didn’t—Bill rested his head on his shoulder, which felt pretty weird since it’s usually the other way around.

He gently pushed Bill off and rested his head on the taller man’s shoulder instead. The golden-haired man was a little confused as to why Dipper didn’t let him do that himself, but he shrugged it off and ran his fingers through the brunet’s fluffy locks instead.

“…Does this happen to you every holiday?” Dipper asked.

“In every holiday I go back to our house in LA, yes. You’ll just have to wait for me to get better after each one, okay? You don’t have to worry; it’ll work out.”
This is gonna happen again…? I can’t just let him keep going through whatever his problem is!

“Can’t we just fix this?”

“Fix what? We’ll be fine anyway!”

“But you don’t seem okay, Bill. Look, I really care about you. I’ve been worried sick since I noticed you were acting weirdly. You’re hiding something from me and I don’t know why you won’t tell me what it is. If you think it’ll hurt me, it’s okay—I’ll still love you. It hurts more if you keep it from me, so…why won’t you just let me help you?”

“I don’t want you to,” Bill growled, pushing the brunet off him.

“Why? You trust me, don’t you?”

“Don’t people stay out of family problems?” the taller man asked rather harshly.

Dipper shut up for a moment, but not because of how Bill spoke to him. Rather, because he thought of a possibility he thought was actually quite likely—which is probably why he wasn’t fazed at all by Bill’s reaction.

That would make sense…maybe he really does just want to protect me. Maybe he doesn’t want me to feel guilty or feel like I’m not supposed to be with him…or maybe he just doesn’t want me to pity him.

“Bill…” he started.

“What?” the golden-haired man practically snarled.

“What?” the golden-haired man practically snarled.

“Is your family homophobic?” the brunet asked.

“What? No! Why’d you even think like that; you know nothing about them!”

“O-Oh, sorry…” Dipper meekly said. I guess none of those things were the case.

He looked at the ground and awkwardly rubbed his arm. He was clearly sorry—especially on the look on his face—but Bill was in no state to comfort him or even sympathize at the very least.

“…B-but hey, thinking long-term, uh…I’ll have to meet them someday, y’know?”

“I’ll handle that myself, so FUCK OFF!” Bill yelled.

It was only after that when he realized what he just said. He covered his mouth and stared at the brunet with widened eyes.

Dipper, on the other hand, could only do the latter; he was frozen in shock. I probably should have expected this, though. What did I even think would happen?

“P-Pine Tree, I…I’m sorry, it just—“

“It’s okay Bill, I deserved it.”

He took his plate and stood up. “Anyway, I’ll be the one to leave this time; it’s your room, after all.”

“Pine Tree, no, s-stay!” Bill pleaded, following the brunet as he walked to the sink.
Dipper left his plate there and began to walk to the door.

“Wait, Pine Tree, please!” the taller man begged, reaching out to him with his hand, but not daring to touch him.

Dipper didn’t listen, and as much as he wanted to stay, he turned the doorknob.

“Dipper…” Bill called out, carefully holding Pine Tree’s hand. “Don’t leave me, p-please! I’m sorry, I really am!”

The brunet sighed and turned around.

“Bill…”

“Pine Tree…can we make a deal?” Bill asked. His tone seemed a little different, but Dipper answered him after he thought about it.

“Sure,” he said.

“Can you promise me you’ll never leave me? In exchange, I’ll never leave you. Not that I ever would, but this is so there won’t be any doubts.”

“…Will you accept?” he asked, actually sounding nervous for once.

“Yeah. I do. I promise I won’t leave you.”

Bill held him tighter in his arms.

“I’ll never leave you too, my Pine Tree.”

“I’m not breaking up with you or anything like that, okay? I just…need some alone time so I can think. I guess technically I’d be leaving you in your room, but I really have to come up with something…Can’t you let me go for a while? I don’t want to get away from you, I just need the time. I’ll see you during break time, so you don’t have to worry,” Dipper told the golden-haired man.

Bill hesitated, but he slowly let go of the brunet’s hand…then quickly hugged him.

“Fine, you can go…”

Dipper smiled a little and wrapped his arms around the taller man’s torso.

So this is what his soft side is like…it’s pretty cute, but it isn’t really a good thing to get him like this.

He tenderly stroked Bill’s back, making him relax a little.

“So…see you later?” he said.

Bill stayed silent for a while, but he nodded and released his Pine Tree.

“Thanks. Don’t worry, I…I still love you, okay? I’ll find a way to help you and get us better than we were before.” Dipper gently pressed his lips onto Bill’s to make him feel a little better. After glancing at each other, the brunet walked out and closed the door.
With Dipper gone, Bill walked back to the bed. He sighed and slumped onto it, face half-buried in the blanket.

I guess I can’t stop him from finding out...

He gripped onto the blanket and groaned. He darted his eyes wherever he could, hoping he could do something to get his mind off things before classes started.

His gaze landed on his drawer.

Once Dipper got back in his room, he looked for his phone. It didn’t take long at all before he found it; it was right where he left it, after all. He picked it up and dialed Mabel’s number while he walked to his bed. He pressed the call button when he sat down, and as expected, she answered right after the first ring ended.

“HEY BRO-BRO!”

Dipper flinched and accidentally dropped his phone—thankfully not on the floor. He quickly regained his composure and took his phone again.

“Oh, hey…! I forgot you might greet me on the phone like that.” He awkwardly chuckled.

“Bro, why you ackin’ so cray cray?” Mabel asked, eyebrow raised and hand on her hip. Dipper couldn’t see her, but he knew that was how she looked like at the moment. That was always how she was when it came to stuff like this.

“Pft, you still watch that show? Hell, it still exists?” he said.

The brunette chuckled. “Yes, and definitely yes! Okay but seriously, that’s up? You seem pretty down.”

“Well…things aren’t really going well with us right now.”

“What?! Sounds like we have a love emergency in our hands!”

Dipper held his phone a little further from his ear, knowing what was coming next. After a few noises—which seemed to be Mabel rummaging through her drawers—he heard an airhorn from the other end of the line. He just waited until that was over before he brought the phone back to his ear.

“I need details, bro-bro! Right now!”

“I was going to tell you about the problem anyway; I was hoping you could help,” he said.

“Details! Details! Details!” his twin sister chanted.

“Alright, hang on…” He sighed and lay down, though his calves were still dangling over the edge of the bed. “So, when I got back here after the holiday, Bill knocked on my door right after I just closed it. Anyway, we had a joyful reunion and all that, but when I mentioned the Mystery Shack and began to talk about you guys, he started to act…differently.

“I told him why we don’t sleep in the attic anymore, and I mentioned you, Soos, Melody, Abuelita, and Great Uncle Ford, but when I was done talking, he just pretty much told me he got the gist of it—he asked where we stay when we’re in Gravity Falls, so I elaborated a bit—but he didn’t seem to
care at all about you guys. I mean, he knows you, so he wouldn’t wonder what you’re like, but he didn’t seem curious about them at all.

“Actually, I didn’t mind that too much at first since I thought it was to be expected, but with the way he was acting after that, I realized that’s when it started.”

“‘It’? Watchu talkin’ about?”

“He actually gave me this look which usually means I did something wrong, but he told me I didn’t. Anyway, so we stayed in his room and talked, but when I began to ask him about his holiday…”

I probably shouldn’t tell her about that whole kissing thing…but still, I just...he used kissing and touching against me. Those are things I let him do once we became a couple...and I trusted him with being able to do those...what made him do that? What could be so bad that he had to take advantage of those just to hide it from me? Of all the things he could do, he chose to do that.

“Mhmmm?” Mabel said.

“Uh, well...he told me as little as possible and he almost completely distracted me with something else, but I didn’t let him make me drop it. I kept asking him, and though he didn’t say it directly, he clearly didn’t spend much time with his family; just with a cute puppy for almost the whole time. He wouldn’t tell me anything more than that, other than a few details that don’t help me know much. He...left the room and stayed in mine because he didn’t want to hear anything else I had to say,” he elaborated.

“Mmm....weird...wait, did he lock you out of your own room?”

“Oh, no, he didn’t lock me out. When he was running away, I saw him leave my own keys at the nightstand on purpose. I know he wanted me to come to him at some later time, so before dinner, I tried to think of stuff I could do to make it up to him...but I didn’t plan to stop asking him what his problem was.

“When I was finally with him again, we just had some fun for a while, but after some time, I got us back to the whole holiday topic. I told him about Grunkle Stan and Great Uncle Ford, and even about you telling the whole town I have a boyfriend, and even about you telling the whole town I have a boyfriend, but...well, actually, that’s not the point—that time, his reaction was a bit better. The point is, I got him to tell me whether he told his family about our relationship or not...and he didn’t.”

“What?! But he should be proud of you! Why not?”

Dipper sighed. “I don’t know, he didn’t tell me. He just said I shouldn’t have asked. Anyway, later that night, he...kinda reassured me, saying he still loves me, but...I don’t know anymore. I mean, this morning, things started well...then it turned into a shitstorm, so I left his room, and now, here I am.”

“Sweet Sally…”

“He’s hiding something, Mabel. I have to know what it is; it’s hurting him. I just want to help him for once, but he won’t let me…”

“It’s hurting your relationship too, you know.”

“I know…”

“Dipper, maybe it’s a sensitive topic for him so he doesn’t wanna talk about it. Maybe you should
give him some time, y’know?” the brunette suggested.

“Mabel, trust me, I know how he is. After any argument that happens between us, he acts like nothing happened. He won’t bring this up ever again; that’s why I have to get it over with. If I just let him suffer after each time he goes home for a holiday, and not know what his problem is, I can’t help him.”

“If he really, really needs your help, don’t you think that he’ll ask you? Or, you know, let you, at the very least? I mean, I guess sometimes people drive away who want to help them, even though they do want or need help, but I don’t think Bill would leave you in the room if it was like that.”

“But Mabel, helping him will get us closer together; I’ll get to understand him more, and he’ll trust me more. He’ll realize that he can tell me anything, and that I’ll always be there for him. If I don’t help him, then we’re just going to stay the same. We’re going to stay just the way we were before this situation...and our relationship won’t progress. The thought scares me, Mabel.

“If we can’t get any further than how we are now, he might get tired of our relationship. Of us. I don’t want that, I...I need him. I have to do something for him. He’s done so many things for me, and I’ve barely done anything to make up for all those stuff he’s done for me.”

“Dipper, you can help him, but now is probably not the best time. Maybe you should ask him another time; maybe he’ll be ready to tell you everything by then. You just gotta wait. Besides, you’re hiding stuff from him too, aren’t you? I don’t know what you’d be hiding from him, buuut everyone’s got their secrets, right? Maybe Bill’s got some deep dark secret he doesn’t wanna tell you just yet.”

“But what can I do now, Mabel? Any ideas?” he asked.

“Uhh…” Mabel nervously tugged on her turtleneck.

Come on Mabel, their future depends on you. I’d say they should talk, but I think they’ve already talked too much...Wish there was some kind of nerdy book Dippin’ Dots could just read so he’d know what to do to find out what Bill’s hiding without like, making it too obvious so he wouldn’t cause another fight...wait, maybe there is!

“Hmm...Bill’s got Psychology as his course, right?”

“Well, yeah, but what does that have to do with any of this?” the brunet asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Then doesn’t he have like, I dunno, a psychology book or whatever that tells you about the brain and maybe how to, you know...manipulate it? I mean uh, to...change his mind!” She laughed nervously, which didn’t help at all with trying to convince Dipper that she totally wasn’t suggesting manipulation at all.

Dipper, however, didn’t seem to be bothered by that. In fact, he pretty much ignored that, which surprised Mabel.

“Oh yeah, he does have a psychology book! I don’t know what’s in it, but there’s got to be something that can help me! That book definitely has the answers I need!” he said, sounding strangely cheerful all of the sudden. Mabel was pretty weirded out, and she wasn’t so sure about that book anymore.

Why do I get the feeling that he’ll cling onto that book too much and think he’s worthless without it? The journals were useful, but he felt so bad when Gideon took it from him; what if it happens again? It’s not even his book in the first place...uck, what am I making him do? This might not be such a
good idea after all…

“You know, it’d probably still be way better if you speak from the heart! I’m sure that’ll be good enough!” she advised.

“That didn’t work for me at all, Mabel. Sure, I got a few answers, but I still can’t help him.”

“Well…if you really wanna read because you’re a nerd, then do it, I guess. I don’t recommend sticking to what it says, though; don’t depend on it too much, ‘kay?”

“I’ll try not to, but if it helps a lot, I might have to. I don’t know, Mabel, I just want to do something for him for once—he always does stuff for me and I don’t want to be useless. I have to do everything I can to fix this problem for him…”

“Correction: for both of you. Also, consider Bill’s feelings, okay?”

“Right…and I will, don’t worry.”

The brunet carefully sat up and sighed softly. “Hey, Mabel, thanks for listening,” he said, smiling a little.

“Anytime, bro-bro.”

“Welp, I still have to prepare for class. I’ll uh, talk to you later or something, okay?”

“Call me whenever you want. Good luck!”

“Thanks again for the idea, too. Bye.”

“Don’t stick to it too much…bye.”

With that, Dipper hung up and got off the bed.

After some of his classes had ended, Dipper went to the library right away. He didn’t mind that he had to wait for a long time; they couldn’t do anything about their schedules, and he really wanted to just see Bill again and talk.

It’s going to take a while to get him to open up, but with his book, I know I can do it. I have to…we

Interrupting his thoughts, the man he was waiting for showed up, right between two nearby bookshelves. Dipper knew that Bill didn’t want him to leave a while ago, which meant that he would love to see him right now, but even so, he was nervous.

He also knew that he was the reason the golden-haired man got so angry. He pushed him too far again because apparently he didn’t learn from the last time he did that—he still didn’t know when to stop. He wanted to know the truth so badly he pushed Bill to the point where he had to drive him away so harshly. Dipper wouldn’t blame him; this huge mess was his own fault. Instead of bringing them closer, he was tearing them apart. Maybe Bill realized that.

“Pine Tree!” the taller man called out, as if he wasn’t in a library. He quickly ran to the brunet, looking like he was about to cry, and dropped his bag near the chair next to Dipper. He sat on Pine Tree’s lap and hugged him tightly, then he buried his face in the brunet’s neck. Holding back his tears, he breathed in, taking in the scent he loved.
Dipper smiled in relief and wrapped his arms around Bill’s torso. He stroked his back lovingly, making him relax. The taller man’s warm breath was sending shivers down his spine, but he didn’t mind; it felt nice. It always did.

Bill slowly leaned back and gently kissed Dipper for a little while.

“Hey…um, thanks for still coming, even though I made you mad…” the brunette said.

“Of course I came; I still love being with you. Oh, and I’ll get off you now. Just got excited, not trying to do anything terrible…again.”

Dipper’s facial expression softened, seeing how the golden-haired man was sincerely sorry, despite not apologizing out loud. He wanted to say something, but Bill already began to get off him.

Bill noticed how Pine Tree was looking sad, so he bent down and pressed his lips onto Dipper’s soft ones. “Don’t worry, I still like kissing you,” he said.

The brunette smiled just a little whilst looking into the taller man’s eyes. It was a little awkward—and yet, kinda sweet—but Bill smiled back.

That moment didn’t last very long though; the taller man took his bag, walked to the other side of the table, and sat across Dipper. The brunette softly sighed, not wanting the golden-haired man to hear him.

Now he’s sitting across me and not beside me anymore. I fucked up really badly…so I better start trying to fix this somehow.

“Bill?” he called.

“Yes, Pine Tree? You okay over there?”

“Oh, yeah, d-don’t worry. I was just gonna ask, can you put your hand on the table? Just a little closer to me. If you don’t mind, of course.”

“Of course. Why wouldn’t I anyway?” Bill did as he was asked, and once his hand was close enough to the brunette, Dipper held it.

Dipper brought it to his lips and planted a soft kiss on it, making Bill smile.

The taller man reached for the brunette’s soft cheek and caressed it with his thumb. “I’m glad you took me on that date.”

Dipper smiled back and leaned into his touch. “I’m glad I did too.”

Bill rested his head on his fist and carefully slid his hand to Pine Tree’s fluffy brown locks. He lovingly ran his fingers through them for a while; Dipper seemed to like it, so he just kept going for about a minute.

Once he thought that was enough, he slowly pulled his hand away and took out his book. He flipped the pages to where his bookmark was, then he began to read.

As much as Dipper missed Bill’s warm hand stroking his hair, there were more important things to worry—or at least think—about.

Is it that one?
He stared at the book on the table, trying to read what was on the pages. He could read upside-down pretty well, but the text was in a small font.

Eventually, Bill noticed what the brunet was doing. Although Dipper wasn’t looking at him directly, he could still sense Pine Tree’s gaze near him. He looked up from his book.

“Need something, Pine Tree?” he asked.

Dipper came back to his senses and flinched, thinking that the taller man found out what he intended to do…somehow. Bill’s thoughts worked in weird ways, so that was probably possible.

“O-oh… I just wanted to know what book you’re reading,” he said.

“It’s my book for Psychology class.” Bill lifted the said book and showed its cover to the brunet.

“So… mind telling me what’s in it? You don’t have to though, I just got a little curious.”

“What, you wanna go switch your course to BS Psychology or something? A little too late to join me, Pine Tree,” the golden-haired man teased as he placed the book back on the table.

“Pft, you wish.” Dipper playfully rolled his eyes, though moments after their short conversation—if he could even call it that—he began to think again.

That’s the book…but how will I take it? I mean, he’d probably just lend it to me if I asked, but he might get suspicious or even figure out what I’d be doing when I try to get him to tell me what he’s hiding… well, maybe he would one way or another since he reads it, but that thought should come to him later.

Wait, so that means he can’t know I’ve read it, let alone had it, which means…I have to borrow it without asking? We’re together most of the time, so it’d be easy to have it somewhere near me, but how can I take it without him noticing? And even if I do manage to take it, where can I keep it so he won’t see that I have it, and so he won’t notice that it’s gone? I don’t know how often he reads it, and I don’t know if he has to read something for schoolwork, so I can’t just take it.

There’s too many variables… as long as he’s conscious! If I read it while he’s asleep—hopefully without commentary—he wouldn’t even know I took it! It’s a little risky since he might wake up, but that’s my best option.

With Dipper thinking and Bill reading, a silence had formed and stayed between them for quite a while. The taller man found it pretty awkward, considering the things that have been happening with them lately. He wanted to talk more, but not about him; just the usual teasing and stuff. He had to lighten the mood somehow, and playing music in the library wasn’t the best idea.

Hmm… I could tease him, but how should I do it? He’s just staring at nothing! Well, I could always just ask him if he wants to cuddle—that always gets him pretty shy. Oh wait, there’s something even better! I don’t want to prevent him from doing his schoolwork, and he’s got a pen, an open book, a calculator, and papers with numbers written on them right on the table. Maybe I’ll ask first…and give him a little tease.

“Watcha doin’ there, Pine Tree?” he asked, snapping Dipper out of his thoughts.

“O-oh, uh…”

The brunet seemed like he didn’t really know what to say, so the taller man decided to help him out.
“Guess he’s out of it.”

“I mean what you’re doing with the stuff at the table;” he said.

“Oh! Just some Calculus homework. It was given to us earlier today, but I just wanna get it done… wanna get it over with so I don’t have to worry about it anymore.”

Bill pursed his lips rather nervously; he could see that sad look on Dipper’s face, and he knew exactly what he meant by those words. He didn’t want it to get more awkward, so he carried on.

“Are you done with that?”

“I still have a couple of problems to solve, so no, I’m not done. Not yet, anyway.”

“Oh, maybe later then,” Bill teasingly said, knowing that he made Dipper curious.

“What?”

“Nothing!” That was an obvious lie, and even the brunet could tell he was annoying him on purpose.

“N-no, hang on, what did you mean by ‘maybe later’?” Pine Tree asked.

“You’ll see, Pine Tree!”

“Oh really.” Dipper crossed his arms and pouted, making the taller man laugh.

“You’ll know what I mean later. Don’t worry, I know you’ll love it.”

Dipper squinted at Bill, obviously pretending to be skeptical as he audibly hummed.

“If you say so.” He went back to doing his homework, which he actually enjoyed. Bill decided to just watch him—if Pine Tree wasn’t writing, then he won’t either.

“Guess I can’t do much right now.”

“Hey, uh, can I sleep in your room tonight? I-I know I slept over last night, but…yeah. I’ll do my report there, so you don’t have to worry about me missing any schoolwork.”

“We could just stay in your room so you don’t have to take your laptop; I wouldn’t mind sleeping with you in your bed,” Bill said, stroking Dipper’s hair.

The brunet held the taller man’s hand with both of his and gently took it off his head. “Nah, let’s just keep it the other way around.”

Maybe I should make myself less suspicious.

“…I don’t know, I just want to be doing stuff for you, being the uh…bottom and all…” he added.

Bill gazed at Pine Tree for a little while, slightly worried about him, but in the end, he smiled warmly and pet him again.

“Alright, you can stay over. Well actually, you’re always welcome—I like having you around.”

Dipper definitely would have blushed by now, but he couldn’t; now with his intentions. He did smile back though—it was still nice to know Bill liked being with him.
“So, it’s already evening…wanna go eat instant food for a change? I think we both deserve a break from cooking dinner,” the taller man suggested.

“Sure! I’ll just go get one of the totes Mabel gave me. Oh, wanna use one too? I still have a few to spare.”

“Eh, why not, I guess. Got any yellow or blue ones?” Bill shrugged.

Dipper playfully rolled his eyes. “Yellow, of course—wait, I get why you want yellow, but why blue?”

“Part of your cap’s blue, isn’t it? I know you don’t wear it that often anymore, but you were wearing it the first time we met.”

This time, Dipper’s cheeks turned a light shade of red. He was enamoured, realizing that that night—or really early morning, rather—still mattered to Bill.

“L-let’s just get those totes over with so we can go shopping at the convenience store together,” he said, going into his room, while the taller man followed him inside.

“Love you too, Pine Tree!”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked the chapter! Now uh, about that announcement...

...So, hell season's coming back to school with all the tests and performance tasks and all that shit. I can't write with all this shit going on, so I kinda have to update after three weeks instead of two. I'm really sorry, I was hoping I could update regularly from the beginning of this fic, but school prevents me from doing so. I'm sorry I gotta make you guys wait longer ;;
“Alright, time to go grocery shopping…in a convenience store,” the brunet said.

“Yep! Let’s get us some instant food!”

The two entered the convenience store. Dipper certainly hasn’t been in one of these in a while, but it wasn’t like Bill has either. Bill goes to the grocery at a mall that’s only a short drive away from the university though, so this felt pretty much the same.

The golden-haired man took two baskets and handed one of them to Dipper. “Good thing I won us all that money, huh? Now we can buy as much shit as we want!” he said.

The brunet chuckled. “Yeah, alright, you were really great. That enough for a compliment for you?”

“Hmm…it will be if you let me kiss you right now,” Bill said with a smirk.

Dipper’s cheeks turned a little red, but he didn’t turn away. Before he takes the taller man’s book, he wanted to do as much stuff Bill likes as he could; maybe it’d lessen the guilt.

“Um…can we at least do that behind the shelves?” he asked rather shyly.

Bill was a little surprised that Pine Tree didn’t just walk away, but he smiled. “It was just a flirty joke, but sure. Well, if you really do want to, anyway.”

“Kinda hard to tell when you’re joking, asshole.” The brunet lightly punched the taller man on the shoulder, making him laugh. “But okay, I really do want to…y-you know what I’m talking about, so don’t make me say it. I-I mean, maybe if it was just us, I might, but…ah fuck, I think I’m implying something completely different…”

Bill knew Dipper still wasn’t that comfortable with doing affectionate things in public just yet. On their first date, he seemed just fine, but they weren’t a couple at the time—except when they were in that gay club, but that was different. Now they are, which most probably made Pine Tree think he has to basically show off their relationship to strangers, and with the things that have been happening to them recently, Dipper’s probably thinking that more than ever.

He gently stroked the brunet’s hair. “I get it, Pine Tree, relax. Now, let’s get this over with so we can shop, alright?”

“Yeah…okay.”

The taller man held Dipper’s free hand and walked them to the back of an aisle. He looked around,
just to make sure that no one was near enough to notice them.

“You don’t have to worry *that* much, Bill,” Dipper said.

With that, the golden-haired man gave him a quick, silent kiss.

“…now that compliment was enough,” he said. The brunet chuckled, making him smile.

Before Bill could get too lost in his feelings though, he turned away and looked at whatever was on the shelves.

“Oh, we’re in the instant noodles aisle, apparently. You want anything?”

“Pfft…hang on…okay, okay, let me check them out first.”

“What are you laughing at?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

“You’re blushing, Bill. It’s cute,” the brunet replied as he picked out a pack of extra hot and spicy noodles.

Bill’s cheeks turned even redder at that remark. “I’m *hot*, not cute!”

Dipper laughed even more. “Whatever you say. Anyway, wanna have a stupid competition with these?” he proposed, holding up the pack he took.

The taller man didn’t answer. Instead, he pretended not to hear the brunet and browsed the shelves. Dipper pursed his lips and waited for him to say something, but he didn’t.

Alright, so it’s the thing when he wants me to do something cute or sweet because I didn’t directly call him hot. Well, I don’t mind.

He sighed fondly and placed the noodles in the basket. He then placed it on the floor and walked a little closer to the golden-haired man.

“Billing…” he softly called out.

Bill still ignored him, though admittedly, he did want to look at his Pine Tree.

“You want a hug, Bill? I’d be happy to give you one!”

The taller man thought about it, then he dropped his basket. He faced the brunet and rolled his eyes, though obviously, he accepted his offer. Dipper knew him well enough to know that he liked the idea, so he wrapped his arms around the taller man’s torso and buried his face in the crook of his neck.

Now that I think about it, we haven’t exactly hugged each other just for the heck of it these days.

Bill smiled just a little; this hug was actually a little different than the ones they’ve had lately. He hugged the brunet back, and though he loved this and wanted this to last longer, he pulled away—they didn’t come here for this.

“Let’s get back to shopping, yeah? We can save the cuddles for later,” he said, pulling away.

“Right, right…so, you in? With the stupid competition thing, I mean. I know you heard me when I first asked.” *I don’t think we’ll be cuddling later…or tomorrow. Maybe the day after that, too. Except when we sleep, maybe…best case scenario.*
“Of course! Better take a video when we do it.”

“Definitely will. It’s gonna be a pretty hilarious video, considering I’m getting extra hot and spicy noodles.”

“Hot and spicy noods? Damn, they better be yours,” Bill joked.

Dipper snorted and playfully shoved him, making him laugh yet again. “Okay, okay, we should continue now. Do you wanna get some frozen pizza? If they have it here, anyway,” he said, taking his basket.

“How about pizza rolls instead? They’re more fun to eat!” the taller man suggested.

“Yeah, sounds good. Uh…frozen food’s there, right? I can see the freezers, but not exactly what’s inside,” the brunet said, pointing at the said freezers.

Bill looked at where he was pointing at and saw the freezer’s contents quite easily. “Those are drinks, Pine Tree. The food’s probably a little more to the back,” he said.

“Oh. Guess I needed my glasses a little more than I thought.”

“Oh yeah, you have glasses…you look pretty cute in those too, but I still prefer you without them since they might interfere when we kiss. Don’t worry, you’re still adorable. Now, let’s go!”

Bill picked up his basket and walked with his Pine Tree to the freezers. He was about to open the door, but then he remembered the most important thing about freezers—they were fucking cold.

He growled and stepped back. He walked behind Dipper and stayed there, making the brunet a little confused. Pine Tree turned his head to look at the man holding onto his shoulders and peeking over his right one, who was glaring at the freezer. He wondered what was up for a second, but then he remembered Bill didn’t like the cold.

He chuckled. “How many boxes do you want me to get for you, Bill?”

“Just one.”

“Alright, hang on.” He gave the taller man a soft kiss on the cheek before he pulled away from him and walked closer to the freezer. He opened the door and took two boxes of pizza rolls—one for each of them. He placed them in his basket and closed the freezer door.

“Got ‘em. I’m just gonna check out what else is in here,” he said, looking through the glass.

“What else do they have in there?”

“Well, there’s mozzarella sticks, onion rings, chicken nuggets…and in this other one there’s all sorts of fries. There’s hash browns and breakfast fritters in this one…oh, and there’s triangle-shaped hash browns! You want those, don’t you?”

“Yes. Also, let’s just put all the frozen in your basket; I’ll get your noodles. That alright?”

“Yeah, that’s a good idea. Anyway, other than those hash browns, what else do you want?” the brunet said.

“Mozzarella sticks and onion rings, and the nuggets…There wouldn’t happen to be frozen lasagna, would there?” Bill asked as he took the pack of noodles and placed it in his basket.
“Unfortunately not. Then again, this is a convenience store, not a supermarket. Frozen lasagna would probably be pretty expensive for a place like this… I say as I look at that box of mozzarella sticks. I guess this place is a bit better than other minimarts, but it’s still not good enough for lasagna, apparently,” Dipper replied.

The taller man shrugged and watched the brunet as he took all those cold packs and boxes from the freezers. He could feel the very cold air gently blowing past him and he was annoyed by it; it was a good thing he was wearing his sweater vest, but he wasn’t exactly wearing a long-sleeved button-up underneath it.

*So, my nipples aren’t hard but my arms are covered in fucking goosebumps. That’s fucking nice.*

Bill placed his basket on the floor and crossed his arms while he just gazed at his Pine Tree. It was actually pretty amusing—he hasn’t really seen Dipper do simple tasks like this, and he’d smile while holding back from even snickering each time the brunet would tiptoe to reach something on the top shelf.

Once Dipper was done, the taller man took his own basket again and trotted to his side.

“You cold, Pine Tree?” Bill asked, slinging an arm over the brunet’s shoulders.

“Not really. I mean, of course I’m a little cold since I’ve been taking stuff from the freezers, but I don’t need a sweater or anything, y’know?” Dipper said.

“Alrighty then, let’s get some drinks. Lead the way, Pine Tree!”

While they walked together, Bill stared at Dipper even more, and thankfully, he didn’t make himself look stupid by bumping into something and maybe knocking over a display rack. He shifted his gaze to the brunet’s basket, then his own. It only had the noodles in it, which got him thinking.

*I haven’t actually picked up anything myself this whole time…ah fuck, guess I gotta do it for him.*

“Hey Pine Tree, what drinks do you want? Is it a lot of Pitt Cola?” he asked.

“Well, if you’d call five cans a lot, then yes. I’m not gonna drink them all in one night though—I’m not addicted to it or anything.”

“Alright, hang on.”

“What?”

Without answering him, Bill walked to the freezer containing the drink Dipper wanted and opened its glass door. He quickly reached for a can of Pitt Cola, while the brunet watched him surprisingly. He hissed when he grabbed it, but he made sure not to just drop it in his basket; he didn’t want to make a dent in a can or cause it to explode when opened.

He kept going until he got to five cans, then he took two cans of Mountain Dew. He closed the door right after he was done and breathed out. Before he could turn around, he spotted some beer in a nearby freezer, so he decided to get two cans of it, too.

Once that was over with, he finally walked back to the brunet, who was fondly smiling at him.

“…What? The beer’s for me, not you,” the golden-haired man said.

Dipper chuckled. “Thanks for getting our drinks. You alright though?”
Bill rolled his eyes. “I can handle the cold too, you know.”

He didn’t exactly enjoy being laughed at, but he couldn’t help but smile at how happy Dipper looked.

“So, you want anything else?” he asked.

“Well… I guess a tub of ice cream would be nice. I’ll go get one,” the brunet said.

“I—I’ll get it for you!”

“I think you already had enough of the cold for the day, Bill. You don’t have to get the ice cream for me, but thanks for offering to.” Dipper glanced left and right before he planted another kiss on the taller man’s cheek. “It’s… pretty sweet of you,” he said with a tint of red on his cheeks.

“Of course it is. Now go get your ice cream…and get me a tub too, if you don’t mind,” Bill said, shifting his gaze elsewhere.

“Pft… okay, what flavor do you want? Lemon?”

“Well, if they have it, yes. If not, give me vanilla instead.”

“Alright, let’s go.”

Dipper held the taller man’s hand and began to walk with him right away. He didn’t look at Bill’s face though—the golden-haired man was probably just smiling at him, but he didn’t usually hold Bill’s hand first, so it was still pretty embarrassing for him.

He released Bill’s hand once they were by the ice cream freezers. He checked for lemon-flavored ice cream through the glass before he slid the door open.

“Sorry Bill, no lemon ice cream. Vanilla for both of us it is,” he said.

“Hmph. Well, at least I’m getting the same flavor as you.”

Dipper took a tub of vanilla ice cream and placed it in his basket, then another one for himself. He slid the glass door to close it and now he felt that the basket was pretty heavy.

“Got ‘em. Any other cold things you want me to get? Might’ve missed something.”

“Nope. Let’s go pay now so we can go to my room sooner; already miss you being in it,” Bill said.

“Alright.”

Dipper thought of faking a laugh and saying he just slept over last night, but he knew better. Bill would notice something was wrong right away, and he didn’t want to ruin his current excitement.

He probably won’t miss me after tonight.

He snapped out of his thoughts when the taller man offered his hand in front of him. He blinked twice at the sight, then he looked at Bill with brows furrowed in confusion.

“You seem out of it all of the sudden. Do you wanna hold hands while we walk? It might help… just a thought though. It’s alright if you don’t.”

“I think it will.” The brunet took his hand. He didn’t expect Bill to lace their fingers together while
they walked, but he didn’t mind. The golden-haired man’s hand was warm like it always was, even though he just took some cold drinks. It felt nice, but he wasn’t sure if they’ll be holding hands again anytime soon.

“You uh, alright with this? I mean, we’re in public, holding hands… I know we’ve done this before—like, on our very first date—but… you know things are…’weird’ between us,” the taller man said.

That was the sad truth, but Dipper smiled. Although he could already feel the guilt of what he was going to do later, he was happy to know that Bill cared about him so much…and he cared about him too, but he wished he could show that care in a different way. A better way. Did he really have no choice anymore?

…Maybe I should try just one more time.

“Yeah, I’m alright. I think I’m getting used to this, don’t worry.”

Bill smiled back, though there was something different about him. Dipper couldn’t tell what it was, but he just knew it wasn’t something good.

“Oh, it’s uh, our turn now. Let’s put the stuff on the counter,” he said before slowly releasing the taller man.

Bill didn’t say a word the whole time he did that, which worried him. He couldn’t do anything about it though; he didn’t want to be stared at by the cashier.

Before Dipper could take anything from his basket, the taller man placed the noodles and cold drinks on the counter. The brunet would raise an eyebrow at Bill, but he decided to save his confusion for later. Or not—he had much more important questions to ask.

He just played along; he began to place the frozen on the counter too. It wasn’t anything special at first, but then surprisingly, Bill joined in, helping Pine Tree despite the fact that his hands would be very cold.

Damn it Bill, why are you so nice…? I really want to help you to make everything up to you, but you won’t let me… even though I’ve barely done anything for you.

“That’ll be 49.34, sirs,” the cashier told them.

“Ah shit, I didn’t pay attention to the prices,” Bill said.

“Neither did I, actually.”

“Hmm… wanna split the total? 60-40?” he suggested.

“Yeah. I don’t mind paying more; it’s the least I can do for you,” the brunet replied.

“What? No, I meant the 60 percent was my part and the 40 percent’s yours.”

“No! I mean, you’ve already done so much for me, so it’s kinda too much if you do this too. How about you let me make it up to you by paying more than you?”

“Hey uh, hate to interrupt, but you could just split it 50-50. Not trying to be rude by the way, just getting that out there. Erm, carry on,” the cashier said.

“That’s a good suggestion. Let’s just go with that, Pine Tree.”
“But…” Then again, that’s what he wants, I guess.

Dipper sighed and took out his wallet. “Okay, 50-50.” He placed his money on the counter, then the taller man followed.

“By any chance, you guys married? I don’t mean to pry, and I don’t see any rings so I’m probably wrong, but you two are acting like one. Don’t get me wrong, but you two look pretty cute together,” the employee asked them.

The brunet’s cheeks immediately turned red. “N-no! We’re not married!”

Bill chuckled and stroked his Pine Tree’s hair. “Well, not yet…maybe.”

“…Oh.”

Oh god, he’s even considering it? What am I going to do if I make him hate me? I actually do want to…marry him someday. I really hope things will work out, but…fuck, why is trying to help him so risky? It’s supposed to be a good thing…

Dipper stood there, frozen. He wasn’t blushing anymore. He was contemplating about his plan. It could go great—he could finally get Bill to tell him what he’s hiding, then he could help him, which would bring them closer together—but it could also go horrible. If the stuff in the book doesn’t help him and Bill finds out he took it in the first place, well, things would probably be over for both of them.

Bill kept an eye on the brunet the whole time. He was worried about him, and he blamed himself for putting Dipper in a state like this.

It wasn’t a joke, but…I don’t know, would it be better if it was?

Maybe not. It’s worse if I joke about wanting to maybe marry him someday, right? Yeah. I can’t really take back what I said, even if it’s possible that what I said was just empty words.

“Hey.” He carefully placed his hand on Dipper’s shoulder, which was enough to make him jerk up in surprise.

“S-sorry! I uh, spaced out…I’ll make that up to you later, too.”

“Pine Tree, there’s already something you can do for me later. We’ll talk later, let’s just go.”

The taller man handed the cashier a tip as an apology for making him have to watch all this. He took the paper bags filled with ice cream and drinks and kept them in the tote he borrowed from Pine Tree, which was blue and had pine tree and shooting star patches on it as a design. It was definitely a cute gift, especially since Dipper and Mabel were twins, but Bill didn’t care for the sibling love shown on the tote.

It as a good thing he accepted Pine Tree’s offer; it was actually quite convenient. Dipper, on the other hand, decided to just remain silent and keep the frozens and the noodles so they could go sooner.

“Let’s go, Pine Tree,” Bill said once the brunet was done. Dipper nodded, but that was all he did. They walked after that little ‘conversation.’

Bill wanted Pine Tree to be his ‘pet;’ one that would follow his every command without resistance, but that was only in bed—not like this. It was pitiful, but not humorous for him. He held the brunet’s hand and, once again, entwined their fingers. He began to walk, and hopefully Dipper cheered up at
least a bit. If holding his hand didn’t work, then this probably wouldn’t help at all.

“…Pine Tree.”

The brunet looked up at the taller man, but that was it; that was all his response was. That was all Bill needed to know that he didn’t cheer him up with hand-holding. He sighed, inadvertently making Pine Tree worry about him.

Dipper didn’t want to make them stop in the middle of the road, so he gave Bill’s hand a light squeeze. The golden-haired man knew it was stupid to not look both ways while they crossed the road, but he had to shift his gaze to his Pine Tree and give him a little yet warm smile.

He was supposed to be comforting the brunet, but it seemed that it was the other way around instead. He didn’t mind though; Dipper clearly cared for him. It was sweet how he did something so little yet heartwarming, even though Bill was the one who inadvertently made him shut up.

“Uh, I just wanna say…no pressure about the whole ‘Maybe I’ll marry you' thing, okay? I mean, I’m not saying I didn’t mean it, but you seemed pretty uneasy when I said it. I thought you’d be happy if I said that, but clearly, you aren’t, so…sorry. Just don’t think about it too much.”

You might not want me in the future anyway. Maybe you’ll find someone better, like Wendy, or whatever her name was.

Dipper finally looked up at the taller man and smiled back at him. To him, it felt a little wrong that he was smiling happily while Bill felt bad because of him, but at the same time, he felt the need to do so—it’d show that he would be sincere with what he was going to say.

Emotions are weird…though this situation’s my fault in the first place. I deserve to be conflicted.

“It’s alright. You’re just thinking long-term, right? We’ll probably last, so I get it…”

Maybe we won’t, though. Maybe you’ll end ‘us,’ and we’ll just go back to being ‘you’ and ‘me.’

“And I actually do want to m-marry you someday, so don’t worry about it. I guess it isn’t a good idea for me to think about it though, so okay, I won’t.”

There’s lots of other things I have to think about, like what you’re hiding and why you won’t tell me what it is…and for how long we’re still going to be a couple. I really don’t want to lose you, but I have to know what’s upsetting you so I could maybe help, or just avoid mentioning whatever triggers you so you won’t get mad at me…even though I’ll probably make you angry by taking your book anyway. If I could just know what you’re keeping from me, things would be better for us.

Then again, our relationship's pretty stable right now...kind of. It won’t fall apart as long as I don’t ask about your problem. I wonder why I’m even taking this risk—it’s stupid. Sure, things could get better, but we’d be just fine if I drop this. Why should I gamble something so important to me? I wonder if this is how Grunkle Stan was in his past, trying to bite more than he can chew.

I guess I really am kinda like him; I’m not stopping now, for Bill’s sake. It’s okay if I get hurt trying.

“Pine Tree, you okay there?” Bill asked, snapping Dipper out of his thoughts.

“Oh, uh, yeah…”

Not really knowing what he was doing at this point, he walked close enough to the taller man so he could rest his head on his shoulder.
“...I love you and I'm sorry,” he said.

“I love you too, but really now, you alright? Are you *that* hungry? What are you sorry for?” Bill ran his free hand’s fingers through the brunet’s hair. He wished he could hug him, but he couldn’t do it with the stupid bag in his other hand.

*I guess I’ll be embracing him in my room anyway.*

Dipper would have pulled away from the taller man, but he was still petting him. He wasn’t in any place to stop him—and Bill might not do this to him ever again—so he just stayed like that. Why not, right? Perhaps a couple of strangers would see them, but most people would just be driving their cars, passing by in the street without caring about whatever’s at the sidewalks on either side of the road. As long as no one from the university saw them, they’d be fine.

“Pine Tree,” Bill started, burying his face in the crook of Dipper’s neck.

“Y-Yes, Bill?”

Now Dipper really couldn’t get himself off Bill, not with his warm breath blowing right onto his skin— which was particularly sensitive on his neck...and other places, but those don’t apply to the current situation—and his hand now sliding down his arm. They were outside in an open area where they could easily be seen by anyone nearby, but *god it felt good.*

The golden-haired man slowly nuzzled his way to the brunet’s ear, lightly taking in his scent as he did so. “Can we go to my room now so I can smother you with hugs? Better say yes before I end up biting you right here...or do you want that?” he asked.

The brunet didn’t want to ruin this for him; Bill was in a ‘playful’ mood, as Dipper would call it. He’d love to cuddle with him, but once they go into Bill’s room, there’s no turning back.

*I guess trying to delay it is pointless now.*

“Let’s go.”

Bill planted a little kiss on the brunet’s jawline before he leaned back and entwined their fingers once more. He looked at Dipper, who was slightly blushing, but didn’t look shy. He didn’t look happy either—he just looked...conflicted.

“Alright, you really need those cuddles, come on,” the taller man said.

He took two steps forward, then paused and waited for the brunet to follow. It’d be better if his Pine Tree walked beside him, but if Dipper walking a step behind him was the best he could get them, then he’ll take it. That only made him more worried, but that was a minor detail for him; loving hugs and kisses would definitely get Pine Tree to perk up at least a little.

Once they were finally in his room, Bill dropped the tote that was in his hand and took his shoes off. He yanked off the tote in the brunet’s hand and tossed it to the ground as well, startling Dipper, who was barely given any time to process what was happening.

Bill took a deep breath and sighed, controlling himself so as not to overwhelm Pine Tree in his current state. He decided to wait until he was done taking his shoes off before he spoke.

“Hug me when you’re re—“

Before he could even finish showing his consideration and restraint, Dipper wrapped his arms
around his torso and embraced him rather tightly. The brunet buried his face into the taller man’s neck as well, which Bill found pretty adorable, though the way Dipper was acting was quite worrisome.

“Oh. Well, alright then,” he said. He slid an arm around the smaller man’s waist and ran his fingers through his fluffy brown locks, which got him to relax.

“You okay, Pine Tree? You’re being pretty weird tonight.”

“I’ll be fine, let’s just eat,” the brunet said.

“So you’re not okay right now,” Bill planted a kiss on his Pine Tree’s hair, “You wanna cuddle on the bed for a while?”

Dipper sighed softly, not wanting the taller man to hear that. In truth, he really did want to cuddle. But what kind of person would he be to do so when all he was here for was to take Bill’s book—it was possibly the only way he could help him.

He wants to cuddle though, doesn’t he? I should do what he wants me to…and let him do what he wants, even to me.

“Yeah…I’d like that,” he answered.

Bill pulled away, just enough for their faces to be less than an inch apart.

“You sure?” he asked, looking right into the brunet’s eyes.

Dipper couldn’t lie with those eyes staring right at him, piercing through his soul and making him feel like his heart was being torn apart. Bill probably didn’t know that was how he made him feel, and Dipper wanted to keep it that way. It was for the best.

“Yes.”

*I really do love it when he holds me.*

He gently pressed his lips onto the taller man’s and held onto him with his arms resting on Bill’s shoulders. The golden-haired man let their kiss last for a while, but once he began to want more than just this, he pulled away with a soft ‘pop.’

Bill then lifted him, with one arm under his knees and the other supporting his back. He carried the brunet to the bed and carefully laid him on the sheets. He knew that Pine Tree curled up while he was carrying him, and now, he still is, which he found adorable.

“C’mere, you cute little sapling,” he said, getting on the bed as well. He wrapped his arms around Dipper’s waist and gently kissed him.

Dipper kissed him back. He hugged him and, to make things a little more enjoyable for Bill, he lifted his legs a little and tightly squeezed the taller man’s sides with his thighs.

Bill pulled the brunet closer, but that’s as far as he went. He was tempted to give Dipper’s ass a good squeeze, but that would be a terrible thing to do at a situation like this. Pine Tree probably wouldn’t be able to handle whatever would happen after that, and right now, what they needed was tenderness, not passion.

He slowly pulled away from their kiss, producing a sound between their lips. As much as he wanted
to bite on Dipper’s bottom lip, he didn’t.

The brunet leaned into his ear. “You can do what you want to me.”

“Already am, Pine Tree,” Bill replied, despite knowing what he meant.

“Cuddling with me? You sure? I mean, I know you want to do…me. Are you really fine with just this?”

The taller man chuckled. “It’s more of loving you than just hugging and kissing you, Pine Tree. I’m alright with that.”

“…Oh.”

Dipper buried his face in the crook of Bill’s neck and sighed, feeling his cheeks heat up. Bill lovingly stroked his back and planted a kiss on his nape, making him hold on to him even tighter.

“Hey, hey, don’t get either of us hard,” he said jokingly, though he did mean it. He could feel their crotches pressing against each other, which made him have to restrain himself even more.

 Fuck, Pine Tree. The things I do for you.

Dipper laughed, and with that, Bill calmed down. He couldn’t help but smile; his goal was to cheer up Pine Tree, after all.

Well, all the efforts I make are always worth it as long as they’re for you.

“Alright, alright,” the brunet said. He moved his legs off the taller man and loosened his grip on him as well. “Can we stay like this for just a little more, though?” he asked, pulling back so their faces would be right in front of each other.

“We still have to eat, Pine Tree. How’s about I give you a kiss before I leave the bed, hm?” Bill offered.

“Sure, but I’m gonna leave the bed too, so you could’ve said ‘we’ instead.”

“Do you have to? I can heat up the food myself. Also, I have a few plans.”

“Oh. Well, I’ll just get my laptop from my room then, okay?” the brunet said.

“Fine, but be quick. I just…really want you to stay.”

“So do I, Bill.”

Will you still want me when you find out what I’ll do?

“…Let’s go, then.”

“Alright, here’s your kiss.” Bill slid a hand off Dipper’s waist and cupped his cheek. He tilted his head a little, then he pressed his lips onto the brunet’s soft ones, which were slightly parted.

Before he could do it himself, Dipper slowly slipped his tongue into the taller man’s mouth. He did it rather meekly, as if Bill wouldn’t like it.

The golden-haired man sucked on the brunet’s tongue fervently, making Dipper moan. He twisted their tongues together and slid his hand from Pine Tree’s cheek to his unmarked neck.
Sometimes I wish the marks I leave on you never fade…but then I realize that I get to mark you all over again, on any part of your body.

He placed his thumb and index finger right below the brunet’s ears—at the ends of his jaws. He gave Dipper a gentle squeeze as he deepened their kiss, and he definitely didn’t regret trying that out.

Dipper let out a louder moan than before, sending vibrations right down to the taller man’s cock. Bill could swear he was half-hard right now, and the sensation of Pine Tree’s nails suddenly digging into his shoulders was not helping him keep his dick down.

 Fuck.

Bill took his hand off his lover and stroked his back instead, rather than continuing to choke him. He pulled away slowly, then he panted breathily along with his Pine Tree for a little while. He smirked, though as he stared at the brunet’s flushed face, he could feel his pants get tighter—particularly around his crotch. Thankfully, Dipper hasn’t noticed yet, so all he had to do for now was act like he normally would.

“Choking, huh? You didn’t tell me that was one of your kinds,” he teased, stroking the brunet’s back more.

“Y-yeah, uh…I guess it is. I don’t write fics with it, but…well, i-if you do it to me, I-I like it,” Dipper admitted, his cheeks even redder now.

Bill chuckled and released his Pine Tree carefully. “Good to know. Now, I’m gonna get cooking, so you go get your laptop now.”

He quickly turned around and got off the bed. He thought of running to their ‘groceries,’ but he decided to walk instead—he wasn’t sure his legs would hold out if he ran while he had a boner.

Dipper nervously swallowed and hesitated to go to the door. He had an erection himself, and although Bill has his back turned at the moment, he didn’t want to just make a run for it. Who knows for how long the taller man wouldn’t be looking at him?

What am I supposed to do? Tell him not to look while I go outside? Totally not suspicious. I can’t just stay here though…

He sat up and looked around, trying to find something that could help him. He realized that he could use one of Bill’s pillows to block his crotch, so he took it and carefully stood up. He froze in place while the golden-haired man passed by him. Luckily, Bill didn’t seem to have any suspicious.

Bill glanced at him and smirked, which confused him a little, but he didn’t bother to think about it just yet. He walked to the door and opened it slightly, pillow in hand and blocking his crotch. He looked around.

Once he was sure no one was roaming around the halls, he walked out, closed the door behind him, and went into his own room. He took out his phone from his pocket as he sat on the bed. He placed the pillow on the sheets and looked for a certain video on his phone.

“Oh boy.”

He played it, and once the…’magic’ started, he was relieved to feel his dick go down…though still, he was disgusted by the video.

“Mabel sucking up milk in her nose and squirting it out of her eyes…major boner killer, just like that
old tape of her sticking gummy worms up her nose," he cringed, "At least that’s gone, possibly forever. I still don’t know where that mailbox sent stuff, or where it even is in the first place."

He locked his phone and slid it back into his pocket. He stood up, taking Bill’s pillow with him, then walked to his desk and took his laptop bag.

*I guess there’s no turning back now. One more try, and if I fail, I have to go with my plan.*

The brunet sighed and stepped out of his room. He locked his door and closed it behind him. Quietly, he walked back into his lover’s room. He was a bit surprised that Bill wasn’t waiting for him with his legs crossed while he sat at the bed’s edge, but that was pretty unlikely anyway—*Why did I think he would even do that in the first place?*

He placed his laptop bag by the nightstand. He put the pillow back where it was and walked to Bill, who was wearing an apron while he was cooking some mozzarella sticks.

“Hey, uh, I’m back. W-what are you cooking? I mean, I thought you were just gonna heat stuff,” the brunet said.

The taller man chuckled and turned around to face his Pine Tree. “It’s just better to deep fry mozzarella sticks, Pine Tree. They taste better than microwaved ones.”

“Oh, right…I’ll just sit on the bed.”

Bill quickly ensnared the nervous brunet by wrapping his arms around Dipper’s waist and pulling him against him.

“Nope, you’re staying with me.” He planted a kiss on Pine Tree’s soft cheek, causing the brunet’s cheeks to be tinged with a light shade of red.

“W-well, alright then. I don’t mind.”

The taller man looked at Dipper worriedly. What was he doing wrong? He was doing his best to cheer him up, but for some reason, nothing was working. He could make Pine Tree smile, but it wouldn’t last. He hated that he couldn’t help his lover.

He stroked the brunet’s back tenderly; it was the best he could do for now. “You can hug me too, Pine Tree. Don’t be shy,” he said.

Dipper slowly slid his arms around Bill’s torso, but he remained silent.

“What’s wrong, Pine Tree? You seem so down all of a sudden,” Bill asked.

The brunet sighed. “I…well, I want to ask you some questions, and…I…well, you uh…”

*Shit, this couldn’t go any worse. Good job.*

Bill took a hand off Dipper’s waist and ran his fingers through his fluffy brown locks. “Shh, relax. Ask all the questions you want after we eat, okay? I’ll make us some chamomile tea…I can’t guarantee I’ll answer though. Sorry. That alright with you?”

*I think I get it now. You’re not going to give up, are you?*

“Yeah,” the brunet replied.

“Alright, let me just continue cooking. I’m almost done, okay?” He planted a kiss on his Pine Tree’s
hair. “Go get the pizza rolls from the microwave oven; they’re done.”

“Okay.” Dipper pulled away reluctantly, and before he could walk to the microwave oven, Bill spoke.

“Thanks, love you.” The taller man gave him a quick kiss on the lips, which startled Pine Tree a bit. The brunet couldn’t help but blush and smile a little. It always felt nice when Bill would tell him he loves him. I wish I deserve his love, though.

He did what the taller man told him to, then he turned to him. At first, the thought of Bill telling him to get the pizza rolls on purpose came to mind—the taller man was opening a cupboard right when he turned around, which he couldn’t reach without tiptoeing. Bill knew that very well…

But Dipper disregarded that thought within seconds. Maybe he just had great timing. The taller man took off his apron after putting two plates down. Clearly, Bill wasn’t trying to look seductive, but still, he was pretty attractive. That was a nice sight while it lasted.

Bill glanced at the brunet again, but this time, he smiled rather than smirking…which Dipper actually found strange—Bill would always smirk at him if he saw him staring.

“You can wait for me on the bed, Pine Tree. I’ll sit with you once I’m done here,” he said.

“Well.” The brunet walked to the bed whilst carrying the plate of pizza rolls. He sat down, then he silently waited for the taller man to sit beside him. He just stared at the food while Bill wasn’t with him yet, thinking about what terrible things could happen if he went with his plan. The longer he thought, the more he wanted to just be alone and…cry.

I mean, that’d be better than losing Bill, I guess…

He jerked up when he felt the weight shift on the bed, even though it wasn’t meant to be sudden at all.

Bill sat as carefully as he could, though in the end, he realized that probably didn’t matter, seeing how the brunet reacted.

“Relax Pine Tree, it’s just me.”

“R-Right. Just you and me here…” Dipper said, not daring to look at him.

The taller man set aside the plate of mozzarella sticks he prepared. He wrapped an arm around the brunet’s waist and pulled him closer, then he ran his fingers through his Pine Tree’s fluffy locks ever so tenderly.

“Pine Tree, do you really want to eat right now? If you don’t have an appetite at the moment, we can eat later,” he said in a gentle tone.

“I’ll be fine, I wouldn’t mind eating right now…besides, I don’t want to eat alone.”

“I said ‘we,’ Pine Tree.”

Dipper couldn’t help but lean into the taller man’s touch. Bill was caressing his cheek just the way he liked it and he was just melting in all the affection the golden-haired man was giving him.

“I’ll wait for you.” Bill warmly smiled.
The brunet looked into the taller man’s eyes for a second. He shifted his gaze right after that; he couldn’t get lost in the moment. Not now.

“…We can eat now. As nice as you’re being right now, I don’t wanna get too distracted, y’know? …But I really love how you’re touching me like this. I wish we could just stay like this, but I don’t —“ He began to mutter at the second half of what he was saying, but of course, the golden-haired man could hear him quite clearly.

Bill placed his index finger on the brunet’s lips. “Shh…I’ll touch you like this again after we eat; we can cuddle all you want later, okay? Well, after we talk, anyway,” he said.

He slid his fingers from Dipper’s soft lips to his chin. He tilted the brunet’s head up lightly, making Pine Tree look right into his eyes. Dipper swallowed nervously, and he felt it. He smirked a little, then he leaned in and gently kissed his lover.

He pulled away after a few seconds, which was barely enough time for the brunet to decide whether to deepen the kiss or not. Bill chuckled, seeing how Dipper looked a bit frustrated.

As much as he wanted to do more things to his Pine Tree—or tease him at the very least—he had to get things going if he wanted to know what was wrong with Dipper.

He took a pizza roll from the plate on the brunet’s lap. It was hot—literally, though he could say Dipper’s legs do fit that description, but that wasn’t the point—but he didn’t mind. Anything would be better than any old objects, after all…and more importantly, he was doing this for Dipper.

He held the pizza roll in front of the brunet’s mouth. “Eat up, Pine Tree,” he said.

Dipper took a small bite at first, but once the taste sunk in, he ate the rest of it. The taller man smiled; he was glad to see his Pine Tree lighten up at least a little.

After they ate and washed the dishes, Bill prepared two cups of chamomile tea, while the brunet sat on the bed and watched him from there. Dipper could feel his heart beating probably as quickly as it could without giving him an actual heart attack. It hurt every time it pumped; it felt like it was tightening more and more until it would come to the point where it’d just implode.

Damn it, why can’t I just stop? I mean, I guess I have my reasons, but still…

“You okay there, Pine Tree?” the taller man asked, walking to him.

Dipper quickly looked up at Bill and inadvertently locked eyes with him. The taller man could see that the brunet was nervous—it was clear as day, who wouldn’t?—so he gave him a warm smile and handed over one of the cups and saucers in his hands.

“Here, have some chamomile tea to help you relax.”

Dipper took the tea from the Bill hesitantly, knowing what he had to do once the taller man sits down beside him. He shifted a bit to the left when Bill sat beside him; he wanted to have a little space between them. The golden-haired man would do things to comfort him—things that would be very sweet—if they were too close to each other.

I don’t deserve any of his affection at this point. Maybe I never will for all I know…or maybe I never did? I don’t know anymore.
“So, Pine Tree…is it okay if you ask me those questions now? I won’t…do what I did earlier today. I’m really sorry about that, by the way. I hope I didn’t make you afraid of me. I won’t yell at you like that ever again, I swear,” Bill said.

Dipper sighed and moved closer to the taller man anyway. He had to comfort him, even though Bill didn’t have to apologize at all. If anything, it was supposed to be the other way around.

“Maybe you should drink your tea before I do, Bill. I mean, I don’t even know why you seem more nervous than I am; I was the one who pushed you too far. I’m sorry I did that. You don’t have to apologize for anything.”

“I think I’d be a huge jerk if I didn’t apologize at least once,” Bill took a little sip of his tea, then he placed his cup and saucer on his lap, “So, your questions?”

“Oh, right…”

The taller man carefully wrapped an arm around the brunet’s waist and leaned on his shoulder.

“Ask away, I’ll do my best to stay calm,” he whispered with a gentle tone.

Dipper sighed, wishing that Bill wasn’t being so sweet right now. “…Would you hate me if I asked about…that? Y-Your problem, I mean.”

Bill now understood why Dipper was so nervous the whole time they were hanging out. Sure, he already considered the possibility, but now he knew the reason for sure. He wasn’t going to stop, even though it was clear that the brunet didn’t want to push further.

Dammit Pine Tree, why do you have to be so stubborn…like, me I guess. I wish you could just understand why I can’t tell you everything. It’s not that I don’t trust you, I just don’t want to lose you. The less you know, the better. Ignorance is bliss.

“No, never,” he answered.

“Would you leave me if I made you mad again? I wouldn’t blame you if you would.”

“Of course not.” He planted a light kiss on Dipper’s neck, making him shiver a little. “Sorry if that startled you.”

“O-Oh, no, it’s alright. It was actually uh, p-pretty nice.”

Bill leaned back and looked at the nervous brunet beside him. “Look, Pine Tree, I’ll never leave you, nor will I ever want to. I don’t care whatever you do—hell, abuse that fact for all I care—I won’t let you go. I love you too much to do that…you’re mine.”

Dipper turned his head to look at the taller man. He was immediately trapped in Bill’s rather fierce gaze, and that was okay; he knew that there was love in those eyes, too. He knew well that Bill wouldn’t hurt him either…not intentionally. The only time he would do that intentionally is when they’re in bed.

“Bill, I’m not going to abuse you like that; it’s not right. I’m glad to know that you won’t leave me—I mean, I guess we did make a promise, so—“

“Hey, I’m going to stay with you because I love you, not just because of our deal. Even if we didn’t make that promise, I’d still never leave you,” the taller man clarified.
Although a bit taken aback, Dipper smiled, whilst his cheeks turned a light shade of red. Bill couldn’t help but smile back. He didn’t appreciate the idea of being asked about his family, but seeing Pine Tree happy because of him would always make him smile.

It was a shame Dipper’s smile only lasted for a little while.

“I’ll um…ask you later? Or do you want me to ask now? I-I don’t know, when should I?”

“Later.”

Bill carefully brought the brunet’s cup to his lips; Pine Tree had to relax first. Plus, the tea was getting cold. Dipper took a sip of the chamomile tea the taller man made. It tasted pretty good. Bill placed the cup back on the saucer shortly after that.

After Dipper swallowed and sighed in relaxation, Bill gently pressed his forehead against his Pine Tree’s.

“You want a kiss?” the brunet asked with a fond smile.

“Maybe. Would you happen to want to give me one?” the taller man replied playfully.

Dipper chuckled. “Yes, yes I do. Here you go, Bill.” He leaned in and sealed the little distance between their lips. He realized he probably should have tilted his head first; he felt their noses lightly bump each other the moment he closed his eyes and leaned closer.

Despite that, he didn’t stop. He already made it awkward enough, so he just let their noses brush against each other. He just tilted his head when he felt his lips touch Bill’s…which made the kiss turn out pretty sloppy. Dammit.

He pulled away and open his eyes. He was met by a golden-haired man with a smug look on his face.

“You tried,” Bill teased.

“Oh shut up, asshole,” Dipper said, rolling his eyes. He turned away and continued to drink his tea. He leaned on the taller man though.

Bill chuckled. “I’ll give you a better kiss once you finish that.”

The brunet didn’t act excited, but even Bill knew that he drank the tea faster than he normally would. The taller man downed his tea in one go, eager to give his Pine Tree a kiss.

Once Dipper placed his empty cup on his saucer, the golden-haired man cupped the brunet’s cheek, leaned in whilst tilting his head, and pressed their lips together.

Pine Tree held the hand on his face and smiled as they kissed. Carefully, he shifted his body closer to Bill, feeling the arm around his waist pulling him closer. The taller man was probably trying to be subtle with that, but Dipper sensed his action, and really, he didn’t mind. Sure, Bill probably didn’t know how far he would go, but then again, neither did he himself. Well, Bill already knew he planned to talk about it, at the very least, so…I guess it’s okay to be like this for a while, right?

The taller man caressed the brunet’s cheek a few more times before he slowly pulled away, producing a soft sound between their lips. He opened his eyes and saw that his Pine Tree was looking at him happily. He smiled back; who wouldn’t, at such a lovely sight?
“We’ll talk later, okay? You go do your report first,” he said.

“Okay.”

Bill took their empty cups and saucers, then he stood up. “Could you lift your bangs for me, Pine Tree?”

The brunet did what he was asked to without a word. He already had an idea as to what the taller man was going to do, and he liked it.

With that, Bill bent over and panted a kiss on Dipper’s forehead, where his beautiful birthmark was. Once that was over with, he exchanged loving glances with his Pine Tree before he walked to the sink.

Dipper couldn’t really execute his plan just yet, and though he wanted to cuddle, Bill had a point—he had to keep his grades up for the sake of his future. He decided to listen, and so he sat with a few pillows against the wall supporting his back, and picked up where he left off on his report.

While Dipper was busy doing his schoolwork, Bill was reading his book. He wasn’t in the mood to write, and studying in advance was the next best thing.

With neither of them talking, it was almost silent. One could only hear the soft sounds the brunet’s keyboard made while he typed, and the sound of the taller man flipping a page every now and then.

Bill eventually got bored; with everything that’s been going on, he didn’t find his book even remotely interesting, and knowing that Dipper was with him in his room not talking to him only made him want to break the silence even more.

I should go play some music.

He was about to stand up, but then he remembered something. Something way better than what he was going to do.

Hang on, I should have shown Pine Tree what I meant by now.

He turned around in his chair and looked at the brunet.

“Pine Tree,” he called out.

“Yes, Bill?” Dipper replied, though he was still looking at his screen. Perhaps he would have cared more, but he was too focused.

“Are you too busy for me?”

Pine Tree immediately looked up from his laptop. “No, of course not.”

The taller man responded by patting his lap twice, which made the brunet raise an eyebrow in confusion.

“Sit on my lap, Pine Tree.”

“O-Oh. Uh…wait, just—just let me put this away.”

Bill smirked as he watched the blushing brunet try to hide his face while he fixed his things. What made it better was that he was clearly in a hurry.
Dipper walked to the taller man right after he closed his laptop bag. He stood in front of him awkwardly for quite a while, unsure of how he was actually supposed to do this in the first place. He pursed his lips and looked at Bill nervously the whole time, and with all that awkwardness, he began to sweat a little.

Bill ended up chuckling when he saw Dipper tense up even more. That got the brunet more embarrassed than he already was, but Bill was going to make him feel better anyway.

“What is it, Pine Tree?” he asked.

“Well, uh…I…” Dipper sighed, “Sorry, I just…do you want me to sit on you like this?” He carefully straddled the taller man, holding onto Bill’s shoulders as he did so.

Bill, looking right into his eyes, cupped his Pine Tree’s cheek and gave it a few gentle strokes.

“I’d love it if you could stay on me like this, but I can’t have you distracting me from my book,” he said. He gave his lover a quick kiss on the cheek. “Sit facing the other way for now, Pine Tree. Sit like this the next time I ask you to sit on my lap though, okay?”

“Yeah, okay,” Dipper said with a little smile. He got off the taller man and made sure that he didn’t put too much weight on his shoulders. Bill probably wouldn’t mind, but still. He just didn’t want to do anything wrong at the moment. Things were just going to get a lot worse, after all.

“Always worrying about the little details, huh?” the golden-haired man said.

“…What?”

“You aren’t heavy for me, Pine Tree.”

Dipper was quite surprised that Bill knew what he was doing…somehow. Did he know because of body language, maybe? What do they teach you in psychology class?

Those questions aside, the brunet turned around and sat on the taller man’s lap silently. Despite what Bill said though, he still did it carefully.

Bill shrugged and wrapped his arms around the brunet’s waist anyway. He turned in his seat so that they’d be facing his desk. He snuggled closer to Dipper, letting the brunet feel more of his warmth, then he peeked over his shoulder.

Oddly enough, he didn’t notice the slight redness of Pine Tree’s cheeks as he read. Perhaps the was the human mind was that interesting to him.

Dipper looked at him, hoping that he’d return his gaze. He didn’t, but seeing him so focused was pretty nice too. It wasn’t often the brunet would see him like this. Plus, this was probably a good opportunity. He decided to just lean his head on the taller man and read along.

This was certainly an opportunity, but not the one he needed. Bill was currently reading about ‘Biological Rhythms and Sleep.’ It won’t be useful in making Bill open up, but sitting on his lap and reading with him wasn’t the brunet’s plan anyway…

…and before anything regarding his plan, he had to try again for the last time, before potentially shattering Bill’s trust in him, which would tear their relationship apart. He could make things better if he pulls it off, but he can’t hide what he did forever.
Guess I should read about how emotions work too.

“Hey, uh... how long is ‘a few days’?” he asked.

“What, miss me?” the taller man teased.

“I do.”

Bill couldn’t try to lighten the mood at this point, so he just sighed and decided to drop his cheerful act.

“You just have to wait, Pine Tree. I’ll get the holiday out of my mind.”

“Can’t I just help you?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because you don’t have to know.”

Dipper could feel the taller man’s arms tighten around him, but that wasn’t what hurt. What actually did hurt was that that meant Bill wanted him to stay with him. He was really sweet, but the brunet knew Bill would want him to leave once he asks more questions.

“Bill, you can’t just keep forgetting about your problems and acting like nothing happened; these problems will just keep coming back, and you won’t be able to move on,” he said.

“Pine Tree, what I’ve been doing’s worked for years and it still is. You just don’t know that because it’s the first time you saw me after a holiday.”

“But aren’t you getting sick of having to deal with it? Please, just tell me what’s wrong. I won’t leave you, no matter how bad it is. Besides, I already promised that I wouldn’t.”

“I’m dealing with it just fine, so just stay out of it.”

“I can’t let you keep suffering, Bill. Please, just tell me what’s your problem with your family is so that I can help you. Why didn’t you spend a lot of time with them in Thanksgiving? Why don’t you ever talk about your sister?”

Bill growled softly, thinking that Pine Tree wouldn’t hear him, and released the brunet.

“I don’t want to fucking talk about that bitch, let alone say her name. Maybe that’s a pretty good sign that you shouldn’t try to make me tell you my problem. Everyone in my ‘family’ treats me nicely just because it’s a holiday and they gotta. I don’t see any of them on other days and I don’t plan to. I only like ma and pops, okay? That’s it. Just stop trying to know more than you need to,” he said.

Dipper sighed and stood up. He turned around and sat on the taller man’s lap once again, but this time, they were face-to-face, looking right into each other’s eyes.

“Bill, I just want to be a good lover. I really, really care about you, so please let me do this for you... I want to be useful to you for once.”

“You were a better lover when you weren’t asking so many questions I don’t want to answer.”

Bill saw the brunet turn even sadder than he already was. That made him wish he didn’t say that, but
he already did, so the best he could do was try to make him feel better.

“Hey, hey, look, I’m sorry I said that,” he gently cupped Dipper’s cheek, “You don’t have to try to be a good lover because you already are, okay? Just being with me is good enough, and you even act so sweetly just for me at times. I know that isn’t the easiest thing for you to do, and I really appreciate your efforts. You’ve done so much, so please, don’t push yourself too much.”

“Bill, a good lover wouldn’t let their partner suffer. This is all for you, and not because I want reassurance. I know that if I stop now, I won’t be able to find out what you’re hiding, let alone bring this topic up, even though this problem will come back after every holiday you go home on.”

The taller man put his hand down. “I said I’ll be fine. I’ve said it so many times. I thought you trusted me.”

“I do, but—“

“Then why are you acting like you think I’m lying?”

“It’s just…y—you’re not okay right now. The present matters too, so please, let me do something so I can fix your problem so you don’t have to suffer from it anymore.”

“I already said no. Stop it. I won’t love you any less if you drop this.”

“…I’m sorry.”

Dipper carefully got off Bill and walked back to the bed. He stared at his laptop; he couldn’t sit down just yet.

“Do you want me to leave?” he asked, not daring to look back.

“No.”

“Oh, o-okay.”

He sat on the bed and tried to continue his report. He was slightly relieved that Bill said he didn’t want him to leave, but…he still wasn’t sure about that. There was a chance that Bill was just being nice.

“A-Are you sure? I’m sorry, it’s just that…you don’t have to be nice. If you want me to get out of your room, you can tell me. I’ll understand,” he said.

“I want you to stay, so stay.” Bill still sounded angry, but Dipper knew he was being sincere.

“I will…and um, thanks for letting me stay and even confirming that you want me to, even though I keep on making you angry. Again, sorry. Something’s wrong with me, and that definitely isn’t an excuse for being annoying, but you’re still not leaving me for some reason. I’ll make it all up to you one day.”

Bill merely shrugged and rolled his eyes in response. The brunet didn’t see him do the latter, but one way or the other, he didn’t mind that the taller man didn’t say a word. He deserved the silent treatment…though he wasn’t being completely ignored.

I really need that book.
It was pretty late, so Bill decided that they should go to sleep. It’s been a long day for both of them; maybe some rest would help them settle down.

The golden-haired man put away his book, then he walked to his bed, where Dipper was busy, working on his report.

“Hey… I think we should get some rest now. We definitely need it,” he said.

“I guess we do. Oh, and uh, should I still face you while you sleep?” the brunet asked.

“Of course. Now, I’ll be right back. You go get ready to sleep.” Bill stroked Dipper’s hair a few times before he went to the bathroom, just so he could make him smile.

Once Bill was gone, the brunet kept his laptop and walked to the closet. He picked out a black shirt a white lock and key printed on it as a design.

*This is the least I can do for him now.*

Dipper stripped off his shirt and jeans. He tossed them into the hamper, then he wore the shirt he chose, leaving him in that and his underwear. Since the shirt was pretty long, it looked like he wasn’t wearing anything underneath it. Bill would probably like that.

He sat on the edge of the bed and silently waited until the golden-haired man came out of the bathroom.

Bill noticed Dipper’s change of clothes right away. He was touched by the sweet gesture, though that made him wish he could do something in return. He really hated making his Pine Tree feel like shit, which he did a while ago.

“I’m glad I still have you, Pine Tree. You’re adorable, sweet, and… you’re mine. P-Punch me if that was too sappy. Just wanted to let you know those things,” he said.

“Why wouldn’t I still be yours? I promised I wouldn’t leave you. Also, I don’t mind you being so sappy all of the sudden; you aren’t like this very often. I mean, it’s kinda weird, but still.” The brunet gave the taller man a little smile.

Bill smiled back for two reasons. The first was the fact that he just couldn’t resist smiling whenever Dipper was happy. The other was that he was relieved to hear such sincere words from him.

He was tempted to just kiss Dipper already, but he had to slip into something comfier than what he was currently wearing. He walked to his closet faster than he normally would.

He glanced at the brunet right before he took off his clothes. He didn’t do it seductively, but he clearly knew that he was being watched by his boyfriend. He took a random shirt and put it on… while making *totally unnecessary* sounds. He was sighing, and Dipper could swear he heard him moan. They were soft, but they still made the brunet think of some… erotic situations. He definitely wasn’t going to tell Bill about that.

Bill pretty much threw his sweater vest and button-up into the hamper. He did the same thing with his pants. He then turned around and chortled a bit as he walked to the blushing brunet. Dipper wasn’t looking at him and was fiddling with the hem of his shirt. *How adorable.*

“Go lie down now, Pine Tree. Let’s go to sleep now,” he said.

Dipper did as he was told and moved to ‘his’ side of the bed. He pulled the blanket over him and
watched Bill lie down beside him.

The taller man tucked himself in, and even though the brunet was already settled, he still fixed the blanket on his side to make sure his Pine Tree was nice and comfy.

“Good night, Pine Tree,” he whispered. He gave Dipper a gentle kiss on the lips, too.

“Good night, Bill,” the brunet said with a smile, even though it pained him to do so.

Bill wrapped his arms around his lover’s waist and pulled him a little closer. Both of them closed their eyes, but Dipper wasn’t going to sleep yet. He waited for a few minutes to pass before he opened his eyes once again, just to make sure Bill wouldn’t catch him awake again.

And now for the million-dollar question: How would he know if Bill was asleep?

*Okay, I probably should’ve read about that whole sleeping thing in his book…oh shit, I didn’t even get to see where he kept his book. This is gonna be a long night.*

After what seemed to be hours—though in reality, it’s been about half an hour—he tried to check whether the golden-haired man was finally asleep or not by carefully taking one of Bill’s arms off him. Thankfully, Bill didn’t seem to be too bothered. Dipper saw his brows furrow, so he caressed his cheek very lightly. The taller man’s facial expression relaxed, and he didn’t twitch either, much to the brunet’s relief.

*Okay, he’s asleep. I can do this.*

Dipper slowly sat up and turned to the edge of the bed, careful not to shift the weight on the bed too quickly. He stood up, but he couldn’t just walk to the bookshelf—or anywhere, really—without looking at Bill first. He felt the sharp pang of guilt make the pain in his heart worse when he saw how peaceful his lover looked.

He silently sighed and headed to the bookshelf. With only his socks on, it was a lot easier to walk around the room without making any sounds.

He began to examine each book’s title on the shelves when he got there. It was pretty difficult since the light from the lamp wasn’t bright enough for reading books, and there was the fact that he wasn’t wearing his glasses, too.

*Aaand this is what I get for trying to read in the dark.*

It took him a while, but he finally finished looking at every book on the shelves. Unfortunately, all that time and effort was wasted when he realized that what he was looking for wasn’t there.

*Of course it wouldn’t be here…too obvious.*

Dipper decided to look for Bill’s bag. It’d make a lot of sense if the book was there. Once he found the bag, he glanced at the golden-haired man nervously. He knew Bill was still asleep, but still, looking through his things…it just gave him a sense of uneasiness.

He couldn’t really turn back now though, so he started to look for the book he needed. He didn’t dare take anything out while he searched; Bill would probably notice if some things weren’t in the right places. Hell, just moving them a bit was risky enough.

*Notebook, pens, a book, but not the one I’m looking for, another book, calculator…surprisingly enough, no condoms…unless those are in one of the nightstands. Might as well check for the book*
The brunet closed the bag and stood up. He walked to the nightstand by ‘his’ side of the bed first. He wasn’t really sure if he could call it his side, but he always did sleep on the left part of the bed for some reason.

He pulled the drawer carefully and glanced at Bill every few seconds, making sure that he wasn’t getting disturbed by the sounds the wood made.

Dipper held back from sighing in disappointment when he saw that there was nothing inside the drawer.

In retrospect, I probably should’ve realized it was empty since it was so light…that was stupid of me. What would he put in a nightstand anyway? We kinda just use it to store stuff temporarily, so of course it wouldn’t have anything at the end of the day…wait, if he’s noticed that this is my side of the bed—well, sort of. I don’t want to just assume that. Also, technically speaking, we just have slightly larger single beds, so I’m not even sure if there are any ‘sides of the bed’ to begin with—then did he leave this drawer empty for me to use? Huh, that’d be really nice of him if that was the case. Fuck, I really have to make things up to him after this.

He closed the drawer quietly, then he walked to the other side of the bed. He pulled the drawer even more carefully than before. He did his best to not look at Bill; it’d only make him more nervous. Definitely not good for his heart, which was beating quickly, but thankfully not quickly enough to make him breathe heavily and audibly.

Well at least there’s a few things in here. The book’s not here either…and for someone who lies making sexual jokes, there’s surprisingly no condoms here—right next to the bed, where the kinky items usually are in fics. Actually, he doesn’t seem to have any kinky things at all. Looks like he really isn’t planning to go that far with me yet…that’s really considerate. Great, now I feel even worse for doing this, even though all this is for him.

Dipper closed the drawer with barely any sounds at all. He glanced at Bill before looking around the room, trying to find any other possible places the book would be in.

Huh, I never noticed that drawer in his desk before.

He walked to the golden-haired man’s desk. For some reason, he had a really bad feeling about this. Perhaps it was because he never saw Bill open it. He swallowed nervously and carefully pulled the drawer open.

Dipper realized why this didn’t feel right.

What…? What are these? What does Bill need these for? Why does he have these?

His eyes widened in shock when he saw what was in the drawer; drugs. Canisters, containers, and boxes of whatever capsules, tablets, and pills.

He shakily reached for one of the containers and read its label.

Clomipramine hydrochloride capsules, 50 milligrams…Rx only…? W-Why does he need this?

He carefully placed it back where it was, then he took a deep breath. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to examine more of the drugs, but he had to when he saw a small glint behind the drugs he could see at the moment. He pulled the drawer just a little more to see what was causing that glint.
He almost wished he didn’t do that when he saw a vial…and a lot more near it. He carefully picked one up and read its label.

I…I know what this is. It’s a sedative for anxiety…why is this in a vial though? Don’t tell me…Ih fuck.

Dipper put the vial back in its place, then he carefully pulled the drawer all the way. He almost dropped the drawer, which would’ve caused a lot of noise and a huge mess. Thankfully, he didn’t, but the boxes he saw didn’t help him feel relieved at all.

He clenched his fist for a few seconds before he took one, just to make sure his grip wouldn’t be weak enough to make him accidentally drop it when he read its label and opened it.

Why does he have a box of syringes…? Why isn’t it full?

Dipper wanted to just take the damn box, break every single syringe, and throw it all away, but he couldn’t—he knew better. If, by any chance, Bill planned to use any of the drugs in this drawer, he’d definitely notice if his whole box of syringes was missing.

He reluctantly put the box back and quietly closed the drawer. He sighed as softly as he could, messed up his hair, and decided to keep looking for the book he needed. It was what he was supposed to be doing anyway.

Although he was a bit afraid, he carefully opened another drawer in Bill’s desk. It was much shorter, and it had two other drawers below it.

Here it is.

Dipper took Bill’s textbook. He sat near the lamp and glanced at the sleeping man more nervously than ever. He was relieved to see that Bill wasn’t watching him, even though he knew that’d be very unlikely. He just couldn’t risk anything.

He gazed at the book’s cover for a few seconds. Once he was finally ready, he flipped the book’s cover and looked for the table of contents.

Page 497, Chapter 12, ‘Emotions, Stress, and Health…,’ Chapter 553, Chapter 13, ‘Personality…’ Chapter 593, ‘Psychological Disorders…’ okay, I shouldn’t read that one. Hmm….Page 673, ‘Social Psychology.’

He flipped the pages until he reached the one about ‘Emotions, Stress, and Health.’

‘Theories of emotion. As my anguished search for Peter illustrates, emotions are a mix of, one: physiological arousal, two: expressive behaviors, and three: consciously experienced thoughts and feelings…Common sense tells most of us that we cry because we are sad, lash out because we are angry, tremble because we are afraid.

…Okay, I think I should look somewhere else.

He flipped the pages even more, then he stopped when he saw another chapter he thought would be useful.

‘Social Psychology. The Biology of Aggression… the brain has neural systems that, given provocation, will facilitate aggression …Hormones, alcohol, and other substances in the blood influence the neural systems that control aggression…Although suffering sometimes builds character, it may also bring out the worst in us…’
‘A key step is to create a safe, non-blaming context for conversation that enables both partners to feel trusting and safe enough to listen and respond non-defensively.

‘One: Create an agreement to discuss the issue...Two: At the outset, state your intentions for what it is you each seek to have happen out of your interaction...Three: Be proactive by getting yourself centered, grounded, and open, with a willingness to listen deeply to your partner’s spoken words—and underlying feelings...

‘Four: Take responsibility for your own part...Five: Regardless of your history or previous failures, keep in mind that it is possible to interrupt even deeply-embedded patterns and hold a vision of a successful outcome...Six: Speak in ways that promote trust, respect, safety, and openness...

‘Seven: Resist the temptation...Eight: Remember that feelings of greatest frustration and impatience are likely to arise just when things begin to feel most hopeful...Nine: Be patient...

‘Ten: Recognize the incremental improvements during the dialogue, and show appreciation for even the smallest positive results...Eleven: Don’t concern yourself with your partner’s intentions, even if they are not completely consistent with yours...Twelve: Thank your partner at the end of the dialogue, regardless of the outcome, and express a desire to continue the process at a later date.’

Damn it, I was so close to making him open up before. I shouldn’t have kept trying to make him tell me all about his problem. I should have just done it bit by bit...or maybe I should have just waited for a while without mentioning the topic. I just—I know that I can’t bring it up again after a long enough amount of time, so if I wait, what’s going to happen then?

...I’ll just try out these tips tomorrow, I guess. I can’t risk it.

Dipper gently closed the book; he held in his frustration. He stood up and patted his butt a few times, just to make sure that there wasn’t any dust from the floor on Bill’s shirt.

He went back to the taller man’s desk and returned his book. He quietly closed the drawer, then he turned around.

He walked back to the bed and snuck into Bill’s arms under the blanket. He gazed at his lover worriedly, but he knew he shouldn’t stare for too long. He sighed and carefully wrapped his arms around his torso. He snuggled against his chest and hugged him tightly, not caring whether he’d wake him or not for just a moment.

Please be okay.

How Dipper wished he could just whisper that in his ear.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, hope you guys liked the chapter! Well, in the sense that like, it was worth the wait and stuff; satisfying, basically. Yeah, these two poor dorks are really stubborn :^(

I wrote this in a way that would (hopefully) show that they love each other, yes, buuuut maybe a bit too much. Like, it's affecting them, and their stubbornness just keeps getting them more fucked up. Their argument won't be dragging on for much longer though, so
don't worry, you guys are gonna find out what's up with Bill soon enough.

Anyway, here are the sources of some of the stuff I used. I still have schoolwork to do right after I update, so I can't really follow the bibliography format right now, sorry! Okay, here:

Myers-DG.2010.-Psychology-9th-edition 2 (It's what Bill's book was pretty much based on, but I had to "modify" it for the fic's sake...it was hard to find a book about Psychology online, okay? If I had the funds, I'd buy an actual book irl)
https://www.psychologytoday.com/blog/stronger-the-broken-places/201409/12-steps-getting-someone-open (for the 12 tips that Dipper read) (Okay I did say shit about how reliable the internet and stuff was somewhere in the comments, but ey, the people who made this are authors of a certain book; it's there somewhere at the bottom. The whole "why didn't Dipper just look it up" thing will be explained further in the fic as well, given that I don't forget to add it in. I'll most probably remember it, so don't worry.)
Answers

Chapter Notes

Hello I hope you guys enjoy this update! Unfortunately it kinda took like pretty much this whole week of sembreak so the next update might be delayed, not sure :c I'll do my best to update next next week, but I'm not sure I can guarantee it, so heads up! If i don't update next next weekend, I'll update the weekend after that. If I don't, you know the drill. Hopefully it doesn't come to that though, I'm really trying to have a regular update schedule ;-;

Anyway yeah, hope you guys like the chapter! I did my best on it, I swear ;;

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bill sighed and slowly opened his eyes. He squinted a bit at the brightness of the sunlight, but he got used to it after a few seconds. He brushed the stray strands of his hair off his face, then he lazily tilted his head to look at his lover, who was sleeping against his chest. He slid one of his hands off his Pine Tree’s waist and gently ran his fingers through his fluffy brown locks.

Adorable.

He attempted to sit up, which is when he realized how tightly the brunet was hugging him. He normally would have found that a little cute—just a little, since it could mean that Pine Tree didn’t want to let go of him, but it was also quite worrisome since it could also mean that Dipper was having a nightmare—but with everything that’s been happening between them recently, he could only worry. A lot.

“Pine Tree…” he softly called out as he caressed the brunet’s cheek.

Dipper subconsciously leaned into the taller man’s touch, but he didn’t seem to be close to waking up at all. As much as Bill wanted to play with him more, he had to try something else to wake him up.

He tapped the brunet’s cheek twice. Dipper’s brows furrowed, but that wasn’t enough.

“Pine Tree, wake up…”

Bill gently shook Dipper’s shoulder several times, which caused his Pine Tree to stir in his sleep and groan softly.

After a few more tries, the brunet finally woke up. Dipper opened his eyes, though he had to blink a few times and slightly pull away from the taller man to clearly see what he was hugging. He was still a bit drowsy, so it took him a few seconds to remember that he was hugging Bill last night, and that there was a reason he was doing so.

“Bill!” he suddenly yelled, startling the golden-haired man.

“Well, good morning to you too, Pine Tree.” Bill chuckled.

“Right, right, sorry. Good morning…a-are you okay?” Dipper asked, looking right into the taller
“I think I’m the one who should be asking that. Are you okay?” Bill said, worriedly cupping the brunet’s cheek.

“I’m fine, but you…”

_This isn’t what I’m supposed to talk about. I have to stick to my plan; I’d piss him off way too much if I ask about the drugs without even getting answers about his family problem._

“I…?” the taller man trailed off with a raised eyebrow.

“U-Uh, nothing. Nevermind. Anyway, don’t worry about me; I’m okay.”

Obviously, that didn’t work. Not for Bill, and definitely not for anyone else, either.

“You sure, Pine Tree? You still look pretty shaken up. Did you have a nightmare?” Bill gently stroked Dipper’s cheek with his thumb to help him relax, which the brunet appreciated, though it made him a bit more hesitant to carry on with his plan. He almost wished he didn’t have to.

“I’m fine, Bill, really. I don’t remember my dream, but I’m sure it wasn’t a nightmare.”

He held the hand on his face and gave the taller man a smile, but all the happiness in his face disappeared in a matter of seconds.

“I um…have a request, though. You’re not going to like it, and you probably already know what it is, but…will you listen?” he asked, avoiding eye contact and subtly stroking the back of Bill’s hand and his knuckles.

The golden-haired man sighed in frustration and rolled his eyes. Those only made the brunet more nervous, but Bill’s hand was still on his cheek, so he still had a little reassurance of the taller man’s love.

“I’ll always listen to you. Go on, tell me what your request is,” Bill said reluctantly, but sincerely.

Dipper swallowed nervously as he mustered up the courage to look into the golden-haired man’s eyes once more. He was a bit relieved to see that Bill didn’t seem to be angry at all. He knew he wouldn’t stay like this once they talk more.

“…Can we talk? L-Later, I mean,” he said.

“For fuck’s sake Pine Tree, we haven’t even had breakfast yet.” Bill slowly pulled his hand off the brunet, then he sat up.

Dipper sighed; he knew that something like this would happen. He sat up as well. He held the taller man’s hand once again so he could made Bill face him.

“I know, but I just thought we should agree when to talk this time, you know? Like when you told me not to ask my questions after we eat yesterday.”

“I don’t want to talk about ‘that.’ You know that very well, don’t you?”

“I do, but…I just want to help you. Your problem’s bothering you so much; I can’t just let you live like that,” Dipper argued.

“I’ve been living with it for years. I can handle another one.”
“That means it’s still hurting you.”

“So what? Everyone’s gotta experience a little pain in their life…There’s things you can’t fix no matter how hard you try, and what do you do with those things? You leave them alone.”

“But I can still try. I need you to tell me what’s wrong so I can at least try to help you, so please…can’t we have just one last talk about this?” Dipper held the taller man’s hand with both of his this time, though it didn’t matter that much—he already got Bill interested.

“’One last talk’?” the golden-haired man said curiously.

“Well…” the brunet sighed, “Okay, maybe not. I meant that if you agree to tell me what you’re hiding, we can finally put an end to this argument. Please, Bill, just tell me anything about your problem. You don’t have to tell me everything right now; just a little would do. A-A few specifics, maybe?”

“The point of me not telling you anything is so you won’t know anything at all. I’m doing this for you; it’s for your own good. Seriously.”

“But you’ve already done so much for me even though you have your own problems…Y-You deserve to be paid back for that and…”

Memories of him and Bill flooded his mind, one after the other, good and bad, from the moment he met the one who was definitely the love of his life, to when they were friends, and even after that. He remembered everything they’ve been through since they became lovers from a single kiss. He started to notice every little detail on how they acted around each other, and the more things he thought of, the more he regretted not noticing such things back then. Things have been bothering Bill for a long time, yet he didn’t notice how careful he was with him. Bill always tried not to hurt him and make him happy. He was always so patient, and he’d never actually gotten mad at him before all this, either.

His vision grew blurry when he remembered seeing those drugs in Bill’s drawer, more so when all the times Bill refused to talk about his problem came back to mind. He snapped out of his thoughts when he felt a warm liquid rolling down his cheek.

He didn’t bother to wipe it off; the tears weren’t going to stop pouring any time soon. They were flowing down his face like a river, but he couldn’t stop talking now. He knew it’d be low of him to cry to get Bill to agree, but he didn’t intend to do that at all.

I…I wasn’t supposed to cry…

“There’s…so many things I-I don’t know about you…I just want us to u-understand each other m-more…” he struggled to speak as he gasped for air every few seconds.

Bill’s eyes widened in shock the moment he saw his Pine Tree crying right in front of his eyes. He wanted to comfort him right away, but he decided to let him at least finish a sentence first. He felt that it’d be right of him to do, even though every millisecond of seeing Dipper cry because of him hurt more and more.

“Pine Tree, n-no, please don’t cry…I mean, you already are but please, stop…I’m sorry…” he pleaded, worry and remorse evident in his voice.

He frantically looked around, searching for his box of tissues. Unfortunately, he completely forgot where he placed it and it was nowhere to be found. He couldn’t just leave his Pine Tree crying on the bed, so he decided to do the next best thing he could think of.
Bill quickly took his shirt off and, with one hand, used it to wipe away the tears that were staining his lover’s precious face. He did it ever so gently, so as not to cause any more pain for Dipper. With his other hand, he held onto the brunet’s shoulder, lightly stroking his collarbone in attempt to soothe him.

“I want you to…be able to talk to me about…your problems…comfortably. I’ll always be there for you, so please…at least give it a shot…don’t shut me out of your life…” Dipper said, not crying any less.

The taller man tossed his shirt to the ground, then he wrapped an arm around the brunet’s waist and pulled him in for a hug, whilst his other hand caressed Dipper’s back. “I don’t know, Pine Tree…I really think you’d be better off not knowing what’s wrong with me.”

He sighed. “Would I get you to stop crying if—”

Dipper yanked himself out of the golden-haired man’s arms all of the sudden, which startled and worried Bill.

“No…don’t agree just because I’m crying. I…I wasn’t supposed to do this…”

“It’s oka—“

“NO! I…I don’t matter, okay? T-This is about you, not me…”

Dipper couldn’t help but blush a little.

“I bribe you with…me?” he repeated, sounding rather confused.

“Yes.”

Dipper held Bill’s hand with both of his and lifted it a little.

“I...if you tell me what you’ve been hiding from me…I’ll let you do anything to me, and I’ll do anything you tell me to. You...you can fuck me all you want...I’ll suck on your fingers and let you put them in me if you want...I’d even give you a blowjob...y-you’ve been wanting something like those for a long time, r-right? J-Just tell me your problem and I’ll—“
“Pine Tree, stop, please.”

The brunet shut up immediately. He didn’t release the taller man’s hand, but he did look down with a dejected expression.

Bill sighed and mussed up his hair in a mix of frustration and sorrow. A little bit of regret, too.

*What have I done to you, Pine Tree?*

“Pine Tree, I don’t want you as a slave; not like this. Look, fine, we’ll talk. I can’t guarantee I’ll answer all your questions, but I’ll answer some, okay?” he said.

Dipper nodded.

“So…it’s a deal?”

“What? No, I’m just going to let you know a few things about me. Again, I don’t want you as a slave; you’re my lover.” Bill cupped his Pine Tree’s cheek and lifted his head so they’d be looking into each other’s eyes once again. He wiped off more of the brunet’s tears with his thumbs.

“Besides, I don’t want your first time to happen because of something like this. I want it to be a really good memory for you, alright?”

The brunet nodded again, though he hated himself even more when he saw the love and care in the taller man’s eyes.

*He’s being like this because I cried.*

Bill could tell something was still wrong with Dipper. He wasn’t sure what it was, but he was still going to try and make sure his Pine Tree was okay since it was the best thing to do.

He placed his hand over Dipper’s heart. He did it carefully, making sure that the brunet was okay with the action.

“You alright? Can you breathe properly?” he asked.

“Yeah…I-I’m alright. I can breathe just fine. You don’t have to worry.”

“What’s wrong, then?”

“What do you mean?”

“You’re not crying anymore, but you still look pretty damn sad. What am I doing wrong? I mean, if you got another request, I wouldn’t mind listening. Maybe I’ll even do what you ask me to.”

“No, y-you’re being really sweet and that’s great but…it’s just…you agreed to talk because I cried, right?” the brunet said.

“No, I agreed because you were painfully desperate. It wasn’t the tears, it was the things you were saying you’d do,” the taller man clarified.

“…Oh.”

Bill sighed and spread his arms, nonverbally asking his Pine Tree for a hug with a small but warm smile. Dipper was a bit hesitant, but he embraced him anyway; he couldn’t help himself when he saw how lovingly the golden-haired man was gazing at him.
Bill wrapped his arms around his lover and planted a kiss on his hair as he tenderly stroked the brunet’s back. It was never a good thing to make Dipper cry, let alone sad, but it was nice to just embrace each other like this for a while. It wasn’t often they’d have moments like this.

“Sorry I made you cry. I never wanted that,” he whispered.

“I never wanted to, either. It wasn’t exactly your fault though, so…it’s okay, I guess? You didn’t really have to apologize,” the brunet replied.

“Just let me. I know I’ve done terrible things to you.”

“Whatever you say…”

Dipper carefully leaned back. He didn’t want to stop hugging Bill—and technically, he didn’t. It’s just that his head wasn’t on his shoulder anymore, and it made a pretty big difference—but he had to if he wanted to do what he was planning to.

Chocolate brown orbs met amber ones; inevitably gazing into each other when the brunet lifted his head.

“Hey, um, I think I have a request now. You might like it,” he said with a smile. It was tiny, but Bill could see it clearly.

“What is it, Pine Tree?”

“Do you want to kiss…m-maybe? I-I don’t know, it just kinda fits the mood.”

Although Dipper felt his cheeks warm up, he didn’t look away from the taller man, who was smiling back at him.

Bill chuckled. “Of course I do,” he said.

“H-Here you go, then.”

Dipper closed his eyes and gently pressed his lips onto Bill’s. He didn’t mind moving closer when he felt the arms around his waist pull him subtly. Part of him wanted to take off his shirt so he could feel the taller man’s warmth right on his bare torso, but he wasn’t sure if it was a good idea. He might just get embarrassed in the end. He silently pulled away and opened his eyes.

Bill just adored the sight right in front of him. Dipper was blushing and looking at him quite shyly, as if he was afraid that he didn’t enjoy the kiss.

“Cute.”

“What is?” the brunet asked.

“You.” He gave his Pine Tree a quick, audible kiss, making him giggle.

“Want more, Pine Tree?”

Dipper thought of his idea again. He swallowed nervously as he slid his hands down the taller man’s arms. Carefully, he snuck Bill’s hands under his shirt, letting him feel his bare back.

“Yeah…more,” he said, wrapping his arms around the golden-haired man’s shoulders.

Bill didn’t expect such a request from Pine Tree, but he didn’t worry for long. He could see that there
was a bit of desire behind the shyness in the brunet’s eyes.

*Well, he does have needs. I wouldn’t mind satisfying him at all.*

He leaned forward, just enough to have their faces less than an inch apart.

“Open your mouth a little, if you don’t mind. It’ll make things a lot better,” he said, looking right into his Pine Tree’s eyes.

Dipper slightly parted his lips without a second thought. He wanted this; he could finally do something more passionate than small kisses every now and then without any guilt tormenting him, nor Bill having any intentions other than pleasing him.

Bill smirked for a split second before he closed his eyes. He pressed his lips onto the brunet’s, whilst his hands slowly ran up Dipper’s back, feeling the way it arched ever so slightly, yet so seductively.

It didn’t take long for them to be pulling away and kissing again in a slow but steady pace. Their lips had found a rhythm that was comfortable for both of them, pressing against each other, sucking, and pulling away with a rather erotic pop each time they ran out of breath.

The golden-haired man dug his nails into the brunet’s back. He did it carefully, gradually digging them deeper until he figured he’d draw blood if he went any further. Dipper moaned as he felt the pain intensify, much more when Bill began to claw down his skin.

*So Pine Tree’s a bit of a masochist. Good to know.*

Bill gently rubbed the areas he scratched, making Dipper sigh at the soothing sensation. He slithered his hands up the smaller man’s sides, inevitably causing his shirt to ride up his torso. The more skin the golden-haired man exposed, the more he wanted to touch it and most definitely mark at least some of it. He wanted more contact. Skin-to-skin contact, preferable. He wanted things to get much better and more intense, and maybe a bit rougher…but not too much. He just wanted to each the limit. He still had control; losing it would be a bad idea.

Though he didn’t want to take a break from kissing for even a few seconds, he leaned into the brunet’s ear. A lovely idea came to mind, but consent comes first.

“Mind if I take off your shirt, Pine tree?” he whispered.

Dipper shivered as he felt Bill’s hot breath on his ear. He sharply inhaled and tightened his grip on the taller man for a few moments.

Bill was eager, but he didn’t mind waiting for a bit. His thumbs ran small patterns on the brunet’s smooth skin, which helped him relax.

“Take it off if you want,” Dipper said.

“It’s your call, Pine Tree, not mine.”

“Then take it off.” He planted a kiss on the golden-haired man’s cheek before he pulled away and lifted his arms.

Bill took his Pine Tree’s shirt off right away. He held Dipper’s legs and moved them so they’d be resting on top of his.

“Comfy?” he asked.
“Yeah…thanks.” The brunet placed his arms back where they were.

Bill knew Dipper wanted to continue just as much as he did, so he began to kiss him once again.

It didn’t take long before they got back to their rhythm, though he planned to switch things up a bit.

He slid his tongue into his the brunet’s mouth as his hands made their way to his chest. Dipper moaned as they kissed, sending the vibrations right down to the taller man’s cock. The fact that their crotches were now pressed together didn’t make this any less arousing, but he could care less right now. Hell, he even liked how hot things were being. He let his tongue play along with Bill’s, and he moaned even louder when he felt Bill’s fingers brush past his nipples.

The golden-haired man pinched the brunet’s hardening buds. He heard Dipper whimper his name right before he kissed him again, thrusting his tongue in deeper, reaching the back of Dipper’s throat.

Pine Tree carefully slid one of his hands up the taller man’s neck. He didn’t seem to mind, so he ran his fingers through Bill’s silken locks. He couldn’t see it at the moment, but he knew it looked more golden that it already was; the sunlight made it shine, which was a lovely sight, though he didn’t mention it. Bill was a bit of a narcissist, after all…but then again, he’d still enjoy a heartfelt compliment. Maybe he’ll say it later.

“Do you want more?” he whispered before they kissed again.

“If you wouldn’t mind going a little further, yes.” Bill gave Dipper’s nipples a light flick, which was enough to make the brunet shudder and tug on his hair. He liked that reaction.

“Maybe you’ll like this then.” Dipper placed his hands on the taller man’s shoulders and carefully rolled his hips against Bill’s crotch for a little test.

“Fuck, Pine Tree…”

Bill sighed in pleasure and traced his fingers down the brunet’s torso. He then ran his hands a little lower and gripped on his hips. His thumbs were inserted in the waistband of Dipper’s boxers, teasingly rubbing his skin in little circles.

“My hands won’t go any further, don’t worry. Just keep going,” he said.

The brunet smiled for a moment before he pressed his lips onto Bill’s once more. He rocked his hips sensually, feeling the taller man’s erection rub against his own. With both of them only having their underwear on, he could feel the heat and wetness grow down there. Bill definitely could, too; he was moaning much more quietly than Dipper, though the sensation of his sultry voice still made the brunet’s cock twitch.

Bill knew Dipper wasn’t going to last much longer, so he decided to do something he’d been wanting to. They didn’t go the whole way, but this was certainly a step closer to a whole new level in their relationship, and he wanted to have something for Pine Tree to remember it by, even for just a few days.

He traced his lips along the brunet’s jawline, peppering him with little kisses until he’d reached his neck.

“Mind if I mark you, Pine Tree?” he asked.

The brunet shivered upon feeling the taller man’s hot breath on the sensitive skin on his neck.
“Nn…Not at all…” he replied shakily.

With that, Bill licked Dipper’s skin, making him shiver and try to hold back from making any noise. Bill chuckled lowly, seeing the effect he had on his Pine Tree, before he sunk his teeth into Dipper’s flesh. He bit on him quite harshly and sucked fervently, but he made sure his sharp canines wouldn’t make the brunet bleed.

Without anything to muffle his voice, Dipper moaned rather loudly. He could only hope that no one could hear him from the other side of the door.

Bill himself was groaning a little while he marked his Pine Tree; Dipper didn’t stop moving his hips, after all. He couldn’t help but move his own either, which only made them feel better. The bed would creak every now and then, but he couldn’t care less. All he was focused on at the moment was making a hickey that would be visible for days.

Once he thought he’d done enough, he gave the brunet one last suck before pulling away with a loud pop. He lightly blew on the mark he’d just created, sending shivers down Dipper’s spine and making his back arch a little.

“Beautiful,” he whispered.

Pine Tree wasn’t sure how to respond to that; he couldn’t think very well at the moment. He was still a little lost in the pleasure, but his mind would clear up in just a bit. As a response to the taller man, he looked into his eyes and gave him a lovely smile.

Moments after that, he kissed the taller man again, and it wasn’t long before they got back to their rhythm. It was easy to come back to at a state like this, after all.

Dipper was glad he could finally please his lover rather than just the other way around, though he knew that Bill would love it if there wasn’t any fabric preventing their dicks from touching each other. How far would Bill let him go, though? He did say his hands weren’t going to go any further.

…but he’s really hard…

Bill released the brunet’s hips and grabbed his shoulders. He pinned Dipper down all of the sudden, startling him a little. He didn’t want to scare him or anything, so he lay beside him as soon as he could.

“We’ll have to stop there for now since we’re still a bit…unstable. That okay?” he asked, caressing the brunet’s cheek.

“Sure, but…what do we do…w-with uh…our little problem?” Dipper said as he panted.

“What, our boners?” Bill chuckled, “Just flex a large muscle for thirty seconds.” He carefully stood up and pushed his feet off the ground with a bit more force than usual.

Wait, there’s one more problem.

He quickly turned around.

“Need me to get you a new pair of boxers, Pine Tree?” he asked.

“Yeah…would you mind getting one from my room? I mean, I can do it myself since I took your advice, but—“
“I wouldn’t mind at all, Pine Tree. Hang on though, let me put on some new clothes first.”

Dipper looked away while the taller man changed his clothes.

Once Bill was done, he stood by the edge of the bed and looked at the brunet.

“Thanks for giving me a lovely morning so far. Again, sorry for making you cry.” He bent down, lifted his Pine Tree’s bangs with the back of his hand, and planted a kiss on the lovely constellation on his forehead.

“You did really well in pleasing me. Maybe I’ll give you more answers after we eat,” he said, stroking Dipper’s hair.

The brunet smiled back at him. “Thanks. Just to be clear though, I… didn’t ask to kiss you to get you to say more.”

“I know, Pine tree. Anyway, I’ll go get your underwear now.”

Bill stood up straight and took the keys to Dipper’s room. He then ran out the door, leaving the brunet lying in his bed.

Dipper stood up once the golden-haired man was gone. He hated the feeling of walking around with damp underwear; it was pretty damn gross. He didn’t really have much of a choice if he wanted to be a bit more of help to Bill.

He began to walk to the fridge, though before he could even reach it, the taller man entered the room.

“I got what you need, Pine Tree! Oh, you’re up. Need something?” he said, closing the door behind him.

“I just thought I’d make us breakfast for today.”

“That’s sweet of you, but you gotta go lie on the bed for a while. Here, go change and wear one of my shirts,” Bill told him, handing over his underwear.

“Why do I have to lie on the bed?” the brunet asked as he took his boxers.

“I’ll show you later. Just go change while I take some food outta the fridge. I won’t watch you, so don’t you worry.”

“Alright.”

Dipper walked to the closet and looked through the shirts Bill had. He found the one he wore on their first date, so he decided to take it. He then went to the bathroom and cleaned himself before he put on the pair of boxers Bill gave him and the shirt he picked out.

“I’m done changing, Bill,” he said after going out the bathroom and tossing his boxers in the hamper.

“Alright, go lie down. Actually, sit up a little. You gotta eat, after all.”

While the brunet did as he was told, Bill opened his freezer. He hissed as he took an ice pack out of it. Thankfully, the freezer was only open for a few moments. ‘Course, the ice pack was still cold as fuck, so he walked to the brunet and handed it over.

“Put this on your eyes; don’t want ‘em looking puffy while you’re in your classes later, right?” he said.
“Oh…thanks.” Dipper took the ice pack and closed his eyes before he placed it on them. The coldness didn’t affect him as much as the golden-haired man; it only hurt a little at the beginning.

“Keep it there for 15 minutes, okay? I’ll feed you when I’m done cooking some chicken nuggets and those triangle-shaped hash browns you found for me.” Bill gave Dipper a quick kiss on the cheek before he walked back to the stove. He’d already placed plates and the frozen packs of food on the counter, so all he had to do was cook.

It only took a few minutes for him to cook quite a lot of both the frozen, which was good, since he was looking forward to feeding his Pine Tree.

He carried two filled plates with him as he walked to the bed.

He sat beside the brunet. “Open up, Pine Tree,” he said as he took a nugget.

Dipper opened his mouth and took a bite when he felt the food hit his teeth. He wasn’t sure if Bill would just stuff the whole thing in his mouth or not. He didn’t. That was nice of him.

After they ate and cleaned the dishes together, they sat back on the bed, lying down next to each other.

“So, Bill…” Dipper started.

“I know. We’re done eating,” the golden-haired man replied, with no motivation to be found in his voice.

“Are you ready to talk?”

“I guess so. I am pretty sick of arguing with you, and…you said you won’t leave me.”

“Of course I won’t.”

The brunet was a bit hesitant, but he gave the taller man a kiss on the cheek anyway, just to reassure him.

Bill sighed. “Go ahead, ask a question.”

“Well… I guess I’ll start simple. What do your parents took like? Actually, what’s your dad’s name? You never really told me, but that’s fine since the topic never really came up,” Dipper asked.

“Ma’s a lot shorter than me. I don’t really know why but it feels…” cute when I have to bend down to let her give me a kiss on the cheek. I don’t know how to call the feeling, but anyway, she’s got wavy, bright copper hair. It reached just below her shoulders. They’d bounce a little whenever she walks, and it kinda matches how happy she is most of the time. She also has green eyes, in case you wanted to know. It’s pretty damn hard to not notice.”

“Bright copper hair and green eyes? That’s definitely not something you’d usually see in people. Don’t get me wrong though; she sounds really pretty. Did you get your cheerfulness from her?”

Bill smiled and chuckled, but he wasn’t exactly happy. “No. That’s impossible,” he said.

Dipper raised an eyebrow, but he decided to listen to what the taller man had to say before asking any more questions.
“Moving on, my pa’s name is Aedan. He’s tall, but he’s still a few inches shorter than me…I’m the tallest one in the uh, family, after all. He’s probably an inch taller than you. His hair’s black and there’s not really much to say about his hairstyle. It’s just short, that’s it. His eyes are blue gray though. He’s not heterochromatic by the way, I mean both of his irises are literally a mix of blue and gray.”

“Blue gray? Well, you guys sure have unique eye colors. Guess that’s why you have yellow irises and slitted pupils,” the brunet joked.

“No, they’re not the reason I have strange eyes like these. That’s also impossible.”

“They’re not strange, they’re just unique…why do you keep saying getting your traits from them are impossible though? I mean, you know how genetics work…” Dipper trailed off when he saw Bill look down at the sheets with a rather woeful and…somewhat guilty expression.

“…Is there something you want to tell me, Bill?” he asked worriedly. He held the taller man’s hand just in case he needed a bit of moral support.

Bill looked back into his Pine Tree’s eyes. “In case you didn’t notice, Pine Tree, I have no physical similarities with my parents.”

Dipper understood where he was going with this, but he didn’t say anything. He waited for the taller man to continue.

Bill sighed. “Look, I’m adopted, okay? That’s why inheriting any of their traits at all is impossible. Probably should’ve told you before I got you thinking that I was their biological son.”

“Yeah, sorry about saying those things…”

The golden-haired man smiled at the brunet a little. It was a genuine smile this time. He stroked the back of his Pine Tree’s hand, too.

“It’s fine, I don’t really have a problem with being adopted. Just thought you’d think less of me or pity me or something. I don’t want those.”

“You don’t?”

“Nope. Not at all. Anyway, next question.”

“I’ll just keep the questions you might not like for later. You mind if I ask a little bit about your childhood? They won’t be deep or anything, don’t worry,” the brunet said.

The taller man merely shrugged in response. He didn’t really seem to care for those little details. Pine Tree would probably like them, but he didn’t really find them interesting. He’ll just see what the brunet’s reactions would be.

“Okay, uh…did you ever sleep with stuffed toys?”

Bill raised an eyebrow; he certainly didn’t see that coming. *Pine Tree cares about something like that? I hug him every night in bed, so what’s the point?*

“No really. I mean, I guess I was about to at one point, but…well, fuck that. I pretty much always slept with pillows. I sleep with you now though, obviously.”

“You never liked stuffed toys?”
“Just ask me something else. You’ll probably find out more about that later.”

“Okay…sorry.”

“It’s fine.”

“So…were you closer with your mom or your dad?”

The brunet sounded a little nervous, so Bill let go of his hand and stroked his hair instead.

“Both, I guess? I’m more like pops, really. He makes jokes and stuff, just like I do. We played with each other a lot back then so we were pretty close, but ma and I…well, she’s my mom, I can’t not be close with her. She’s really nice to me.”

“That’s nice. You really love them, huh?” Dipper said, smiling at him fondly.

“Well, yeah, ‘course. They treat me well.”

There was a certain question the brunet wanted to ask even more now, but he decided to ask one last question that wouldn’t hurt.

“Ever had a crush in your childhood?” he asked.

The taller man snorted. “Nope. Not even one. You’re pretty much my first love, Pine Tree.”

Dipper blushed for a moment, but he couldn’t be distracted. He had to get on with the important questions now.

He gave Bill a quick kiss. “I’ll have to ask you some more personal questions now. Sorry, Bill,” he said.

Bill rolled his eyes. “Well, I knew this was coming soon enough. Get on with it.”

“What’s your sister’s name? And uh, what’s she like? Um…why don’t you talk about her? Sorry I asked those all at once, but I just figured it’d be kinda easier. Less pauses, and I can just get it all off my chest already. I’ve been wondering those for quite a while. ‘Course, you don’t have to answer them all at once. You can take a few breaks between your answers, I’ll understa—“

“I’ll just fucking tell you a lot of things about that bitch. Relax. Those three questions will be answered along the way.”

The brunet looked at the taller man worriedly. He held both of his hands this time, hoping it’d get him to calm down. It seemed to work, though Bill wasn’t going to be calm for long.

“Her name’s Mary. She’s five years older than me. She isn’t adopted, but I don’t see how she’s anything like ma or pa; they’re nice, she’s a bitch. She never liked me, and I wonder why I even liked her when I was really young. When ma first took me in, Mary didn’t want me. Why? Because she wanted all the attention. Well shit, if she was nicer, maybe she would have gotten the attention she wanted.

“When I was a kid, I’d give her some shitty gifts, like crappy drawings or something. I wasn’t fucking trying to piss her off though, they were just the best I could do. When I was slightly older, I tried to have fun with her by playing pranks on her, which were fucking harmless, by the way. She just kept overreacting! She doesn’t know how to have fun at all!

“Whenever I’d do something to try and get closer to her, she’d tell me to go away and that she hated
me. I completely ignored those words back then. Oh, and she actually tried to prank me more than once before, thinking I’d hate her back. Being a happy little shit back then though, I actually liked her pranks, thinking she was trying to have fun with me, so I pranked her back. Since I didn’t get mad at all, she only got more annoyed.

“Anyway, basically, she was always fucking mean to me. She even hit me at times. Hell, when I was young and I’d trip because I couldn’t walk perfectly, she’d kick more dirt on me from the ground! I’d cry, but for some reason I still wouldn’t hate her back then. I was really fucking nice, unlike her. I’m the adopted one, but I was more like ma than she would ever be…”

Dipper noticed that Bill’s breathing became a little erratic.

“Bill, are you okay? I mean, I guess talking about your terrible sister would hurt and make you remember a lot of bad memories. I’m really sorry for asking, by the way. It must suck to have someone like her as a sister…I see why you didn’t want to talk about her,” he said as he caressed the taller man’s cheek.

Bill took the brunet’s hand and placed it back on the bed shortly, though. He didn’t want to be comforted, so he stroked the back of Dipper’s hand instead.

“I’m fine, it’s just…well, you asked about whether I slept with stuffed toys or not, right? I don’t hate stuffed toys or anything. If I didn’t, I wouldn’t have given you that puppy plushie,” he said.

“So uh, why’d you avoid the topic a while ago then? I mean, you don’t have to answer if you really don’t want to, but it’d help me understand you more.”

“There was a certain day things turned out…fucking great, I guess. Ma gave me a gift, saying it was from Mary. I was a kid who believed he had hope with his sister, so of course, I believed her. The gift was a wolf plushie.

“Later that day, my bitch of a sister—who, thankfully, isn’t biologically related to me at all—um…she uh…um, basically she moved with her aunt because she’s an ungrateful piece of shit.”

“…Why?”

“Um…well, she uh…fuck.”

Bill quickly got out of the bed and ran to the bathroom.

“Bill, wait!” Dipper yelled. He tried to follow him as soon as he could, but the golden-haired man already locked himself in the bathroom before he even knew it. All he did in the end was sit and watch Bill run so fast his vision could barely keep up with him.

He stood up anyway and walked to the bathroom door. He leaned against it. He intended to speak, but before he could do so, he heard crying. Sobbing. Bill was Shakily breathing, and Dipper could hear him repeatedly washing his face.

“Bill, come out…or at least let me in, please. It’s okay to cry. I’ve done it more than once right in front of you. I won’t think less of you or anything,” he pleaded.

“No…I’ll be fine in a few moments. Just wait.”

“…Okay. I’ll be right outside this door.”

Dipper stopped leaning on the door. Rather, he just stood in front of it, waiting for Bill to come out.
He didn’t want to see him crying, but part of him wished Bill would trust him enough to show a bit of vulnerability. Everyone has their breakdowns, and the brunet has never actually seen him cry, but the other way around’s happened more than once.

After several minutes, the golden-haired man finally opened the door. There was absolutely no happiness to be found in his face.

“…She humiliated me in front of the whole family. I’m not going to tell you how. Ma tried to make me not seem bad. It worked, but Mary had enough. She told ma her aunt treated her more like a daughter than ma did, so she decided to move in with her. She wouldn’t take no for an answer. Ma cried.

“I didn’t; not for that reason. I already cried when I locked myself in my room.”

Dipper immediately hugged Bill, whose body was limp at the moment. He hugged the brunet back, but Pine Tree could barely feel his arms. They were there, but they weren’t wrapped around him tightly at all. Dipper stroked his back tenderly in attempt to comfort him.

“I’m sorry that happened to you…is she still mean to you?” he asked.

“She tries to make me forgive her when she gets the chance. She acts nice and shit, but she can’t make up for all the shit she did to me. She fucking ruined me. It was a good thing I returned to my happy self in school. People there may not be my real friends, but at least I have fun with them.”

“Oh. Well, at least she’s making a little effort. I’m glad you recovered, at least.”

The brunet slightly pulled away and kissed the taller man’s cheek.

“Do you wanna go lie down on the bed again?” he asked. Bill nodded in response.

Dipper held the golden-haired man’s hand while they walked to the bed. They lay down beside each other, though Bill seemed like he was thinking of something. The brunet noticed it after a while.

“Is something else bothering you? You can t—“

“T’ll take you to my house when I can, Pine Tree.”

That certainly surprised Dipper. Sure, he kinda liked the idea, but this was pretty sudden. Bill did say he’ll bring him there ‘some time,’ but that isn’t exactly specific. Not that this was, but there’s a lot of chances Bill can take him there.

*Might as well get this over with, right?*

“We…could go on the weekend. An overnight flight on Friday, maybe?” he suggested.

“Will you be okay with that? I’m down, but I know you’re gonna get nervous because you’re gonna meet my parents and all,” Bill replied.

“Well, yeah. I mean, it’s gotta happen at some point, right? Besides, I think I’ll be okay…Of course I’ll be nervous, but maybe I’ll slowly warm up to being around them, you know?”

The taller man smiled a little and stroked the brunet’s hair.

“Alright then, I’ll go book a flight…later. You’re probably gonna be pretty tired when we come back though. I just hope you like it there, and uh, you’ll be sleeping with me in my room, obviously.”
“I’d be pretty disappointed if I wouldn’t be, Bill,” Dipper said jokingly, though he did mean it.

Bill chuckled a little. “Glad to know. Anyway, I’ll just take a nap. Not really used to feeling like shit, so…I’m tired. My classes are in the afternoon anyway.”

“I’ll stay here for a bit longer since I still have time before my classes.”

“Suit yourself.” Bill closed his eyes and buried his face in his pillow.

Dipper stood up and walked to the fridge. He poured some water in a glass, then he put the pitcher back. He walked to the golden-haired man and knelt by his side. With his free hand, he gently ran his fingers through Bill’s hair.

“Bill, do you have a moment to spare just before you fall asleep?” he asked softly.

“What is it, Pine Tree?” Bill groaned, with his voice being muffled by his pillow.

“I got you a glass of water. At least take a few sips.”

The taller man sighed and sat up. He took the glass, drank all the water, and gave it back to Pine Tree.

“…Thanks.” He didn’t sound happy, but Dipper knew he was being sincere. He just didn’t have the energy to show any joy at the moment.

“No problem,” the brunet said with a little smile.

Dipper placed the glass on the nightstand. He took his laptop from where he left it last time, then he sat beside taller man. He continued to do his report. It only took him a few moments to get focused, though he kept himself prepared in case Bill needed something.

Bill lied down after he drank the water a while ago, but he didn’t get to sleep anyway. It wasn’t because of the soft sounds the keyboard produced whenever the brunet typed. Rather, it was because he was there, right beside him, though not talking to him.

Bill sat up again and rested his head on Dipper’s shoulder. He watched him do his report since he didn’t have anything better to do. He wanted attention, but he didn’t want to be a disturbance.

Dipper noticed him after a while, so he used one of his hands to caress the taller man’s cheek.

“Not gonna sleep yet?” he asked.

“I’ll do that after you leave.”

“Hmm, alright…you still look pretty down though.”

“I’ll be fine.”

The brunet sighed and closed his laptop after saving his file. He placed it on the nightstand.

“Want me to feed you some ice cream? It might help you feel better.”

“Sure…” Bill replied.
While Dipper was feeding Bill, he noticed a tiny red dot on his neck. He hated the idea that came into mind. He wished it wasn’t the base but…it was very likely. What else would make such a mark?

“Hey, Bill…” he started.

“Yes, Pine Tree?”

“What’s that on your neck?”

“What do you mean?”

“There’s a small red dot on it…is it a wound?”

The golden-haired man’s facial expression turned into one of sadness all of the sudden. There was guilt, too. It worried Dipper even more, but he wasn’t sure if he could do anything about that.

“…Can we just talk about it in my house?” Bill requested.

“Of course.”

Dipper set the ice cream aside. He embraced the taller man lovingly, hoping it’d make him feel better. It seemed to work a little.

Bill wrapped his arms around the brunet’s waist and buried his face in the crook of his neck.

_Am I really going to tell him?_

Chapter End Notes

Hey, hoped you guys enjoyed the chapter! So, you happy to find out what's up with Bill's past? : )

At first I wasn't really gonna add those little questions like about the stuffed toy and whatnot but I asked my friend for some question suggestions. I thought they were gonna be ones that relate to the stuff that happened in Bill's past but she gave me those cute questions instead, so I added a few in!

If you have more questions, ask away and I might include them!

Anyway, thank you so much for keeping up with this story, I really appreciate it! Seriously, I can't believe all the hits and kudos on this story so far AAAAAAAA
“Bill, stop buying airplane food, we got to board the plane!”

“Fine…”

It was Friday, and the two have booked an overnight flight that’ll take off in a few minutes. They bought quite a lot of food for the trip anyway, especially Bill. It seemed that he was just doing it to avoid conversations with Dipper, and that became obvious after a while. The brunet understood why though, so he wasn’t mad or anything like that.

He gave Bill a warm smile. “Come on, I’ll be right beside you,” he said.

The taller man smiled back. It was a very small smile, but that was enough for the brunet. “Okay.”

They walked to the gate and got on the plane. They placed their baggage in their respective overhead compartments before they sat down. The golden-haired man ended up being the one sitting by the window; Dipper let him stay there since he thought he might like it there. Bill certainly appreciate to have a wall to lean on in case he didn’t feel like resting his head on Dipper’s shoulder while he’d sleep—which was pretty unlikely—but he didn’t want to see the moon or the sky at the moment. He just wasn’t in the mood. Besides, he had Dipper if he wanted to see a few stars.

He tapped his foot impatiently waited until after takeoff before he pulled down the shade. Once that was over with, he leaned back and stared at the brunet, as if he was waiting for Pine Tree to tell him what to do next.

Dipper noticed that Bill almost immediately. He held his hand and brought it to his lips.

“How about we have a midnight snack? If you don’t feel like eating much, we can just share.” He planted a kiss on the back of the taller man’s hand, then he placed it on the armrest and gave it a few gentle strokes with his thumb.

Bill smiled a little. “Sure. I think I can still eat normally as long as you’re here, so we won’t have to share. Besides, it’s just a midnight snack. It wouldn’t hurt.”

“What do you wanna eat, then? I’ll get it for you in your bag.”

“You don’t have to get it for me, Pine Tree. You just go get yours and I’ll get mine…and you know what, let’s share anyway.”
The taller man gave the brunet a kiss on the cheek before he leaned down and looked through the food he had in his bag, which was a lot. He definitely couldn’t finish it all during their flight, not even with Dipper’s help, so he decided to just give whatever would be left to his parents. They’ll appreciate it more than him since they don’t ride in airplanes often.

While Bill was busy picking something to eat, Dipper sat there and watched. He already knew what he wanted to eat, and he didn’t buy too much food either, so it only took a few seconds to get the bag of triangular chips he bought. He figured he could use it to flirt with the taller man; it might cheer him up a little more.

After a few minutes had passed, Bill finally leaned back on his seat with the same bag of chips in his hands.

“So, what’d you g—oh, you got what I got,” he said. He sounded only a little surprised, but really, he was kinda happy, too.

“Well, yeah. Doritos is your favorite, so I got a big bag of it,” the brunet replied, smiling warmly at him.

He stared at Dipper for a few moments, whilst his cheeks turned a light shade of red. He quickly regained his composure and blinked a few times. He almost looked away out of embarrassment, but he managed not to. He thought of something to counter Dipper’s flirting attempt…which was cute, but he can’t let him win; he’s the flirty one in this relationship.

“Hey, Pine Tree, you remember my birthmark, right?” he asked.

“Yeah…why?” Dipper asked with a raised eyebrow.

“It’s shaped like a Dorito.”

“Mhm…?"

“It’s a chip.”

“Yes, it is..?”

“One moment.”

Bill gave the brunet a quick kiss on the lips. It was sudden, but Dipper didn’t mind at all.

Dipper chuckled. “Okay.”

The taller man put his bag of Doritos back and looked for something else. It wasn’t hard to find at all since it wasn’t packed in foil, and it wasn’t a plastic container either. He took out a glass jar filled with a cheesy dip. Although he did get it because he wanted to outflirt the brunet, he was pretty excited to eat it because he likes it.

“How about some chip and dip?” he asked as he held up the jar. He flirtatiously winked at the brunet, making him blush and laugh a little.

“I see what you did there, Bill. Also, sure, I’d like some dip to go with these chips. What kind of dip is that?” he asked.

“Chile con queso! It’s yellow, and…ma used to make it for me. Okay, maybe I shouldn’t have brought that up, but h-hey, it’s delicious, okay?”
“I’m gonna meet your parents, so talking about them isn’t really a bad thing. Actually, it never is. I get to know you a little more, like, with your thoughts about them. You get me?”

“Yeah, I get you,” Bill opened the jar and lifted the lid carefully, “Now, let’s eat. Hopefully the scent won’t get all over the plane.”

He knew that the latter part of what he said might happen, so he really, really hoped it wouldn’t; people would just complain and ruin the moment, even though it smelled really good. Some people’s tastes suck and, as much as he hated it, he can’t do anything about it.

After a little while, he took the lid off completely. He sighed in relief since the dip didn’t give off much of a scent at all. If one held it up to their nose, of course they’d smell it, but if their face was far enough, they wouldn’t.

Good.

“Well, I don’t think anyone other than us can smell it, so we’ll be fine.” Dipper pulled the bag of Doritos open, then he handed it over to Bill, who looked at him confusedly in return.

“You’re not gonna get a chip?” the taller man asked.

“You go first. You seem pretty excited.”

“You love me so much,” Bill teased as he took a chip.

Dipper playfully rolled his eyes. “Yes, Bill, I love you very much. Now go dip that and eat it.”

The golden-haired man shrugged with a smug smirk on his face. He almost did what he was told though; both because he wanted to, and because he appreciated Dipper playing along with him. He held up the chip in front of the brunet’s lips.

“What?” Dipper asked.

“I love you more than you love me.”

The brunet sighed and shook his head out of fondness. He couldn’t help but laugh a little more than he did a while ago, which made the taller man smile. Bill knew Dipper well enough to know that he wasn’t making fun of him with that laughter—it just really meant that he loved him and enjoyed his company.

Dipper ate the chip the taller man was giving him. His eyes lit up in delight; it really was delicious. A little spicy, but still really good. Plus, it had ‘Chile’ in the name for a reason.

“It tastes great, Bill!” he said after he swallowed.

“Told you so. Now gimme another chip.”

Dipper let Bill get another chip of course, though he had something in mind to make things easier for them. He pulled out the tray table in front of his seat, then the one in front of Bill’s.

“You know we could just use these, right?”

“Yeah, but I just thought, like, I’m holding you, th-the dip, and you…holding…” Bill sighed,” Okay.”

He reluctantly placed the jar on his tray table. He leaned back on his seat and crossed his arms while
he pouted. On the other hand, Dipper placed the bag of chips on his own tray table. Rather than eating another chip, he leaned back on his seat as well; he wanted to talk to the golden-haired man.

*He still seems a little messed up.*

“I mean, I could just hold you instead of the Doritos,” he said.

Bill looked at him, touched by what he just said. He knew his emotions were all over the place, and it was definitely annoying, but Pine Tree was treating him so nicely anyway. That was awfully sweet of him.

He always loved that warm smile on Dipper’s face. He stared at him for a bit before he finally said something.

“H-Hold me later. After we eat. I mean uh, let’s hold each other…yeah, let’s eat.” He quickly took a chip, dipped it, and basically shoved it in his mouth. He had to distract himself from the embarrassment somehow, and there was only so much options in an airplane.

Dipper smiled. “Sure, Bill.”

After they finished eating, they took turns in brushing their teeth. Bill was the one who went first. Dipper wanted to stay in front of the bathroom door, but he had to stay and watch their things. The taller man did the same when he came back, though he got a kiss and words of reassurance before he was left. It was a very sweet gesture, but he felt that he should really stop acting so ridiculously. He didn’t want to be treated nicely because he was being…weird. The bad kind.

*Wish I could drink my meds right now. What difference would any of them make though? They take minutes to take effect. Dammit.*

“I’m back, Bill,” Dipper said as he put his stuff away.

“Welcome back, Pine Tree. So, let’s hold each other?”

The brunet sat down and yawned. “That’s gonna be a little hard since we’re in a plane, but we could try.” He linked his arm with the taller man’s. He did it with care, so as not to startle him or anything.

“How’s this?” he asked.

“This is just you holding me. Let me try something.”

Dipper released him and waited for him to do whatever he had in mind.

He slung his arm around his Pine Tree’s shoulders and carefully pulled him closer. He made sure the armrest between them wasn’t causing Dipper any discomfort.

Dipper wrapped his arms around Bill’s torso and rested his head on his shoulder. That was more than enough to convince the taller man he liked his idea.

“I guess this works,” the brunet said.

“Yeah, I guess so. Oh, hey, mind if we take a picture?” the taller man asked as he took out his phone.

“Not at all.”
“Alright,” Bill positioned his phone, “Smile for the camera, Pine Tree!”

Once Bill was sure both of them were smiling, he took their picture. He then looked at it for a bit, admiring how their love for each other was evident. He showed it to the brunet as well, and he liked it.

“So, wanna sleep now?” the taller man asked as he kept his phone back in his pocket.

“I do, but I have a question. It’s not related to your past, I just got a little curious about your mom. Would you mind answering it? It’s just a simple question, I-I swear.”

“Go ahead, I don’t mind.”

“Is your mom part Spanish or does she just like that dip? Actually, wait, they sell it in the airport?”

“She’s part Spanish, and yes, they do. They were selling lots of different dips beside that place we got our chips from.”

“Oh.”

“They don’t sell my favorite dip though,” Bill planted a kiss on Dipper’s hair, “You.”

The brunet chuckled, then he yawned again.

“Alright, go to sleep now. Sweet dreams, Pine Tree,” Bill said.

“You too, Bill.”

“Sir?”

The brunet finally groaned softly and opened his eyes. He lazily turned his head to the lady who had apparently called him for the third time.

“Oh, uh, yes?”

“The plane will be landing in DTW for our layover in a few minutes. I suggest you wake your… partner up.”

“Alright, thanks.”

Dipper felt the weight on his head when he turned to look at the stewardess a while ago. He realized that Bill was using him as a pillow, which he didn’t really mind. He had to wake him up though, so he carefully lifted his head with his hand before he sat up straight.

He let the taller man’s head rest on his seat first before he caressed his cheek. He did it in attempt to wake Bill up though, so he had to pull it back up for touchdown anyway, so he decided to do it for him.

The sunlight made the golden-haired man’s freckles more visible, and Dipper couldn’t help but get mesmerized at the sight before him. He never mentioned it—and he probably never would since it would probably sound weird…or it’d just stroke his ego even more. Maybe both—but Bill did have pretty eyelashes. They were much longer than an average person’s, and they even curled slightly. It was as if he was wearing mascara all the time, though of course, since Dipper was practically living with Bill at this point, he knew that wasn’t the case.
He sighed and ended up leaning back on his seat anyway while he stared at the golden-haired man even more. He was still idly caressing his cheek.

Golden strands of stray hair covered part of Bill’s face. Dipper lightly brushed them aside, revealing the portions of Bill’s eyes that were hidden for probably several hours.

“Beautiful…” he whispered. He wasn’t sure whether he was talking to Bill or himself.

He carefully slid his hand so he could run his fingers through the taller man’s silken locks. It was quite enjoyable to do it; Bill’s hair felt nice. Soft and smooth strands would slip away from his grasp with every little movement his hand made.

Bill looked so peaceful, and Dipper wished he didn’t have to wake him up. If he wouldn’t though, Bill would just wake up at some point anyway. The moment can’t last forever, and the brunet knew that very well, so he decided to take a picture using his phone. A picture could never capture Bill’s true beauty, but it was still something.

Dipper sighed again, not wanting to do what he had to just yet.

“Bill…” he softly called out.

The taller man didn’t show any signs of waking up, so the brunet lightly shook his shoulder.

“Bill, wake up…”

Although Dipper was trying to wake Bill up, he still admired how he looked at the moment. Bill looked like a deity or some other unworldly, untouchable being. His beauty was just…something else.

“How did someone like you ever fall for me, of all people?” he chuckled, “You really are weird,” he whispered.

“I’m weird for lots of reasons, but liking you isn’t one of them,” Bill said as he opened his eyes.

Dipper’s face immediately turned red at that response. He flinched in surprise as well, inadvertently releasing the beautiful man.

“I-I don’t know if I’d call it ‘checking you out…’ It’s more of…admiring your good looks.”

“Well, I didn’t think you’d admit it just like that. I appreciate your honesty, Pine Tree,” Bill said with a smile. He wrapped his arms around Dipper’s shoulders and gave him a kiss on the cheek when he pulled him close enough. “I don’t mind being touched by you in any way, so don’t worry.”
“If you say so…oh, and touchdown’s in a few minutes, by the way. It’s for the layover. It’s kinda why I had to wake you up,” the brunet said.

“Oh. Well, we better prepare some of the food we bought. Let’s eat when we get to the airport, it’ll be like a date! I’ve never had a date this early.”

Dipper chuckled. “Neither have I.”

Once the plane finally landed, the two took their things and headed to the airport. It didn’t take long before they got some drinks and found a table in the food court. They sat down beside each other, while their bags stayed on the seats across them. They didn’t have to bring too many things since they were just going to Bill’s house for one night.

“I got this pesto to-go from one of those restaurants at the airport before this one. Want some?” the taller man offered as he took its container out.

“Sure! I uh, got some mac and cheese. It’s also good; Mabel and I love this brand! You gotta try it… or maybe you already have before, I dunno. Anyway, let’s just share.” Dipper placed the said food on the table as well.

Bill twirled some of the pasta onto his fork and held it in front of the brunet’s lips, rather than tasting it himself first. The latter was probably a better idea, but he could smell it, and it smelled delicious.

“Say ‘Ahh,’ Pine Tree, but don’t moan,” he said jokingly.

Dipper laughed a little, but he did what he was told to. “Ahh…”

After the taller man fed him, he took a scoop of his mac and cheese and did the same to Bill, who played along. While they were taking turns in feeding each other though, the brunet noticed there was something off about him. He didn’t seem so excited anymore.

“Bill, are you okay?” he asked, worry evident in his voice.

“What? Well…yeah, I guess I’m just fine. Not great, just okay. That good enough for you, Pine Tree?”

“No, no, don’t be sorry. I just remembered some things about…my thankfully non-biological sister. Don’t mind me. Sorry for ruining the mood.” His tone was flat, but he really did mean it, and Dipper knew that. With the way Bill was acting recently, he knew stuff like this would happen. He was prepared to be there for Bill.

“It’s okay, I don’t mind. I uh, already expected something like this to happen, so yeah. It doesn’t bother me, so don’t worry,” he said before he kissed the taller man’s cheek.

Bill smiled a little, but only for a moment. He just can’t stay happy with the thoughts in his mind. He sighed and leaned on the brunet’s shoulder.

“You’re gonna meet my parents later. I’m not afraid since I know they’ll love you, but I know you’re nervous anyway. You’ll be nervous no matter what I say, but that’s alright, that’s just you being you. I just hope you don’t freak out too much, not because ma and pops might judge you, but for your own sake. I want you to be okay.”

Dipper was surprised with what he said, but he was also touched. He didn’t want him to worry
though; he already had too many things on his plate. He wished he realized that a long time ago, though. It would’ve been better for Bill.

The brunet smiled at the taller man. “Let me tell you something, but after we eat. I kinda wanna do it while we cuddle, if you don’t mind.”

“Sure, Pine Tree.” He didn’t sound excited, but he liked the idea of cuddling.

After a few minutes, they were both done eating. Bill then wrapped his arms around Dipper’s waist, knowing what they were going to do next.

“Alright, what are you going to tell me?” he asked.

“I…I haven’t told my parents about us either. I’m in no place to tell you what you should’ve told yours sooner,” Dipper admitted.

Bill didn’t say anything. He simply let the brunet rest his head on his shoulder, then he ran his fingers through his hair. He didn’t care that they were in public, and he was sure that that thought wasn’t in Pine Tree’s mind at the moment.

“I don’t know how they’ll react, and I don’t know when I’ll tell them. I’m scared, even though I know they wouldn’t disown me or anything like that…and I feel something similar to that when I think about the fact that I’m going to meet your parents. No matter how many times you say they’re going to like me, I can’t help but think that things will go wrong, and I’m sorry. It’s not that I don’t trust you, I just can’t stop those thoughts from coming. I don’t want them to, but they stay there, and I can’t drive them away no matter what I or you do.

“I’m sorry I’m like this. I’m really trying, but nothing’s happening. I hope I don’t piss you off or anything, even though I probably will at some point. I’m afraid of the possibility that it’ll come to that point. I…I’ll do anything to make things up to you, okay? Just please…d-don’t leave me. I really think that you’re, like, the one for me, and I—”

“Shh…Pine Tree, relax,” Bill cooed as he petted Dipper even more. He planted a chaste kiss on his neck, then one on his cheek. He thought about what he was going to say for a few moments. He felt stupid since staying silent would only make his Pine Tree more anxious, but saying something… wrong would be worse.

“I won’t leave you. I’ll never want to. I mean that, and I’ll never get tired of telling you that. I think you’re the one for me too, you know? Kinda makes me sound like I’m in some cliché romance movie, but I don’t care, it’s true. I don’t mind you getting nervous because I know that’s just how you are. I love you for who you are; remember that, too. We all got our pros and cons.

“I don’t think I’ll ever get pissed off at you. Even if I do though, I won’t be able to stay mad at you for even just a day. I love you too much. Don’t take that as a bad thing, okay? I definitely enjoy not being angry. It’s always more fun when I get to kiss you and cuddle with you and flirt with you. I get to see you happy and shy and embarrassed.

“We’ll be okay. We may have problems now, but we’ll turn out okay. I’ll make sure of that.”

Dipper embraced the taller man after everything he said. It wasn’t that he was going to cry or anything, he just felt the need to. Perhaps it was some sort of reward for Bill being so honest and open…and, of course, very sweet, loving, and sincere.

“Thanks…” he said.
“Oh, no problem.”

Bill wished he wasn’t so gloomy. Now neither he nor his Pine Tree were happy. He blamed himself for that. On the bright side though, at least they had a nice, honest talk. He always liked reassuring Dipper; he couldn’t exactly put a stop to his insecurities for good, so the best he could do was make him feel better as much as he could.

“Hey, do you wanna take a picture? I know we already took a picture in the airport last night, but this is a different airport, and we’re kinda closer to my house.”

“Yeah, sure. I like taking pictures with you; it’s nice. It also means I get to look back on yet another memory,” the brunet replied.

The taller man took out his phone and held it in front of them.

“Smile with me, Pine Tree,” he said.

Once both of them were smiling, he took another photo. He looked at it right after and he noticed something that wasn’t in their usual pictures together. Their smiles were smaller…softer, yet still clearly genuine. It showed that they were comfortable with each other. Not stable just yet, but stable enough to keep their relationship intact.

He showed the picture to Pine Tree as well. He smiled even more than he was in the picture. Bill wished he could take a picture, but it wasn’t too much of a loss, considering he could make him smile again and again. He could always take a photo next time.

The two of them boarded their next plane once they heard the announcement on the speakers. The seats were actually much more comfortable than the ones in the plane they were previously in.

“So, you ready to meet my parents?” the golden-haired man asked.

Dipper stayed silent for a while, remembering that was why they were on a plane in the first place. He sighed, feeling a little stupid for not thinking of how he should introduce himself and make a good impression, and how he’d answer questions that Bill’s parents would probably ask him.

He rested his head on the taller man’s shoulder. He hoped he wouldn’t mind, as if there was even a chance he wouldn’t like it.

“I don’t know…do you think they’ll like me? I mean, wouldn’t they expect you to bring a girl home? I’d probably end up making myself look stupid or terrible somehow, too. Basically, I’ll most probably screw things up without meaning to. They might not like me before they even get to know me…like what usually happens when I try to talk to girls, except in this case, it’ll be your parents.”

“Pine Tree, if they kept me and even loved me, they’ll definitely accept and love you too.”

Bill planted a kiss on the brunet’s hair. He slid one of his hands up Dipper’s nape, then he ran his fingers through his fluffy brown locks. He didn’t care whether people were watching or not; Pine Tree needed comfort and reassurance.

“Thanks…I hope that’s the case. Guess we’ll just have to see, huh?” Dipper said.

“Oh please Pine Tree, I don’t have to see it happen to know it will.”
“What?”

“What too important. Just said that I know ma and pops are gonna love you, basically. Don’t worry so much; if you make things awkward, I got you.”

“Well, you do handle my awkwardness really well…somehow. It’s actually really cool that you can do that,” the brunet admitted.

“Why thank you.”

Bill stared at Dipper while neither of them spoke. He still seemed pretty uneasy. He wasn’t satisfied with that, knowing he could do more for him.

“Hey, you wanna know some stuff about my parents?” he asked.

The brunet seemed to have snapped out of his thoughts, seeing how his eyes widened for about a second. He looked at Bill once again, rather than staying the way he was just after their little conversation; staring at his lap since they were blocking his view of the floor.

“Yeah, sure. That’d actually be great. I know I don’t sound excited, but I mean it; I’m not being sarcastic,” he replied.

“Alright. So, ma’s really nice to everyone, except for those who harm anyone in the family. I’ve never actually seen her hurt anyone physically, but she can roast anyone she doesn’t like pretty damn well. She can be scary if she wants to. She’s not abusive or too controlling, but pops does avoid disagreeing with her. Maybe he just wants her to be happy. Like ma, he’s a loving person too.

“Oh, and ma’s a really good cook, by the way. I got most of my skills from her. I mean, pops is a good cook, but she’s way better. He taught me how to make most of the stuff I make for breakfast though. Ma doesn’t always make Spanish food, but pops is kinda better than her at certain American dishes.

“Anyway, so much for cooking. I’m telling you, ma’s really sweet. If she likes you, she’ll give you kisses on the cheek, and maybe even the forehead. She could give you hugs, too. She’s like a mother to everyone and I think that’s great.

“Now for my dad. He’s a great guy! He makes the best jokes! He’s actually smarter than mom, and he’s also usually cool with pretty much anything. I wouldn’t call him the chill type of person since he’s more of jolly than relaxed, but yeah, he’s open-minded like my mom. He’s alright with lots of things. Also, he likes doing stupid stuff. Sometimes we get scolded by ma when we do that, but eh, no regrets.

“If he was my biological father, I definitely would’ve gotten most of my traits from him.”

“Clearly,” Dipper teased.

“Can’t argue with that!”

Both of them laughed for a while since it really was true. Bill and his dad had a lot of things in common.

“Okay, but really now, they sound like really nice people. I’m sorta nervous, but I’m pretty excited to meet them, too,” the brunet said.

“They are, and don’t you worry, you won’t be so nervous anymore once you get to know them.”
After taking a cab together, they finally arrived at Bill’s house. They stood in front of the door, while their things were on the ground.

Bill knew Dipper was really nervous; his body was stiff and he was completely silent. He was biting his lip, and the taller man could tell that he was trying to regulate his breathing. It was painful to see him like this; it made Bill almost wish he didn’t bring him here, but he knew he had to at some point. There was just no way he could stop the brunet from being nervous.

“Pine Tree, are you ready?” he asked, snapping Dipper out of his thoughts and making him flinch.

“O-Oh, um…I guess so. I mean, it’s not like I can back out at this point.”

“You’ll be fine, Pine Tree.” Bill cupped his Pine Tree’s cheek and gave it a few gentle strokes before he kissed him.

Dipper took a few seconds before he closed his eyes and kissed the taller man back, which was longer than usual. It also took him a while before he actually exhaled and relaxed. That made Bill worry more, but it wouldn’t help at all if he added even more negativity to their current situation. Dipper knew that he was doing so to Bill anyway though; he knew him well. He apologized mentally for being such a nervous wreck…it’s just that they were kissing right in front of his house, and he hasn’t even met his parents yet. If any of them happened to look out the window or open the door, he’d be dead meat.

The taller man slowly pulled away and stroked Dipper’s hair. “It’ll be okay, you have me and I have you…they love me and they’ll love you. Nice rhyme I just came up with, huh?” he said, looking into the brunet’s eyes.

Dipper chuckled. “Yeah, I guess that was good for a rhyme you came up with within seconds.”

“Do you feel any better though? That was the point of me saying those stuff, after all.”

“Yeah...thanks.”

They smiled at each other for a moment. They couldn’t really keep stalling though, so Bill faced the door, then Dipper did the same.

Bill adjusted his bow tie before he rang the doorbell.

Although the brunet was pretty nervous considering the fact that he was going to meet at least one of Bill’s parents in a few seconds, he smiled a little. He noticed his gesture and realized that despite actually being nervous himself, he was going his best to act confident and relaxed for his sake.

“Coming!” said a voice from inside the house.

“Is that your mom?” the brunet asked.

“Yep! She’s gonna hug me, then we’re gonna greet each other with cheek kissing. Speaking of which, you know how that works, right? Once I tell her you’re my boyfriend, she’s bound to give you cheek kisses too,” the taller man said.

“Well, I’ve seen Abuelita do it with Soos and Melody before, so I guess I do.”

“Good.”
Causing the two to stand straight as if they were soldiers, a woman with wavy, bright copper hair opened the door. She immediately smiled at the sight of her son, and Dipper was quite surprised when he saw just how vibrant Vespera’s eyes really were. Sure, they were nothing compared to Bill’s, but they were still beautiful.

“Mi hijo!” she practically yelled as she hugged Bill, “I didn’t know you were going to visit today, you should’ve told me!”

“Well, it wouldn’t have been a surprise if I did.” Bill hugged her back, then he released her after a few seconds. He bent down so they could exchange cheek kisses.

“So, Bill, who’s this you brought with you? He’s quite the adorable little thing.” She reached up to pinch the brunet’s cheek. It only hurt a little—she wasn’t very harsh, after all—so Dipper chuckled; having her seem to like him right off the bat made him feel better.

“Thank you…my name’s Dipper. D-Dipper Pines, “ he said.

“And that’s not all, ma,” Bill added.

Vespera simply raised her eyebrow and hummed in curiosity. It was clear that this was part of the surprise Bill had in mind.

The golden-haired man exchanged glances with the brunet before he slid his hand down his arm and held his hand. He lifted them before he laced their fingers together.

He then looked at his mother. “He’s also my boyfriend, who I love very much,” he said with a smile.

Dipper’s face immediately turned red. Sure, he saw something like this coming with the look in Bill’s eyes a while ago, but saying that ‘who I love very much’ part made things more embarrassing…and more pressuring, too.

“Y-Yeah, uh, that too…” he stuttered, nervously rubbing the back of his neck as he looked somewhere else to hide his face.

Vespera looked at the two back and forth. She looked surprised, but not displeased at all. After a while, she grinned, then she excitedly tackled the brunet with a hug, which he certainly didn’t expect. He supposed he didn’t mind though; this was way better than he expected.

Dipper looked at Bill confusedly, unsure of what to do. The taller man cocked his head to the side and glanced at his mother, nonverbally telling him to hug her back.

The brunet then secured his arms around Vespera’s shoulders carefully. He didn’t really know what else to do, so he just waited for her to do something, while Bill watched them amusedly.

A few seconds after Dipper hugged her, Vespera released him and grabbed his shoulders instead.

“Querido, could you bend down a little? I’d like to greet you the way I did with my son,” she said.

The brunet did as she said; thanks to Bill, he saw this coming. He made sure to do it right. His right cheek touched hers, then the other. He didn’t say “Mwah!” like Vespera did though. That’d make things awkward, and Bill would probably laugh at him.

Once that was over with, he stood straight again.

“Welcome to the family! I hope Bill’s taking good care of you,” the woman said with her hands on
her hips.

“Of course I am, he’s my precious Pine Tree!” the golden-haired man said.

Vespera raised an eyebrow and looked at the brunet, just to tease her son.

“He is. He’s really nice to me, and…he’s really sweet,” Dipper confirmed.

“Good. Now, I’ve kept you two waiting long enough. Come in! Oh, and mi hijo, your papá’s here. You have to introduce your boyfriend to him, too. Don’t worry, if he didn’t mind adop…er—“

“He knows I’m adopted. Don’t worry.”

The woman cleared her throat. “I see…you trust him very much. That’s good. Anyway, as I was saying, your papá’s open-minded like I am. I’m sure he’ll be okay with your…partner.”

“Thanks, ma.”

Vespera stepped inside, while Bill and Dipper took their bags. Bill let the brunet come in first, then he followed and closed the door.

“You’ll be staying in my room, Pine Tree,” the taller man said.

“I’d uh, actually be pretty disappointed if I’d have to stay somewhere else,” the brunet replied.

“Oh really? Mind telling me why?” Bill teased. He smirked, making Dipper blush even more.

Before Dipper could answer though, Vespera cleared her throat again. She didn’t want to interrupt the two since they were being really cute, but Aedan should really know that their son is gay.

“Mi hijo, just go tell your dad about your boyfriend so you can do whatever you want with Dipper. He’s at the dining table,” she said.

“Fine. HEY, POPS!” the golden-haired man yelled.

“YEAH, SON?” Aedan yelled back.

“I’M GAY!”

“HI GAY, I’M DAD!”

The two laughed, despite being in different rooms. Dipper, on the other hand, groaned and slapped his palm on his face, while Vespera sighed and shook her head out of fondness.

“These two and their jokes,” she said.

“Yeah, terrible jokes.” The brunet rolled his eyes.

“Hey, I’m right here!” Bill said. He placed his bags on the floor, then he crossed his arms and pursed his lips.

Dipper chuckled. “You wouldn’t be you without your jokes though, terrible or not.”

Before he could do it himself, the taller man snaked his arms around his waist and pulled him against him. The brunet nervously looked at Vespera, who smiled at him, though she was also clearly a bit confused. She wasn’t really sure why hey future son-in-law was looking at her like that; he was
allowed to be affectionate with her son since they were a couple, so why would she mind? They weren’t exactly in public, either.

With that, Dipper hugged Bill back and rested his head on his shoulder. He sighed in relief, seeing how the woman didn’t have any problem with their relationship at all.

Of course, Bill’s father walked in just as he was getting comfortable.

“So, Bill, I’m guessing this is your boyfriend,” he said.

The brunet inadvertently yelled in an embarrassingly high pitch. He flinched too, but he didn’t let go of Bill. If anything, he held him even tighter as his body tensed up.

Everyone remained silent for a bit, and after a few seconds, they all laughed…except for Dipper, who was more embarrassed that he already was before.

“Yes, he sure is,” Bill tenderly stroked the brunet’s back, letting him relax in his arms, “You wanna see his face? He’s pretty nervous, but he’s still adorable.”

“Pretty, nervous, and adorable? Alright, I’m pretty curious.”

The golden-haired man snorted. “Go on, turn around. Seems like he likes you already,” he whispered into Dipper’s ear.

“All right,” the brunet replied. He pulled away carefully, letting Bill’s arms slowly slide off him. He then did as he was told; he turned around and faced the taller man’s father.

“Huh, he’s actually taller than I thought. He is shorter than me, but not by a few inches…maybe like, one? Less? I don’t know. Guess Bill was a little off.

“Hi…my name’s Dipper Pines. Uh…nice to meet you.” He offered a handshake; it was the right thing to do.

Before Aedan could even touch the brunet’s hand, Bill held it and brought it to his lips. He planted a kiss on it, which made Dipper’s cheeks turn red all over again.

“Bill, I was actually—“

“Yeah yeah yeah, I know. I’d just prefer to keep the hand-holding between us,” the taller man said.

Dipper rolled his eyes, though his attention quickly returned to Aedan, who chortled a bit.

“Nice to meet you too, Dipper. Name’s Aedan Livingston.”

“Livingston?” the brunet asked, turning to Bill with a questioning look.

“They let me keep my name.” He shrugged, then he turned to his mother. “Now, if you don’t mind, we’ll be going to my room now.”

“Alright, I’ll call you two when breakfast is ready!” Vespera said.

The couple took their bags and walked up the stairs. Bill, of course, led the way. He glanced at the brunet, who was walking behind him, every now and then. He would be met with a cute little smile each time he did, which is why he looked forward to doing so every single time.

Once they reached the door to his room, he opened it for Dipper. He even bowed jokingly, making
the brunet laugh.

“Thanks, but it’s your room. You should go in first.”

“You’re my guest, Pine Tree. You go in first.”

“Alright, if you say so.”

Dipper gave Bill a kiss on the cheek before he walked into his room. The golden-haired man didn’t expect the sweet gesture, but he definitely liked it. He followed the brunet inside right away. He dropped his bags beside Dipper’s, then he trotted to his side.

“So, whaddya think? Nice room I got here, right?” he asked.

“Well, it actually is. If I could stay here for longer, maybe I could read some of the books you have; there’s a lot more here than in your room at the university. They look pretty interesting…”

Dipper was talking as he looked at the books Bill had in the pretty big bookcase in his room, but he came to a pause when he read a…worrying title. He only stopped speaking for about a split second though—he didn’t want Bill to notice.

He probably already did though.

“W-Would you mind if I do read some of them some time?” he asked, clearly nervous.

The golden-haired man gently ran his fingers through Dipper’s fluffy brown locks. The brunet tensed up for a moment, but Bill couldn’t do anything to avoid that from happening. He wished he could one day.

“No, I wouldn’t mind. Make yourself at home.”

He knew something was wrong with Dipper, but he decided not to get into it. He might have seen something he shouldn’t have just yet, but hell, they had to talk anyway.

“Okay…thanks,” the brunet said.

“No problem.”

Dipper looked around more. He was pretty curious about what kinds of stuff Bill had in his room. They were bound to be interesting.

He snorted when he saw a certain framed picture hanging on the wall.

“Nice picture,” he jokingly said, though he did mean it; it was a nice picture, even though it made him think about his past a little.

The pictured showed Bill posing like a ridiculous yet triumphant king of some sort. He was wearing a golden crown—which actually looked like it was made of actual gold, but that couldn’t be the case, right?—along with a red cloak with furry white edges draped over his back and a small part of his shoulders, and in his hand was a golden scepter.

Under the royal-looking garment, though, was just regular clothes. Bill wore a yellow sweater vest above his black button-up, which had short sleeves, rather than long ones like the button-ups he usually wore. He had a gold bowtie on instead of his usual black one, and he wore pants with a much darker shade of black than his top. Despite his pretty different getup, his dress shoes seemed to be the same ones he wore almost every day.
I bet he enjoyed that party.

In the framed photo, Bill was stepping on a man—who Dipper figured was wasted—lying face down on the floor with one of his feet, as if he were using the guy as a stone like most heroic people usually stepped on in their portraits. There was Nathaniel Northwest, too.

The rest of the people in the picture were smiling at the camera, like Bill was. Some of them had wine glasses or champagne flutes in hand. Others were holding hands or had their arms around each other’s shoulders. There were a few people Dipper could somewhat relate to; they just had their hands up. They had no one and nothing to hold. He himself never did, either. Mabel would always be with Candy and Grenda, so she wasn’t really an option.

“Pine Tree?” the golden-haired man called out, snapping the brunet out of his thoughts.

Dipper blinked twice, realizing that he’d been staring at the picture for more than just a while. He turned around to look at Bill, who seemed pretty worried.

“Sorry, just spaced out there. Don’t worry, I’m alright,” he said.

“You sure? You didn’t remember things from…back then, maybe?”

“Not a lot, so yeah, I’m okay.” He stepped a little closer to the taller man. Slowly, he wrapped his arms around his torso and pressed his body against him. “Thanks for caring though.”

I have someone now.

“Well, I don’t know if you have to thank me. I mean, I love you, so of course I’ll always care for you, nothing out of the ordinary. You already know that.”

Despite his words, he embraced the brunet, letting him feel more of his warmth.

“…Thanks for staying,” Bill said in a soft voice, as if he was shy for once.

“In your room?” Dipper asked rather confusedly.

“No, with me.”

“Why wouldn’t I?”

The taller man felt Dipper’s smile against the crook of his neck. He liked his breath on his skin since it was nice, but he couldn’t understand why the brunet was smiling. Perhaps it was because he was clueless. That’s most probably it.

Bill couldn’t say anything about that just yet, so he stroked Dipper’s hair, tugging ever so lightly every few seconds—just the way his Pine Tree liked it at times like this. It felt good, and it would make him sigh in relaxation, but it wasn’t enough to arouse him. It just made him want more cuddles.

“I know we’re going to have to talk again later, and…well, it might…make you want to leave me, so—“

“I won’t. I promised you I never will. I’ll always love you, no matter what happens, and no matter what and how many flaws you have, so please, don’t be afraid to talk to me. It’ll be okay,” the brunet said.

“Don’t be afraid of me.”
“I won’t.”

The golden-haired man didn’t realize he just said that out loud until Dipper actually replied to it. He was relieved the brunet didn’t find it ominous or anything, but that was because he knew nothing. Maybe he’ll realize what he meant later.

“So, how about you tell me what was going on in this picture?” Dipper asked as he pulled away.

He knew Bill well enough to know that he wouldn’t show any signs of being nervous unless there really was something serious to worry about. For now, he decided to try and lighten the mood; he’ll probably find out what was bothering the taller man when they have their talk.

“Oh, sure!” Bill said, sounding excited already.

“So it was our last year of high school, and of course, the school wasn’t going to allow a lot of the things we wanted to do. Now obviously, we weren’t gonna let rules stop us from having fun, so we had two separate farewell parties. The first one was at school—it was kinda fun and all, but not quite enough—and the second one was at Ridge’s mansion. For your information, he was the richest fucking boy in our batch. Maybe even the whole school, I dunno. Don’t really care much either.”

Dipper could tell that Bill was going to be talking for a while, so he walked them to the bed while he spoke.

Although the taller man was busy talking, he did notice what the brunet was trying to say, so he sat on the bed, right beside him.

“Anyway, the picture was obviously taken at the real farewell party. I’d say that was the best party I’ve ever been to. You know, for now. Any party would be better than that as long as I’m with you.”

Dipper chuckled, touched by Bill’s flirting attempt. It worked pretty well; his cheeks turned a little red. He wouldn’t mind being teased by him right now since he was being sweet. His words were playful, but very much genuine.

“Alright, you got me there. You can go continue your story now,” he said.

“Hold on, you’re too adorable. You’re gonna distract me.”

The taller man gave the brunet a quick, audible kiss, which made him laugh.

“You just wanted a kiss this whole time, didn’t you?” Dipper asked.

“Maybe.”

“Pfft, you could’ve done that at any time, you know.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Just continue your story now.”

“Okay, but I’m still going to shower you with love and affection. So, at the party, it was pure chaos; no rules! We had alcoholic drinks, and boy, that pretty much changed everything. People were getting drunk here and there, and those people made the party games really fucking fun...pun may be intended. Some of them banged each other wherever they wanted to. Thankfully, no one did it where people could easily see them. By the way, just to be clear, I did not get drunk, and I did not have sex with anyone at that party, okay?”
“I know, Bill. Just relax, okay? Whether you’ve done it with other people or not doesn’t matter to me; I’ll still love you either way. Remember that.”

Dipper carefully placed his hand on Bill’s and stroked it lightly. He didn’t mind having to comfort the taller man; it was often the other way around, after all. This was the least he could do. Also, it was at times like this when he would realize just how afraid Bill was to possibly lose him. It was never a good thing to have him worried like this, but it did make the brunet see how much their relationship mattered to him.

“I guess I can, but…it just feels like a huge mistake, you know? I got drunk and fucked with random strangers, then years later, I meet the love of my life—you! I don’t care how awkward it would’ve been; I wish I could’ve saved myself for you.”

As much as Bill wanted to cross his arms, he didn’t. Not while his Pine Tree was holding his hand. He even lifted it and rested his soft cheek on it—he couldn’t just yank his hand away now! Plus, Dipper had such an adorable smile. He didn’t want to make it go away so soon, so he just pouted.

“If it’s any consolation, I still haven’t had my first time…I mean, you already know that, but I should probably remind you since you seem to be forgetting that detail,” the brunet told him.

“Right…thanks. I’ll make sure you’ll never forget it. I promise.”

Dipper waited for a bit, thinking that Bill might have something else to say. He didn’t though, so he spoke up.

“You need a hug?” Dipper asked in a gentle voice.

The taller man looked somewhere else, feeling his cheeks heat up. “Maybe.”

“I’m not hearing a no.”

With that, the brunet released Bill’s hand and wrapped his arms around his torso instead. He buried his face in the crook of his neck, too. He knew Bill liked it when he did that.

The golden-haired man chuckled softly, seeing how his Pine Tree picked up a few things from him in being sweet. He slid his arms around Dipper’s waist and pulled him just a little closer. For once… Dipper felt warmer than he was.

He held the brunet a little tighter when somehow, the thought of him being inferior came to mind. It was strange; usually, it wouldn’t really affect him all that much. He had to struggle a little to not hug Dipper way too tightly. He growled as softly as he could, unable to completely repress it.

The brunet noticed Bill’s rather unusual behavior. He didn’t understand why it was happening, though he did have an idea. Regardless, he tenderly stroked the taller man’s back.

Bill was about to release the brunet, but once he felt his loving touch, he relaxed and kept him arms where they were. He was warmer now, though.

“Sorry I made things awkward all of the sudden,” he said.

“It’s alright, I make things awkward too. I’m sure you know that very well,” Dipper replied.

“Mhm.”

Bill didn’t say anything after that, so the brunet planted a light kiss on the crook of his neck, which is
something he doesn’t get to do very often.

“Do you still wanna continue your story? It might get this stuff off our minds,” he offered.

“Yeah, alright.” The taller man slowly pulled away and placed his hands on his lap. They didn’t really stay there though; he began to make lots of hand gestures again as he spoke, while Dipper listened intently.

“So, people banging here and there, right? Anyway, the people who weren’t fucking—such as myself—partied like there was no tomorrow. I mean, of course, everyone was there when we started playing truth or dare—because hey, what’s a party without that game, right?—but since some of us got drunk along the way and didn’t come back after certain dares, we eventually decided to do something else.

“There was a drink-off, which explains that guy I’m stepping on in the picture. His name’s Draven Alcatraz, but we call him ‘8 Ball’ because…well…”

He tried to hold in his laughter, but the more he remembered, the harder it go to do so. It didn’t take long at all before he burst out laughing. He bent down with one arm around stomach, while his other hand rested on the brunet’s thigh. His head rested on Dipper’s lap—which was just the right amount of soft—as he continued to laugh, having to gasp for air every once In a while.

“Mind if I stay here, Pine Tree?” he asked, languidly stroking Dipper’s leg.

Dipper’s breath hitched for a second as he felt Bill’s touch. He didn’t mind though; it was nice. He regained his composure in no time since he wasn’t trying to get him hard or anything.

“Not at all. Aren’t you uncomfortable though? You’re not exactly lying down,” he replied.

“Fine, let’s just cuddle on the bed or something.”

Bill sat up and took his shoes off before he crawled onto the bed. He fluffed his pillows and arranged them so they didn’t have to completely lie down. He then lay on the pillows and patted the empty spot beside him.

Dipper took his shoes off as well and lay beside the taller man. He felt a little more at home when he realized that he was still on the same side of the bed.

“Comfy, Pine Tree?”

“Yeah, you have a pretty soft bed.”

Bill couldn’t help but cup the brunet’s cheek and caress it with his thumb.

“How is it that you look even more beautiful up close?” he asked.

Dipper giggled. “I don’t know, but don’t let me distract you from telling me your story.”

“Right, right. I’ll finish it this time,” the taller man said, retracting his hand.

“I’ll probably just tell you about 8 Ball next time. After that drink off I told you about, we had some karaoke. I had a lot of fun, especially since a lot of people asked me to sing duets with them, and mind you, everyone in the whole batch was in the party, and not just my whole class. I had to drink so much water after that, and the next day, my voice was a bit deeper,…Dipper.”

Both of them snorted and laughed right after the short silence that followed Bill’s pun.
“Okay, okay…pft…okay, I’m done laughing. I don’t wanna get us off-topic, but what does your deep voice sound like? I mean, I’ve heard your voice go a bit deeper than usual, but was that how deep it was the day after that party?” the brunet asked.

Bill leaned into Dipper’s ear and spoke in a voice deeper than he had ever heard from him.

“No, but this is my deep voice. Do you like it?”

The brunet swallowed as he felt shivers run down his spine. All he could do was grip onto the pillow and sheets, which the golden-haired man noticed quite easily.

“I-I um…I do, but I think I prefer your normal voice. I’m just…more used to it,” he said.

“Alright, good to know,” Bill said, sounding like his normal self. He gently kissed the brunet on his cheek and soft lips before he rested his head back on his pillow. As much as he wanted to at least tease Dipper because he was hiding his adorable red face behind his arm and in his pillow, he decided to continue telling him about the party instead. Dipper didn’t want them to get off-topic, after all.

“Hearing the drunks sing was pretty hilarious, even though they were pretty terrible. That’s why there were funny, after all. After all that, we just had a dance party. Well, actually there already was the moment karaoke started, but you get me. Ridge hired a DJ for a reason. Yeah, a DJ. He went all out for this party. Good thing he had people to clean up the place after, too.

“Oh, after the dance party, things got…kinda sappy. People gave me letters. Not everyone, but a lot of people. Some weren’t just farewell letters. Some people talked to me about stuff I did for them. At the end of that part of the party, everyone said, ‘Thanks, Bill!’ in chorus…which is what pretty much everyone would say whenever I helped them. I wonder who planned it.

“Anyway, after that, this picture happened. I wasn’t sure what was happening at first, but everyone was making sure literally everyone was where we were. Once we were all in the same plane, Kryptos—the nerdiest guy in our batch—walked up to me with those kingly stuff you see me wearing in the picture. He said whatever stuff would make things seem ‘official,’ then he declared me the ‘Party King.’ Some of my classmates dragged 8 Ball across the floor and told me to step on him. They chanted for a bit before I finally did. You can figure out the rest; Ridge had a butler and he took the picture. That’s the last thing that happened in that party. I read all the letters they gave me the day after that, but there was this one fancy-looking letter that didn’t say who it was from…”

His eyes widened in surprise in his sudden realization.

“What’s wrong?” the brunet asked.

“Oh shit. It was a love letter. Oh shit. I wasn’t paying attention at the time, but I’m pretty fucking sure it was Ridge who gave that envelope to me. Oh shit. He was always nice to me like really nice and not just the usual nice. Oh shit. I think he organized those last parts of the party.

“Oh shit…I never noticed at all.”

“…Oh.” Dipper held Bill’s hand after a few moments. “You okay?”

“Yeah, I think I’m alright. It’s not like knowing it back then would’ve changed much; I’d still meet and fall in love with you.”

The brunet smiled, touched and somewhat relieved with what the taller man said.
The golden-haired man leaned closer to Dipper’s face, but the moment was sort of ruined when someone knocked on the door.

“Breakfast is ready, mis hijos!” a certain woman cheerfully called.

Bill quickly kissed Dipper before he rolled onto his back with his hand still holding the brunet’s.

“Oh, we’ll be there!” he replied.

He sat up and got off the bed. Dipper followed right away, though he couldn’t help but feel a little nervous, knowing that he was going to share a table with Bill’s parents.

“You can just keep your shoes off; I always walk around here with my socks,” the taller man said.

“Alright.”

Bill took his bag of airplane food before they left the room. They headed to the dining room together. They remained holding hands the whole time, and at some point, their fingers were entwined.

Once they were at the table, he let go of the brunet so he could pull out a chair for him.

“Oh, thanks,” the brunet said. He pulled out the chair beside his before he sat down.

“Why thank you, Pine Tree.”

Bill spared Dipper the embarrassment by placing the food he bought on the table instead of kissing him on the cheek right in front of his parents.

“Well, good to know that we have two gentlemen here at the table,” Aedan teased.

“Of course, pops. I gotta treat my Pine Tree here with the treatment he deserves.”

“The uh, the same goes for me…t-to Bill, I mean,” Dipper said. He wasn’t sure if that sounded convincing at all, but it wasn’t like he could do anything about it anymore.

Going back to what they were supposed to be doing, the taller man placed the bag of airplane food on the table. “Mind if we include some of these for breakfast? They’re delicious, really, it’s just—“

“He bought too much,” the brunet told his parents.

“…Yeah, that.”

“Sure, but the breakfast I cooked for all of us better be finished up. Got that?” Vespera said.

“Yes, ma’am!” Bill and Aedan replied.

Dipper could only watch the family as they laughed. He wouldn’t know whether they did this sort of thing often. If it was an inside joke, then he definitely didn’t get it.

In the midst of his laughter, the golden-haired man noticed the brunet was being awfully silent, so he spoke up.

“Got something to say, Pine Tree? Don’t be shy,” he told him, slinging an arm around his shoulders as well.

“Oh, uh…not much, really,” Dipper turned to Vespera, “I just wanna thank you for making
“breakfast; the churros and French toast look delicious, and the coffee smells great!”

“Aww, a gentleman and a sweetheart! Gracias!”

“Y-yo—de na—“

“That’s my Pine Tree.” Bill completely shut Dipper up with a quick kiss on the lips. He tried to restrain himself merely moments ago, but now, he just couldn’t. Plus, he could come up with an excuse if he had to.

The brunet blinked a few times, replaying what just happened in his head over and over again. The taller man stared at him for a while, waiting for him to say something. He didn’t.

Bill got a little worried, so he poked Dipper’s cheek—which was red, just like the rest of his face at the moment—very gently.

“Pine Tree?”

“I’m okay don’t worry,” the brunet said way too quickly. He grabbed his mug of coffee and took a big gulp of the drink without hesitation.

Of course, that was pretty stupid of him. He forgot the most important thing about coffee in the morning—it was hot. Very. Fucking. Hot.

He immediately slammed the mug back on the table. He coughed rather harshly, feeling the burning sensation in his throat.

“Pine Tree!” Bill yelled, more worried than he was before.

“Dipper!” his parents exclaimed.

Bill grabbed his glass of cold water and held it right in front of the brunet’s mouth. “Drink, drink! Don’t forget to breathe after!”

Dipper drank the water in large gulps. Within seconds, he’d already emptied the glass. The taller man placed his glass back on the table. He let the brunet rest his head on his shoulder while he tenderly stroked his back to help him relax. Dipper couldn’t care about Bill’s parents in his current state, so he wrapped his arms around the taller man, who certainly didn’t mind.

“I’ll put some ice in your coffee, mi hijo,” Vespera said.

She took the brunet’s half-full mug and headed to the kitchen, intending to do what she said she would. Aedan followed her, obviously because he wanted to give the couple some room.

“Sorry…I told you I’d screw up somehow. I ruined breakfast for everyone, didn’t I?” Dipper said.

“What? No, Pine Tree, ma’s just getting some ice for your drink. She just figured you don’t wanna drink anything hot anymore. Pops followed her to give us a little space to cuddle or something, that’s all.”

“Are you sure? I mean, it’s not that I’m doubting you, it’s—“

“Yes, I’m sure. I know them, Pine Tree. You’ll get to know them too.” Bill planted a kiss on the brunet’s hair before he petted him, making him smile.

A few moments later, his parents came back. Aedan sat down as soon as he returned, while his wife
walked to Dipper with his mug in hand. The taller man released him when he noticed his mother was heading towards them; he had an idea of what she might do. He knew that whatever it was, it was something motherly, which was perfect—Dipper would see that she still likes him.

“Here you go, Dipper. Don’t worry, café con leche still tastes good when it’s cold,” Vespera said with a gentle smile.

“Thanks, Mrs…Livingston.”

“Call me mom. I’ve been calling you my son, you know.”

“Oh, so that’s what mi hi—“

Vespera carefully lifted the brunet’s bangs, causing him to pause in the middle of his sentence. Perhaps she would’ve done the same if she was talking while she did so. Both of their eyes grew wide. The difference was that she looked genuinely surprised, while he seemed nervous. A bit afraid, even.

“You have quite a beautiful birthmark, Dipper,” she said. She pressed her lips onto the brunet’s forehead very lightly, startling him just a little. “It’s almost as if you were meant to be with my son, because…”

Bill noticed the look she gave him. He figured she’d trail off like that with the words she was saying.

“He knows about my birthmark,” he said.

“…Well, that. Both of you have lovely birthmarks. It probably isn’t just a coincidence! Anyway, enjoy your breakfast!”

Vespera walked back to her seat and sat down. She smiled back at Dipper, who seemed a lot better.

Bill picked up the brunet’s French toast and held it up to his mouth. Dipper shrugged, not seeing why he shouldn’t take his offer. He took a bite out of it, and the moment he did so, his face lit up in delight.

“This is really familiar…and really delicious, of course,” he said.

“How so?” the taller man asked as he took a bite out of Dipper’s French toast as well.

“Hey, that’s mine!”

“Relax Pine Tree, we can share mine after we finish this. Now, how is this familiar?”

“Well, it’s like your French toast. Crunchy on the outside but fluffy on the inside.”

“Well, I learned from ma, so yeah. Mine’s way better though, right?”

“Hmm…yeah, I don’t know…” Dipper trailed off, pretending to think about it.

“Hmph.” Bill ate more of the French toast poutily, playing along with his Pine Tree.

The brunet chuckled. “Kidding. I actually do prefer yours. Maybe it’s because you made it.”

“That’s much better. Thank you, Pine Tree!”

The taller man fed Dipper the last piece of his bread before he kissed him on the cheek. This time,
the brunet didn’t stop smiling. He simply ate happily and enjoyed the taste of the breakfast made by Bill’s mom.

The golden-haired man smiled even more than he already was; he was proud of Dipper for coming so far. He doesn’t get shy when he wants to kiss him anymore, he doesn’t mind taking his clothes off while he watches—though of course, underwear was a special case—he doesn’t mind being touched by him, and he was certainly being less shy when it comes to showing his pleasure. Now, he’s definitely comfortable around his parents. The only people he considered his family.

“Want some of my churros, Bill? I already dipped it,” the brunet offered, snapping the taller man out of his thoughts. Not that he minded.

“Oh, sure! I love me some you! I mean, I love me some churros! Ah fuck it, I love you more. Anyway, yeah, churros.”

“Pfft, what?”

Dipper laughed and didn’t even mind that Bill only bit on his churros as a response; it’s not like there’d be much to say about what he just said anyway.

Meanwhile, Bill’s parents watched the happy couple while they ate without saying a word…until Aedan did, anyway.

“So, you’re not going to ‘scold’ Bill for saying ‘fuck’ or—“

“Of course not! Look at them, they’re in love! They’re adorable!” Vespera told him.

“Well, that’s true. I think I’ve already had too much sugar…and I still am. These two are gonna give me diabetes but I still love them.”

The woman chuckled as softly as she could, not wanting to accidentally get her precious sons’ attention.

“I finished the breakfast you made for us. Can I eat this lasagna Bill bought from the airport?” her husband asked.

“Sure, but what are you asking me for?”

“…I don’t even know. Wait, what about our questions?”

“Put them on hold? I don’t know, just—“

“Ask away!” Bill said, startling his parents a bit.

“Oh. Well, uh…how did you two meet?” his father asked. He let out a muffled noise of pain when Vespera nudged his ribcage. To her, it was light, but to him…he’d say it felt like he got shot by a pellet gun over ten times all in one second. Maybe one of them was a real bullet.

“Of course you just asked the most cliché question for couples,” she said.

“What? I really do wanna know how they met!”

“Oh don’t worry ma, we won’t be giving you a cliché answer.”

As if he actually inherited something from Vespera, he nudged Dipper as well. He did it much more lightly than she did though, and he did it on the brunet’s shoulder.
Dipper rolled his eyes. “Yeah. Definitely not a story everyone’s head.”

“I met him when I found him with his arm stuck in a vending machine at 1 in the morning.”

“Aaand he drew a penis on my face while I was sleeping in his room.”

Aedan snorted and thankfully, he’d swallowed his food before the two said anything. Otherwise, he would’ve spit out so much bits of lasagna all over the table…and on everyone’s food. Vespera would probably lose her shit if that happened.

Bill couldn’t help but laugh along. He was holding it in pretty well, but then his dad just had to laugh as hard as he would.

“Didn’t realize my son would ever draw a dick on a stranger’s face…pff…” Vespera ended up laughing, too.

Dipper joined everyone else. Back then, he found it pretty annoying, but now it was just funny.

“Oh, okay, is everyone done laughing?” the woman asked after about a minute or so.

“I think I’m good,” Aedan replied.

“So am I. And by the way, I used a washable marker. I didn’t wanna embarrass him or anything, I just wanted to have a little fun with this cute dork. Boop!” Bill poked Dipper’s cute little rosy nose, making him giggle.

He couldn’t take it anymore when he saw the brunet so happy. He hugged him without a second thought because he was so damn cute.

“Pfft…are you okay?” Dipper asked, wrapping his arms around the taller man’s torso.

“I don’t regret helping you at all. I’m so glad I met you.”

“Well, I…so am I.” He didn’t want his cheeks to get any redder, so he just looked at Bill and nothing and no one else.

“Are you really gonna interrupt a moment like this?” Aedan asked his wife.

Vespera sighed. “I gotta. I already like Dipper, but I still don’t know a lot of things about him. I want to get to know my…possible future son-in-law.” She turned to the loving couple in front of her. “So, Dipper…how old are you?”

“I’m 21; Bill and I aren’t in the same course, but we’re both third years,” he replied.

“What’s your course, then?”

“I’m taking up BS Media Arts and Technology. I want to start my own TV show one day, so yeah.”

“You do?” Bill asked as he pulled away just a little.

“You know that if you do, you won’t be able to see Bill very often, right?” the woman pointed out.

Dipper definitely didn’t see that one coming. He never thought about it, either. Sure, he did pretty well at keeping Bill off his mind during Thanksgiving, but that was only for a few days. Not being able to see his lover for months was something else entirely.
He wouldn’t be able to see who he used to be with everyday. There would be no one to give him a kiss in the morning, nor any other time of the day at all. He wouldn’t have anyone to comfort him in case his thoughts would harm him at any time of the day, nor someone who would hold him so closely and tenderly while he would sleep. No one would be around to tease or flirt with him, nor smother him with love and affection at random times of the day.

…Bill, on the other hand, wasn’t even sure if he could stay sane if he couldn’t see Dipper for more than a week. He couldn’t stop thinking about Dipper at all during Thanksgiving. What would happen to him if he didn’t have his Pine Tree to cuddle with—let alone touch—for months?!

I can’t. I can’t. What am I supposed to do without him?! I need him around me. I have to cuddle with him and kiss him at least once a day to…assure him that I will never get tired of him. Make out sessions are great, but only when he’s okay with it, of course…

Without him living in the same place as I am, I wouldn’t know what he’s doing, where he is, who he’s talking to and what he’s talking about if he is talking, and what he’s eating, and what he’s drinking…and if he’s drinking alcohol.

It’s already bad enough not knowing what’s in his mind, and if I don’t get to be with him for months, would his feelings towards me change? Would he meet someone better than me and like them more than he loves me? Would he even talk about me to other people? Would he say good or bad things? Would those people he’d talk to talk shit about me? Actually, would they just backstab him? Would he find out?

How am I supposed to know if he’s going to be okay? What am I supposed to do if he needs all the love and affection he can get and I’m not close enough to where he is to be able to give him all the hugs and kisses he needs?!

Bill was so lost in his own thoughts he literally didn’t know what he was going. His arms were squeezing the brunet way too tightly, and his nails dug into Dipper’s back to the point where it felt like the back of his flannel button-up was torn up and tips of daggers were pressing onto his bare back; painfully, but not quite enough to pierce through his flesh.

The taller man was breathing heavily, though he remained as quiet as possible. His mouth wasn’t gaping open, either. It’s as if his body itself didn’t want to make his heavy breaths obvious…

But it was pointless. Dipper could feel the way his chest rose and fell. He could feel Bill breathing right on his skin as well; he had his face buried in the crook of his neck. Normally, the brunet would be aroused be all this, but Bill was behaving strangely all of the sudden, and that made him worry.

“Bill?” he softly called out. He didn’t mind the pain he was feeling. He knew Bill didn’t mean to hurt him like this; he just couldn’t help himself because the thought of being apart for a long time scared him too.

“Pine Tree…” the taller man said weakly, as if he was about to cry. He wasn’t, though; Dipper didn’t feel any tears.

“Bill, it’s okay…we’ll be okay.” He tenderly stroked the golden-haired man’s back, keeping his hand in place every now and then to trace little patterns with his fingers. Bill was gradually relaxing, though he still wouldn’t let the brunet go. Not even a little.

Dipper sighed and planted a kiss on Bill’s hair. One of his hands made its way up his back. He ran his fingers through the taller man’s silken locks and lightly tugged on them a couple of times. It certainly seemed to work; Bill wasn’t hurting him anymore, and his breaths weren’t so heavy
anymore. After a while, his mouth was barely open.

“Hey, look at me,” the brunet said in a gentle tone.

Bill finally pulled away a little, just enough for them to be face to face. He saw his lover’s beautiful smile, which made him smile back, although just a little.

Dipper’s hand slid from the back of his head to his cheek. “I’m really worried too, but I know we’ll make things work. We don’t have to worry about this right now; we still have a few years before we graduate.”

“Yeah, but…I…” The taller man let out a frustrated sigh, which turned into a groan rather quickly.

“We’ll talk about it when we have to. Just relax for now, okay? I’m still here…and so are you.”

The brunet couldn’t bother to care about the fact that Bill’s parents were sitting across them. They’ve been watching the whole time, so a kiss wouldn’t matter at this point.

Before the golden-haired man could say anything else, Dipper closed his eyes and pressed his lips onto Bill’s, sealing the very little distance between their faces.

Bill pushed his head forward as he parted his lips, which encouraged his lover to do the same. As their kiss deepened, he resisted the urge to slip his tongue into the brunet’s mouth, knowing that it’d be very embarrassing for him, even though he was already comfortable with his parents. It’d be too much. An open-mouthed kiss was already a stretch.

You’re the only drug I’ll ever need.

After a little while, he pulled away silently and opened his eyes. He softly panted along with Dipper, who was looking right back at him.

“So…you got anymore questions?” Aedan asked the woman beside him.

“No…I think I know just what I need to know about Dipper—he’s perfect for our son.”

“Yep, he definitely is.”

Vespera smiled kindly at Dipper when she saw him looking at her. “That’ll be all, Dipper. That was a wonderful answer.”

“Guess you’re not as submissive as I thought, boy,” her husband added.

“Oh, uh…thanks, I guess,” the brunet said, smiling back at Vespera. He looked back at the taller man as he carefully held his arms and took them off him. “Let’s finish our food so we can cuddle upstairs, okay?”

“Okay.”

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After they ate, they went back to Bill’s room. They decided to do what they should’ve done in the first place—unpack.

“So, uh…where do I put my…underwear?” Dipper asked, holding a few pairs of his boxers. “Wait, I don’t have a lot with me. Maybe I should just keep them here in my bag.”
“No, you gotta feel like you’re at home.”

“Being with you always feels like home.”

Bill remained silent for a second; he ended up blushing because he was touched by what the brunet just said. He wasn’t sure whether he was flirting with him or just telling the truth and nothing more. Either way, he was sweet.

“Well, I-I’m glad that’s how you feel. Anyway, as I was saying, let me just make some room in my drawer.” He walked to his closet and pulled one of his drawers open. He rearranged his underwear so there’d be enough room for Dipper's, then he went ahead and pushed aside some of the clothes in his closet.

“All set, Pine Tree. You can go hang your clothes here too. There’s a few spare hangers, and you can just place your pants next to mine.”

“Oh, thanks,” the brunet said. He walked to the taller man with his clothes in hand. He gave Bill a kiss on the cheek before he bent down to place his folded underwear in his drawer. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to when he realized that he had to place his boxers on top of Bill’s since it might be confusing, but he probably already thought of that.

Bill smiled as he watched Dipper settle in for a while. He was tempted to kiss him back, but he decided to just pet him since his little plan would definitely make them end up kissing. If, somehow, it doesn’t, then they’d be cuddling instead, which he wouldn’t mind either.

“Hey, Pine Tree, wanna go on a date with me here in my room?” he asked as he walked to his TV.

“Two dates in one day, huh? Sure…w-what do you have in mind?”

“A movie date. What genre do you wanna watch? Horror? Romance?”

“Hmm…I think I’ll go with horror. I mean, it’s sort of cliché, but at least it’s less cliché than ro—oh, wait a minute…oh.”

“What?”

“I just remembered that we watched a horror movie like, a few days after we met or something,” Dipper chuckled, “It feels like such a long time ago.”

“Yeah…it does,” the taller man agreed.

Bill didn’t stop looking for a movie to watch, but he was paying attention to Dipper. It felt kind of nice to remember stuff from when they were just friends.

The brunet sat on his side of Bill’s bed once he was done putting his clothes in his closet and drawer. He waited patiently and watched his lover look cute while he was choosing between the two DVD cases in his hands. His eyebrows were furrowed in concentration and his lips were pursed as he hummed in thought. Looks like he was really thinking this through.

Dipper sighed fondly; he couldn’t help it. Bill was usually hot—and the brunet wouldn’t dare say it out loud, but Bill was sexy, even—but sometimes, he was such a cute dork. Right now’s one of those times in ‘sometimes.’

I guess he really wants us to enjoy our little movie date.
Once the golden-haired man was done setting things up, he crawled onto the bed and sat beside the brunet. He was as close as he could be to Dipper.

“I got the best movie from the ones I have,” he said.

“What’s it called?”

“Psychotic Exorcisms.”

“The so-called ‘scariest movie of all time,’ huh? I’ve never actually watched it myself.

“I have. It’s really good! Maybe it’ll scare you shitless. Don’t worry, you can always hold on to me,” Bill said rather smugly.

“Pft, if you just want me to hold on to you, just say so.”

Before the taller man could get back at him, Dipper wrapped his arms around Bill’s torso and rested his head on his chest. Bill decided to wrap an arm around the brunet’s waist and pet him with his other hand.

“Enjoy the movie, Pine Tree. Just don’t get distracted by my loving touches,” he teased.

“Psh, you wish I would.”

About 10 minutes into the movie, Dipper flinched and yelped with an embarrassingly high pitch. Bill laughed, especially since the brunet hugged him even tighter, but he stroked his back too. Didn’t want him getting too scared, after all.

They continued to watch the movie together, occasionally screaming and holding onto each other for dear life. The taller man would only do so whenever he saw scary scenes he didn’t think he saw before. He’d yell, “WHAT THE FUCK?! I DON’T REMEMBER THAT!” and Dipper would stop screaming and laugh instead. Bill would then calm down within seconds because of him. His cuteness really came in handy.

In the middle of the movie, both of them screamed and practically jumped at the same time as they heard three knocks on the door all of the sudden.

“W-Where those from the movie?” Dipper asked.

“…No. And don’t worry, it’s not a monster or anything else like that,” the taller man said, stroking the brunet’s back.

“How do you know that?”

Dipper inadvertently arches his back as he felt Bill’s fingers tracing his spine. He hoped he didn’t notice that he pressed against him even more, but he knew he already did. Thankfully, he didn’t say anything.

“Bill, Dipper, mind if I come in for a sec? I got you two some snacks!” a certain man said from the other side of the door.

“Nope, come on in!” the golden-haired man said right before he kissed the top of Dipper’s head. He looked back at the brunet. “That answer your question?”

“Yeah, I guess so.”
Aedan opened the door with one hand, while he held a tray of two tacos in his other. He didn’t mind seeing Bill and Dipper hugging each other when he walked in; they can do what they want…given that they don’t make too much noise.

“Sorry for interrupting,” he teased.

Bill snickered. “Don’t worry, we’ve got a lot of alone time.”

“Right, of course. Anyway, we heard you two screaming from downstairs. I know that wasn’t the sound of gay se—”

“DAD.” Bill gently ran his fingers through Dipper’s fluffy brown locks, knowing that it was embarrassing for him to hear his dad mention that.

Aedan cleared his throat. “Sorry. Anyway, we assumed you two were watching a horror movie, so we decided to prepare some snacks. Here,” he said, handing over the food.

“Whose great idea was it to bring us tacos while we’re in bed though?” his son asked, taking the tray and placing it beside him for the time being.

“Your mom. Can’t really argue with her if we don’t have to.”

Bill shrugged. “Well, I do like tacos. Tell her ‘thanks’ for us, please.”

“Alright, you can go rewind your movie now. Don’t get too naughty while I’m gone,” he teased.

“We’re not!”

Aedan laughed. “Alright, I’ll see you two later.”

“See ya, pops!”

“S-See you…uh…dad…?” the brunet nervously said as he turned to look at Aedan.

Aedan looked back at Dipper, quite surprised that he actually spoke. He seemed like the really shy type, after all. He smiled at him. “Course I don’t mind you calling me dad. See you later, future son-in-law.”

With that, Aedan walked out and closed the door.

Bill helped the brunet sit up once he saw that he was going to do so. He kissed him Dipper on the cheek once he was comfortable, making him smile.

“Alright Pine Tree, let’s eat. Just be careful not to drop anything on the bed,” he said as he took the tacos and handed one to his Pine Tree.

“Sure, and of course I’ll be careful. I don’t wanna make a stain on your bed. It looks and is really nice and comfy.”

“I’d let you stain it with yourself anytime you want,” Bill said, flirtatiously winking.

Dipper felt his cheek heat up; he knew exactly what the taller man meant. He wasn’t going to tell Bill it was actually a nice thought.

“I’d punch you on the shoulder, but I don’t want to make you accidentally waste your food. The tacos look and smell delicious.”
“They are, Pine Tree. Definitely the best tacos I’ve ever tasted.”

“Maybe they’ll be the best ones I’ve ever tasted, too.”

After they ate and finished the movie, they went to the bathroom and took turns in washing hands.

“I uh, actually do have to ‘go,’ so you go first,” the brunet said.

“Alright, I gotcha.”

Once Bill was done, Dipper went inside. He didn’t go out right after he did his business and washed his hands. He washed his face and just took a breather for a little while. He thought about stuff, especially things that have been happening recently, but he made sure not to let them affect him much at the moment.

Bill waited on his bed. He thoughts about things, too. Like what he knew would happen later. They had to talk. He had to give him answers.

*Am I really going to tell him?*

Dipper walked out of the bathroom and headed back to the taller man’s room right away since he didn’t want to keep him waiting, but he heard an unfamiliar voice as he was doing so. He peeked from the staircase to see what she looked like. She was pretty, and she seemed to get along well with Bill’s parents.

He walked to Bill's door and opened it.

“Hey, Bill, you have a visitor.”

“A visitor? Huh. Well, I’ll go introduce you.”

The taller man got out of bed and walked to the brunet. He closed the door, then he held Dipper’s hand. He laced their fingers together and kept them like that as they walked down the stairs.

His grip on Dipper’s hand tightened the moment he saw who the visitor was. He did his best to control himself after about a second or so, though. He took a deep breath in, then he exhaled and let his hand relax.

He turned to look at the brunet when he felt him lightly squeeze his hand. He gave Dipper a very tiny smile—it was all he could manage to do—since the brunet was looking at him quite worriedly.

Before they could even say hi to the visitor, a certain puppy barked as it ran towards them.

“Cuddles!” Bill bent down with his arms spread out, ready to welcome the cute little Border Collie.

It was a shame Cuddles went to Dipper instead of him.

The brunet looked down at the puppy, who was looking right back at him. Cuddles had his front paws on the man’s shoe and his tail was wagging. He barked again, which the man found cute.

“Oh, hello. Want me to carry you, little guy?” He bent down and carefully lifted the puppy with both of his hands. He adjusted them a little so Cuddles could just be on his arm. He gently stroked the top of the puppy’s head, and he couldn’t help but softly say “Aw” when he felt Cuddles lean into his hand.
While petting Cuddles, he turned to Bill, who was pouting with his arms crossed.

“Pft, what?”

“Not much. Hmph.”

“Come on, what is it? You wanna carry Cuddles?” he asked, stepping closer to the taller man.

“Well, I love you way more than I like this puppy. Does that count as anything?”

Bill tried to look like he was still unconvinced, but he could only keep up the act for a second or so. Dipper was smiling at him so warmly, so of course he had to smile back.

“Okay, it does…I love you too, but can you let me hold him?” he said.

“Of course. Here. Go to Bill now, Cuddles.”

The brunet carefully brought Cuddles closer to the taller man, who took him right away and carried him on his arm. Dipper watched Bill pet the puppy…and part of him wished Bill would pet him instead. He quickly brushed those thoughts off his mind though; he knew he was going to do that later one way or another.

“I…see you two really like my dog,” a certain woman said, getting Bill and Dipper’s attention.

“Oh, right…so, Bill, who is this?” the brunet asked.

The taller man remained silent for a few seconds. He carefully put Cuddles on the ground and stood back up. He reluctantly directed his hand towards the woman.

“Pine Tree, this is Mary.”

“Oh…”

Bill then turned to Mary as he held the brunet’s hand. “This is my boyfriend, Dipper Pines. Yeah, I’m gay. If you got a problem with that, shut the…just shut up.”

“I don’t have any problems with that at all, Bill. Congratulations, actually. I may not look like it, but I’m happy for you two.” She tried and smiled a little, but it didn’t affect her younger brother at all.

“Don’t fucking say my name.”

“Sorry.”

“Why are you here,” the taller man said without any joy in his face, nor in his voice.

“I visit mom and dad pretty often, so…yeah. I miss them during work, after all. I-I’m actually glad I came today because,” Mary bit her lip and slightly clenched her fists in nervousness, “…I miss you.”

“Maybe you should’ve have fucking moved then.”

Bill attempted to walk away, but the brunet pulled him back.

“Bill, wait…” Dipper said, clearly worried about him.

The golden-haired man sighed. “I’ll just be in my room, Pine Tree. I’ll be okay, I just need a little time. You can come with me if you want though; that’d actually be better than…being alone.” He
brought the brunet’s hand to his lips and kissed it. He then released it and carefully pulled his hand away.

He began to walk back to his room.

“I’m sorry,” Mary said.

Bill didn’t stop, nor did he turn back. He didn’t say anything, either. He just rolled his eyes.

“Uck, why can’t he just fucking get over it? He’s still an immature piece of shit,” the woman said as she angrily sat down.

“Oye, don’t call your brother that,” Vespera scolded with her hands on her hips.

“I’ll just call him something else then.”

“You two really don’t get along, huh?” the brunet asked, causing Mary to look at him.

She couldn’t stay mad when she saw the concerned look on his face. He didn’t seem to be mocking her or anything; he seemed like a nice guy.

“Yeah, we haven’t gotten along for a long time. By a long time, I mean years. Lots of years,” she replied.

“Do you mind if I sit beside you? I just wanna talk to you a little if it’s okay. I’m just really curious about you since Bill doesn’t really talk about you…he just keeps refusing to answer when I ask about you. He only told me your name and some of his problems with you, and that was after a lot of begging.”

“Not at all, go ahead,” she said with a little smile.

“Thanks.”

Dipper sat beside her, careful not to make the weight shift on the cushion too suddenly. He made sure their thighs weren’t touching each other either. It might make things awkward.

“…Bill told me you humiliated him…why’d you do it?” he asked.

“So he told you about that. Well, I was jealous. Really, really, jealous. My parents paid most of their attention to him because…well, I guess their reasons were valid. I really should’ve realized that. I was stupid.”

“What valid reasons?”

“I...I’m not supposed to be the one to tell you. If you don’t know, then Bill hasn’t told you yet. I don’t have the right to say anything.”

“I se. Well uh, you seem to really wanna make things up to him.”

“I do. I really do…but he just won’t even try to forgive me. I don’t know what to do. I want to be a good big sister to him, but he doesn’t even want to see me…it’s too little too late for us, I guess.” She sighed.

“I’m sorry about you two. I’ll try to think of something that can help.”

“It’s okay, Dipper. I appreciate the thought, but making him forgive me seems impossible at this
“No problem. You seem like a nice person now…though you did insult him a while ago. Did you really have to?” the brunet asked as he stood up.

“He just really pisses me off a lot because of his attitude. Sorry about that, I know it doesn’t exactly feel good to hear someone talk shit about your lover.”

“…For how long are you gonna stay here?”

“Until tomorrow afternoon.”

“Alright, thanks. I’ll uh, see you around.”

Mary just waved at the brunet; she didn’t feel like talking anymore.

Dipper walked to the dining room, where Bill’s parents were. They walked out of the living room while he talked to Mary. Guess they wanted to give them some room.

“Hey, uh…I’m just gonna go outside for a bit, okay? I just want some fresh air for a while,” he said.

“Sure, mi hijo. Sorry for all the tension by the way, this kind of thing happens every time those two see each other,” Vespera said.

“Don’t worry, I get it.”

With that, the brunet headed to the door and walked out. He closed his eyes, breathed in, and exhaled after a few seconds. He opened his eyes and looked at the bright morning sky for a little while. He walked around as he looked at the trees grown near the house. They weren’t pine trees, but they still reminded him of Gravity Falls since there were lots of trees around the Mystery Shack.

He walked to a tree that was rather close to the house. It just seemed a little bigger than all the others…and it looked a little different, too.

“Huh…what are these?”

He carefully placed his hand on the strange marks he saw. He rubbed his hand against it, then on the rest of the tree’s bark.

“Dark—almost black, even—slightly softer…are these burns? Why are they only on that side of the tree?” he asked himself as he walked around the tree.

He went back to where he was previously standing. He looked at the burns more closely. They covered only a rather large of the tree…too big if it was caused by an accident. He would know. There was no pattern, but it was certainly suspicious enough.

He examined the tree’s bark even more, sliding his hand across the areas near the burns, then the areas much further from it.

“There’s some sort of change in the texture here…like there’s a split…

“A split, huh?”

Dipper pulled out a relatively small piece of burnt bark. He looked at it closely as he turned it in his hand. For some reason, it seemed different from the burnt wood he’d seen in his life so far.
He then tossed it to the ground. He examined the part he took the bark from. He wasn’t sure if what he was seeing was right, so he ran his thumb across its surface.

“It’s even and pretty smooth…smooth enough…could it be?”

The brunet stood straight and dusted his hands off. He then balled his hand up into a fist and took a deep breath. He grunted as he hit the small, now exposed part of the tree about three times.

His eyebrows furrowed when he heard the dull, clank-like ring from inside the tree.

“…Metal?”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter! Anyway, uh, I'm not sure when I can post the next update. We're getting more work in school bc our periodical tests are like in 2 weeks and stuff, so yeah, I'll have to focus on studies for a while. I'll update this month though, so don't worry!
“If this is metal, then there should be a switch somewhere. It’s most likely a branch…but which one?”

Dipper looked up and examined each branch carefully. It was pretty hard to find the fake one, though instead of getting frustrated, he was honestly quite impressed. Whoever made this definitely chose a good tree; even the hidden switches in Gravity Falls were easier to find than the one for this tree.

It wasn’t impossible though. He still found it rather quickly—faster than an average person would, at the very least—he just took a little longer than usual.

“There it is. Now, how…oh, right. What am I doing? I should really go back. Bill needs me right now, and he’s more important than whatever’s going on here.”

Dipper walked back into the house without a second thought. He washed his hands before he went in front of the door to Bill’s room.

He’s probably been waiting for me this whole time...

He knocked on the door thrice. He stayed where he was rather than going in right away. Sure, Bill told him to make himself at home, but he was probably angry at him. It might piss him off more if the brunet just walked in.

“Who is it?” the golden-haired man asked from the other side of the door.

“It’s me, Bill.”

“Wait, Pine Tree?”

Bill got off his bed and walked to the door. He opened it and grabbed Dipper’s hand the moment he saw him. He pulled him inside before he could even say anything. He then closed the door and locked it, not wanting anyone to intrude just because they heard a door slam shut.

“Why’d you knock? You don’t have to; I told you to make yourself at home. I know this is my house, but for me, this is your room too,” he said in a worried tone.

“I-I thought you might be mad since I didn’t follow you right away. Sorry about that.”

“Pine Tree, I can’t stay mad at you. I’m sure I’ve told you that before. Did you forget?” he said as he caressed Dipper’s cheek.
“Well, no, I do remember you telling me that, but—”

“Just remember that you don’t have to knock next time, okay? You don’t have to apologize for anything, either. I knew you’d get curious and talk to...her. It’s okay.”

“Okay....”

“C’mere, let me cheer you up.”

Bill spread his arms towards the brunet. With a gentle smile on his face, he waited for Dipper to hug him before he wrapped his arms around his Pine Tree’s waist. With one of his hands, he traced his fingers up Dipper’s spine, causing him to arch his back instinctively. He dug his nails into the rather thin fabric of the brunet’s flannel button-up, just enough to lightly claw them down his back. He didn’t dig his nails that deeply; he just wanted to make Dipper relax, and not to cause him pain and pleasure. Not now, anyway. It wasn’t the right time.

Dipper sighed in relaxation and smiled a little, much to Bill’s relief. He hugged the taller man a little tighter, feeling more of the warmth he always felt so comfortable in.

“You’re so small and cute, Pine Tree,” Bill said. He planted a kiss on his Pine Tree’s fluffy brown locks, thought his compliments alone already made the brunet giggle.

“I’m taller than your parents though.”

“You’re still shorter than me.”

“You’re taller than a lot of people.”

“I know.”

The taller man lightly pressed his lips onto Dipper’s nape, sending shivers down his spine.

“Wanna sit on the bed with me now?” he asked.

“Hmm, depends. Do I get more kisses?” the brunet joked.

“All the kisses you want, Pine Tree.”

“I was joking...I kinda want to talk. Is that okay with you?”

“Yeah. I did say we should talk here, after all.”

Bill released Dipper before they walked to the bed together and sat down beside each other.

“So, our talk...You know...Mary seems really sorry for the things she’d done to you,” Dipper said.

“She can’t make up for the shit she did to me. She’s not even trying! You don’t see her doing jack shit, do you?!”

“She is trying, Bill. She was apologizing just a while ago.”

“Saying ‘I’m sorry’ over and over again doesn’t change what she did and it never will.”

“Nothing can change the past, Bill.” Actually, there is, but it’s not like she has access to time machines. That wouldn’t be a good idea, anyway.
“I mean, she can’t do anything to be able to do that,” he said.

“That’s exactly why I’m not going to forgive her.”

“Bill, you can’t hold a grudge against your sister forever.”

“That’s because I don’t have one. I’m adopted, remember?” the taller man pointed out.

“Bill.”

“I said I don’t want to fucking forgive her, so I’m not going to!”

“Why? Why can’t you at least try? I know you said she humiliated you, but that’s in the past, and you have to move on, just like when we get into fights.” Dipper placed his hand on Bill’s, which was clenched into a fist.

“Pine Tree, we’re lovers. Fights between us are special cases. The shit she did, on the other hand, are way fucking worse than our little arguments.”

“But shouldn’t she be a special case too? She’s family, after all.”

“Family? Tell me, Pine Tree, does family ruin your fucking childhood?”

“Bill, you were kids. She’s five years older, but she was still young, just like you were. Didn’t she play pranks or other stupid stuff children do like you did? Siblings do those to each other; it’s normal. Having little quarrels with each other’s totally normal too.”

“You don’t f—know anything, Pine Tree.”

Bill growled as he grabbed Dipper’s wrist. He didn’t plan on letting go. He didn’t plan to dig his nails into Dipper’s pulse and draw blood though; despite knowing that he was about to unravel and was desperately holding himself back from doing so, he could never hurt his beloved Pine Tree. He never wanted to. Dipper was the best and most important thing in his life. It didn’t matter whether he was sane or not—Dipper was stuck not only in his head, but also his heart.

The brunet was a little startled by the sudden tight sensation around his wrist, but nothing more than that. The golden-haired man just needed to vent. He’ll calm down later.

“It’s alright, Bill. Just let it all out,” he said.

“Let it all out, huh? Sounds like a stupid idea.” Bill chuckled. He was…oddly loud. He wasn’t exactly laughing, but he seemed different. Dipper wasn’t sure what he’d call it. Insane? Evil? Sadistic? Chaotic? Perhaps he was thinking too much. He knew something was off though, but he didn’t say anything. It was Bill’s time to talk, not his. He maintained eye contact.

“Alright, might as well start from the beginning, right? So, the history of Bill Cipher.”

“You’re sure you’ll be okay with this?”

“You interrupted me. Don’t you worry though; I’m not mad at you.”

“Sorry, and…thank you.”

The brunet lifted his wrist and carefully pressed his lips onto the taller man’s hand. Bill smiled, but he still seemed different. At the same time though, he was still the same. He was still the one Dipper loved, and he actually remained silent while the brunet kissed his hand. He waited until he was done.
“I was left in a basket in front of this house. Typical shit people do when they don’t want their babies. No surprise there. Anyway, ma took me in. She said there was a note in the basket. It had my name and other bullshit on it. Everything else in it was fucking bullshit. My name was the only important thing there. No fucking birthdate or anything, okay? Nothing.”

Dipper nodded whilst looking into the taller man’s eyes.

“So ma took me in. Of-fucking-course, Mary hated me the moment she found out I was being adopted. She wanted all the attention. What a bitch, right? Well, I was a baby. Then a toddler. Then a child. I was innocent and naïve…and very, very, stupid.”

Bill chuckled the same way he did a while ago. He was a little louder this time.

“I was so stupid I thought I had a chance with her. I was so nice to her.”

The brunet felt the taller man’s grip on him tighten. He stroked Bill’s hand with his free hand’s thumb. It helped, but only for a few seconds.

“I’d give her shitty gifts from time to time, but I was always sincere. That’s when I was about four. Maybe younger. When I was a bit older though, I stepped it up. I wanted to have fun with her, so I played pranks on her. Harmless pranks. Apparently she didn’t know how to have fun. She still fucking doesn’t, by the way. She only gets annoyed.”

Bill grabbed Dipper’s other wrist as well. He wasn’t exactly smiling while he was talking, but he furrowed his brows more and looked at the brunet’s hands, breaking eye contact with him. He didn’t want to glare at him.

“She’d keep telling me to get away from her, especially in school. She also treated me like shit. I don’t know why I thought she was having fun with me when she did shitty things to me. Oh, and by the way, she didn’t just do stupid things a child would usually do. She wanted me fucking dead from the start, Pine Tree. She dropped me when I was a fucking baby! I was only lucky pops caught me before I actually hit the ground.”

His words sounded more and more like growls the more he spoke. He was desperately trying not to yell; he promised Dipper he wouldn’t do that to him ever again.

“And you wanna fucking know why she hated me so much? Why she humiliated me in front of the people that could’ve actually been my family, and not a bunch of pussies treating me nicely because they’re afraid of me?!”

He grunted and pinned the brunet onto the ground in his anger and frustration…and fear. It was getting harder to control himself. He was relieved Dipper acted quickly enough so his head wouldn’t hit the floor, but that wasn’t enough to calm him down.

He now had Dipper lying on the ground in front of him. The brunet wasn’t struggling, but even if he was, he wouldn’t be able to use his arms anyway; not with his wrists firmly pinned on the ground and Bill’s legs by his sides. He merely yelped rather softly in response to the taller man’s sudden action, but other than that, he was silent. He was looking right into Bill’s eyes—he wasn’t scared. He didn’t care that he was trapped in the golden-haired man’s stare. Bill’s not going to hurt him, he’s just going to say something very important and personal.

I trust him, and he trusts me.

“Do you want to know what all that bullshit in the note was? You asked me what this red dot on my neck is, right? You wanna fucking know what I really am?” Bill said.
The brunet nodded slightly. He knew the taller man would probably give him the answer to those questions regardless, but he wanted him to know that he was going to be okay with whatever he was going to say.

“I’m a demon, Pine Tree! A demon!”

Dipper’s eyes widened in surprise when he saw Bill’s eyes change right in front of him. His scleras turned a bright, glowing red, his irises the darkest shade of black he’d ever seen, and his pupils—which seemed to glow, too—were pure white.

Dipper was amazed, but he wasn’t scared. Behind all that anger was fear, love, and care…and sadness, too. His feelings for Bill wouldn’t change just because he’s part demon. He’s the same person he fell in love with. He was always part demon, he just didn’t know. Why would this change anything?

“We’ve been dating for months…you loved me so much…but I never told you you’ve been dating a demon…who just couldn’t risk being left by the love of his life.” Bill’s eyes turned back to normal the moment he saw the way his Pine Tree looked at him. He didn’t want to scare him. He never wanted to.

“I’m sorry…” he said.

“Bill, I still love you. It’s okay.”

“What…?” He looked genuinely confused, so Dipper gave him a warm smile.

“This won’t change how I feel for you. You’re still you,” the brunet said.

“Pine Tree, I’m a demon. I might hurt you eventually. If my demonic side gets out of control, I can’t do anything about it!”

“You’ve been so nice to me and you’ve been a demon way before I met you. I think you’re controlling it pretty well.”

“If I was controlling myself so well, I wouldn’t have pinned you down! My eyes shouldn’t have changed at all either! It’s not easy to control myself Pine Tree, it never is!”

“But you can, Bill. You’re doing great. Sure, this whole thing happened just now, but you didn’t hurt me. It’s okay.”

The taller man groaned in frustration. He released the brunet and sat back on Dipper’s thighs. He was relieved to see that he didn’t make any marks on his Pine Tree’s skin.

“You don’t understand…Pine Tree, our first kiss happened because of my damn lust for you. I had so much better opportunities to kiss you during that date; there was way better buildup and everything…yet I chose to do it right after you drank water after a shot of vodka, just because you looked so fucking seductive.

“We could’ve had a better first kiss if I controlled myself. I shouldn’t even have taken so long. You’ve probably been waiting for me to do that before we even went out of the university…We could’ve done so much more in that date if I’d just kissed you earlier out of my love for you. I’m sorry I made you wait…I’m sorry it was me not being able to control my lust for you that actually made our relationship official.”

Bill was looking at Dipper with eyes that were welling up with tears. If this wasn’t what was
happening, Dipper would think those were pretty good puppy eyes. He didn’t want Bill to cry though, so he sat up and embraced his around his torso.

“It’s okay, Bill. You still love me, right?” he said.

“Of course I do! I loved you even before I kissed you! Did I make you think I don’t anymore? I’m sorry!”

Bill began to sob, much more when he felt the warm liquid rolling down his cheeks. He hated this. He hated this so much. He made Dipper feel like he didn’t love him anymore, and he was crying. Pathetic.

“No, Bill…it’s not that. My point is that since you do love me, then I don’t mind the fact that you kissed me out of your inner desires…also, it wasn’t so bad. That make out session after that kiss was hot…I liked it. I mean, I couldn’t…you know—“

“Yeah, I know. S-Sorry I drove you to that point, too…”

Dipper tenderly stroked Bill’s back and lightly kissed his neck. He heard the taller man whimper as he cried—which was admittedly really cute, but wasn’t a good thing—so he gave him more kisses and loving touches.

“Don’t worry about it. It did feel really good. Plus, you did ask whether I wanted to finish or not. You even got us some ice and table napkins. Oh, and you can hug me back, by the way. Don’t be afraid or anything like that, it’s okay. You’re not going to hurt me.”

Bill sniffled and whimpered a few more times before he wrapped his arms around Dipper’s waist and pulled him just a little closer. He closed his eyes, letting himself relax just like his Pine Tree wanted him to. He relished in all the love and affection Dipper was giving him and letting him feel. It was nice and…warm.

“You know, for a demon, you’re quite the angel,” the brunet said as he ran his fingers through the taller man’s hair. He was very gentle, knowing that Bill wasn’t used to being the one receiving this kind of treatment. He felt the arms around his waist hold him a bit tighter, which was good. He loved feeling the golden-haired man’s warmth, though he also wanted to kiss Bill somewhere other than his neck.

“Hey, you mind if I take a good look at you? I just want to give you more kisses, if that’s okay with you.”

The taller man opened his eyes a little. He blinked and shifted his gaze left and right a few times, thinking about it while the brunet stroked his back more and lightly tugged on his hair every once in a while.

“I…guess it’s okay since you’re the only one here with me,” he answered. He didn’t stop hugging Dipper, but he did lean back a little, giving his Pine Tree what he wanted—to see his pathetic, tear-stained face.

“You’re the only one who’s allowed to see me like this. You got that?” he said, looking at Dipper with his puffy eyes.

“Yeah,” the brunet replied with a warm smile.

Dipper gave Bill a kiss on the cheek. It was tender and audible, and Bill seemed to like it. Well, to be fair, he always liked kissing and being kissed by Dipper. That should make things much better.
“You know, you don’t look so bad. I mean, you still look more attractive than me, even like this,”
the brunet said before he kissed the taller man again.

“Thanks for the compliment, Pine Tree,” Bill sniffled, “But I know you’re just complimenting me to
make me feel better. I look terrible, don’t I?”

“I wouldn’t say ‘terrible;’ just a little worse than usual. Are you feeling better though? That’s what
matters, really.”

“Yeah, a little, I guess…You’re pretty good at this.”

“Do you want more kisses?”

“Can I have some on the lips?”

Dipper chuckled, which confused Bill once again. The brunet immediately noticed the change in his
facial expression, so he cupped the taller man’s cheek and caressed it with his thumb, wiping off
some dried tears.

“Anything you want, Bill,” he said.

He leaned in and closed his eyes as he pressed his lips onto Bill’s. He sighed as he felt the taller man
push his head forward a little.

Bill would probably like it, so he went ahead and parted his lips. He wasn’t sure whether Bill wanted
just an open-mouthed kiss or a French kiss, but that question in his mind was answered pretty
quickly.

Bill slowly slid his tongue into Dipper’s mouth, as if he was being careful in case the brunet didn’t
want to kiss a demon to this extent. Of course, that wasn’t the case at all. Dipper liked it very much;
he always did, really, except that one time Bill used kisses and other intimate things against him.
Other than that, he always liked doing stuff like this with Bill. They’re just things that they couldn’t
do as friends, but only as lovers.

Dipper softly moaned as they kissed. He let the taller man explore his mouth for a bit before he
finally gave in to his teases; it wasn’t exactly easy to keep his tongue still with Bill’s grazing it while
licking and thrusting into every crevice of his mouth, but not his tongue.

His moans grew louder the moment he let his tongue dance with Bill’s. The taller man was gentle at
first, though gradually, he got rougher and rougher. He would suck fervently, tasting Dipper as he
twisted their tongues together as tightly as he could.

Dipper tugged on Bill’s hair as he struggled not to move his legs. Well, he actually really couldn’t
since the taller man was sitting on his thighs, so all he could do was curl his toes while he desperately
hoped he wouldn’t get a boner with Bill on his lap, sort of still pinning him down, and morning right
onto his tongue.

He eventually rested his head on the taller man’s shoulder and panted heavily. He couldn’t let things
escalate that much, knowing that they’d have to stop. Bill would know when to stop and he will,
then he’d feel bad all over again, thinking he’s a terrible lover. Sounds a little ridiculous, but that’s
just how he was.

“Sorry…did I…tire you out…too much…?” Bill asked as he breathed heavily.

“No, no…it was…you were really good. I just…thought of something a while ago and I really
wanna tell you what it is…also, I uh, think my legs are going numb. Don’t get me wrong; I like having you sitting on my lap, but in this position…”

“Oh, sorry, Pine Tree.”

The taller man carefully got off the brunet. He stroked Dipper’s thighs a little, trying to soothe them. He sat by the edge of his bed, hugging his knees rather loosely and resting his head on them.

Dipper grunted softly and sighed as he finally moved his legs. He then sat in front of the golden-haired man and smiled at him.

“You know, Bill, since you’re a demon, I’m actually pretty happy; I finally have an excuse to write about you,” he said.

Bill looked at the brunet confusedly; he didn’t quite get what he was saying. “What do you mean?”

“Hang on, I’ll show you.”

Dipper gave Bill a quick kiss on the lips before he stood up and walked to his bag, leaving the golden-haired man clueless on the floor.

Bill watched as Dipper took a blue journal. He seemed quite excited as he walked back to the taller man. He was clearly trying not to show his excitement—he was biting his lip, and there was a slight jump in his every step—but obviously his attempt to hide it wasn’t working at all. He was probably being considerate. That was pretty sweet of him. Sure, he was failing at what he intended to do, but it was still adorable to see him try.

He sat in front of the taller man again before he held up his journal so Bill could see its cover, which had a blue pine tree—just like the one on his hat—with the number three on it.

“Here it is! I-I mean, here it is,” he said.

Bill merely looked at Dipper with the same confused way he has been for quite a while. He still couldn’t understand why he was so happy.

\textit{Shouldn’t he be scared? No one knows when I’ll lose control, not even me. I thought he was scared to death of uncertainty; why does this make any difference to him?}

“After my first summer in Gravity Falls, I began to keep a journal. I wrote about some highlights in my life with Mabel at Piedmont, but what actually occupied most of the pages was the stuff I wrote whenever we would visit Gravity Falls, especially the crazy things I haven’t seen there till…well, whenever I made entries of them. There’s so much anomalies there that I’ve filled up my two journals already, and now, I’m at my third.”

Dipper turned the journal towards himself for a few moments so he could flip its pages to where his tasseled bookmark was.

“I…have a page for you,” he said, showing the empty page to Bill.

“…A blank page?” the taller man remarked.

“I mean, I’ve always wanted to write about you, but this is a journal, not a diary—which Mabel teases me for by saying it is one. I can only write about highlights in my life, my experiences in Gravity Falls, and the paranormal, or any anomaly in general, really. Anyway, my point is, since you’re a demon…”
Bill’s eyes lit up when he realized where Dipper was going with his. He was looking right into the brunet’s eyes, which were filled with excitement. There was hope in them, too—hope that Bill would let him write about him. They were almost like puppy eyes.

The golden-haired man, on the other hand, wasn’t sure how to feel. He felt happy because Dipper apparently always wanted to write about him, and that was just adorable and dorky, but deep down, he couldn’t help but feel some sort of resentment. He just didn’t want to be treated like a lab rat again. Many questions would be raised since he was a demon. Dipper would probably tell him he could refuse to answer whatever question he wanted to, but he won’t, no matter how much he would hate to answer it. Dipper was his Pine Tree, and he wanted to keep him happy; satisfied in every way.

“…Maybe you can let me write about you…? Y-You don’t have to, of course. I just—”

“I’ll do it,” Bill said.

“Really? A-Are you sure you won’t mind? If you don’t want to, it’s totally fine; you’re more important to me than this journal.”

Despite his words of love and concern, he clearly wanted to write about his lover. Bill knew the brunet meant it when he asked if he wouldn’t mind, but if he refused, he knew Dipper would be disappointed and miserably fail to hide it. It wasn’t like doing what his Pine Tree wanted was a bad thing, either; the more he knew about Bill, the more he would trust him since there’d be less things to be suspicious about.

“You’re important too.” Bill sat back on his heels so he could press his lips on the brunet’s soft ones. He could feel Dipper’s smile as they kissed, which made their kiss even better.

He pulled away after a few seconds. Of course he wanted to kiss his Pine Tree a little longer, but they had to talk first. Plus, they could always kiss—and possibly make out—later, or whenever, for that matter.

“I’ll let you write about me and give you all the answers you want on…one condition.”

“What is it?”

“Don’t treat me like I’m an experiment.”

“Of course I won’t. If I need to know something about you, it’ll be more like an interview. No test equipment. Well, if you meet Great Uncle Ford and he finds out you’re a demon, he’ll probably use some of his stuff on you if you let him.”

“So it’s a deal. Good.”

Bill offered a handshake, which Dipper politely declined by holding his hand with both of his own and kissed it.

“You know that we don’t have to make deals. We can just agree on things.”

“Right, right…because we’re lovers, right?”

“Yeah. Anyway, I’ve decided to just write next time,” the brunet said as he put down his journal.

“I’m still really thrilled that I can write about you, but you kinda have your own problems to deal with right now.”

“Wha—“

Before Bill could argue, Dipper shut him up in a way he liked. Not with a kiss, but with a tender embrace. He sighed; he couldn’t find this. He wrapped his arms around the brunet’s waist and buried his face in the crook of his neck.

“…Can I mark you?” he asked.

“B-Bill, I know you love me—including my scent—but we gotta talk. You can bite me later, before we sleep…or at least when it’s night and I won’t have to interact with your parents so they won’t see the hickey you gave me.”

“Okay.” The taller man leaned back on his bed, letting Dipper rest on his body a little. “So, what do you wanna talk about?”

“Er…I know you really don’t want to, but I really think you should try forgiving Mary. I-I’m just saying this as someone with a twin sister.”

Bill groaned softly and rolled his eyes. “Do you expect me to forgive the person who was supposed to act as my older sister ruin my childhood? Oh, and in case you don’t remember, she pretty much ruined my reputation with the people who are supposed to be my family and my chances of actually having them treat me like I’m a real member of the family; a human! I know I’m a demon, but—“

“Hey, you’re a human too.”

“I mean, I guess I am, but listen to me.”

“Right, sorry.”

Dipper carefully got off the taller man and sat back on his heels as well, knowing that even though Bill didn’t want him to be close to him anymore, he wouldn’t do or say anything about it. He was just too nice to do that.

“G-Go on. Again, I’m sorry I interrupted you,” he said.

“It’s alright, you just wanted to make me feel better.” Bill gave Dipper a kiss on the cheek before he continued to talk.

“Look, I…I could’ve just lived as a normal human if Mary wasn’t around. It was because of her that my powers just…’leaked out’ or something. Basically, I never would’ve known that I was a demon. Not even ma told me that. I can see why.”

“Shouldn’t you be kinda grateful? I-I’m not taking her side, okay? I just think that it’s better that you discovered your uh…demonic abilities while you were uh, here in your house than school or something. I mean, that did happen here in your house, right?”

“Yeah, but fuck that; that’s still not the main reason I hate her. It’s just a small part of it,” Bill said as he crossed his arms.

“I don’t know everything that happened, but you’re still siblings. You can’t change that. Plus, she doesn’t treat you as shitty as she did in your childhood anymore, right? I-I know she kinda talked shit about you just a while ago, but that was still better than the stuff she did to you as a kid, right? She
was also apologizing, and when I talked to her, she pretty much admitted her flaws. It was just a short conversation, but I could tell that she really wanted to make things up to you.”

Bill groaned and mussed up his hair. “You-You can’t just say that whatever happened was in the past, because the people who are supposed to treat me like family still fear me. I don’t care if she was a child; the effects of the shit she did are still here. She can apologize all she wants, but that’s not going to change anything. Besides, you’ve only known her for oh, I don’t know, less than a fucking day? Less than a few hours, even! Come on, I know you! You wouldn’t trust her just like that, would you?”

“I guess not…but it’s not like I trust her very much at all; she just seemed sincere. It’s like being able to tell that a stranger loves their family. One way or another though, I’m doing this for you. I think you’d feel better if you fix things up with her. Maybe you could try?”

“I can barely stand seeing her face. Hell, remembering that she exists pretty much makes me incapable of smiling. You think me talking to her would even be good for me?”

“Only if you can sort things out.”

“Well we can’t, so I won’t. She’s done too much…”

Bill glanced around the room. His anger seemed to disappear slowly and turn into sadness in his eyes instead. After a while, he stretched his arms towards the brunet, though he shifted his gaze to Dipper’s chest, still avoiding eye contact.

Dipper couldn’t help but smile a little. Not that he was happy that Bill wouldn’t look him in the eye; he just liked the fact that Bill admitted he needed a comforting hug...in a way.

“You can have all the affection you want, Bill. Don’t be shy,” he said.

He gave the taller man a warm hug, and a little kiss on the cheek as well.

The golden-haired man sighed. “…I don’t think I want an older sister anymore...she makes me avoid talking about my past because I know that somehow, she’ll end up getting into my thoughts and just...getting me messed up like this all over again. I hate this, Pine Tree. I hate her. She ruined my fucking childhood and I can’t do anything about it.”

Dipper tenderly stroked Bill’s back to comfort him. He gave him another kiss on the cheek, too.

“You know, there’s still a chance for you two to get along. I have a little story for that.”

“What do you mean?”

The brunet got off the taller man and sat beside him instead.

“Well, it’s not my story to tell, so I won’t tell you everything. Basically, my great uncles kinda hated each other too back then. Grunkle Stan kinda ruined the future Great Uncle Ford...thought he wanted. Grunkle Stan did that completely on accident, but because of some stuff from their childhood, Great Uncle Ford wouldn’t believe him, so shit happened, Grunkle Stan got kicked out of their house, then they didn’t see each other for ten years.

“One day though, Great Uncle Ford got Grunkle Stan to go to him because he needed help, but they fought again for certain reasons, and so Great Uncle Ford got sent to uh...lots of potentially dangerous and actually dangerous places. For thirty years. Grunkle Stan also really tried to get him back in those thirty years, though it was because of Mabel and I that we got him back...but at the
time, he still hated Grunkle Stan. It wasn’t until everyone’s lives were at stake that they finally got along.”

“Thirty years…?” the taller man repeated.

“Yeah, right after those ten years. Forty years of hating each other—although secretly missing each other—but they still got along in the end. My point is, if they could make up after all that time and stuff that happened, then so can you and Mary. The amount of time they hated each other is literally longer than the amount of time both of you have lived.”

“I don’t know, Pine Tree; we’re not your Great Uncle—“

“They’re your great uncles now, too.”

“Well, Mary and I aren’t Great Uncle Ford and Grunkle Stan. I mean, I guess worse shit happened between then, but…I don’t know. After thinking that I had a chance with her when I was a kid, only to get treated like shit and humiliated in front of my supposed family in return, I just…don’t want to try thinking like that again. I-It…It hurts, Pine Tree. I just want to keep focusing on you because you don’t hurt me. Not intentionally, anyway.”

“Shh…I won’t force you, I just wanted you to consider it; to think about it for once and not instantly reject the idea once it comes up. I’m sorry that it hurts so much. Let’s end this conversation here, okay?”

“Okay…”

Dipper ran his fingers through Bill’s hair and planted a kiss on it as well. He stroked the taller man’s back, too.

That said though, I should probably think of something so they can talk to each other about this issue. Bill probably wouldn’t talk so harshly to Mary anymore after this conversation, but he’d definitely ignore her if that was the case. He wouldn’t talk to her because, in a way, he might actually be afraid of her…maybe even traumatized. I don’t know for sure. Maybe he’s scared of the idea of getting along with her for all I know.

One way or the other, both he and Mary need a little ‘push’ so they can finally have the talk they’ve been needing for a long time. I only have a little less than two days to get them to talk to each other without them starting a fight…

…I need Mabel’s help for this one.

“Are you feeling a little better?” he asked. Bill nodded without saying a word.

“Would you mind if I played with Cuddles for a bit?”

“Do you have to? I want you to stay…please…”

“No, I don’t have to. Of course I’ll stay if you want me to. Just…thought that maybe you wanna get away from the person who made you remember and even talk about things you never wanted to.”

“Did you want to get away from me back then? Way before we became lovers?”

“Huh? What do you mean?”

“I did the same to you. I made you drink chamomile tea, remember?” Bill told him.
“I…No, I didn’t, but…”

Dipper couldn’t continue; he just couldn’t. It wasn’t going to make their current situation any better. He could remember what happened at the time. Although he trusted Bill now, he told him about his past just days after meeting him. That was stupid. He was just really lucky that Bill turned out to be his future lover at the time.

He could feel his heart ache all over again. It was just really stupid of him, and the fact that he didn’t realize that before only made it worse. He gave trust one last try with a guy he’d just met. What was he thinking? If it wasn’t Bill he talked to, he’d probably tried killing himself all over again. It was a really risky move, and although it did end…relatively well, he couldn’t tell Bill he just gambled what was probably his life, if not just his trust.

He coughed, feeling his heart tighten in his chest. He actually thought about trying to do so as softly as he could—though that thought came into mind too late anyway—but he realized it wouldn’t have mattered anyway. Bill would know one way or the other.

“Pine Tree?” the golden-haired man immediately called out, worried for his beloved’s well-being. “Pine Tree, are you okay? C-Can you breathe properly? Do you need some water? Does your heart hurt?”

“I-I’m fine, Bill. Sorry for making you worry.”

Bill pulled away a little so he could look right into the brunet’s eyes. “You don’t have to apologize. Are you sure you’re oaky?”

Dipper was trapped in the taller man’s stare, but he didn’t mind. It wasn’t like he wanted to hide the truth.

“Yeah. I just didn’t want to tell you that I…I didn’t really trust you as much as I do now at that time. I gave trust one last try with you, which was stupid—n-no offense or anything though; I just barely knew you back then—because I’ve only been friends with you for a few days at the time. I was risking so much. If I told some other stranger about my past, they probably would’ve spread it and…I might’ve tried killing myself all over again.”

“Good thing I’m not some other stranger. I’ll never tell anyone what you told me, and I’ll make sure that you won’t want to kill yourself ever again.”

Bill leaned in and gently pressed his lips onto Dipper’s. He sighed in relaxation and a bit of please as he felt slender fingers run through his silken locks of golden hair.

Dipper didn’t say anything for a while after they kissed; he was quite deep in thought. He wasn’t sure whether he wanted to say something to the taller man or not. He’d already told himself he wouldn’t say it to Bill, but maybe he deserved to hear it.

He placed his hand on the golden-haired man’s shoulder and nervously swallowed.

“You um…have b-beautiful eyelashes…”

He quickly buried his face in the crook of Bill’s neck, making him chuckle.

“Thank you, Pine Tree. Every part of you’s beautiful though; I can’t compete with that,” Bill replied as he stroked the brunet’s back.
“Thanks, but you look way better than I do.”

“Well, we look much better when we’re together.”

Dipper laughed a little. “I guess so. Anyway uh, I should really call Mabel; I bet she’s dying to find out how things went with me and your parents. It’d be really nice to just keep hugging you and all, but I gotta keep her updated, you know?”

“Yeah…you two are really close,” the taller man said, sounding somewhat lonely.

“Sorry.”

“It’s alright, Pine Tree. Go talk to Shooting Star. Say hi to her for me, okay?”

“Okay.”

Dipper slowly pulled away. He gave Bill a kiss on the cheek before he stood up.

“You should go wash your face while I’m gone. Those dry tears don’t feel good on your cheeks, do they?” he said.

The taller man shook his head in response. He stood up as well, and before Dipper could say anything else in case he wanted to, he walked out the door with his head hung low. He left it slightly open for the brunet to use, while he went to the bathroom.

Dipper sighed, worried for Bill. He really wanted to comfort him more, but he only had a little time to plan something for Bill and Mary. He had to call Mabel now.

“Sorry, Bill. I’m doing this for you.”

He walked out of the room and carefully closed the door behind him. He headed to the stairs, but he stopped in his tracks.

“Pine Tree?” the golden-haired man called out as he went out of the bathroom.

“Y-Yes, Bill?”

“What are you sorry for? What exactly are you doing for me?”

“Oh, y-you heard that? Are your senses uh, heightened or something since…since you’re part demon? I mean, I have noticed that you can see in the dark really well.”

“…Yeah. I try not to use them to eavesdrop or anything though. I just happened to hear you.”

“I see. Anyway, you’ll get your answer later, okay? Trust me.”

The brunet stepped towards the taller man and held onto his shoulders. He tiptoed a bit so he could give him a kiss.

“You don’t have to tell me to trust you; I already do.”

*It’s me you should worry about.*

“I know. Now uh, just relax in your room, okay? Get some rest if you want to; you probably need it since I get you so emotionally exhausted. Sorry about that,” Dipper said.
“It’s fine. I guess I feel a little better after getting all that stuff off my chest and…realizing that you won’t leave me. I’ll see you after your phone call, I guess.”

“Yeah. I’ll come back to you as soon as I can.”

Dipper gave Bill a hug before he walked down the stairs. While he did so, Bill walked back into his room. He took a book from his shelves, then he lounged on his bed and began to read it.

Dipper took out his phone and called his sister right away. Before he could even get to the couch, Mabel picked up, as expected.

“HEY BRO-BRO!” she greeted.

“Hey, Mabel.”

With the lack of enthusiasm in her brother’s response, she knew that something was wrong.

“Did something happen? How are Bill’s parents? Do they like you?”

“Yeah. They love me, actually. I’m uh, really glad they do. They’re really nice. By the way, Bill says hi.”

“And I say hi to him too! Anyway, why do you sound so sad then? They love you, and that’s great!”

“It is, but...well, see, Bill has a sister. He hates her and she hated him back then. Now she just dislikes him. Basically, she treated him like shit and kinda ruined his childhood, but she’s been apologizing a lot. Bill won’t forgive her, though. I understand why he doesn’t want to, but their problem’s hurting him. I need your help, Mabel. This is my only chance to help them and I can’t blow it.”

“Don’t worry Dipper, I’m here for you! What exactly do you want me to do?”

“I don’t know...help me come up with a plan to get them to talk to each other without getting into a fight. Getting Bill to even look at Mary, his sister, is hard enough, actually, and I’m only staying here until tomorrow, so I really, really need a plan that is guaranteed to work.”

“Hmm…”

Although Dipper couldn’t see her, he knew that Mabel was rubbing her chin as she tried to come up with something. She always did.

“Do they have something they both like to do?” she asked.

“I don’t know about that. Maybe they do, but since they kinda always didn’t get along, I don’t think they’d know anyway.”

“Oh. Well then...hmm…”

After a while, she finally came up with an idea. It wasn’t the most original idea, and it definitely wasn’t the best either, but it was one that’d work for most people. In this case, Bill in particular. She didn’t see him often, but she knew him well enough to come up with a plan like this.

“Think they can talk while they have dinner?” she proposed.

“I think Bill would just eat and leave the table right after, Mabel. He might not even go to the table in the first place,” her brother replied.
“Can’t you like, set them up or something? Just him and Mary sitting at a table? You could probably sit beside Bill and make sure he doesn’t leave… and so you can keep the peace, y’know?”

Dipper awkwardly scratched the back of his neck and crossed his legs in nervousness. “I don’t know… do you really think he’d let me stop him from getting away from his sister?”

“Of course you can! Bill loves you, Dipper. He’ll listen.”

“I guess he would. Anyway, this isn’t exactly my house. How am I supposed to set up a dinner for just the three of us?”

“Talk to your future in-laws, bro-bro! I bet they know what’s going on between then, so they’ll definitely help out. Plus, you said they like you, right? They’ll at least listen to you when you tell them about our plan.”

“It’s worth a shot. What do I do if it doesn’t work though? W-What’s plan B?”

“There is no plan B! You can do this! GO BIG OR GO HOME! Now, GO! GOOOO! I BELIEVE IN YOU, BRO-BRO!” she cheered.

“Thanks, Mabel,” Dipper said with a smile.

“No problem. Now GO!”

“Alright, I’ll call you later.”

Dipper ended the call and put his phone back in his pocket. He stood up, then he began to look for Bill’s parents.

He suddenly heard a bark and felt something on his feet, causing him to yelp and flinch. He looked down and saw Cuddles, who was wagging his tail and looking right back at him while his tongue was out.

“Oh. Hello, Cuddles.”

The puppy barked in response, which Dipper found pretty cute. “You want me to carry you, baby?” the brunette said with a smile. He bent down and carefully carried Cuddles on his arm. He petted the puppy gently, enjoying the softness of his fur. After a few strokes, it got a little harder to do so with Cuddles turning his head to wherever his hand was to lick it.

Dipper chuckled and did his best to continue petting Cuddles with his hand anyway. Sure, it was getting covered with slobber, but having Mabel as a sister had its advantages. One of those advantages was being used to having dog slobber—or any sort of animal drool, really—on his skin. At this point, he didn’t really care about the sensation of a warm and thin dog’s tongue licking him. He knew his hand might get really smelly, but he could just wash it anyway. Instead, he found it cute that Cuddles liked him so much.

“Aww, you’re a sweet little puppy. Oh fuck, wait a minute.”

Dipper just remembered that he was supposed to be talking to Bill’s parents at the moment, not doing this.

*If I can’t stay focused on helping Bill, I’d be a terrible lover.*

He sighed and carefully put Cuddles down. He walked to the kitchen, which was the only place that
he hasn’t looked yet—except for outside—and finally found the people he was looking for.

He nervously swallowed before he stepped inside.

* I can’t mess this up. *

“Uh, hey, mom and dad,” he said as he slowly walked towards the former.

“Hey son,” Aedan greeted.

“Oh, hello Dipper! Do you need something, querido? I can make you a snack if you’re hungry,” Vespera replied as she just finished cleaning the dishes.

“Oh, no thank you, I’m not that hungry yet. I…sort of do need your help though. Y-You know how Bill and Mary don’t get along, right?”

The woman’s smile faded the moment the brunet mentioned that. She didn’t exactly like it, either. She couldn’t do anything about it and it was frustrating, so she preferred to not think about it. She really wished her two precious children could just get along; it’s been so many years.

“Yeah…it’s very unfortunate. Did Bill tell you what happened?” she asked.

“Not everything, but yes, he did.”

“I’m sorry you had to see them like this. How’s Bill? Is he still treating you nicely? I know he gets… cranky when he sees his older sister.”

“Oh, yeah, he’s still really nice, don’t worry. I…We talked to each other. He’s um…not doing so well with his emotional state though, so I have to come back to him as fast as I can. I just came here because I really, really need your help.”

“With what?”

“I have a plan to get them to talk to each other. Like, have a heart-to-heart talk. C-Can you make a setup for a dinner for two? Well, three—I’ll keep them from insulting each other and stuff. I can at least keep Bill calm.”

“I suppose Bill would listen to you. Maybe your plan will work. It seems so simple, but it’s worth a try. Maybe you can make a difference.”

Vespera beckoned Dipper to bend down so she could be face-to-face with him. The brunet curiously did what the woman was asking him to. He wasn’t sure whether she was going to whisper something to him—and if she was, what would she say?—or do something else. The answer was the latter.

Vespera lifted the brunet’s bands and planted a kiss on his forehead, which surprised him, but also made him smile a little.

“I’ll help you with your plan too, Dipper,” Aedan said, sort of ruining the moment.

“Thank you guys…well, parents, so much. How can I help?” Dipper asked as he walked closer to the sink and washed his hands.

“You basically told us the whole plan, so you can go back to Bill’s room now. You said he isn’t doing so well. We can take it from here.”
“Are you sure? I-I don’t want to make it seem like I just ordered you two to do whatever while I just do nothing…”

“You won’t be doing nothing; you’ll be taking care of Bill. That’s probably more important than you think.”

The brunet furrowed his eyebrows in confusion for a few moments, causing Vespera to look at her husband rather worriedly.

Dipper thought about the latter part of Aedan’s statement. It wasn’t exactly what he’d call ominous, nor scary. It was just…intriguing. It was kind of strange, but it was true.

_I guess keeping Bill emotionally stable’s really important. With the way he’s been acting and the thing’s he’d said, his powers—or special abilities—may be tied to his emotions. Well, currently; maybe he can control them better one day. He’s doing a great job at holding them back, though. I don’t know whether suppressing them’s a good thing or not, but I don’t think he’s been using them for years, and he was totally fine until all this. I’ll make sure he’s oaky._

“Okay, I’ll go back upstairs now,” he said with a little smile.

Aedan walked towards the brunet, which made Dipper tense up a little, even though he seemed so relaxed just a few seconds ago.

Aedan gave the brunet a light pat on the back. “Go on, I bet he’s waiting for you.”

“You know, he actually doesn’t want to see anyone when he’s like this, but I think it’s different this time; there’s only one person he wants to see right now, and that’s you!” Vespera added.

Dipper couldn’t help but blush a little. Bill’s parents were so supportive and it was heartwarming. At the back of this head, he wondered how his own parents would react when he tells them about their relationship. It wasn’t the time to think about that though, so he kept those thoughts there and focused on Bill instead.

“Thanks. I-I’ll see you later.”

With that, he headed to Bill’s room. He stopped in front of the door and took a deep breath. As he sighed, he slowly turned the knob, pushed the door open, and walked inside.

“Uh…hey, I-I’m back,” he said as he closed the door behind him.

“Welcome back, Pine Tree,” Bill replied with a flat tone, devoid of any joy at all. He didn’t care enough to look up from the book he was currently reading, either.

Dipper worried even more, and that was made clear on his face.

_I know that I had to, but…maybe I shouldn’t have left after all._

He hung his head low as he walked to the bed, where the golden-haired man sat and continued to read his book.

“W-Would you mind if I sat beside you?” the brunet asked.

Bill sighed and placed his bookmark on the page he was currently on before he closed the book in his hands. He set it aside on the nightstand, then he shifted his gaze to Dipper.

“Of course not. I’d actually like it better if you sat here,” he said as he patted his lap.
Dipper smiled a little at Bill, who was smiling right back at him. He crawled onto the bed and carefully straddled the taller man, not wanting to crush him with his weight so suddenly. He knew Bill already told him that he wasn’t heavy, but still. There was gravity and force and all that.

“Comfy, Pine Tree?” Bill asked as he cupped the brunet’s cheek.

“Yeah. What about you?”

“Feeling a lot better already thanks to you.”

The taller man slid his hand behind Dipper’s head and pulled him in for a kiss. Dipper happily kissed Bill back whilst wrapping his arms around his shoulders.

“Sorry for taking so long to come back,” the brunet said.

“It’s fine. You had to talk to Shooting Star…your twin sister.”

Bill avoided eye contact as his facial expression turned to one of sadness. He hated it. He hated feeling lonely, and he hated the fact that he couldn’t hide it, especially because he had his Pine Tree.

*He’s the only person I need in my life, so why do I still feel some sort of loneliness?! I shouldn’t be! I don’t need anyone else. Only Pine Tree. Only Dipper Pines. He’s here with me right now and I’m supposed to be okay. But I’m not completely okay. Why the fuck am I not completely okay?!*

“Bill!” Dipper worriedly called out, snapping the golden-haired man out of his thoughts.

“Y-Yes, Pine Tree?”

“What’s wrong? Why’d you start crying all of the sudden? D-Did I do something wrong? I…I shouldn’t have left so soon, should I? I’m so sorry…”

Dipper was a little hesitant, worried that Bill might slap his hand away, but he placed his hand on the taller man’s cheek and gently stroked it, wiping off the tears that were rolling down it.

“NO! I mean, you didn’t do anything wrong at all. I get why you left, but…I don’t know when I started crying. I was…I just don’t know—d-don’t understand why I still feel find of…lovely. I-I don’t get it, Pine Tree…I have you, r-right here…with me…why am I like this…?”

Bill decided to stop pointlessly trying to hold back his flowing tears and give in to his irrational sorrow—or even lamentation, he’d daresay—instead. It was only Pine Tree with him in this room, so it’ll be okay. He’d already seen the taller man cry before.

Bill wrapped his arms around the brunet’s waist and pulled him against him. He sobbed and whimpered with his head resting on Dipper’s shoulder.

“Shh…it’s okay, Bill. It’s okay,” Dipper cooed as he slid his arms around the taller man’s torso and stroked his back. He planted a kiss on Bill’s hair.

“I may have the answer to your questions. Do you want to hear it?”

Bill nodded.

“I know you love having me with you, and I love being with you, too. It almost makes us feel complete, doesn’t it?”

“Almost? No…i-it really does! D-Don’t you feel complete when you’re with me, Pine Tree? Am I
“Th—N—That’s not what I mean, Bill. I feel complete when I’m with you, but…you don’t. Yes, you have the love of your life within arm’s reach—less, even—but there’s still something else that’s bothering you; someone is still missing in your life. You want them, but you’re getting in your own way.”

Dipper stopped talking for a while, hoping that the taller man would say something in response. He did not. He responded by hugging the brunet more tightly, but he didn’t say a word.

“You know who that someone is, don’t you?” Dipper said.

“I…no, d-don’t tell me…”

“You still love your sister, Bill. You want to make up with her.”

“N-No, she hurt me so much…I don’t want her anymore…I mean, maybe a little, but not enough!”

“Not enough to what, Bill?” Dipper asked in a soft voice before he planted another kiss on the taller man’s hair.

“I have you, so…that little part of me that might want her isn’t…shouldn’t be enough to make me need her…Y-You’re the only one I need. Only you. I love you, Dipper.”

“I love you too, Bill, but romance is one thing and family is another. Both are parts of your life. Do you understand?”

“I do…but I don’t want to…”

“It’s okay. I’ll stop there. We can do whatever you want now.”

“C-Can we just stay here on our bed like this, Pine Tree? Please?”

“After you wash your face, Bill. I’ll take you to the bathroom, just tell me when you’re ready.”

Bill placed his hands on the brunet’s chest and carefully pushed him so they could see each other’s faces. He looked into his Pine Tree’s eyes with his own puffy ones.

“Just hide my face when we go out. Got that?” he said.

Dipper stared at Bill and couldn’t help but blush a little. Yes, having Bill crying right in front of him was terrible and heartwrenching because he knew Bill would never break down in front of him like this unless he couldn’t take it anymore, but at the moment, it just really looked like he was giving him puppy eyes and he was honestly really cute. He was usually hot, but at rare times like this, he was adorable. He really could be more adorable than the brunet if he wanted to. Bill could deny that all he wanted, but in Dipper’s eyes, he was always more attractive than him in every way.

This definitely wasn’t the time to admire Bill so much though, and he realized that after a few moments. He gave the golden-haired man a warm smile.

“Yeah, of course I’ll cover you. You don’t want anyone else to see you like this, right?”

“Yeah. I mean, I don’t want you seeing me like this because it’s fucking pathetic, but I love and trust you, so I guess it’s okay.”

Dipper leaned closer to the taller man’s face, leaving just about an inch between them.
“I don’t think it’s pathetic at all. I think it’s just being human, Bill.”

He gently pressed his lips onto Bill’s and kept them there for a few seconds. After that, he pulled away and stood up.

Bill felt his cheeks get warmer than they already were because of the brunet’s sweet words and gesture. If he wasn’t feeling so down, he definitely would’ve smiled when Dipper offered his hand.

He took the brunet’s hand and let him help him get up. Dipper then laced their fingers together before he walked them towards the door.

“Just uh…hide your face with my head or something, you know?” Dipper said.

“Okay.”

Dipper nervously swallowed as he felt Bill’s breath on his neck all of the sudden. He supposed it was likely that Bill would bury his face between his neck and shoulder, but that didn’t change the fact that he still felt good. He had to focus, though.

“Yeah, I-like that…”

Dipper continued to walk with the taller man and went out of the room. Once they were in front of the bathroom door, he tried to release the golden-haired man’s hand, but Bill wouldn’t let go. If anything, his grip got tighter, and he whimpered.

“Come with me? P-Please? I’m just going to wash my face!” he pleaded.

The brunet turned to Bill and looked into his eyes, which were probably about to well up with tears again. He gently cupped the taller man’s cheek and gave him a warm smile.

“You can relax, Bill. I’ll come with you. I’ll do anything you want me to for today, okay?” He gave Bill another tender kiss.

He opened the door and let the golden-haired man go inside first. He followed, and once he locked the door, Bill released his hand and began to wash his face. Dipper figured that he should stay as close to the taller man as he could, so he stroked Bill’s back while he was cleaning himself up.

After Bill wiped his face with a towel, he held the brunet’s hand once again. While they headed back to his room, he didn’t hide his face anymore. It wasn’t like anyone was waiting in the hallway to see him in particular. Besides, he wasn’t crying anymore.

“Hey, Bill.”

“Yes, Pine Tree?”

“Do you want me to get you an ice pack downstairs? Assuming you have one, anyway.”

“We have some in the freezer, but I’ll just call ma on the phone if you really want me to heal my eyes. And no, it won’t bother her.”

“Alright, call her then.”

Once they got inside Bill’s room, the taller man took his phone from the nightstand and called his landline. The telephone was in the living room, so it didn’t take long for him to get a response.

“¿Álo?” Vespera said from the other end of the line.
“Hey, ma. Can you get me an ice pack, please?”

“Oh, sure. I’ll see you in a bit, mi hijo.”

“Gracias.”

“De nada.”

With that, both of them hung up. The woman sighed before she did what she was asked to, knowing why her son used the phone to ask for such a simple request. He didn’t want to leave his room. She was glad that this time, there was someone else with him.

Meanwhile, Bill sat on the bed and rested his head on the brunet’s shoulder once Dipper sat beside him.

Dipper refused to lie down with the taller man just yet because it would be frustrating for both of them when Vespera would come with the ice pack. He did let Bill hug him for the time being, though.

After about a minute or so, they heard a knock on the door. The brunet carefully pulled the golden-haired man’s arms off him, stood up, then gave him a kiss.

“Go lie down, I’ll be quick,” he said.

“Okay.”

While Bill did as he was told, Dipper walked to the door and opened it.

“Hey, mom. Er, I mean, thanks for coming, mom…?”

“No problem. Anyway, I brought an ice pack for Bill. I also took a hand towel with me so it won’t hurt him as much when he uses it. How is he, by the way?” Vespera asked.

“He’s uh…well, getting better than he was, I guess. Don’t worry, I’ll take really good care of him,” the brunet answered as he took the things from the woman.

“Alright, I’ll go back downstairs now. Thanks for being here for Bill.”

“No problem.” Vespera began to walk to the stairs, leaving the two alone.

Dipper closed the door after she did so, then he sat next to the man lying on the bed.

“Close your eyes, Bill. I’m gonna put this ice pack on them,” he said as he wrapped the said object with the hand towel.

Bill merely stared at his Pine Tree in response, and nothing more. He seemed reluctant for some reason Dipper wasn’t sure he knew. The fact that Bill hated the cold could be a reason that he wasn’t doing what he was told, but most probably not the main reason. Dipper could think of some possible main reasons, but he wasn’t even sure if one of his ideas was right.

He sighed. “What’s wrong, Bill?”

“Hug me while I can’t see anything? J-Just so I know you’re with me…”

“Sure, I guess I don’t mind. Now close your eyes, please.”
“Okay…”

Once the golden-haired man closed his eyes, the brunet carefully placed the clothed ice pack on him. Dipper than ran his fingers through Bill’s silken locks to soothe him from his clear discomfort. It seemed to work pretty well.

Dipper took his phone from his pocket, set an alarm, and placed it on the nightstand. He lay beside the taller man and wrapped his arms around Bill’s torso.

“I’m here, Bill. You can relax now,” he said before he gave his lover a tender kiss.

Bill slid his arms around Dipper’s waist and pulled him even closer.

“Thanks for putting up with me, Pine Tree. Sorry for bothering you so much.”

“It’s okay, Bill. You’re not a bother; I don’t really have much to do. Oh, and uh, you don’t really have to thank me…or apologize, even. I love you, and I know that being yours means that I’ll have to stay with you no matter what. I’m totally okay with that.”

“I’d feel like a jerk if I didn’t do those two things. Look, I love you too, and I need you so much more than usual, but if I’m bothering you, I can control myself. Not saying you’re bothered right now because you just said you aren’t, but…just putting that out there, you know?”

“Yeah, okay.”

Dipper gave the taller man another kiss on the lips. As a bonus, he gave him a kiss on the cheek, too.

Bill sighed in relaxation and fondness. He snuck his hands under Dipper’s shirt and lovingly stroked his sides, then his back. The brunet held back his voice and held Bill tighter, pressing their bodies against each other even more.

“Bill…w-what are you doing?” he asked.

“Rewarding you for being so patient with me. You like it?”

“Well, yeah, I guess…Just didn’t see it coming. I-It uh, feels good, b-but really, you should rest. I’ll wake you up when it’s time for lunch…whenever that is. I’ll set an alarm and take a nap with you, if you want.”

“Sounds good. 12:00, by the way.”

Bill placed his hands back where they were, making Dipper feel a mix of relief and a bit of sadness at the loss of some skin to skin contact.

“How do you know how to comfort me so well, Pine Tree? You’re really good at it,” the golden-haired man said.

“I dunno. Being with you pretty much every day, I guess? I know the things you like, so I just use those.”

“Hm. Well, anyway, I’m not gonna sleep until I get to see your beautiful face—and body—again.”

Dipper chuckled. “Alright, we just have to wait a few more minutes.”

After a while, he finally took the ice pack off the taller man’s eyes and placed it on the nightstand.
Bill slowly opened his eyes and blinked several times. He groaned softly as he rubbed his eyelids to make them warmer more quickly. He didn’t want to let go of Dipper, but he couldn’t stand his eyes feeling so cold.

In the end, that little action didn’t really matter. He got to see his beautiful Pine Tree once again, and as if that wasn’t good enough, his vision was still a bit hazy, so it seemed like Dipper was glowing.

He’s just like an angel…and angel that belongs to a demon like me. I wonder how he came to love me so much he never left me even once despite having all the chances and reasons to do so. He’s not under a spell I’ve casted unconsciously, is he? No, it wouldn’t even be a spell. A curse, maybe?

I’ve loved him for such a long time, but what if I lost control of my powers at some point and cursed him so he would love me? Did I, at some point, realize that Dipper was incapable of loving me, and cursed him for that very reason?

“Bill, you okay? You’ve been staring for a while, and I don’t think it’s the admiring type of staring anymore…” Dipper said.

The golden-haired man snapped out of his thoughts and looked at the brunet, who was sitting up and was clearly worried. His facial expression…no, his statement alone made things pretty clear.

Bill smiled. “Yeah, I’m okay.”

No, I definitely didn’t curse him. I don’t want him worrying about me, but he is. Guess he just really loves me for some reason. Should I ask why? Maybe not now, but...some time?

Dipper was startled when Bill pinned him onto the bed all of a sudden. He gasped for a second out of surprise, but other than that, he did nothing. If things were different, he’d know that Bill wanted to do more…intimate things with him, but that wasn’t the case. Bill looked so happy it was like he was about to cry all over again.

“Bill, what’s going on in your mind?”

“I just…I’m really glad you’re my lover. You’re so nice and patient, and caring and understanding, and adorable and…beautiful…a-and you’re still here with me.”

“Why wouldn’t I be? You need me, so of course I’m here for you.”

“Yeah, but I’m a demon who could potentially get out of control and do horrible things.”

“You’re a human too. Plus, I keep you in check. You’ll be okay.”

“You do, but even though you’re the only one who can do that, I’m not sure I deserve you.”

“I don’t know that either, Bill. I’m all those things you said I am, but I’m still nothing compared to you. I’m just doing my best so I can meet your standards every single day.

“You’re much more patient, caring, understanding, and loving than I am, Bill. You always consider what I need, want, like, and dislike. You were really popular back then, and that’s because you’re so much better than me. You’re really attractive, and though you’re part demon, you’re really nice. You’re like a deity. You’re someone who’s supposed to be out of my league, yet you chose to love me and make me yours for some reason I don’t understand. I’m just an awkward person who gets anxious over the slightest things and makes things worse when trying to make things better. I don’t get why you love me so much.”
“Then I guess I’m doing a terrible job as your lover, huh?”

“What? No, that’s not what I meant! See? I’m just utter garbage…”

“No you’re not! Pine Tree, I’m supposed to make you feel better about yourself, but apparently you just feel worse.”

“I’m sorry…if you’re mad at me, I’ll leave so you don’t have to deal with me.”

“I’m not mad! I—“ Bill sighed in attempt to calm himself down. Speaking in a tone like that and clearly being so close to yelling wasn’t going to make his Pine Tree feel better.

“Why do you put me in such a high pedestal, Pine Tree? Is it because of those things you said about me just moments ago? They don’t matter. I’m selfish, immature, clingy, possessive, and just fucking full of pride. To anyone other than you, I’m manipulative, and a liar. You know some of those. Besides, I also make things worse when I try to make them better. Need an example? Look at us right now.

“You have way less flaws than I do, Pine Tree. I’m part demon, so I have more terrible qualities than the average person. You, on the other hand…your flaws aren’t even that bad. Sure, you get anxious, you probably lie, you can be awkward at times…that’s all I can think of. Compared to me, you’re an angel. I’m not out of your league at all. It’s the other way around. You’re in—“

“Bill,” Dipper called out in a sharp tone all of the sudden.

Bill immediately shut up. He certainly didn’t expect that from Dipper. He was quite startled, but he was more curious as to what upset the brunet so much. Looks like he really messed up.

“Y-Yes, Pine Tree?” he replied.

“Stop beating yourself up with the fact that you’re part demon. I don’t see it as a bad thing, okay? Just stop.”

“I…I’m sorry. What am I supposed to say about it then?”

“Either interesting stuff or nothing. Try thinking of your powers as a gift. Something positive, at the very least.”

“That’s kind of hard to do, Pine Tree.”

“And why is that? Because you were humiliated?”

“That’s um, part of it…Can I tell you the rest later?”

“Yes. Just lie down now so we can nap, okay?”

“Okay.”

Bill lay beside Dipper and held his hand, which was certainly unexpected, but not disliked. The brunet’s facial expression changed to one of worry, love, curiosity, and a bit of surprise. The taller man thought it was beautiful; somehow, Dipper looked so…innocent, yet very much in love. He wasn’t angry anymore and it was such a huge relief. It was rather amazing how one little touch has such an effect on his Pine Tree.

“Yes?” Dipper said.
“Hm?”

“You held my hand. What is it?”

“Oh, you’re…really that concerned?”

“Of course.”

Bill smiled, seeing how much Dipper cared for him.

*If he didn’t leave me after everything that’s happened so far…there’s absolutely no doubt that he’s my soulmate.*

*I don’t think I’ll ever realize anything better than that. I wonder if he’s realized that, too. We’re no perfect match—not yet, maybe?—but I know we’ll never leave each other, and not just because of the promise we made. I’m sure he knows that too; he just gets insecure easily. He’s precious and fragile…which is why I don’t know why I ended up being the one for him.*

*Not that I don’t like being his, but I’m not exactly the most gentle being in the whole multiverse. I love chaos. I love being above people. I love going to parties and clubs because I can be as wild as I want to. None of those things sound like Pine Tree, yet he chose me anyway.*

*Looking back, apparently he’s changed me a lot. When did I become so…tame? Guess he’s fragile but really powerful. I don’t think I’m quite his dream guy just yet, but he’s certainly making me what he wants me to be without even trying.*

*Now that I think about it, am I doing the same thing? He’s no party animal, and he’s still a lightweight, but I think he’s being less shy and more of a risk taker. I wonder if I somehow taught him to be manipulative, too. I mean, when he says ‘Jump,’ I ask ‘How high?’ at this point. Am I even the one in control anymore? Was I even in control in the first place?*

*That’s quite the thought. I thought I was the top, but maybe he’s the master and I’m the servant. Maybe he does really have a shot at being a dom. Man, it feels like years since I said that.*

*Well, I guess that doesn’t matter all that much. We’re still definitely meant for each other. He better know that.*

*I want him forever, and he I’m sure he wouldn’t deny that he wants me forever too.*

He brought the brunet’s hand close to his lips. “Pine Tree, I love you, and you love me too. Although it’s only been a few months since we met, so much has happened between us. I haven’t met your family yet except for Shooting Star, and maybe it’s a bit early to ask this, but…will you stay with me for all of eternity?”

Dipper smiled back. “Yes. Well, not literally, right?”

The taller man chuckled. “Yeah, not literally. Anyway…” he planted a kiss on his lover’s ring finger, “Since you said yes, I just wanna let you know that there’ll be a ring here someday. Two, even.”

The brunet felt his cheeks heat up, and he didn’t even mind. Things were still kind of messy between then, but something like this was really nice.

“That was a proposal?” he asked.

“I didn’t wanna be cliché, okay? And again, I know it’s still really early and it just came out of
nowhere, but...well, I don’t know. I’m just really weird in a bad way today. My emotions are getting out of hand, I guess.”

Dipper chuckled. “I liked it, don’t worry. Besides, I don’t think anything can top my finding out you’re part demon. If I can deal with my lover not being fully human, I think we can get through any other problem, so we might as well seal the deal. We did sort of talk about marriage that one time at the convenience store. The topic came up, at the very least.”

“Actually, I’m not sure how I’ll marry if it’s even possible. I’ll explain that some other time, if you don’t mind.”

“Sure thing. Let’s just take a nap now, for real.”

“Okay.”

The brunet took out his phone, set an alarm, then lay back down and hugged his lover.

Bill wrapped his arms around Dipper’s waist. Before he closed his eyes, he gave his Pine Tree a kiss. Shortly after that, he got a kiss in return.

“Love you, Pine Tree,” he said.

“Love you too, Bill.”

______________________________

After several hours, it was finally time for dinner. Dipper was nervous, worried about how Bill would act at the table. He would also have to tell Bill about the plan, so another thing to worry about was what he would say to him.

“Pine Tree, ready to go?” the taller man asked.

“Y-Yeah, sure!”

Of course, Dipper couldn’t hide his feelings. Not like he could hide them from Bill no matter how hard he tried, though. Hiding anything from the golden-haired man was useless because he’d actually find him out anyway.

“Right.” Bill ran his fingers through the brunet’s hair to help him relax.

*Works every time.*

“What’s wrong, Pine Tree?” he said with a gentle voice.

“Uh...y-you’ll find out later.”

“Hm, interesting. You gonna be okay, though?”

“I think so.”

“Good enough. Now, let’s go.”

The taller man walked to the door while the brunet followed behind him. He opened the door, but rather than going out, he jokingly bowed, making Dipper chuckle.

“If you say so,” his Pine Tree said. He walked out and waited for Bill to get back in front of him. It
seemed like that wasn’t going to happen, though; the golden-haired man gestured for him to keep going.

Dipper shrugged, not seeing why he shouldn’t take him up on his offer. He went down the stairs with the taller man behind him this time. It felt a little weird since this was Bill’s house and he should be the one leading him, but it wasn’t a big deal. It wasn’t like he didn’t know where the dining room was. Then again…did they set it up in the dining room?

“Huh, I wasn’t expecting a fancy setup like this. Do we have more visitors?” Bill remarked.

“I don’t… well, d-do you have some rich and fancy family members or something? Maybe a long lost relative?”

“Hmm…I don’t think we have any long lost relatives, but we do have some rich and fancy family members on pops’ side and Damien’s side. I don’t see why any of them would go here today in particular, though.”

“Then maybe they aren’t here.”

“Oh, mis hijos! Just in time for dinner, I see. Come, sit!” Vespera greeted as she saw the two walking towards the table.

“Sure thing, ma.” Bill stepped in front of the brunet and held out his hand. “Ready to go on another date in our house, Pine Tree?”

If the situation was different, perhaps Dipper would chuckle. He couldn’t even smile at the moment, even though Bill was being cute and flirty…completely oblivious of what was going to happen.

“Um…‘our’?” Dipper said, terrible pretending that he didn’t hear the first part of Bill’s sentence.

Bill knew that his Pine Tree wouldn’t ignore him just like that. Something was wrong. He knew this wasn’t the time to talk about that though, so he didn’t say a word about it. Instead, he frowned for a moment—he still wanted to make his message clear—before he took Dipper’s hand himself and gave him a genuine smile.

“You’re part of my family now, Pine Tree. In a way, this is kinda your house too, you know? I mean, my room’s also yours now. Same thing with the rest of the place. Don’t think about the paperwork; it means nothing. Nothing to me, anyway.”

Dipper realized that Bill found him out—well, he already knew it’d happen, really—but he knew that he was being sincere with the things he was saying. That quick change of facial expressions was a bit uncanny, but something like that didn’t affect him that much. Not after the things he’s been going through—and still is—with Bill so far. It was just a minor detail; what really mattered was how Bill felt.

“I see…w-well, let’s just sit down now,” he said.

“Alright.”

The taller man walked with the brunet to the table before he released Dipper’s hand. He pulled out a seat and let his Pine Tree sit down before he did on the seat beside him.


“She already joined us earlier today…sorry,” Dipper muttered.
The golden-haired man sighed when he heard that, instantly realizing what was going on, and as if on cue, Aedan walked towards them, taking Mary with him.

“Guess I should say it’s okay.” Bill placed his elbow on the table and resting his cheek on his fist, leaning away from the brunet a little.

“Would you be lying?”

“I don’t know, but hey, fuck it. I’ll forgive you one way or the other because damn it, I love you. Besides, I already told you I’d never leave you, so hey, not much of a surprise that you took it to heart and did this.”

“That’s not what I was thinking of when I was planning this. We can talk as much as you want later, just focus on what’s important right now, please.”

“Oh, so this isn’t im—“

“Bill, please. Do whatever you want to me later, just…talk to Mary. Now’s your chance to get along with her for once. You want that, right?” Dipper held his lover’s hand and looked into his eyes pleadingly.

Bill stared back at him and shut up the moment he spoke. He was reluctant, but he didn’t want to hurt Dipper. What he said was already bad enough. He didn’t even mean to say those things; they just…slipped. This wasn’t the first time something like that happened, and he hated it.

“Maybe…but before all this, I just want to say—“

“We’ll talk later, Bill. Mary’s probably feeling really awkward right now, so…let’s actually start this whole thing, okay? I’ll apologize to her now.”

“But I’m—“

Before he could finish what he was going to say, Dipper turned away and faced his sister instead. He kept his mouth shut and slumped back in his seat. While the brunet spoke, Bill merely stared at his lap, avoiding eye contact with anyone who could possibly be looking at him.

But I’m sorry...

“Sorry about all that just now. So uh, did mom and dad tell you about what’s gonna be happening here?” the brunet said.

“Oh, it’s alright. Mom and dad told me Bill and I are gonna have to talk about…the things we should’ve addressed a long time ago. They certainly didn’t tell me I was gonna have to be a third wheel though,” Mary replied, not sounding displeased at all.

Dipper awkwardly chuckled. “Yeah, um, sorry about that, a-again. Actually, there uh, might be a few more displays of affection later on because, well, Bill…”

“Don’t worry, I get it.”

“Thanks for being understanding.”

“What, I’m not understanding?” Bill said, crossing his arms.

“Of course you are, Bill. I’m just getting to know her more.” The brunet gave the taller man a hug for a few seconds to get him to relax. It seemed to work, as expected.
After that hug, they saw Vespera, who was probably watching them while they were busy.

She cleared her throat. “I brought you three your dinner. For Dipper, my future son-in-law, seafood paella made just for you,” she said as she placed the said dish on the table.

“Oh, thank you. Er, gracias?”

“You don’t have to speak Spanish to me, you know. I appreciate the effort, though. It’s sweet of you. Anyway, next up is venison steak for Bill, my precious son. I know you just had this on Thanksgiving, but it is your favorite.”

“You bet it is. Gratias tibi ago,” the golden-haired man said just before he took in the scent of the food in front of him.

“No problem, enjoy your dinner while you talk to your sister. Now, last but not the least, penne with vodka sauce for my lovely daughter.”

“Thanks, mom. Looks delicious.”

“Glad you think so.” Vespera bent down and gave her daughter a motherly kiss on the cheek.

Bill inadvertently glared at Mary for a moment when he watched that happen. He didn’t understand why he felt a sudden spike of anger, but he just did. It was a somewhat familiar feeling, but technically, he hadn’t felt exactly like this before. He knew what this feeling was, and he didn’t like it at all.

Is this how Mary felt back then?

“I’ll be leaving you all here now. Enjoy your dinner!”

With that, Vespera left with her tray. She headed to the actual dining room to eat with Aedan.

“So, you got jealous that easily?” Bill asked as he began to slice his steak rather vigorously. He was basically stabbing his food with every slice.

“Uh…excuse me?” Mary replied with a raised eyebrow.

Dipper noticed the taller man’s actions, so he held one of Bill’s hands and stroked it whilst looking into his eyes. He didn’t want to say anything since it might just make things worse, so that was all he did.

Bill looked back at the brunet for a moment before he sighed and calmed down. He clearly didn’t want to, but he had to behave; Dipper risked so much—at least, he thought he did—just to give the golden-haired man a chance to make up with his older sister.

Wasn’t lying when I said you’re an angel, Pine Tree.

“Nothing. Nevermind that.” He went back to slicing his steak. Normally, this time.

“Well, I don’t know what you were referring to exactly, but…I did get jealous just because of the slightest things. I’m sorry. I don’t know why I wanted all the attention so bad. It wasn’t like I needed it,” Mary said.

“I said nevermind. Looks like you aren’t just an attention wh—“

“Bill,” Dipper called out.
Bill rolled his eyes in annoyance, but he listened and shut up again. He ate some of his rice and steak.

Stopping him didn’t mean Mary didn’t hear him though. She already knew what he was going to say. She definitely didn’t like it, but she still wanted to talk to him.

“What do you want me to do to make up for what I’ve done to you? I’m not asking in a mad way, by the way. It’s just…you never really told me. You never wanted to talk to me, and you probably still don’t, but…we’re here right now, so…”

“I don’t know. Why do you even want to make up with me? Not like you cared until three years after you left us all in this damned house.” Bill crossed his arms and leaned back on his seat. He crossed his legs as well while he looked at the ground. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to eat anymore.

He felt a light tap on his shoulder, and there was only one person who was close enough to do that. Since he loved that person, he turned to look at the brunet, and was met by a bit of rice and steak lightly hitting his cheek.

He raised his eyebrow at Dipper, who immediately retracted the spoon in his hand and wiped off the stain he’d accidentally made on Bill’s cheek with his free hand’s thumb.

“I uh…was planning to feed you. The spoon was supposed to be in front of your mouth and—oh.”

Bill let his Pine Tree feed him anyway by taking the filled spoon into his mouth, cutting him off. While he chewed, he stroked the red-faced brunet’s hair.

He didn’t know why Dipper was getting so worked up because of such a little thing. Sure, he wasn’t exactly in a good mood, but it wasn’t like he was going to get mad because of a bit of food on his cheek that could easily be wiped off…unlike a certain problem that was so hard for him to fix.

“Should I…give you my answer now or are you too busy?” his sister asked.

Bill hesitantly shifted his gaze to Mary. He wasn’t quite glaring, but there certainly wasn’t any joy in his eyes, either.

“Just answer,” he curtly said.

He wanted to talk to Mary was little as possible. He didn’t know why, but every time she was around him, it was like something would keep his mouth shut and cause his body to go stiff. With every word he said to her, it felt like he was forcing his mouth to open, and he only felt more uncomfortable with her looking at him. It was always like that, which is why he always cut short any conversation she’d try to start with him by pissing her off with a couple of insults.

They never got along, and ever since that incident, Bill thought he was done trying to get that to happen. Apparently he wasn’t—Dipper planned this just for him, so he couldn’t waste his efforts. It was painful, but he had to try again.

“Okay. Well, I just…realized how fun it would’ve been to get along with my little brother. My friends in school have siblings and they get along. They seemed really happy around each other, and eventually I just felt…guilty and regretful, rather than jealous,” Mary explained.

“So you wouldn’t have felt guilty at all if you didn’t have those friends.”

She sighed. “I guess. I’m sorry I’m such a terrible person. I’m trying to change for you—really, I am
—but it doesn’t seem to be working…What do you want from me, Bill?

“I said I don’t know.”

“Do you still want an older sister?”

Bill couldn’t answer her, nor look her in the eye any longer. He didn’t know what his answer was. He desperately wanted to say no; with that simple world, he could hurt Mary a lot. Not as much as she’d hurt him back then, but it’d be something.

But no matter how much he wanted revenge, part of him still wanted to forgive her. Seeing other people with a sibling really did so something; Dipper and Mabel clearly love each other, and seeing them interact made it seem like so much fun to have a sibling. Maybe Bill would’ve had a lot of fun with Mary if she was different…and admittedly, she’s different now. He just couldn’t shrug off the thought that she might be tricking him just to hurt him all over again.

“I see. Well, I don’t blame you,” Mary said, failing to hide the sadness in her voice.

“HEY!” Bill suddenly yelled, surprising both of the people eating with him.

“What? That wasn’t enough?”

His mouth instinctively went shut for a moment.

“You—you assumed what my answer was! Maybe I had something else to say!”

Mary sighed and crossed her arms. She kept her eyes on the golden-haired man, prepared for the worse. She wasn’t angry; just pretty frustrated and guilty. A bit lonely, too. She was sad, for the most part.

Bill was frustrated as well. Much more than she was. Why was it so fucking hard to talk to her? His body was as stiff as it could be just because Mary was looking at him like that. He was trying so hard to have a change of heart, but even now, she was still holding him back. He hated how she kept hurting him, yet he still couldn’t completely hate her. It wasn’t fair. He couldn’t understand why he wanted to get that hurt look off her face even though she totally deserved it.

He swallowed nervously and gripped on the edge of the table. “I—I…well maybe…you—I—"

Dipper gently stroked Bill’s back in attempt to comfort him. Bill looked at him with an expression he couldn’t quite figure out. It seemed like Bill wanted to cry, but he also looked frustrated, angry, and confused.

“You can do this, Bill. Don’t be scared,” Dipper said with a warm smile.

“…Thanks.”

The taller man wasn’t exactly happy, but he did seem just a little better; his grip on the table became a bit more loose. He turned back to Mary, who was still waiting for him.

“I…May I still want an older sister. I don’t know. I really don’t. You never acted like one so I wouldn’t know if I do want to make up with you. I…I think I’ll give it a shot as long as you won’t hurt me anymore,” he said to his sister.

“I won’t; not intentionally. I promise.”

Although hearing those words from Bill was such a relief, she couldn’t smile, even though it really
did make her feel happy. Neither of them knew what to do. Bill finally forgave her, but then what?
There was an awkward silence around the whole table for a while. Everyone just continued to eat
without saying a word.

Dipper stood up the moment Bill finished eating, which easily caught the taller man’s attention. He
gave the brunet a questioning look, though it didn’t last very long; Dipper pulled him up and dragged
him until they were right in front of Mary.

“How about you two hug it out?” he said as he took a step back to give them some space.

“I don’t know, Pine Tree, we’ve never really hugged before.”

“Maybe we could try it right now? It’ll be really weird for both of us, but we gotta start somewhere,
right?” Mary said.

“I guess,” the taller man replied.
The woman stood up and spread her arms towards her brother.

Bill hesitantly walked closer to her. Carefully, he wrapped his arms around her shoulder, while she
hugged him around his back since she was shorter.

Meanwhile, Dipper did what his twin sister would; he took out his phone and took a picture of his
boyfriend’s first hug with his sister. It’d probably be something Bill would like to look back on
someday.

Once the two were done hugging, Bill turned to Dipper, leaned into his ear, and whispered, “I told
you earlier today that I’m going to tell you more about that time she humiliated me, so wait for me in
our room, okay?”

“Right now? But you two just made up; don’t you wanna hang out with her or something?”
The taller man held the brunet’s hands. “I will, I will. Later, though. Let’s talk first. After that, I
might hang out with her all night, then I’ll just crawl into bed with you while you’re asleep.”

“Alright.”

“See you in a bit.”

Bill gave Dipper a kiss on the cheek before he released him and let him walk away with a smile. He
then looked back at his sister.

“So…how was the hug?” he asked as he put his hands in his pockets.

“Well, I’ve uh, certainly never had a hug like that before. What about you?”

“It was pretty nice, I guess,” he shrugged, “Nothing compared to hugs with Pine Tree, though. No
offense.”

Mary chuckled, which the taller man was quite surprised—yet somewhat pleased—to hear. He didn’t
hear her do that very often.

“None taken. You really love him, huh?” she said.
“You bet I do.”

“How long have you guys known each other?”

“A few months.”

“Really? Wow, your relationship’s growing pretty fast, isn’t it? You sure you guys didn’t rush into it?”

“You don’t know jack…things. We did our best to avoid doing that in specific. It is growing a lot though, I mean, look, he’s here in our house all the way from new York! It’s going great!”

“Jack things. Nice censorship.”

“Well, this is a family-friendly show.”

Somehow, the two ended up laughing at the same time. The more Bill thought about it, the more he wondered why he was laughing so much. His ‘joke’—if it even counted as one—wasn’t even that funny. Oddly enough, he didn’t mind; just laughing with Mary felt great even though it was stupid. Maybe that was why they were laughing.

After less than a minute, they finally stopped laughing. They gasped for air for a few moments, then they looked at each other with stupid smiles on their faces.

Bill’s smile didn’t last as long as Mary’s though. Once the fact that they were making eye contact sank in, he stopped. He cleared his throat and placed his hands in his pockets again.

“Well, I gotta go talk to Pine Tree now,” he said.

“Alright, but before you go…you still don’t know what you want me to do to like make things up to you, right?” she asked.

“Yeah…why?”

Mary stepped towards the taller man and leaned into his ear after letting him bend down a bit. At first, Bill was clearly nervous. Sure, they’ve been getting along for a while, but that obviously wasn’t enough to get him to recover from years of suffering and anger so quickly. Once he heard what his sister had in mind though, all his fear turned into joy and excitement.

“Really?! You sure about that?!?” he excitedly said with his fists balled up in front of his chest.

“Yeah, I mean, I have my own chain of restaurants and Damien has a pretty high salary. Since it’ll probably be a couple of years before you two get married somehow, we’ll most probably be able to afford whichever one you two like. We’ll start setting aside funds for you two,” Mary replied with a smile.

“HOLY SHIT! THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU!”

Bill bounced up and down before he tackled his sister with a hug, which surprised her and almost got them both out of balance.

“No problem. I guess you wanna go to Dipper now?” Mary said.

“Yeah, we gotta talk. Oh, hey, wanna play video games with me later?” the taller man asked as he pulled away.
“Sure, seems like a pretty nice way to bond. Given that we don’t end up fighting each other because of losses, anyway.”

“Probably won’t happen. Well, see you later!”

“See you.”

Mary tiptoed and lightly patted her younger brother on the head before she took the dishes and walked away, leaving him with a rather surprised expression on his face. His eyes were wide open and his lips were slightly parted. That little gesture felt unexpectedly…heartwarming. Or maybe facewarming—he wasn’t sure whether his cheeks were red or not. Both, perhaps.

In any case, he still had to go back to his room; he shouldn’t leave Dipper waiting for long. They had important things to talk about.

Bill headed back to the stairs and walked into his room. He opened the door just a little and peeked first so as not to interrupt Pine Tree in case he was doing something.

Dipper was reading a certain book while he was sitting on Bill’s bed. Apparently, while he was waiting, he’d changed into pretty much his pajamas—he was wearing one of Bill’s shirts along with just his boxers and socks. As usual, he looked gorgeous, but Bill knew what he was reading, and he definitely wasn’t happy about it.

The golden-haired man sighed and went inside, closing the door behind him.

“I’m here, Pine Tree,” he said as he walked towards the brunet.

“Why were you reading about this?” Dipper asked worriedly, holding up the book with pages about self-healing magic.

“Yeah uh…I’m sorry. I was thinking about hurting myself while you were downstairs earlier today. I thought that maybe I could hide whatever wounds I’d make using a demonic ability…assuming I do have the power to heal myself. That’s why I tried reading about that sort of thing.”

“Did you do it, then? It says here it’s possible for you to heal your own wounds.”

“No…I couldn’t risk it. Besides, I know you’d never want me to do that.”

“Good.”

The golden-haired man sat beside the brunet and rested his head on his shoulder.

Dipper took Bill’s hand and moved it so he’d have his arm wrapped around his waist. He gave the taller man a kiss on the cheek as well, and when Bill faced him, he kissed him on the lips.

“You can talk now, if you want,” he said.

“Okay, so, about what happened in my past…well, it was Mary’s birthday. I was seven, she was turning twelve. I…don’t have an exact birthday, so ma wanted us to share that day, even though I never asked to.

“While I was in my room hours before the party, she gave me a wolf plushie and pretended it was from Mary. Honestly, I liked it, and since I was a kid, I was stupid enough to believe her. I was really happy when I got it because I really, really wanted Mary to love me back, but when I went downstairs, I realized it wasn’t from her.
“…Just before I went downstairs, ma and Mary were talking. Arguing, actually. Ma asked her if I could at least blow the candles with her since our birthday was on the same month—at least, that’s what she assumed—and she thought I deserved at least one birthday party in my life. She was really nice…but Mary wasn’t.

“She yelled at ma. She was really angry. She said she was so sick of all the considerations and special attention I was getting…I never asked for those. I was getting special attention and considerations because I was a demon and they didn’t know how to take care of me properly. I-I’m pretty sure I was living just like a normal boy though. I would have been fine without being treated differently, but they did anyway.

“When she saw me, she…s-she beat me up a little, a-and when ma tried to stop her, she dragged me so everyone could see us, then she told everyone I was a demon. She told everyone things ma wanted to keep secret, and she made them all think I was going to hurt them. She said so many hateful things she never did before that day, and…that’s when I realized she really did hate me. She wasn’t just denying that she loved me. She never loved me. All my efforts to try to be loved by her never went anywhere. I believed she could be nice, but that only hurt me in the end.

“Everyone started talking about me and fearing me right in front of my eyes. They stepped back when I simply looked at them. I couldn’t do anything. I felt like a monster…and at that time, I started to believe I was. All because of her.

“I realized the wolf plushie wasn’t from her. I realized I’ve been lied to by ma, though I also knew she just wanted me to be happy.

“On that day, I realized that Mary wanted me to die. It felt terrible to be hated so much. After she humiliated me, I cried and ran away so I could be alone…and when I left, she started arguing with ma again. Ma tried to convince the family that I wasn’t dangerous. They calmed down, but I know they didn’t believe her. They’re still scared of me and I can’t do anything about it.

“Ma tried to convince Mary to just give me a chance, and she told her all sorts of good things about me, but that only pissed her off more. In the end, Mary yelled at her, saying that my aunt treated her more like a daughter than ma did, so she decided to move in with her. Ma and her sister talked it out, and reluctantly, ma agreed. Mary wouldn’t take no for an answer.

“I didn’t say goodbye when she left. I hated her the moment she humiliated me. I felt used and taken advantage of. I wanted her to just go die. You’d think I understood how she felt about me, but there’s a difference between us—I had a reason to hate her, but she didn’t have a reason to hate me at all. I was nothing but fucking nice to her, and she’s been nothing but a bitch to me.

“Until now, I guess. You brought us together. So far, it seems like she really does like me now. Guess she’s grown a lot. I don’t know if I have, too. In any case…thank you. I’m not sure how life will be with her, but maybe it’ll be better. We definitely won’t be as close as you and Shooting Star, but…yeah, we’ll be something. I-I think I’m starting to like her again. It feels weird. Not sure if it’s the bad kind of weird or the good kind.”

“At least you’re finally not fighting anymore,” the brunet said as he stroked the taller man’s back.

“Yeah. It’s less tiring to be around her now.”

“That’s good. Thanks for telling me about your past, by the way. I mean, I know you hate talking about it, but it makes me feel like you really trust me and it’s great.”

“Of course I do. I love you.”
“And I love you too.”

Bill carefully shifted so he’d be sitting on Dipper’s lap. He took both of the brunet’s hands and brought them to his lips so he could kiss them.

“Before I go, do you want anything?” he asked.

“Just a good night’s kiss, I guess.”

“Alright.”

Bill slid his hands up his Pine Tree’s arms and let them rest one they were on his shoulders. His slow and rather sensual touch sent shivers down the brunet’s spine, and his loving gaze was enough to make Dipper feel like he was melting already.

Bill leaned in and pressed his lips onto Dipper’s. He could feel Dipper kiss him back, and after a while, he decided to make their kiss better. He grazed his tongue across his Pine Tree’s lips, asking for entrance. As an answer, Dipper hugged the taller man around his shoulders as he opened his mouth more. He moaned a little and bent his knees a bit as well when he felt Bill’s tongue enter him. Right now, Dipper wanted Bill to do whatever he wanted to him, so he didn’t move his own tongue. Instead, he let Bill taste him all over and explore his mouth. His tongue felt really hot, and every time he could feel it thrust inside of him, he’d let out a little moan, which he knew his lover would like.

After a while, the taller man slowly pulled away. While he and his Pine Tree panted together, he looked at the brunet with a sultry gaze. He wanted more. He wanted to go further, but not too far. He remembered something he was supposed to do much, much earlier, and now was his chance. He didn’t plan on letting that chance pass.

“Pine Tree, you said I could mark you before we sleep,” he said.

“You can…You can do it now if you want to.”

“I do and I will.”

Bill adjusted himself so he could bury his face in the crook of Dipper’s neck. He breathed in before anything, taking in his wonderful scent. Once he was satisfied, he gave his Pine Tree’s beautiful skin a lick, making him whimper and squirm. A lovely reaction.

He smirked before he began to suck. Rather than being fervent, he was slow and sensual this time. He made sure to make lots of lewd noises that he knew Pine Tree would definitely replay in his head a couple of times before he’d fall asleep.

After Bill knew he’d created a dark love mark that would last for a couple of days on his Pine Tree, he gave it a light bite, eliciting a louder moan from Dipper. He then blew on it, making Dipper whimper one last time for the night before he completely pulled away and looked into his eyes once more.

“Anything else, Pine Tree?” the taller man asked just before he teasingly licked his lips.

“I-I’m good…Oh, you’re not going to be in this mood when you get out of the room, right?”

Bill chuckled. “Of course not. Anyway, if that’s all you’re worried about, I’ll be going now.”

“Alright, I guess I’ll see you tomorrow morning.”
“I'll see you in your dreams, Pine Tree.”

“Right. I guess I'll see you then.”

The taller man carefully got off the brunet, then off the bed. He exchanged glances with Dipper before he left the room.

______________________________

“YES! GET GOOD, MOTHERFUCKER! I AM SUPERIOR!” Bill triumphantly yelled right after defeating his sister in yet another round of fighting in some game both of them haven’t played in years. After playing so many games, neither of them really kept track of the games’ names anymore. Not that they were really important, anyway. They could just look at their cases if they wanted to.

Bill didn’t hear a response, which he found strange. He then decided to turn to look at Mary, who’d apparently fallen asleep at some point. He couldn’t blame her, he supposed; they’ve been playing for hours. He wasn’t sure how many, but he knew it’s been hours. At least two, maybe.

He sighed, a little disappointed that he didn’t get a frustrated response from Mary. He didn’t mind all that much though; he’s gotten lots of those already throughout the night. He decided to start cleaning up the clutter around them.

Once that was over with, he went to the guest room and took a pillow and blanket from the bed. He headed back down the stairs right away, then he carefully tucked Mary in so she’d be comfy on the couch.

Bill ran back to his room once he was done. He did his best to be quiet as he opened and closed the door, knowing that Pine Tree was asleep already. He then changed his clothes, and finally, he crawled onto the bed.

As usual, he wrapped his arms around Dipper’s waist and snuggled closer to him before he closed his eyes. It wasn’t until he did so that he realized just how tired he really was. After all that crying and emotional stress, it didn’t take long at all before he fell asleep with his Pine Tree.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed the chapter! I'm sorry to say that the next update will most probably take more than 2 weeks bc shit's going on in school again; the fair's coming up and I have play practices and whatnot then right after the fair I have my fucking periodical tests and performance tasks jesus christ

Thank you guys for bearing with me and reading my story so far! The next chapter will be the end of this arc, by the way. I can't believe this fic is past halfway already! We've come such a long way!

PS Sorry if the last few parts seem kinda sucky I was in a rush
Dipper softly groaned as he gradually opened his eyes. He really didn’t want to wake up because of a stupid alarm; not while he was surrounded by the warmth of his beloved. However, once he realized what was going on, he almost shot off the bed. It was only by luck that he got a hold of himself and quickly reached for his phone rather than prying himself out of Bill’s arms—doing so would be pointless and stupid, as it would wake Bill up, and that was exactly what he was trying to prevent.

Once he’d turned off the alarm he set last night, he turned to look at the golden-haired man, who was thankfully still sleeping peacefully.

Dipper carefully put his phone back on the nightstand before he sighed in relief. He gazed at the sleeping man, admiring how beautiful he looked, despite having done it before. He just couldn’t help it; Bill was so different from his usual self. Bill’s like a walking party when he’s awake—lots of fun, albeit sometimes unpredictable. He was always worth being around though, even when he causes trouble. He can be funny, flirty, and even seductive. Those were all really great, but he had lots of other qualities, too. He was very affectionate, considerate, and understanding, among all other things.

As the brunet thought of the things he loved about the part-demon, he remembered that Bill was still hugging him. His gaze shifted to the arms around his waist, and without thinking, he began to lightly stroke one of them with a smile on his face.

Dipper loved being in Bill’s arms. It made him feel safe, loved, and comfortable. Sure, being hugged by other people he loved was also nice, and it’d make him happy too, but Bill was different. It wasn’t just his warmth that was the reason the brunet liked his hugs the most; there was also the fact that they were lovers, which meant that a warm embrace could lead to something more—a cuddle session, a kiss that could be tender or quick yet just as sweet, or maybe even a make out session. Bill was usually the one who’d choose whether to take things further or not, though technically, Dipper was always allowed to do so himself.

The brunet eventually realized how much time he was taking and sighed. He set that alarm for a reason, and it wasn’t to admire his sleeping lover to his heart’s content. He had to get up.

He carefully took the taller man’s arms off his body and gave Bill a kiss on the cheek before he got out of bed. He quietly walked to the closet and took off the shirt he was currently wearing. He left it on the floor as he picked out another one of Bill’s shirts. He then wore it along with a pair of his own
pants and tossed the worn shirt into the hamper.

He walked to his bag and took out his notepad and pen. He didn’t want the golden-haired man to worry about him, so he wrote a little note and left it on the nightstand beside Bill.

Once he was done, he walked back to Bill and lifted his bangs. Dipper leaned in and gently pressed his lips onto the taller man’s forehead, just to make whatever dream he was currently having better, even though he was probably going to wake up soon.

“See you later,” the brunet whispered.

Dipper took his apron from his bag before he left their room, quietly closing the door after taking one last look at Bill.

He headed down the stairs and walked to the kitchen. To his surprise, his future mother-in-law was already there. He didn’t want to feel frustrated, but even if he denied it, he still was, deep down; he planned to be the first one awake so he could make breakfast for everyone. He knew Bill’s parents already liked him, but he still wanted to make himself useful around the house. It was the least he could do to thank them for being so supportive.

“Oh, uh…good morning, mom.”

“Good morning, mi hijo! What are you doing up this early? Thought you’d be tired, what with the shit that happened yesterday and all,” Vespera replied.

“…You cuss?”

“Well, let’s keep that conversation between us,” she chuckled, ”So, your answer?”

“Oh, right. I mean, Bill’s definitely more tired than me…m-my point is, yeah, I got tired, but I can handle being awake right now. I-I came here for a reason though. The kitchen, I mean. I was hoping to make breakfast for everyone before… well, before they wake up, supposedly. Not that I mind you being here, though. Anyway, so…would you mind if I made breakfast? I can cook really well, you know. I can make do with whatever you have here.

“Aww, of course I’ll let you cook for us! On one condition, though.”

“What is it?”

Vespera spread her arms towards the brunet, who immediately got her message, but waited for her signal.

“Give your mama a hug!” she said with a smile.

Dipper smiled back at her before he hugged her. His arms were around her shoulders, and unlike the last time they hugged, he was actually giving her a little squeeze this time, just like an actual hug should have.

After a few seconds, Vespera pulled away, and so did her future son-in-law.

“I’ll just stay here and watch you cook. I’m already awake, and I can’t really fall asleep again, so I’ll just do that. You can ask me where certain ingredients are if you want to,” she said.

“Thanks. You should sit down if you get tired though. Or if you still feel sleepy.”

“Don’t worry, I will.”
While Vespera leaned on one of the counters, Dipper put on the apron he had in his hand. He was turned away from Vespera as he did so, not wanting to see her watching him. She was probably grinning, and Dipper didn’t want to act embarrassed in front of her.

Once that was over with, he began to look for possible ingredients in the fridge. He tried to do so as quickly as possible, not wanting to make their electricity bill more expensive. It was a good thing that he knew lots of recipes for breakfast.

*I hope these’ll be good enough for them…*

“Wow, mi hijo, everything looks and smells delicious! We should wake up everyone else right now, no? Don’t want the food to get cold, after all,” the woman said.

“Thanks. I’ll uh, I’ll call Bill, if you don’t mind. If you want, I can call dad and Mary, too,” the brunet offered.

Vespera chuckled and looked at Dipper like she didn’t believe him, causing the said brunet to raise his eyebrow in confusion.

“Right, like you’re just gonna call your boyfriend and not spend a few minutes hugging him or something. Look, I’ll call my daughter and my husband. You call your novio and take a few sweet moments with him before you take him to the dining room. You two are still in an early stage of love and you two really love being touchy because of that. Chemistry of the brain. Anyway, go on, I’ll see you at the table in a while.”

Vespera gave Dipper two pats on the back before she walked to the stairs, leaving him standing by himself, thinking about her words. He didn’t want to take his time worrying about how their relationship would turn out in the long run, but he couldn’t help but wonder about it at the very least. Did staying as a couple for longer mean the thrill of being with each other would slowly disappear and eventually Bill would get tired of him but stay with him anyway out of pity?

Dipper swallowed nervously, but he shook his head right after doing so, not wanting to think about it too much at the moment. He didn’t want to feel down before waking Bill up; it’d only ruin both of their mornings.

While Dipper was busy downstairs, Bill groaned—and almost growled, even—as he woke up. Once he realized that his Pine Tree wasn’t even on the bed anymore, he sat up in a split second with widened eyes. He frantically looked around the room right away, hoping to find any signs of where Dipper could be. He thought the brunet was missing for a moment, but once he saw the note right beside him, he felt a huge wave of relief wash over him.

He took a deep breath and sighed before he picked the little piece of paper up and read its contents.

“Hey Bill, sorry if I made you panic because I wasn’t there when you woke up. I went downstairs to make breakfast for everyone, so if you want to see me, just go to the kitchen, okay? Love you, and good morning, by the way.

♥ Dipper”

“Aww, Pine Tree…” he said to himself with a smile.
Cheered up and enamoured by the short yet sweet note, Bill trotted to the door and pulled it open, but as soon as he did it, he was met by an adorable brunet falling onto him.

“Well, good morning, Pine Tree,” he greeted as he wrapped his arms around Dipper’s waist.

“Oh, you were opening the door too…er, right, good morning. Sorry I fell on you; thought you were asleep so I didn’t knock.”

“It’s alright, I love having you fall into my arms first thing in the morning. It’s like you’re falling for me all over again.” Bill flirtatiously winked.

Dipper snorted and lightly shoved the taller man on the shoulder. “Really? This early in the morning?” he said as he stood straight.

“Never too early to give my Pine Tree some love.”

The brunet laughed and couldn’t help but hug the golden-haired man again anyway, which brought a rather smug yet fond expression on the latter’s face.

“Fine, you got me, you irresistible dork,” Dipper said.

“And for that, you get a kiss from your sort-of-fiancé. Come and get it.”

“Pft, I know you’d kiss me no matter what I said.”

“And you’d still want more after just one.”

Dipper playfully rolled his eyes and slightly leaned back so he could look into Bill’s beautiful eyes. “Just shut up and do it already.”

“Do what, Pine Tree? I know there’s lots of things you want me to do to you…” Bill trailed off, tracing his fingers down Dipper’s spine, “…but which one are you referring to? I wonder…”

“I…Goddammit Bill, just kiss me. I know you want to. You know that’s what I want too, you fucking tease.”

The taller man smirked, amused with the blushing brunet’s reaction. Dipper avoided eye contact the moment Bill trailed off the first time, and now he was trying to hide his cute little face with one of his hands. It was a useless effort, but Bill didn’t mind at all.

“I’m guessing it’ll be a lot of fun when I make you talk dirty one day, seeing how you can’t even tell me to kiss you without getting so adorably shy.”

Bill didn’t want his Pine Tree to get too embarrassed though, so he gently ran his fingers through Dipper’s fluffy brown locks. The brunet wasn’t talking, and the taller man could see that his cheeks weren’t any less red, but at least Dipper didn’t seem like he was about to cry or anything.

“Pine Tree, can you look at me again?”

Dipper did what he was asked to, curious as to why the golden-haired man sounded so mellow all of the sudden. When he turned his head, he was met with a loving gaze and a warm smile. He could feel some of the warmth in his cheeks fade away, while his heart began to beat a little faster because of the love he felt for this man.

“Don’t worry about what I said, okay?” Bill said as he slowly slid his hand to cup Dipper’s soft cheek, “That day won’t be coming any time soon. I know dirty talk’s too much for you right now. I
mean, we haven’t even seen each other naked. I’m not complaining or anything; I’m totally cool with waiting. I don’t want to force you to do something you’re not ready to do.”

“Where are you going with this…? Did you have a bad dream where you did that? I made sure to kiss your forehead before I left the room…”

The taller man smiled a little more than he already was, and the brunet didn’t know how to respond to that. He felt more uneasy, but Bill was being really nice and sweet and considerate, and even though the sudden change of the golden-haired man’s mood was weird, he was still so enamoured with Bill anyway.

“No, I didn’t have a nightmare. Thanks for giving me a lovely dream. Anyway, my point is, I know that while you were trying to hide your embarrassment, you were thinking of possible scenarios wherein we’d be doing lewd things and I’d be making you tell me what you want. In some of those scenarios, you did it, but in some others, you failed, and you may or may not have cried regardless of the result. And I want you to stop thinking about it all. Just relax; there’s no need to take things further so soon. As much as you probably like some—or even most—of the situations you’ve come up with, we both know that you’ll eventually feel like you should make at least one of those actually happen, and the pressure’s going to consume you.”

Bill paused for a while to let Dipper process everything he just said. He knew that Dipper never thought of just how well he really knew him—the mix of surprise and adoration on his face was more than enough to say so.

“I mean…you’re right, but…I-I mean, are you uh—a-are you really that worried for me? If that’s the case, then…I’m sorry for making you worry after you’d just woken up.”

“I am, but hey, don’t apologize; you’re never a bother to me. Just don’t worry about the whole dirty talk thing.”

The golden-haired man gently pressed his lips onto the brunet’s, hoping that doing so would help stop him from blaming himself for something so little. Dipper kissed Bill back, though he wasn’t feeling a lot better just yet.

“I’ll try not to.”

“Good. Anyway, I read your note. It was nice of you to write it for me, by the way. Thank you.”

Bill gave his Pine Tree another kiss, which made him smile a little this time.

“No problem. I didn’t want you to worry, though I guess you ended up doing it anyway.”

“Aw, don’t feel so down, Pine Tree. I was worried, but that didn’t affect my mood all that much; I’m still having a great morning because of you. Now, you said you were going to make breakfast for everyone, right? I’m pretty excited to see what you cooked for us. I can actually smell it from here. Did you make your signature pancakes?”

“I mean, I wouldn’t call them signature, but yeah. Do you think they’ll like them along with the bacon and cheese croquettes?”

“Honestly, Pine Tree, they’ll love anything you cook. I know them well enough to know that.”

“if you say so…Anyway, I actually came here to tell you that breakfast is ready. They’re probably been waiting for us for a long time already, so uh, fuck me for getting so easily distracted.”
Bill chuckled at how Dipper cussed just because of such an insignificant matter. The problem he was so worried about didn’t even exist; the taller man could hear the clanking of metal utensils against ceramic plates, which meant that they weren’t keeping the rest of their family waiting at all. Of course, the brunet didn’t know that, but that just made things more fun for Bill.

“They’re not waiting for us, Pine Tree—they’re already eating. If you really want me to go downstairs and eat though, you can just wait for me there while I take my morning piss.”

“I’ll just wait for you outside the bathroom. I—I’ll walk down the aisle with you, if that’s okay.”

Bill stared at Dipper with a surprised yet enamoured expression on his face all of the sudden. His cheeks turned a light shade of red, and although he was a little confused, he didn’t say a word.

The brunet merely stared back at him. After a while, he started to get worried. He was much more confused than Bill, and admittedly, such prolonged eye contact was starting to feel pretty awkward, and he didn’t know how to handle that. The golden-haired man was blushing, so whatever was up surely wasn’t bad, at least, but this uncertainty was just really bothering him.

“…What? W-Why are you staring? What’d I say?” he asked.

“I mean…I already proposed to you yesterday and you said yes, and uh…I didn’t think you’d bring it up just like that, and this early in the morning, too,” the taller man replied.

Dipper could feel his cheeks warm up as he remembered that they technically got engaged yesterday. At least, he thought it was technically engagement. Even if it wasn’t though, it was still really sweet, and certainly brave as well.

“I—y-yeah, I know that, but I just said I’ll walk down the stairs with you, so…what?”

“What? No you didn’t.”

“Oh. Well, what’d I say then?”

“Walk down the aisle. Not the stairs, Pine Tree. The aisle.”

The brunet’s cheeks turned even redder when he realized what he just said.

“…Oh. I…shit, sorry, uh…I-I meant walk down the stairs. Don’t get me wrong though, of course I still do wanna…y-you know, marry you someday…i-if it’s possible, like you said. A-Anyway, uh… um…yeah, breakfast…so…”

Bill warmly embraced Dipper and let him bury his face in his shoulder, knowing that his Pine Tree wanted to do so really badly. He gently ran his fingers through Dipper’s fluffy brown locks before he spoke in a soothing voice.

“Shh, relax, Pine Tree; don’t get so worked up over nothing this early in the morning. Look, I’ll go to the bathroom now, you can wait for me outside, then we can go down the stairs together. Oh, and in a few years, maybe we’ll walk down the aisle. Like, figuratively, I’m sure we’ll find a way, but I don’t know if we can do it in the literal sense. Anyway, does all of that sound good to you? Good enough?”

“Mhm. Sounds great,” Dipper said, sounding either tired or sarcastic. He was most likely the latter, but he could be both.

“I know,” the taller man replied as he pulled away, right before he gave the brunet a quick kiss on
the cheek.

Dipper rolled his eyes at both what Bill said and his sweet little action.

“That’s my Pine Tree. Now, I’ll be right back.”

Dipper simply watched Bill with half-lidded eyes and a stupid-looking smile, but as soon as he disappeared behind the door, the brunet realized they’ve been taking way too long to go downstairs.

*Shit, they’re gonna be really suspicious…they’re probably gonna tease us because they might think we’re going something else even though that’s not the case, but of course they don’t know that… uck…I guess that’s what I get for messing things up after he just woke up. He’d probably like the teasing and maybe even play along, and I guess that’s good for him, but…I wonder if I don’t have to be with him for the teasing to happen. I mean, I should probably face what I have coming, but…*

“Ugh…”

He wished he had his cap on as he leaned against the wall and slid down until he was seated on the floor.

“Woah, hey, what happened, Pine Tree?” Bill sat in front of the brunet and spread his arms.

Dipper hugged him and pulled him close, which felt pretty nice, but not enough to make him feel completely better.

“Can you just bring me breakfast in your room, please…?” he asked.

“Hmm…” Bill thought of why the brunet didn’t want to go downstairs for just a few seconds; it wasn’t really hard to figure it out. “…Are you shy because they’re gonna tease us for taking so long?” he said with a smile.

“Yeah…maybe.”

The golden-haired man chuckled out of fondness and amusement. He lovingly stroked Dipper’s back before he pulled away to look at the brunet’s face for just a moment.

Dipper thought Bill would give him a kiss in attempt to comfort him, but again, Bill only looked at him for a moment before standing up and offering his hand instead. Holding hands didn’t sound so bad—in fact, it sounded really nice—but Dipper couldn’t help but feel a little disappointed anyway.

“Don’t worry Pine Tree, you have me if you want to hide your face. Now come on, you’re the one who cooked breakfast for everyone. They’ll praise you for your cooking skills, even if they tease us beforehand.”

The brunet avoided eye contact and pursed his lips for a second before he looked back at the taller man and took his hand.

“What, not convinced by my little speech? Just wanna hold my hand?” Bill said with a smirk.

Dipper blushed a little as he stood up. “I was; I wouldn’t have held your hand if I didn’t,” he poutily replied.

“Then why do you seem so adorably frustrated? Want something else from me? I’ll gladly give whatever it is to you, just ask.” The golden-haired man flirtatiously winked at his Pine Tree, which only made him even more flustered.
The brunet avoided contact yet again and nervously rubbed the back of his neck as he spoke. “I mean, I just…uh…I guess I fell for your little tease, that’s all.”

Bill smirked rather smugly, though he did it mostly because of amusement. Dipper only thought that Bill was doing so to embarrass him even more though, and it was working perfectly.

“What did you want me to do, hm?” the golden-haired man asked.

“I-I wouldn’t say want…I just…thought that you would kiss…me. Don’t worry about it, y-you’re already holding my hand, it’s fine. Let’s just go.”

“Aww, you don’t have to be so shy about your inner desires; I wouldn’t mind kissing you too. Here you go, Pine Tree.”

Bill leaned in and gently pressed his lips onto Dipper’s whilst subtly wrapping his free arm around the brunet’s waist. Dipper kissed him back rather meekly. He could feel the golden-haired man lace their fingers together, which made him smile a little.

“Anything else?” Bill asked.

“No, that’s all. Let’s just go downstairs now, okay?”

“Okay.”

The taller man brought their hands to his lips and planted a kiss on the back of the brunet’s, which earned him an affectionate look and smile. He winked at Dipper, then began to walk towards the stairs. He made sure Dipper—who he could see was shifting his gaze between him and the next step on the stairs—was beside him as they headed to the dining room. As they got closer, Bill could feel his hand get squeezed every few seconds, more and more tightly each time.

Bill sighed and hugged the brunet one more time before they finally showed themselves to their family. Dipper was getting way too nervous, and it was starting to worry him; it doesn’t usually get so bad Dipper’s hand starts sweating a lot. This much uneasiness wouldn’t be good for his Pine Tree’s heart.

“Good morning, familia! Enjoying your breakfast?” the golden-haired man greeted.

“Loving it! Thanks for cooking for us, Dipper!” Aedan said.

“Oh, uh, no problem,” the brunet said, fidgeting with the hem of the back of his shirt.

“How’d you enjoy your breakfast though, Bill?” Mary asked with a suggestive tone and a knowing smirk.

“Yeah, it looks like you may have played with your food there. That’s a lovely mark though; did you find your meal delicious?” Vespera teased as she pointed at the hickey on Dipper’s neck.

Dipper’s eyes widened in shock when he remembered that Bill gave him a love mark last night. He wasn’t regretting letting his lover do that, but he blamed himself for not hiding it. He shouldn’t have forgotten something like that—important and special.

“…Fuck. Shit,” he muttered as he placed his hand on his neck and rubbed the purple bruise his lover had created. He felt like his face was on fire. He couldn’t raise his head at all; he might just cry out of embarrassment if he made eye contact with anyone. It was already hard enough to convince Vespera, Aedan, and Mary that they didn’t do each other because of the time they took to go downstairs, and
his hickey only made things even worse.

He flinched when he felt a hand touch his shoulder all of the sudden.

“Pine Tree, hey, it’s me,” Bill softly said in a gentle voice.

“Oh my g—Okay, I thought we weren’t going to mention that. Sorry about that, son. I swear, this is the one time I chose not to make a joke, yet this kind of thing ended up happening anyway,” Aedan said.

Dipper could barely hear them with his thoughts filling his mind, quickly taking over him.

He sat in his chair, staring at his desk with dry, puffy eyes that were tinted red. His hands lay on his lap, whilst his bruised and wounded arms and legs remained covered by the hoodie and pants he wore.

He was broken; he couldn’t speak, not after recently being incapable of trusting anyone in his damn school and being hated by everyone other than his sister. As if things weren’t shitty enough for him, he suddenly felt a harsh tug on his hair and was pushed onto his desk. Having half of his face slammed onto a wooden surface hurt much more than having his hair pulled, but after being abused so much, he didn’t really have any fight left in him. Not much of a voice left, either; all he did was let out a small mewl.

“Hey there, Dipshit. Heard you have a thing for me a few days ago,” said a voice he couldn’t recognize.

Had.

But he couldn’t say that. Hell, he couldn’t say anything.

Dipper felt a hot breath on his ear as his wrists were pinned onto his desk, but at this point, he just couldn’t bring himself to care.

“Now, I’m not giving you an answer, but I know that you want this—you’ll take anything I give you.”

I don’t want anything from you anymore.

Dipper slightly clenched his fists as he felt the skin of his neck get sucked on harshly while teeth dug deep into his flesh, as if attempting to break his skin.

“I bet he wants more. How about I do you a favor, Dipshit?” said another person.

He felt himself get sucked on and bitten again, but by someone else. Whoever that was didn’t stop at just one; he did it over and over again, more and more painfully each time. He’d even lick across Dipper’s neck, which was getting filled with red bite marks.

Dipper wished they’d just smothered his whole face onto his desk instead; all those sensations on a sensitive part of his body made him feel disgusting. All he could do was whimper softly as he was being played with, while having to keep his eyes open and see the way people were looking at him and whispering about him.

Once the bell rang, Jackson and whoever was with him gave the brunet’s neck a tight squeeze
before they left, which made Dipper whimper just a little louder.

He waited until almost everyone had left the classroom before he shakily stood up and pulled his hand up. He then walked out just before one of his classmates locked the door, then he began to head to the cafeteria.

It didn’t matter that he didn’t make eye contact with anyone or pull up his hood—he was still stared at and talked about, and some jerk pulled his hand back down anyway, exposing every damn mark on his neck.

“What a gay whore.”

“I know, right? I thought he had the hots for Ian, but Ian wouldn’t even taste that. Ever.”

“Yeah, gross. Bet that Dipshit sleeps around with strangers for free.”

Dipper wanted to run back to Bill’s room. He didn’t want to cry in front of Bill’s family, especially not at the table. Tears weren’t welling up in his eyes, but it might happen if he continued to think about his past and the expectations of Bill’s family.

He was about to stand up, excuse himself, and walk away then run once they couldn’t see him, but right after he snapped out of his thoughts, he was carefully pulled into a warm embrace by his lover. He had second thoughts about leaving the table.

“Welcome back to reality, Pine Tree. I’m still here if you want to hide your face or something.” The golden-haired man planted a kiss on the top of the brunet’s head with a little “mwah,” hoping to make him feel better.

“We’re so sorry, mi hijo. Actually, I already noticed that…sign of love when we talked this morning, I just really didn’t mind. Kinda expected it, really. Nothing to be embarrassed about, so hey, cheer up! We’re loving the breakfast you made for us, and you should join us in enjoying the meal, you know? First breakfast as a family, including my daughter!” Vespera said.

“Sorry I started this, Dipper; I didn’t know it’d be such a big deal to you. No shame though—it’s totally normal for couples to…get naughty for time to time, but that just means you two have a healthy relationship, so, you know…congratulations,” Mary added.

“…Let’s just eat,” Dipper replied.

Despite what he said, he didn’t even pick up any of his utensils. He merely stared at his plate and remained in Bill’s arms.

“No appetite, Pine Tree?” Bill asked.

“Yeah…I ruined the meal for everyone. Again,” the brunet muttered.

“Not really your fault though; they made the joke. Anyway, you still have to eat; you’ll starve if you don’t. At least take a few bites, please? I’ll feel you. We can talk later when we’re alone.”

Dipper shrugged and gave the taller man a quick, light kiss on the cheek before he sat back on his seat. Bill couldn’t help but smile a little. He was really worried for his Pine Tree, but that sweet little gesture was really cute.
“Even when you’re feeling down, you still know how to shoot your way right into my heart,” Bill said as he spread some butter and syrup onto Dipper’s pancakes.

“Right. That was barely a kiss.”

“I know, but it made my heart beat faster anyway. Made me smile like an idiot, too.”

The brunet playfully rolled his eyes, though he ended up smiling like an idiot too because of the golden-haired man’s dorkiness.

“Alright, open wide, Pine Tree,” Bill said, holding up a fork in front of Dipper’s mouth.

Dipper did as he was told and let Bill feed him. He noticed that the taller man’s food was untouched while he chewed, so after his next bite, he fed Bill some French toast.

While everyone ate, Vespera watched the sweet couple have fun with each other. She smiled as she did so, proud of her adopted son and future son-in-law.

Guess it wasn’t just Bill who needed help after all. It doesn’t seem like we could help Dipper any more than him; they’re the only people who can do so for each other…they’re perfect FOR EACH OTHER! Good on Bill for finding his one true love.

After eating, Dipper felt a little better already. Looks like being with Bill was just that good. Of course, it wasn’t enough. Talking was, though. It always worked. Talking with Bill was just one of the best things in the world.

They excused themselves and walked back to the taller man’s room. Once they were inside, they sat on the bed together, and the golden-haired man wrapped his arm around the brunet’s waist.

“So, what happened there? What was going on in your mind?” Bill asked before giving his Pine Tree a kiss on the cheek.

“I um, remembered some stuff…”

“Would you mind telling me about it?”

“No…” Dipper sighed, “You know I was humiliated and abused…I-I didn’t get very specific as to who were the people who hurt me and what they did to me when I told you about my past though, so you never really worried much about giving me hickeys.”

Bill furrowed his brows in confusion and quickly placed his fingers on the brunet’s chin. He tilted Dipper’s head and looked at him with eyes full of worry. It was just a little too late when he realized that maybe his action was a bit exaggerated. He released him, but Dipper took his hand and rested his cheek on it.

“Go on,” Dipper said.

“…What am I supposed to worry about?”

“Nothing, but if I told you this before, you’d get the wrong idea.”

“What do you mean by ‘this’?”

“Well…some time after the uh…’incident,’ Jackson—one of my old, meaningless crushes, who
was…attractive, but turned out to be a huge jerk, so you don’t have anything to be worried about especially since you’re way hotter any way—and one of his friends, I think, approached me while I was just sitting in silence. They pinned my wrists onto the desk then proceeded to… give me hickeys all over my neck. I…I was too broken to even fight back, so… yeah, they got to do as they pleased. Restraining me wasn’t necessary at all. It… it was… pointless.”

Dipper gently placed Bill’s hand back on the bed with a sad smile on his face, “As pointless as me if I’d even tried to defend myself. A-Anyway, going back…it felt disgusting. I felt like what some people called me as I walked through the hallways—a whore. Some called me a slut. Most people… they just… called me a certain… n-nickname.”

“May I know what that nickname is?”

The brunet remained silent and looked away from the golden-haired man. He fiddles with his fingers and couldn’t decide whether he wanted to move closer to or further from Bill. He didn’t mind when Bill wrapped his other arm around him, but it didn’t make having to say that insult of a nickname any easier. It brought back terrible memories. Traumatizing memories. Just thinking about it made him remember everything all at once. He couldn’t tell whether he actually shuddered just now, though his lover hugging him a little more tightly seemed to answer that.

He sighed and took a deep breath before he spoke.

“It’s… It’s… Dip… Dip… D-Dip… u-um… D-Dip…”

*It’s just a damn nickname. Say it already! It’s been years, I should be over this already!*

Dipper felt tears starting to well up in his eyes, but he couldn’t keep Bill waiting.

“Just… Just add… t-the uh... ‘s’ c-cuss word at the... the end... it’s... look, I-I can say it! I can say it! Dip… D… Dip…”

Dipper felt a warm liquid roll down his cheek at that last part. After that, the tears just kept going, and he started to sob. He felt weak—almost as weak as he was back then. He wanted to be glad that he wasn’t breaking down in front of everyone, but he was having mixed feelings about Bill seeing him in such a pathetic state. Not that he hasn’t before, but he didn’t want his lover to see him as a really fragile person he had to be extra careful with and worry about all the time; Dipper wasn’t like that. Not anymore. He had Mabel to pamper him during those times, and it was honestly really sweet of her, but he didn’t want Bill to be another Mabel. He just wanted Bill to be Bill—his lover who takes really good care of him, worries a little more than he should but not too much, is both hot and cute, is an angelic demon who always knows how to make him feel better, and, despite their massive differences, is a dork just like him. He didn’t want Bill to be his nurse or something.

“Shh… It’s okay, Pine Tree, I get it; you don’t have to say the whole thing.” Bill placed one of his hands on Dipper’s arm, intending to caress it to comfort the brunet, but before he could start, Dipper slapped his hand away.

“…Pine Tree?” he softly called out worriedly.

The brunet realized what he’d done, but it was too late to take it back by then. He couldn’t just put the taller man’s hand back where he wanted it to be; the moment’s gone. He rejected his lover’s help without even thinking about it. He probably hurt him, too.

“I…I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to, I swear! I-It just… I-I don’t know why I did that… I really did wa—“

“It’s okay, Pine Tree. I’ll give you as much personal space as you want. Probably should’ve thought
of that and asked if you even wanted me to hug you.”

“N-No! You don—“

“Shh…Pine Tree, I’m supposed to be comforting you, not the other way around. Look, I’m sorry I keep interrupting you, but hey, I don’t blame you for crying; it must’ve been traumatic for you. I’m just glad you’re still alive after all that, and that you’re mine now.”

“No! I always did, okay? I just freaked out at the damn table because they expected us to have fucked at least once already!” Dipper stood up quickly, practically shoving his way out of the arm Bill was still sort of hugging him with. “And you know what, maybe we should’ve! Are we taking it too slow, Bill? Are you just too worried about me? Because if that’s the case, then stop. I can take the damn pain, alright? I know you’ve been wanting to fuck me for a long time, so do it already! I’ll be okay!”

Although it was painful, the golden-haired man looked into the brunet’s eyes. He stared for a while and waited for words, but nothing happened.

He sighed and mussed up his hair in frustration; he didn’t want to accidentally shout at his Pine Tree as he spoke.

“I guess I kind of held back because I was worried for you, but only at first. I mean, I still worry for you, but it’s not the reason I control myself anymore; at some point, the pain you’d feel just wasn’t the problem anymore. Now, I just want us to do it when our relationship is stable. I know that quarrels are normal and unavoidable in relationships, but...I’d like to...you know...make love with you when we don’t have so many questions about each other—when we know each other well enough, barely doubt each other at all, and currently aren’t in an argument or a lingering lover’s quarrel.”

Bill reached out for the brunet’s hand and carefully took it whilst maintaining eye contact, as if asking for permission. Dipper didn’t show any signs of disapproval of the action, so the taller man shifted his gaze to the brunet’s lovely hand and began to lightly stroke his knuckles with his thumb.

“That’s what I want, but I guess I never actually asked you, huh? When do you really want us to do it? I’m not so sure about what you said a while ago. Tell me, Pine Tree, do you really want your first time to happen just because you want to meet the expectations of people who aren’t even involved in our relationship?” he asked.

“...No...”

“Good.”

The golden-haired man patted the empty spot beside him, nonverbally asking the brunet to come back. Dipper didn’t hesitate to sit beside Bill. As an apology, he embraced Bill around his torso and rested his head on the taller man’s shoulder.

“Aw. Well, before I shower you with affection, do you have any other problems you wouldn’t mind telling me?” Bill asked.

“Bill, I...I’m a 21-year-old man who still can’t get over something that happened 4-7 years ago and still cries about it; it’s pathetic! I have to move past this somehow, and with all the time I’ve had since the end of high school, I should’ve found a way already. But obviously, I haven’t, and I hate myself for that. I’m sorry, I know you don’t like me doing that, but...I just can’t help it.”

“Pine Tree, it’s okay. Not the hating yourself part—I mean you can take all the time you need to get
over it. Again, it was traumatic, so it’s okay to cry, no matter what age you are; emotions are just part of being human. I’ll be there to comfort you anytime you need me.”

Dipper remained silent as he took Bill’s arms and secured them around his waist once more.

“…Thank you,” he said.

“You’re welcome, Pine Tree.”

“I love you.”

The golden-haired man’s cheeks turned red as he heard those sweet, unexpected words.

“I love you too, Pine Tree.”

He gently pushed the brunet’s head up a little and bent down so he could plant a kiss on the mark he’d created on his Pine Tree’s neck. Right after doing so, he cupped Dipper’s soft—and currently rosier than usual—cheek. He tenderly pressed his lips onto Dipper’s, and as they kissed he wiped a few dry tears away with a few light strokes of his thumb.

“Can I have more?” Dipper asked.

“How much more?” Bill said with a smirk.

The brunet slowly lifted his head and placed his hands on the taller man’s shoulders. He turned and straddled Bill carefully so as not to hurt him with his weight.

“I-I don’t know how much more exactly, but…maybe a couple more kisses, please? Just kisses.”

“Hmm, I guess I wouldn’t mind. Just don’t get a boner,” Bill teased, along with a flirtatious wink.

Dipper chuckled, turning the part-demon’s seductive smirk into a fond smile in a matter of seconds.

“Of course,” he said.

With that, Bill gave his Pine Tree a chaste kiss on the lips, and Dipper kissed him back. They kept at it, but not for long at all—their kisses grew more passionate, and became open-mouthed. Their lips would produce wet and rather sinful sounds that were honestly starting to turn both of them on, especially Dipper.

Although Bill pretty much said he didn’t want either of them to get a hard-on, he didn’t want to stop just yet; at some point, his hands had slid down to Dipper’s hips, and that along with the erotic sounds as they kissed created a sensual atmosphere between them. It’d be a waste if they just stopped, especially since they’ve gone further than this before.

“We’ll be fine.”

He slowly slipped his tongue into Dipper’s mouth, giving Dipper a change to pull away in case he didn’t want to French kiss. Bill was glad to find out that wasn’t the case; his Pine Tree played along and moaned as he sucked on Bill’s tongue. After taking a breather that lasted for about a split second, the golden-haired man thrust right back into the brunet’s mouth and began to explore every crevice, tasting him as much as he could. He groaned in pleasure as he felt Dipper trace his slender fingers up his neck and lightly tug on his hair.

The more they made out, the harder it was for Dipper to stop himself from squeezing the taller man’s thighs with his own. His moans grew louder and louder, not only because of the sensations of Bill’s
hot, slick tongue, but also his warm touch—Bill was seductively running his hands up and down his sides, and would trace little circles on his hips. Bill didn’t go under his clothes even once, but he was going more than enough; any more skin-to-skin contact would probably drive the brunet crazy. It wouldn’t make the golden-haired man lose control, but certainly tempt him to do so.

After a while, Dipper felt like he couldn’t last for much longer without his dick involuntarily rising, or even just his hips rocking. He decided to pull away and place his hands back on the taller man’s shoulders.

He smiled and gazed at the golden-haired man lovingly. Having a nice, slow, and sensual make out session like that after a deep talk felt great; it cleared his mind of his problems and filled it with thoughts about Bill instead. What better way to improve his mood than be along with his favorite…one of my favorite people in the world?

Bill returned his Pine Tree’s affectionate gaze and smile. It was nice to just look into each other’s eyes in silence, though the moment sort of ended after almost a minute—he gave the brunet a sweet yet simple kiss on the lips, then slid his arms around the brunet’s waist, pulled him in for a warm embrace, and buried his face in the crook of Dipper’s neck. He intended to cuddle and nothing more, but once he took in his Pine Tree’s scent—which seemed to have changed; it was as if Bill’s own scent was mixed into it—he felt an urge to mark the brunet again.

I’ll take care of him.

Bill licked an unmarked part of Dipper’s neck, causing the latter to softly whimper and squirm, as well as realize what the golden-haired man wanted to do. He didn’t mind at all anymore because of their talk, so he tilted his head to expose more of his skin.

Bill gave Dipper’s neck another lick, covering a slightly larger part that he initially did. After doing so, he began to suck on the brunet’s skin. He did so a little more lightly than usual, and only bit on it a few times.

Once he was done, as usual, he lightly blew on the mark he’d created, sending shivers down the burnet’s spine. He planted a kiss on it as well, then ran his fingers through Dipper’s fluffy brown locks.

“Thank you, Pine Tree,” he said.

“What? Oh, no problem.”

“You know, if you want to hide your hickeys, you can borrow some makeup from me. You know, like makeup primer, concealers, foundation and whatnot.”

Dipper chuckled. “You have makeup?”

“Of course I do; I was a stripper, remember? Gotta have it. I mean, it’s been years, but I just kinda buy some just in case I need them.”

“Oh, right. Do you even have the stuff in my skin tone anyway?”

“I probably do. Want me to check?”

“No…I’ll just wear a turtleneck sweater if we have to go somewhere.”

“Suit yourself.”
The golden-haired man stayed silent for a few moments, relishing in the comfort of the brunet’s arms, as well as his irresistible scent. While he was doing so, he thought of stuff between them. The silence was nice, but he felt that they had to talk more, and it didn’t take long for him to remember that they had some…”unfinished business.”

“Pine Tree.”

“Yeah?”

“I still haven’t told you why I have so many drugs. Would you like to know now?” he asked.

“Well…” Dipper trailed off before he leaned back just enough to be able to see Bill’s face, “I do, but isn’t it something you’re not exactly comfortable with talking about? We can uh, postpone that conversation if you want to.”

“I don’t mind talking about anything as long as it’s with you. Besides, I told you I’d give you your answers here. I’ll be okay, so just sit next to me since I’ll be making hand gestures while I tell you more about myself.”

“Alright.” The brunet got off the taller man’s lap, then sat next to him. He wanted to stay in Bill’s warmth for longer, but he supposed he could just ask to continue cuddling later in the day.

“That’s a good Pine Tree. Anyway, here we go.

“When I was 6 years old, Mary and I had a little competition, like children usually do. Ma was looking for the TV remove because she’d misplaced it, and Mary and I wanted to find it for her. Of course, we thought there was only one remote—which is how things are supposed to be—and so we searched everywhere we could as quickly as possible, hoping to be the one to find it first and bring it back to ma to win more of her favor. Mary found it and showed ma right away, but the thing is, so did I, in a completely different place. I was a few minutes later than her, too. I ran to ma right away, but she told me Mary found it already, which was confusing for both of us. She asked me where I found it, and when I answered her, she told me she barely even goes there, so it’d be impossible for the remote to be there. I was disappointed, but I believed her. However, when we inspected the real remote and the one I found, we discovered that there was absolutely no difference between them at all. The remote I found worked just like the real one, too. Ma got worried, and so did pops when she told him about what happened, but I was more curious and pretty freaked out more than anything.

“I wasn’t completely sure whether I had powers or not, but as a child, it wasn’t hard to believe, so I sort of tested out my powers on the last taco while we were having a snack later in the day. I saw that ma wanted it, but she gave it to me anyway, and I really, really wanted her to have another taco too because she deserved it. With my willpower, I managed to conjure another taco on my plate. It wasn’t exactly sudden; it gradually appeared literally out of thin air. When I saw it, I was both shocked and happy. I hid my uneasiness and gave the new taco to ma with a smile. Initially, she was touched, but when she saw that I had what was supposed to be the last taco in my other hand, her facial expression immediately changed to something that resembled fear. When she asked me where I got the taco, I noticed that the tone of her voice changed too. I answered her less happily, then she exchanged worried glances with pops, which made me more worried about myself than I already was.

“Later that night, ma and pops went into my room and asked me to duplicate a book. I kept asking them what was wrong with me and how I could make perfect copies of objects, but they couldn’t answer any of my questions and they pleaded for me to try out my powers on the book they brought. Pops told me that I might not make a perfect copy since the book had tons of pages, and I counted on that because by then, I didn’t want to be something that wasn’t human, but that wasn’t what
happened—after somehow forcing myself to create a copy of the book, they compared it to the original, inspecting every page and their covers very carefully. I watched them extremely nervously. After who-knows-how-many thorough inspections, they closed the books with fear all over their faces. They told me I got every little detail right. They tried to reassure me afterwards, but nothing could keep me calm anymore at that point. I began to break down because the fact that I’m not human and I can create matter out of nothing was too much for me. Blue flames appeared and I screamed and screamed, realizing that I was dangerous and could kill anyone without even intending to. While my parents desperately tried to calm me down—which only kept making things worse—Mary just watched.”

“So…that’s how she found out you’re a demon?” Dipper asked.

“Sort of. ‘Confirm’ is a better word for it; she already thought I was a demon when she saw my birthmark.”

“oh. Well anyway, are you still okay? You can take a break if you want to.”

Bill smiled at the brunet. “Yeah, I’m okay. I’ll keep going.”

“Alright, but if you feel like you need a hug while you’re talking, just tell me.”

“I probably won’t, but I’ll take you up on that offer.

“Moving on, after that incident, I got way more attention than I already did. Out of jealousy, Mary kept telling ma and pops to disown me because I’m a demon, and it didn’t matter whether I could hear her or not. I got pissed at her when she did it way too many times, which wasn’t good at all, because not only was I angry, but also very uneasy about myself. I ‘broke down’ again and more blue flames appeared than before…and I tried to hurt her with them. I almost choked her to death without even touching her, nor using the blue flames; without even knowing how I did it, I’d used my magic on her. Ma and pops got me to calm down, but because they were worried, I had to sleep beside ma in her bed.

“The day after that, my parents took me to a psychiatric hospital. Unfortunately, the doctors couldn’t figure out what exactly was wrong with me. They couldn’t determine my blood type, either, which got the doctors very interested in me. I hated all that attention. They kept on using whatever devices on my and hooked me up to tons of machinery. Of course, ma never allowed them to hurt me, but that didn’t help me relax at all. I kept freaking out and trying to use my powers because I didn’t want to be treated like a test subject, so at some point, they prescribed tons of medicine for me, regardless of my very young age. My body is very different from a normal human’s, so I could handle the drugs. As you may know, I’m very smart, and that was also the case when I was a kid. So eventually, when I was more stable, my main doctor taught me how to use a syringe on myself.”

“So…you keep all those drugs and take them whenever to keep you emotionally stable so you won’t accidentally use your powers and potentially harm others?”

“Pretty much. Don’t worry, I only ever take the meds I need.”

“Good. Oh uh, you can continue now.”

“Alright. One day, my dad told me that he’d apparently gotten a hidden laboratory built for me. I don’t know how he did it, but I do know that he’s the owner of a construction company, which might have something to do with how quickly he got it built. Anyway, you can access it from two places. There’s actually a passage hidden behind that poster right there.” Bill pointed at the said poster.
“Oh,” the brunet said as he looked at the poster.

“Okay, not quite a passage, but there’s a stupid keypad covered by fake wallpaper, and its keys are in…my own cipher.”

“So…Bill’s cipher. Bill Cipher.”

Bill snickered and, without warning, gave Dipper a kiss on the cheek. “Not bad. Someone’s leaning from me.”

Dipper chuckled. “I guess I am. For real though, do you know where your name came from? I mean, I’d ask if it came from your cipher and your biological parents just came up with Bill, but I don’t think you could’ve had a cipher when you were born, so…yeah, where’d it come from?”

 “…Ma told me the symbols on my back spelled out my name. I don’t know how she knows that, considering I never spoke of or wrote down my cipher before that. When I asked, she told me she just knew. I’m actually satisfied with that answer because the same goes for me. I guess it’s the same thing for pops.”

“Have you ever questioned why though?”

“It’s not like they can answer that question, Pine Tree. I can only assume it’s because they were destined to be my parents or something like that.”

“I guess you have a point.”

Dipper then looked away and muttered, “…wish I was the same, too.”

“Pine Tree, if you want to know what the cipher is, you can just ask me; I wouldn’t mind writing it down just for you,” Bill offered.

“O-Oh, you…of course you heard that.”

“Sure did. So, do you want the cipher or not?”

“I want it, yeah.”

“Do you want this cipher too?” Bill asked, pointing at himself.

The brunet returned his gaze to the taller man, who was smirking at him. “Pfft…I already have you. I obviously still want you though.”

“Aww.”

“Bill, just continue. We’ll cuddle later. So, the keypad.”

“Oh, okay. Entering the correct code lifts the second later of wallpaper beside it, revealing an elevator that goes to the underground lab. It’s covered by a desk though. Oh, and the elevator’s mechanisms are pretty much silent, so as not to attract the attention of anyone else in the house. Also, the only way to go back up is through the button in the lab itself. The same goes for the other elevator, which is—“

“The tree outside, right?”

“What a clever little Pine Tree you are. How’d you find out, hm?”
“I…I saw the fake branch. I went out for a bit while you were in your room after you got pissed at Mary. Sorry for not coming back as soon as I could.”

“It’s okay. C’mere.”

Bill spread his arms towards Dipper, who really wanted to accept his hug, but held back from doing so.

“Sorry Bill, you have to finish your story first before we cuddle.”

Bill rolled his eyes. “Fine. Fun fact: I tried out my fire powers on that tree before. I assume you noticed the burns. Anyway, so, if that fake branch you saw is pulled, a keypad will be revealed by a fake bark being lifted at a certain part of the tree. It’s the same keypad as the one here in my room. When the code—which I set for both keypads—is entered, more fake bark is lifted at a different part of the tree, and the elevator doors open.

“Pops gave me the lab so I could use my powers if I felt like it or wanted to test them on my own. I think I got the basics down, but eventually, I just stopped using my powers. Ma, pops, even Mary, and I agreed that no one else is allowed to know that I’m a demon. You’re my fiancé though, so don’t worry, you don’t apply to that rule. Shooting Star and Great Uncle Ford are also exceptions. It’s a pretty flexible agreement. Anyway, that’s pretty much it; you know the rest. So, did you understand everything I told you?”

“Yeah. Thanks for telling me so much about you, Bill.”

“No problem, Pine Tree. I’m not quite done yet though—do you want me to take you to my lab and give you a tour? Before you say anything, it’s not a bother to me. If anything, I want to show it to you so I have someone to talk to about the stuff in there. You can ask as many questions as you want, by the way, regardless of where we are.”

Dipper’s facial expression turned into one of surprise, though his eyes showed that he was also quite excited.

“Yeah, I—I’d love that! Can I take my journal with me though? Please? I just wanna write down some notes. You know, for your chapter.”

“Of course, Pine Tree.” The taller man cupped the brunet’s cheek and gave him a kiss to help him relax. “Go get the stuff you want to bring along. Tell me when you’re ready to go.”

“Okay!”

Dipper stood up and quickly took his journal and pen from his bag while Bill watched him, amused with how excited he was.

“I’m good to go now. So, are we gonna enter through the tree?” he said as he put his shoes and cap on.

“Yeah. By the way, it’s been a while since I’ve seen you wear that cap.”

“I know, right? Feels nice and kinda nostalgic; I wear this basically all the time in Gravity Falls, and Mabel and I—sometimes with our great uncles and the rest of our friends—would go on so many adventures.”

“Well, that’s…okay then. Let’s go,” the golden-haired man said after he wore his shoes.
Bill walked to the door and opened it. He stayed by its side, waiting for the brunet to go out first.

“You alright?” Dipper asked as he walked to Bill.

“Yeah, sure. Why?”

“Your tone changed. What happened?”
“not much; I’ll get over it in a few minutes.”

“Bill.”

“Juuust a bit of irrational jealousy…I-I’ll be taking you on our own small adventure in my lab, so I’ll be okay. Can we go now?”

“Pft, dork. Alright, we can go.”

Dipper gave Bill a kiss on the cheek before he walked out the room, causing the taller man to blush a little before he followed. Bill trotted a little so he’d be in front of the brunet, then he held his Pine Tree’s hand. Surprisingly—surprising for Dipper, at least—he did it quite shyly.

Aw, so this is how he is after getting embarrassed.

“Hey, shut up; I am not cute,” Bill protested.

“What? Did I say that out loud?” the brunet asked.

“…Guess not. I literally heard your thoughts just now; I wasn’t even trying to listen to them.”

“Woah. That’s actually pretty impressive.”

“What are you talking about? That just shows that I can’t control my powers and can accidentally invade your privacy.”

“I mean, you didn’t continue training, so that’s understandable. Also, mind-reading is fascinating in general. It’s a supernatural ability, after all.”

“if you say so…Thanks for the compliment.”

“No problem. Oh, by the way, where are you gonna write your cipher? Like, what kind of paper?”

“I don’t really know. A bond paper, I guess? Doesn’t really matter that much to me. Why’d you ask?”

“Well, I was wondering if you could also write it in my journal. In invisible ink, of course.”

“Sure thing, Pine Tree. After the tour though, if you don’t mind.”

“I don’t mind at all; thanks!”

“My pleasure, Pine Tree.”

After a few moments, they realized that they were finally outside the house. Dipper looked at the fake branch on the tree, which was pretty high up, but totally possible to reach.

“Want me to get that for you? I can climb pretty well,” he offered.

“Good to know, but there’s no need for that.”
Bill lifted his hand, then just his index and middle finger, which were pointed towards the switch. Without a millisecond of delay, the lever was lifted, revealing the keypad on a certain part of the tree. He walked towards the said keypad and, with his free hand, entered the code he’d set a long time ago, yet could still remember, and most certainly couldn’t forget as of recently for some reason he didn’t know.

The fake bark which had the burn marks was lifted, revealing the elevator behind it. The elevator doors opened, and that was when Dipper found out that it had a tall but small interior—it looked like it could only carry up to two people at a time.

Dipper was tempted to do something Bill probably would, but he knew he might instantly regret it.

“After you,” the taller man said, gesturing towards the open elevator.

Without any time to think, Dipper gave in anyway; he rushed into the elevator and pushed Bill until he was against the wall. The brunet then pressed himself against the golden-haired man’s boy, made eye contact, and—as he thought he would—regretted his actions right away.

“It’s not that cramped in here, Pine Tree,” Bill said with a smirk.

“I know.”

Bill pressed the down button in the elevator, closing the doors and proving his point—there was still some space left for his Pine Tree.

“You know, we don’t really have enough time to make out; the trip down isn’t _that_ long,” he teased.

“I wasn’t planning to do that at all, you asshat!”

The taller man laughed and planted a kiss on one of the brunet’s reddened cheeks. “What are you doing then?”

“Doing what you do best, or…really good, at least. Well, trying to, anyway.”

“And what is it that I do best slash really good?”

“Flirting.”

“You’re doing it pretty well then.”

“I don’t know…I’m not nearly as confident as you at this sort of thing. Sometimes I am, sometimes I’m no—“

Before he could finish his sentence, he heard the doors open behind him. He sighed and was about to turn around knowing that he wouldn’t be disappointed with what he’d see, but it seemed that Bill wasn’t going to let him do that just yet; he’d wrapped his arms around Dipper’s waist rather tightly, keeping him in place.

“No no, continue. The doors won’t close until I want them to,” the taller man said.

“Sometimes I’m not confident enough to flirt with you without me ending up negating its effect by being totally embarrassed right after, just like this. I don’t know how you’re so shameless, but I admire that trait of yours. It’s not supernatural, but I find it impressive, too.”

“I’m flattered, Pine Tree, but you don’t need as much confidence as I have if you just want to, how do I say this…achieve the effect of flirting—attracting the person you’re flirting with. To me, you’re
just adorable in general; even the simplest little things you do make me smile and relish in the fact that I’m so lucky you’re mine. All you have to do if you want to attract me on purpose is act shy of embarrassed. Coy, if you will. Don’t get me wrong, you’re really cute when you try to flirt like I do, but using that cuteness to your advantage works much better—it suits you more.”

“…Oh.” Dipper buried his face in Bill’s chest, knowing that his cheeks were red because of the taller man’s sweet words.

“Yeah, like that,” Bill said, resisting the urge to pet the brunet.

“I wasn’t trying to flirt…”

“Well you’re doing great at it anyway. By the way, are you sure you wanna stay in this position? Your journal might be getting some folds there.”

Dipper leaned back and examined his journal’s cover right away. He sighed in relief when he found no damages. “Okay, good, no folds. Thanks for pointing that out. So, uh, I know I’m the one who delayed this, but can we start the tour now?”

“Of course, Pine Tree. Just step into the lab and I’ll follow.”

The brunet did as he was told after he turned around. In less than a second, the light, fluffy feeling he had was replaced by excitement and curiosity. It’s been a while since he’d been in a lab, and he’s never been in this one before. He wondered what sort of things were stored in here. Would there be any sort of machinery he’d recognize?

“Looks like someone’s eager to learn. Alright, let’s see…come with me, I think I know where we should start.” Bill walked to what seemed to be an open cabinet that was divided into squares in its upper half. Each cubbyhole was secured by locked tempered glass doors, whilst the rectangular sections of its bottom half had locked sliding tempered glass panels. Inside some of the squares and part of the rectangular sections were objects. Some of them seemed ordinary, though some looked pretty interesting as well.

With a snap, the golden-haired man unlocked all of them. He then took out a glass jar with, strangely enough, a floating bright blue flame in it.

“This is what my flames look like. I don’t know how this one’s survived for such a long time without any sort of kindling, nor oxygen, even.”

“So…you haven’t examined it to find out what magical property’s keeping it going?” the brunet asked.

“I don’t have any sort of device to be able to do that, and I don’t know how to create one using my magic. I could compare its effects on objects with normal flames—including blue flames that aren’t mine—but what good would that do? Whatever element it has wouldn’t be in the periodic table, so there’s no way we can pinpoint what it is because it either exists in another dimension—maybe even more than one—or doesn’t exist at all anywhere else.”

“Well, what if we isolate each of its elements, compare it to those of normal flames, and test the element on its own on other objects? We can just name that element. You probably don’t have the equipment to be able to do that, but I bet Great Uncle Ford does. If he doesn’t, he can certainly make one; he has 12 PhDs!”

“12? Holy shit. Anyway, that sounds like it’d work, but what if that element can be found in other dimensions? It’d be easier to learn about it where it does exist and has likely been studied about.
Plus, I’m sure dimension hopping would be fun! I mean, there’d most likely be a language barrier, but I’m sure we can learn whatever dimension’s language somehow. Maybe they even had interdimensional…creatures who traveled here and wrote an English-Whatevertheirlanguageis dictionary that we can read. If they don’t, then visual learning will help us learn what we need to about the element.”

“That’s certainly possible, but we’re still students. We don’t know how time would pass in another dimension compared to ours. Imagine if ten minutes somewhere is ten months here and we went there; we’d have to repeat a year!”

“Okay, that’s a good point…dammit. Wait, so are you saying Great Uncle Ford does have a portal to any other dimension or something?”

“I mean, he completely disassembled it because of this war that happened back then. He probably wouldn’t build something like it just to learn about an element, but it’s still possible.”

“I see. By the way, here, hold this. Open it, even. Try to touch the flame; I don’t think it’ll burn you,” the taller man said, handing over the jar.

“And if it does?” the brunet said.

“…I’ll heal it.”

“If you say so…”

Although he was still quite skeptical, Dipper took the jar and checked if it felt hot on the outside. He was quite surprised to find that it didn’t even feel that different from the temperature around him. Curious, he took off its lid, which the taller man took since he knew what the brunet was going to do.

Dipper slowly stuck a finger into the blue flame. After wiggling it around a bit, he furrowed his brows in confusion. He stuck in another finger, wiggled it along with the other, but he got the same result.

“What’s with the face?” Bill asked.

“I…don’t feel anything. It’s like it isn’t there at all.”

The taller man stared at the fire for a few seconds, then he returned his gaze to the brunet. “How about now?”

“It got a bit warmer,” Dipper said as his eyes slightly widened in fascination.

Bill repeated what he did, but with different intentions. “Now?”

“Cold. Kinda like a fridge.”

Bill closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and sighed as he relaxed his muscles. He then gazed at Dipper and filled his thoughts with him, particularly his physical appearance since it was the easiest thing to do.

The brunet raised his eyebrow when he saw the golden-haired man eye him up and down over and over again, and even lick his lips.

“Um, Bill?”
The taller man blinked a few times and looked around as if he forgot where he was. After a few seconds, he looked at Dipper once again.

“Feel anything?” he asked.

“You mean the fire? No, it’s like a void again. What were you doing just now though? I mean, I know you were checking me out, but we were just examining your fire, so…do you suddenly uh, really need me or something? I don’t mind.”

“That’s sweet of you, Pine Tree, but I just did that because I had to not think about the fire.”

“…Oh.”

“You sound a little disappointed,” Bill said with a smirk.

“I-I’m not! Just uh…here, put this back while I start writing.”

“Okay, Pine Tree.”

Bill took the jar from Dipper and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek before he put the lid back on the jar and returned it to its proper place.

The brunet felt his cheeks warm up because of the taller man’s action, but he simply brushed it off by rolling his eyes and proceeding to take down notes about the blue flame the part-demon had created.

Bill began to watch Dipper do so after locking the small glass door that secured the jar with his flame in it. The brunet didn’t even notice the golden-haired man, especially while he was drawing what the blue flame looked like inside the jar. Bill remained silent, knowing that he shouldn’t interrupt, though once the brunet was done, he immediately spoke.

“Great drawing, Pine Tree! It’s pretty damn accurate!”

“Oh, thanks! Anyway, so, what’s next?”

“The TV remote from my story,” Bill said as he took it out of its spot.

“You still have it?! Nice! Is there anything else you’ve duplicated that’s still here?”

“Yeah, the taco’s here too. I forgot to mention that it doesn’t spoil. I actually tasted a few chunks of ground beef from it after a few weeks and it was still really good.”

“Could you lend it to me too?” Dipper asked, putting down his journal and pen.

“Sure, but I don’t see what you’d be comparing between the two.”

Bill took the taco as well and gave it to the brunet along with the remote.

“Thanks,” Dipper said.

Dipper knew that he couldn’t compare any of their physical properties since they were two completely different objects, so he tried to check the only chemical properties he could—their scents. In hindsight, Bill definitely should’ve been the one to do so, but it was likely that he’d done it before.

The brunet didn’t smell anything unusual, which wasn’t very surprising, so he tried to think of something a normal human wouldn’t be able to sense. “Hmm…have you checked their auras before?” he asked.
“Auras? I haven’t learned how to see those. They wouldn’t really matter, though, since they don’t affect anything or anyone.”

“I guess so. I dunno, I just really wanna know how those are different from their original counterparts.”

“Maybe I’m just that good.”

“Psh…okay, maybe.”

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After exploring the lab and examining pretty much everything—as well as interviewing Bill with questions such as “How do you feel when you use your magic?”—they finally went back into the house.

“Welcome back,” Mary greeted.

“Thanks,” the golden-haired man replied.

“Here, hold these.” Dipper handed over his journals and pen to Bill. He then carried Cuddles with both of his arms, as if he was a baby—which he kind of was since he was a puppy—and walked with the taller man to their room.

“Hang on, let me just put an extra sheet on the bed for Cuddles.”

While Bill set up the bed, Dipper transferred Cuddles onto just one of his arms so he could pet him. He felt somewhat relieved that his hands weren’t being licked this time.

“All set, Pine Tree.”

Bill took his shoes off, lay on the pillows he’d arranged on his part of the bed, and patted the empty spot beside him. Dipper got on the bed carefully, making sure he wouldn’t drop the puppy or fall himself. He then placed Cuddles on his lap, stroked him a few times, and once he felt relaxed, he leaned his head on the taller man’s shoulder.

The golden-haired man wanted to give the brunet a kiss on the cheek, but then his gaze landed on the puppy who was within arm’s reach.

I wonder if Pine Tree would take notes about Cuddles if I tell him that.

He reached out for the puppy and waited for Dipper to move his hand before he began to pet Cuddles.

“Y’know, Cuddles is a weird dog,” he said.

“How so?”

“Animals would always run away from me as long as I get somewhere around five meters ‘close’ to them. It’s why I’ve never had a pet before. It’s also why I was actually pretty happy when I held this little guy for the first time.”

“Aww. Cuteness aside, do you know why animals run away from you?”

“Nope. Could be my aura, I guess, but if that’s the case, why isn’t Cuddles scared of me? Actually, that question applies in any case.”
“I can’t think of what else it could be…unless it’s your scent? I really don’t know.”

Bill took his hand off Cuddles and wiped it on his pants before he rested it on his Pine Tree’s smaller hand. He stroked the back of Dipper’s hand a few times before his eyes landed on the brunet’s ring finger.

I’d love to put an engagement ring on that, but what would he be waiting for if I did? I don’t know if we can have a wedding.

“…Since you know I’m a demon, you think that I can’t go inside churches or touch anything holy, right?” he asked.

“Yeah, why? Can you?”

“Well, kind of. Just being near churches gives me a headache, so taking even the tiniest step inside one makes me feel like my head’s being crushed. That’s why mom decided to not get me baptized; when I was a baby, she brought me with her to a church, about to ask a priest to help her with the whole baptism thing. However, I just cried more and more the closer she got to the altar, so she just stopped.

“Anyway, I can’t go to churches, but I can sort of touch holy objects. I’ve tested it out before, but I’ll just tell you what I’ve researched about all that to make things easier. So, according to one of the books I’ve read, only holy places and artifacts that have been imbued with positivity and goodwill would work against demons. A cheap mass-produced cross—hell, even a rosary—sold somewhere that’s barely religious literally won’t do anything to a demon, but a cross that’s been prayed upon, cherished, and/or made with care would do a lot; it’d probably hurt like holy shit.”

“Wow, great pun.”

“‘Oh, and that stuff you researched is really interesting, Bill.’ Is what I was sort of expecting. Oh well, there’s more. Corrupt churches, on the other hand, wouldn’t harm us at all. If they’re pretty much homes of hatred, they’d make us stronger.”

“Okay, all that stuff you said is very interesting. I’ll take down notes about that…or not, since that information is from a book. Mind showing it to me some time?”

“Not at all. Anyway, Pine Tree, while we’re talking about this…me not being able to enter churches is why I don’t know whether we can or can’t or how we’d get married one day. I know people can get married elsewhere, but the wedding ritual—er, ‘sacrament of matrimony’—is holy itself, so I really don’t think I can handle it, as much as I really want to be able to partake in it because I love you.”

Dipper warmly smiled at Bill, not caring about his slightly reddened cheeks. “What about civil marriage, then? I’d be satisfied with that, and you should be fine since it can be secular,” he suggested.

“If there’s no other choice, then I wouldn’t mind. What if some demonic wedding ritual exists though? Would you be okay with that?”

“Yeah, as long as it doesn’t involve murder or sacrificing souls or anything like that.”

“What if we need deer blood or something else form an animal?”

“…As long as it doesn’t involve human murder. Wow, I think my morals are slowly getting thrown out the window.”
"Gotta deal with it if you want me."

“I know and I will. Good thing you let me know about the whole church and holy objects thing.”

“Yeah. That said, is there anything else you want to know about me?”

“Not really? I mean, I always will, but I’m pretty content right now; I’ve been learning so much about you since yesterday.”

“Are you sure about that? What about my fangs? Don’t you think that I may have x-ray vision?”

“Those sound really interesting, but I told you, I’m satisfied right now.”

Bill leaned into Dipper’s ear and, while he ran his hand up and down the brunet’s arm, whispered, “What about my urges then, hm? Maybe you’d like to know more about my body…or the positions I like, perhaps?”

Dipper swallowed nervously as his cheeks turned crimson.

“I-I uh…um…I’m interested in all of that, but asking those questions is uh…a bit too much for me. I should’ve asked this for a while now though; do you want to…’do it’ soon?”

“I’d love to, but we still have to go shopping. You know, for lube and whatnot. Don’t worry, I can wait.”

“If you say so…”

The brunet carefully put Cuddles on the ground and got out of the bed. He walked to his bag, took out the puppy plushie the taller man gave him back then, and placed it on the floor for Cuddles to play with. He then lay back on the bed and watched the puppy have fun.

The golden-haired man gazed at Dipper without saying a word. As much as he loved Dipper’s smile, he wants his attention, too. If anything, he wanted his Pine Tree to smile because of him—his lover who was right next to him in a bed—not because of an admittedly cute puppy.

The longer he stared, the more his desire for Dipper grew. His eyes stayed on the brunet’s face for just a few moments before they started trailing down his Pine Tree’s body—which was, in his eyes, seductive, despite being covered by clothing. What was simple, pointless possessiveness gradually turned into lust; lust that he could control to a certain extent. He remembered how Dipper reacted to his suggestions just a while ago, and that only made him want Dipper more.

He decided to give in to the temptation. Slowly and sensually, he slid his arms around the brunet’s waist and pulled him so their bodies would be pressed against each other. He nuzzled Dipper’s neck and quietly breathed in, taking in his irresistible scent. He lightly licked on the mark he’d created and kissed it, but he didn’t suck; he simply wanted a reaction. After Dipper shivered and held back a tiny whimper, he gave the brunet a kiss on his cheek, then leaned into his ear once more.

“Pine Tree, take off your pants…that’s as far as I’ll go, so you don’t have to worry; just do it for me…” he whispered in a needy voice, rather than sultry.

“I’ll do it, but really, Bill, are you sure you don’t want to do me?”

“I am. I just have lots of love to give, that’s all.”

“Alright, I’ll take them off now.”
Dipper tenderly kissed his lover before he stood up. He took his pants off slowly, knowing that Bill liked seeing his skin exposed little by little, though he didn’t know whether Bill would prefer to see his crotch or butt.

Once he placed his pants on the nightstand, he lay beside the golden-haired man like he was just moments ago.

“There. Like what you see?” he asked.

“Loving it, really. Thank you.”

“No problem; I’m pretty much used to this by now. Stripping for and in front of you, that is.”

“Good. I’m sure you know you’ll be doing that a lot.”

Bill gently placed his hand on one of Dipper’s thighs. He looked into the brunet’s eyes, asking for permission as if he even had to. Once Dipper gave him a warm smile and kissed him, he began to caress his Pine Tree’s legs. Bill gave them a squeeze every few seconds, relishing in their softness, as well as their smoothness. After a while, he decided to take things just a little further. He slipped his hand between Dipper’s thighs a few times—though of course, he didn’t touch Dipper’s crotch—and even fondled his ass quite a bit. The taller man lightly traced the curvature of his ass with his fingers a few times before he squeezed it repeatedly, but slowly and gently. His Pine Tree softly moaned each time he did so—a little louder when he would push a finger between his butt cheeks—and after a while, it felt like Bill was giving him a nice massage.

Dipper hugged the golden-haired man and pressed himself against him, putting them in the position they were in earlier. However, Bill made them slightly different at the moment; he slid his thigh between Dipper’s legs, though of course, he didn’t move it.

“Did you like all of that?” he asked as he returned the brunet’s embrace.

“Yeah…you’re really good.”

“Why thank you, Pine Tree. Glad I could give you pleasure.”

The brunet pressed his lips onto the taller man’s once more before he went silent as he thought of what could possibly cause the part-demon’s urges. It wasn’t that he didn’t like it when Bill was like this—he actually loved being touched and/or seduced by him; he was just curious. If he learned about it, he might even be able to use it to his advantage.

“…What does my scent do to you?” he asked.

“What?”

“Does it like, intoxicate you or something?”

“Kind of, I guess. Makes me want you more.”

“So you’re possessive and my scent affects you…do demons have something like the A/B/O hierarchy?”

“We’re demons, Pine Tree, not animals.”

“Yeah, I know, but do you have something similar to it?”

“…I don’t know. Never really read about it. Some of my books might have information about demon
relationships, I suppose.”

“Wait, so you were a flirt, but you never read about demon relationships and/or sex? Did you never think that maybe you... fluids could have an effect on guys like impregnating them or something?”

“I mean, I don’t have any extra limbs, so I never really worried about all that. Plus, I never actually came inside anybody—I always put a condom on. The risk would’ve been pretty fun, though.”

“What.”

“Pft, relax, Pine Tree. I didn’t mean I wanted to have a child with someone else if that’s what you’re worried about.”

“That’s not—“

Before he could finish his sentence, Bill gave him a kiss, then released him and got out of bed.

“Come on, let’s check out the books I have.” The taller man offered his hand.

Dipper rolled his eyes at the smirking man. He took Bill’s hand and stood up as well. They walked to the bookshelves together and began to read the titles on the books’ spines. They scanned the table of contents of the books with relevant titles, then placed them on the ground if they seemed to contain what they needed.

After a while, they’d reached the end of the bookshelves. They carries all the books they picked out—which weren’t a lot—placed them on the bed, and sat down next to each other. Without any exchange of words, they’d agreed to read every single book they took before talking to each other. It took a little longer than picking them out to finish, but once they did, the brunet spoke first, obviously eager, though he didn’t intend to show that he was.

“So, demons do have ranks, but they’re nothing like A/B/O at all. There are three, which are legion, spirits, and elites. There’s a fourth theoretical one too—the exalted. Basically, demons are ranked by strength. Apparently, demons don’t have a concept of family, so it’s very rare for them to make babies. I... didn’t really manage to find a possible reason as to why you get affected by my scent, though. What about you? Any additional info?”

“Yeah. Before anything else, I’d like to inform you that demons come from eggs. Apparently demon eggs incubate for hundreds of years; they gather surrounding energy and knowledge so that when it hatches, the demon’s basically an adult who can fend for itself. Anyway, according to what I’ve read, demons don’t have any sexual urges, but they are intensely territorial and possessive. Now, that sounds like me. Me being part human might be why I have sexual urges. I think that sort of explains the whole scent thing. Oh, and I definitely found out why I love giving you hiccups. There’s this thing called demon markings, and they’re almost like impermanent brands on the soul. They’re a way of saying to keep away from the marked entity. The book says that it’s so the demon can get what they want from the human being without interference, but I mark you because I love you. It’s a ‘mess with them, you mess with me’ thing, so I guess I kind of do it to protect you as well. Demon marking doesn’t have to be done by neck-biting, but that’s the way I like it. I hope you don’t mind too much. Anyway, that’s all the information I got from the books I found. Feels pretty nice to learn more about myself.”

“Yeah, it really is nice to learn more about you. I don’t mind you giving me hiccups, by the way, in case I haven’t made that clear enough. Also... guess we won’t be knowing whether mpreg is possible or not any time soon.”
“Have you been reading omegaverse fics lately without me knowing?”

“No! I’m just aware of it, that’s all.”

“So you’re not worried that you might get pregnant if we do it bareback?”

“BILL!”

Bill laughed right after Dipper yelled at him, much more when he grabbed the nearest pillow and smacked him in the head with it.

“A-All that aside, what time do we have to leave?” the brunet asked after the taller man’s laughter had died down.

“Well, our flight’s at 5:25, so 4 o’clock, I guess. Don’t worry about the time; it’s still pretty early. We didn’t take that long, you know.”

“Oh. Well, we should probably shower right now, at least. Just so we won’t have to wait for our hair to dry later.”

“Sure, why not. You go first; be my guest. Did you bring shower supplies?”

“Yeah, of course. Do you want one to wear one of your shirts, by the way?”

“Yes. Here, let me pick one out for you.”

Bill walked to his closet and looked through the shirts he had. He only took a few moments to choose one, and once he did, he walked back to the brunet and showed it to him.

“How about this one? It’s got a heart with stitches on it! Pretty funny since yours might’ve turned out like this if…oh. Sorry. Dark humor. Not that into it, huh?”

“Dark humor in general? Not so much. I like the shirt though, so I’ll wear it.”

Dipper took the shirt and took his shower supplies from his bag. Before he left the room, he gave Bill—who held the door open for him—a kiss, making the taller man smile more.

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After the two were done showering, the taller man blow-dried the brunet’s hair, which he played with a little once he was done because it was so damn fluffy.

“Why don’t you blow-dry your hair?” Dipper asked, sounding slightly annoyed.

“I know you like how I look with wet hair,” Bill said.

“I mean, yeah, but drying your hair would be a better way to spend your time than playing with my hair.”

“If you want to pass time, we can watch another movie.”

“I guess we don’t really have much to do. Sure, what genre?”

“How about romantic comedy for fic reference?”

“And not to have a reason to make out with me in the middle of the movie?” the brunet said
knowingly.

“It’s a love triangle movie, Pine Tree; there won’t be a make out scene… I think. I know it’s good, but I haven’t watched it for a long time. I don’t think I paid attention to it either back then, so it’ll be like I’m watching it for the first time.”

“Oh. Well then, time to root for one of the chara…”

Dipper trailed off when Bill suddenly turned his head towards the door. Curious, the brunet looked at what caught the taller man’s attention. Apparently Cuddles was clawing on the door.

“One sec,” Bill said. He then went to the door and opened it, letting the puppy run out of the room. Once that was over with, Bill walked back to Dipper, but didn’t sit down again. “I’ll go set up the movie now. You go get cozy while you wait.”

“Okay.”

The golden-haired man leaned in and pressed his lips onto his Pine Tree’s for about a second before he walked to the TV. He looked for the movie in the drawer underneath it, and after he played it, he crawled onto the bed, under his blanket and right next to Dipper.

“Okay, so far, what team are you on?” the taller man asked.

“Team Katrina, of course.”

“‘Of course’? What are you talking about?! Clearly, Cynthia’s the better girl!”

“But Katrina’s nice and sweet! She helps Ron in any way she can, and she treats the injuries Cynthia inflicts on him.”

“But Pine Tree, Ron hangs out with Cynthia more! Cynthia may physically hurt him a lot, but they still bond a lot on those ‘fake’ dates. She just has difficulties in expressing how she feels, but hey, at least she goes on some kind of dates with Ron. Katrina and Ron only ‘hang out’! And, don’t forget that Cynthia is a new student. Come on, I’m sure you know that the cliché is the main character ends up with the new student, and this movie is totally going that way.”

“I dunno Bill, you said this movie’s good; maybe they actually did the unexpected and let Katrina, the childhood friend, win! And, mind you, when they ‘hang out,’ they act like a new couple anyway. They’re really shy around each other because they’ve loved each other for years! They say it’s a crush, but really now, it’s been ten years—that’s true love right there. I’m telling you, this movie could deviate from the cliché and finally let the childhood friend—‘crush,’ even—have the guy!”

“No, Ron will most likely realize his true feelings in the end and choose Cynthia. He just doesn’t know that he’s in love with her for now. We do, though, and I quote someone when I say, ‘If you love two people at the same time, choose the second, because if you really loved the first one, you wouldn’t have fallen for the second.’ Guess who’s the second? Cynthia! OOOOHHH!”

“Not everyone’s feelings work the same way though. You can’t say that Katrina and Ron have been infatuated for ten years. Plus, when Ron somehow humiliates himself, Katrina’s always there for him. Cynthia is around at those times, too, but she doesn’t give him words of encouragement; she insults him!”

“That’s just her way of showing her love and encouraging him! She gets him riled up, motivating
him to prove her and everyone else wrong.”

“Ron didn’t need that kind of encouragement when he was younger. Katrina was always able to cheer him up with kindness.”

“Pine Tree, she’s his past, but Cynthia is his future. Don’t let your desire for the childhood friend to win blind you; it’ll never ha—“

“Bill, Dipper, lunch is ready!” Vespera called from outside the room.

“We’ll be right there, ma!” Bill replied as he paused the movie.

“Vamos, vamos! Mary cooked for all of us!”

“Okay, ma!” The taller man turned to the brunet. “When’d we stop paying attention to the movie again?”

“I…have no idea. We’ll rewind later. Now, just let me put on my plate.”

While they had lunch with their family, they talked about the movie. They tried to get some of them on their teams. At least, that was what they meant to do; they ended up debating with each other all over again.

Once they were done eating, they thanked Mary for the food—which was delicious, but unfortunately, they didn’t get to savor the taste of anything she’d prepared. They then went back to their room and, after rewinding the movie a bit, continued to watch it.

“YES! They did it! The childhood friend won!” Dipper cheered.

“Oh come on, Cynthia was the better choice! Ron has no taste! Cynthia had so much character development; she acted less tough and turned out to be lots of fun to hang out with. Katrina, on the other hand, barely changed at all. She was still really shy in the end.”

“I think you mean she was still sweet, and that’s a good thing; her sweetness is what makes her Katrina. Also, she did develop as a character; she got the courage to confess to Ron, and he couldn’t even do it himself for years. Plus, in that epilogue, you could see that she was actually making a few moves on Ron.”

“Still less development Cynthia, though. Plus, Cynthia’s prettier, and she’s even smarter! And, did you notice that Ron and Katrina never argues? That’s just too perfect. Everyone knows all couples argue at some point, and it can be good for them because it’d help them understand each other more.”

“I mean, Katrina and Ron didn’t really have anything to argue about. Cynthia and Ron argued a lot though, and too much quarreling isn’t good. Katrina and Ron communicate just fine, so of course they didn’t argue even once.”

“…Hmph. Fine. I bet you’d root for Cynthia if she and Ron knew each other for a longer time,” Bill poutily said as he crossed his arms.

“Aww, Bill, don’t be so salty.”
Dipper snuggled against the taller man’s chest and positioned Bill’s arms so he’d be hugging him around his waist, just the way he liked it. “Just think of the movie as a fic that isn’t cliché. Non-cliché fics are nice, right? Unexpected stuff, but that’s what makes it good.”

“You rooted for the childhood friend since the very beginning. Do you not like new people that come into…other people’s lives? Do you think that those you’ve known for a longer amount of time will always be better than people you’ve met much later in your life?”

“Uh, what?” the brunet said, raising his eyebrow.

“Wendy’s your childhood friend. I’m fun to be with, aren’t I? Is she cool and sweet?”

“Wait…Wendy? Bill, are you still jealous?”

“…Do you prefer the childhood friend or not?”

“I love you more than her, if that’s what you want to know.”

“And you’re sure?”

“Of course I am. Woulda kept pining for Wendy if that wasn’t the case.” Dipper moved so he could give Bill a tender kiss on the lips. He then warmly embraced the taller man and squeezed his sides with his thighs. “I know you’re inherently possessive, but keep in mind that we’re engaged and I love you. You’re the only one I’ll ever love romantically; it’s been that way since I met you. Got that?”

“Yes, Pine Tree. Love you too, by the way.”

“Good. And thanks. Now, what time is it?”

“Mmm…2:48. That was a pretty long movie.”

“Pretty convenient that you can tell time without having to look at a clock or whatever. Anyway, let’s start packing now so we can cuddle a little more later, okay?”

“Okay.”

It was finally time for the two to leave. They said their goodbyes to everyone—including Cuddles—and before they left the house, everyone hugged each other, even Bill and Mary.

The couple rode a cab to the airport, and once they boarded their plane, they relaxed in their seats.

“…I enjoyed my stay at your place. It was nice, Bill,” the brunet said.

“Thanks, I guess? More importantly, Pine Tree, when can I go to Gravity Falls with you?”

“You can go there during Christmas vacation, if you want. I’ll be there the whole time. You just have to take a flight to Portland, and from there, you can take a cab. Gravity Falls is east of it, and it takes around half an hour or more to get there.”

“I see. Well, now that I know how to get there…I might just hand-deliver your present on Christmas Eve, Pine Tree,” Bill said with a smirk.

“Really?!” Dipper exclaimed excitedly.
“Maybe.” Bill winked.

Dipper quickly wrapped his arms around the golden-haired man and hugged him tightly in his excitement, earning a chuckle and kiss from his lover.

*He’s finally gonna go to Gravity Falls…*I can’t wait! I’ll have to introduce him to everyone, but it’s gonna be great! Maybe Great Uncle Ford will help us find out more about him, and maybe we’ll even go on adventures like he wants to, even if it’ll be snowing. I don’t know what’s going to happen, but I know that Bill’s gonna like it there, and he’ll finally understand why I love Gravity Falls so much. We’ll make lots of memories there, and he definitely won’t forget any of them.

...Wow. I haven't been this excited in a long time…this feels great.

And yet, he felt something was still bothering him. He didn’t know what it was, but he brushed it off for the moment; deep down, he knew that he didn’t want to know what it was. He’ll just have to realize it when the time comes.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU FOR READING, LOVE YOU! I'M SORRY MY NOTES ARE IN ALL CAPS AND SORRY IF THE LAST FEW PARTS WERE KINDA SUCKY I'M JUST IN A HURRY RN I HAVE TO GO TO A CON I'M RUNNING A BIT LATE BC I LOVE YOU GUYS THANK YOU FOR STICKING AROUND STAY TUNED FOR THE NEXT UPDATE, WHICH MIGHT TAKE LONGER THAN 2 WEEKS (I'LL TRY TO GET IT UP IN 2 WEEKS THO) BC IT'S THE START OF A NEW ARC OK BYE BYE LOVE YOU GUYS

PS Yes I added SOME transcendence AU elements (about demons). You can find more about it at transcendence-au.tumblr.com
Merry Christmas

Chapter Notes

HELLO YES I'M BACK !!!! THE UPDATE IS FINALLY HERE WOOOOOOO I HOPE YOU GUYS LIKE IT!!!! I'M SORRY I TOOK SO LONG WRITER'S BLOCK IS A BITCH BUT HERE I AM SO ENJOY THE CHAPTER MY PRECIOUS CHILDREN <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"And here I dream that I could be better, for you to love, and never leave. But I had been with you, even at your worst, and on your worst you still said forever."

-Kayco Dimia

Snow was barely falling in NYC, but at a certain place, it surely was. Streets were getting filled with cars, whilst shops were getting filled with people. It was the day before Christmas break for the students of RIT, and everyone had back their things, ready to go back to their homes.

Once Bill had finished packing, he rushed to Dipper’s room.

“Pine Tree!” he called, sounding quite frantic.

“Hey, Bill,” the brunet replied with a warm smile.

“So…you’re leaving soon, aren’t you?”

“Yeah uh, I…actually called a cab already.”

“I see. Well, uh…—“

“I have a present for you. I-I’ll go get it right now.” Dipper took a carefully wrapped present from one of his drawers and gave it to the taller man with a much more tender, yet somehow sadder smile. “Here. I hope you like it; it’s something you won’t find anywhere else. I made it just for you.”

“I see. Well, uh…—“

“I have a present for you. I-I’ll go get it right now.” Dipper took a carefully wrapped present from one of his drawers and gave it to the taller man with a much more tender, yet somehow sadder smile. “Here. I hope you like it; it’s something you won’t find anywhere else. I made it just for you.”

“Of course I’ll like it; it’s from you! Thank you for taking the time to make something just for me, Pine Tree,” Bill said as he took the present. “I’m sorry to say my present isn’t ready just yet, though. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure that you get it before Christmas Eve ends. Now please, don’t cry. You’ll see me soon enough, okay?” Bill cupped Dipper’s cheek with his thumb.

“I think I should be telling you those last two sentences; you look like you’re about to cry. I’m gonna see you in a few days, it’ll be fine. By the way, when you hand-deliver your present, bring as much stuff as you can because you’ll be staying with us for the rest of Christmas break, okay? Oh, and, take your time with your present.”
“I still won’t be able to see you for a few days…winter’s already really fucking cold, Pine Tree. It’ll be colder without you. I’ll miss you, Dipper.”

The brunet sighed and placed his hand on the taller man’s shoulder. “I know. I’ll miss you too, Bill. I’ll try to check my phone from time to time when I’m in Gravity Falls, but if I don’t because I’m too busy, then I’m sorry if I don’t reply to the texts you’ll send or answer the calls you’ll make.”

“I mean…it’s okay, I guess. I’ll just…see you whenever I go there.”

*I know that I’m still not number one in your life, Dipper.*

Dipper checked his phone and quickly turned his head back to Bill.

“My cab’s here. See you in a few days, Bill. I love you.”

“I love you too, Dipper.”

Bill leaned in and pressed his lips onto his Pine Tree’s. Dipper kissed him back and even embraced him before he pulled away.

The golden-haired man could only watch as the brunet took his things and walked out the door. He sat on Dipper’s bed and fiddled with the beautiful present given to him. He wasn’t trying to find out what was inside at all, really. Rather, he tried to imagine the effort the brunet put into wrapping it, as well as what his thoughts could have been while he was making the present itself.

After a while, Bill finally came back to reality. He looked around the room, but of course, his Pine Tree was nowhere to be found. Dipper was gone, and there was nothing he could do but wait. He sighed and placed the present on the brunet’s desk and decided to clean up Dipper’s room to pass the time so Dipper wouldn’t have to stress over having to do it when he comes back.

He knew perfectly well that he should be trying to get Dipper out of his mind because it would help him get through the few days he had to live without being able to make any physical contact with the said brunet, but he didn’t want to. He didn’t know what would hurt him more; trying to fill his thoughts with something other than Dipper, or living a few days without him, yet thinking of him every second. The former could be better in the eyes of some people, but like many things, it is easier said than done. It’d be painful for Bill to force himself to replace his thoughts of Dipper with other, less interesting things. It’d be too much.

Once Bill was done cleaning up, he knew he had to leave for his flight. He walked to Dipper’s closet, took one of his shirts, and took a whiff of his Pine Tree’s scent before he left the room and locked the door.

He went back into his room and checked his packed things. After making sure he had everything he needed, he took out his phone, called a cab, and wore his black winter coat on top of his thick, white and blue sweater—which was the one given by Dipper just before their first date. Having worn winter coats on top of thick turtleneck sweaters before, he didn’t have a hard time moving around. His winter boots didn’t feel that heavy, either.

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Dipper looked around the airport for his sister, who was definitely much easier to find than he was—he was wearing a white button-up under a grayish-brown pea coat. He had his cap on, as well as a Prussian blue scarf. None of the clothes he was wearing stood out that much; lots of people wore jeans and dark brown winter boots as well.
After walking around just a little, he found his twin sister, who seemed to be looking for him as well. She was very easy to find, just as he expected; she was more tolerant to the cold than he was, so she could manage to wear just a knitted sweater for a top. Mabel was wearing a lovely turtleneck sweater she designed herself, as usual. It was a dark shade of red, had the typical ‘ugly Christmas sweater’ native-looking zigzag pattern, and, to fill in the gaps, were white stars. Along with it, she wore a white skirt, thick black leggings, and furry brown boots.

“Mabel! Mabel, over here!” Dipper called, waving his gloved hands to get her attention.

Mabel quickly turned to the brunet the moment she heard his voice.

“Dipper!!!” she called back as she ran towards her twin brother with her arms spread wide, not caring that she left all her luggage behind. “I missed you so much, bro-bro!” She hugged Dipper as tightly as she could, which didn’t hurt as much as it normally did with her thick clothing in the way.

“Missed you too, Mabel,” Dipper said as he hugged his sister back. “I see you’re totally ready for Christmas.”

Mabel pulled away so they could actually talk to each other face-to-face. “Of course I am! If you think this looks awesome, just you wait till Christmas Eve, bro-bro! I’m gonna wear one of the best sweaters ever known to men and women and animals!”

Dipper chuckled. “Looking forward to it then. Anyway, come on, let’s go get your things; don’t want any of them getting stolen or anything.”

“Alright, but hey, while we’re like, totally conversing…mind if I ask you a really, really…nice…question…?” the brunette asked as they walked.

“I can already tell whatever you want to ask me isn’t ‘nice,’ so…not much of a point trying to hide it if you’re gonna say it like that. Just ask me whatever question you have in mind.”

“Well…so it’s Christmas break, right?”

“Yeah.”

“And that means we don’t stay in school and go home to our families.”

“Mhm.”

“…What are you gonna do without Bill?”

“Oh, Bill…well, uh…I’ll get my mind off him,” Dipper said with a small smile.

“No, really. I know you’re gonna miss him; what are you gonna do about that?”

“I mean, I have you guys. It may be snowing, but the weather never really stopped me from discovering and/or solving mysteries, so I’ll definitely have something to keep me occupied. Besides, he’s actually gonna visit anyway! He’s gonna hand-deliver his present for me and stay with us for the rest of the break!”

“Woah, really?! He really said that???”

“Well, he said ‘Maybe,’ but I know he meant ‘Yes’ and was just teasing me; he does that a lot. It’s pretty easy to tell whether he’s joking or not.”

“Oooh! Guess Grunkle Stan and Great Uncle Ford are finally gonna meet him in person then!”
“Yeah! I know they’re gonna love him. Just you wait, Mabel; they’re going to lose all the suspicion they have towards him and treat him like an actual family member.”

“Oh yeah, they were asking you so many questions about him. Okay, anyway, let’s get on the plane now. When we wake up, we’ll be home, and we’ll see how you’re gonna get Bill off your mind.”

“Right. We gotta take care of our luggage first though.”

“Oh yeah.”

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_Huh, I kinda missed being beside Mabel in a plane. This is nice._

“Breakfast is served!” Mabel announced, presenting the food on their tray tables.

“Thanks. Hey, mind if we take a picture? I just wanna show Bill that we’re on the plane right now.”

“Aww, of course not!”

Dipper took out his phone and, after Mabel posed close enough to him so she’d fit in the screen, smiled and took their picture. He then sent it to Bill with a cute, stupid smile on his face.

Mabel grinned and couldn’t help but hug her brother again. She had never been happier for him so far in her life, and though she thought of herself as the best matchmaker in the world, she gladly accepted the fact that she couldn’t have found anyone better for Dipper.

“AAA! You are so in love with him! I’m so glad you two are together!!! I’m so proud of you, bro-bro!”

“Aw, thanks, Mabel.”

“No problem!” she said as she released the brunet. “So, you two are engaged, right??”

Dipper shyly rubbed the back of his neck and turned away a little to somewhat hide at least one of his reddened cheeks. “Yeah. I-I mean, no rings yet, of course, but…well, I already told you the rest.”

“…When are you gonna tell mom and dad about you two?”

Dipper remained silent and avoided eye contact yet again. He ate a spoonful of the mac and cheese Mabel bought for him from the airport to buy him some time to think. He did it hoping his sister would drop the question as well, but of course she didn’t; she was going to wait as long as she had to for an answer, and he knew that. Still, it was worth a shot, and he really did have to start eating at some point anyway.

“I’ll…I’ll do that when Bill comes to stay with us,” he said.

“You sure?” Mabel asked.

“I guess. I know I should tell them as soon as possible, and that I should’ve told them about us way before we got engaged, but…it’s just not that easy. I know you’ll be there for me when I do it—you always are—but having Bill with me’s different, you know? He’s…he can kiss me and touch me wherever if I like, need him to. He’s also much more confident than I am, so he can also reassure me about our relationship just in case. I mean, you can try to do that too, but…he’s actually in the relationship, so I’d be much more convinced with whatever he tells me.”
“True. Don’t worry, I gotchu. The important thing is you tell them, okay? I’m sure they’ll accept you and love you all the same. I already told them about me and my crush on Pacifica—and I’m totally gonna get her to be my girlfriend, by the way—and they were totally fine with it, so it shouldn’t be any different for you.”

“I mean, they might want a ‘manly’ son and not a gay one. Or maybe they don’t want two queer children. We don’t know.”

“Of course you think like that. Well, whatever, that’s okay! By the way, what do you think Bill’s present for you is?”

“I have no idea. It’s gotta be something…custom, you know? Something either he’s making himself, or something he got made somewhere.”

After they ate and cleaned up, Dipper went to sleep. Mabel was going to do the same thing, but before that, she did something important—she took a picture of her sleeping brother and sent it to Bill.

_I’m so happy these two are in love; they’re adorable! I know they met just a few months ago, but I really hope they last. Dipper’s never been happier before, and no mystery in Gravity Falls could make him more excited. They’re perfect for each other, and they’ll probably be way better than Pacifica and I could ever be—though of course, we don’t know that yet—and that’s totally okay._

Mabel gently stroked Dipper’s hair before she slept.

After a half-hour taxi ride, the twins have finally arrived in Gravity Falls. It was very much covered in snow, though the snowfall wasn’t harsh at all. Weirdly enough, in Portland and even the areas just outside Gravity Falls weren’t nearly as snowy, but that was to be expected. It was quite fun for the people of the said town to be able to see the borders of Gravity Falls. Of course, over the years, they didn’t pay much attention to it anymore since it was pretty much normal for them. What they were always excited for was the way the town would be like a winter wonderland, albeit sometimes a winter nightmare in reality. When it snowed, it was always like the town was covered in a crisp, white blanket that sparkled both in the sunlight and moonlight. It was a beautiful sight, but of course, touching it with your bare skin could give you a terrible burn. That was basically the town itself—fascinating, but very dangerous to a nonexistent extent—and Dipper loved it.

“Bro-bro, come on, you do this every year! You know what the snow here looks like, so let’s go! Everyone’s waiting for us!” Mabel said.

“Allright, alright. Sorry, it’s just…I’m really glad to be back, and it’s always so nice here when it’s winter.”

“Well, the people here are nice too! All the time! So let’s go see them now!”

“Okay, okay, I’m going. Chill, it’s not Christmas yet,” Dipper said as he began to walk, headed to the Shack.

“Aw BOOOOO!” Mabel yelled, giving her brother a thumbs down before she took her luggage and quickly followed him.

Dipper laughed, but within a few seconds, his laughter died down. He kept his smile, but he was
missing Bill; a pun like the one he made reminded him of the even worse jokes Bill would make. He knew Bill would visit him in a few days, and he himself even said that it'll be fine, but no matter how hard he tried, the golden-haired man would stay in his mind. It might be too early to say it was impossible to forget about Bill just for a while even in this town full of mysteries and anomalies, though.

*Guess I just have to see what’ll work for me.*

“Grunkle Staaan! Great Uncle Foooord! Soos! Melodyyy! Abuelitaaa!!! Your favorite and most adorable twins are heeere!” Mabel excitedly called as she knocked on the door the whole time she spoke.

Once she stopped knocking, the first person she called opened the door. Before he could greet her, she tackled him with a tight hug like she always did.

“Grunkle Stan! I missed you!!!”

“Heh, missed you too, pumpkin.” Stan turned his hug into a loving noogie after a few moments. He and Mabel laughed as he did so, enjoying each other’s company.

“Hey Grunkle Stan! Nice to see you again,” Dipper said as he approached the old man.

“Nice to see you too, kiddo. Now c’mere, time for your noogie.”

Mabel trotted to the living room with her things, letting Stan give her brother a noogie. She dropped her things and didn’t even bother to wait for Dipper; she didn’t have to, and she really wanted to greet Soos as soon as she could.

“Soos!”

“Mabel!”

Mabel tackled Soos with a hug as well.

“Welcome back, dude! We missed you!” Soos said.

“Missed you guys too, Soos!”

“Did you see the decorations outside? We worked really hard on those! Now the Mystery Shack’s totally pizzazzled, dude-bro!”

“Not yet. Sorry, I was just too excited to see you guys again! I’ll go check it out right now! Wanna come with me so you can talk about it and stuff? Tell me how you pizzazzled this place!”

“Sure thing, hambone!”

While the two ran outside, Dipper walked to Melody, who had just entered the living room.

“Hey Melody. So uh, do you guys know if your baby’s gonna be a boy or a girl yet?” he asked.

“Yeah, it’s a girl. Soos was *really* excited to know the answer to that question, and he kept telling me to go to the doctor already, but obviously, it was too early to be able to determine the baby’s gender, so when the baby got 5 months old, he *rushed* me to the doctor. He didn’t really *want* our baby to be a specific gender, he just really wanted to know already so we can finally go shopping.”

“That’s Soos alright; when he’s excited, he’s *really* excited. It’s nice that he’s totally excited and
most likely ready to be a dad though. You uh, excited to be a mom?”

“Of course! Oh hey, since you’re asking about the baby, do you want to feel the bump?”

“I-I dunno. I mean, I’ve never felt a baby bump before, so I don’t really know how to do it. Should I?”

“Totally! You just…kinda rub it or whatever. Go ahead, I don’t mind.”

“O-Okay, if you say so. Should I uh, take off my gloves?”

“Your choice.”

“I’ll…take them off.”

Dipper took off his gloves and placed them on a nearby chair. Carefully, he placed his palm on Melody’s baby bump and, after glancing at her, slowly ran his hand down its curvature, then back up.

“Wow, it’s…pretty cool. I mean, I didn’t feel a kick or anything, but just having a…developing human under your skin’s pretty cool,” he said before he retracted his hand.

“Well, you don’t usually feel the baby kick this early. Anyway, I’ll go back to my room now and read a book about babies or something.”

“I’ll see you around then. Mabel’s probably gonna greet you in a bit, by the way, so maybe—“

“Melodyyy!”

“Aaand there she is,” Dipper said.

Before Melody could say something back, Mabel hugged her. She was gentle, of course, and while she was busy, Dipper put his gloves back on. He turned to pick up his things, but before he could actually take at least one, the front door slammed open, letting in the cold breeze quite suddenly.

“Dipper!” Ford called as he closed the door.

“Great Uncle Ford!”

The brunet ran to the said old man and hugged him almost as tightly as Mabel would. He didn’t want to accidentally crack Ford’s back or anything, but he was really happy to see his great uncle again, especially because he knew that Ford will be meeting Bill soon, and that they would get along.

“I’ve been wanting to see you for so long! I mean, I know I saw you a couple weeks ago for Thanksgiving, but it felt like ages since then.”

“Well, you seem more excited than usual. What made you want to see me so much this time? I doubt that you’re just excited about more mysteries,” Ford said as he pat snow off himself.

“I’ll tell you soon enough.”

“Alright then. Anyway, I have to tell you and your sister something.”

“Hang on, I’ll go get her.” Dipper stepped aside and turned around. “Mabel, Great Uncle Ford’s here!” he called.
In what was probably a second or less, Mabel tackled the old man with a hug whilst yelling his name. Surprisingly enough, Dipper actually seemed much more excited than she was.

Once she released him, Ford began to tell the twins the good news he had.

“Okay, now that we’ve greeted each other, I can finally tell you two that we now have a new house!”

“What?! But Great Uncle Ford—“

“Mabel, please, let me finish. The new house is for you, Dipper, Stanley, and me. I had it built with the help of Boyish…er, Manly Dan, to make more room for Soos’ family. Dipper, don’t worry, our new house has a hidden underground laboratory with much more security than the previous one, as well as a dark room. Now, I know you two are going to miss the Shack, so I made sure that it’s nearby. It was pretty hard to decide where to build it because the town doesn’t have a lot of space and, as you know, there’s a waterfall that’s somewhere in this area. We also had to consider the fact that the Mystery Shack is a gift shop, so building the house right next to it isn’t an option.”

“So where is it?” Dipper asked.

“It’s in a clearing in the woods, which is just a few meters away from the totem pole outside. You just have to walk through the path we made; we chopped down the trees to make it easier to get there. That said, the house is close to the waterfall, so you have a perfect ice skating rink for the whole season.”

“YAY! I’m totally going to invite Candy and Grenda over now!” Mabel said.

“Pft, you’d invite them over one way or the other,” her brother pointed out.

“Yes, yes I will.”

“There’s more to know about the house, you two. Go get your things so you can see it for yourselves. Of course, I’ll give you a tour when we get there. After that, Dipper, I’ll show you the lab and teach you how to get through the security system. You can do whatever you want when we’re done,” Ford said.

“Okay!” the twins replied.

Dipper and Mabel took their luggage and ran back to their great uncle right away. Ford was quite surprised at how quick they were, considering they had lots of big and definitely full bags and suitcases.

“Alright, let’s go,” the old man said. He opened the door once again and stepped outside. He stayed a few feet away from the door as Dipper and Mabel walked out. He closed the door once all their bags weren’t in the way.

“Do either of you need any help carrying your things? I’m still as strong as ever, so there’s no need to worry about my bones,” he asked.

“Nope!” Dipper and Mabel answered.

“Okay then. Well, off we go. Watch your steps.”

Ford walked down the stairs and headed to their new house. The twins were right behind him, though they seemed less focused than he was. Mabel was somewhat distracted with trying to catch
snowflakes on her tongue, while Dipper kept looking at the little white puffs that would appear and quickly fade away every time he exhaled. He'd done it lots of times before, but this time, it wasn’t actually the puffs themselves he was interested in. Rather, he was thinking about how Bill would… react to his breaths being visible during his obviously most hated season.

It’d be pretty amusing if he liked those little pugs but really wanted to get away from the snow as much and as quickly as possible. He could also just keep a scarf on—which he probably will do—but it’d still be fun to see him struggling and being annoyed by the cold. Well, to a certain extent, of course. If he starts to get too cold, Dipper’s going to help him out, which he was sort of looking forward to do, though he didn’t want Bill to actually suffer, so it was just a thing he definitely wouldn’t mind happening. It was a bit of a moral dilemma.

“Dipper!” Mabel called out.

“Yeah?” Dipper replied, snapping out of his thoughts.

“We’re here. Have a look; our new house is still built with wood, of course, but it has a slightly more modern structure than the Shack. It was Wendy’s suggestion, and admittedly, she made some good points. It’s a good thing Manly Dan let her help out,” Ford said.

“Wait, Wendy was in on this? She never told me about this. When did you guys start building this house?” the brunet asked.

“We started about a week after you two left this January. We didn’t tell you anything about it because it was meant to be a surprise.”

“I guess that makes sense.”

“Let’s go inside now. The sooner we get this over with, the sooner you two can do what you want to, such as playing in the snow or visiting your friends.”

“Yeah Dipper, come on! Let’s check out our room!” Mabel said.

“Alright, let’s see where we’re sleeping,” her brother said with a smile.

“Oh, yes, the bedrooms. I guess we should start with those since both of you seem very interested.”

“Yes please!” the brunette replied.

Ford walked onto their new house’s porch and took a key from his pocket. He then unlocked the front door, went inside, and waited for the twins to follow.

“Woah, is this just the living room?! It’s huge!” Mabel remarked.

“We have a fireplace now?! That’s so cool!” Dipper added.

“Pshh, I bet you’re just happy about it because you can’t wait to snuggle with your boyfriend! Oh, I meant your f—“

Dipper frantically placed his index finger on his lips and covered Mabel’s mouth with his other hand. Luckily, his sister understood why he did so and didn’t lick his hand. He had gloves on, but having even just one of them wet wouldn’t be pleasant either.

“What’s this about Bill Cipher?” their great uncle asked, sounding suspicious all of the sudden.

“Nothing!” Mabel said.
“Don’t worry, I’ll tell you and everyone else soon enough,” Dipper answered.

“You’re being strangely mysterious today. I think I know what you’re hiding though. Let’s see if two hints made your little secret obvious enough for me,” said the old man.

“Do you like what you think I’m hiding?” the brunet asked.

“Er… I’m not excited about it. I don’t mean to offend you though, so uh, hey, maybe I will like it. Who knows, right?” Ford pursed his lips and looked around the room to avoid eye contact. Dipper wasn’t hurt at all, but he didn’t know what to say. He knew that Bill and Ford will get along very well, but with Ford’s reasonable trust issues, he supposed it could take some time for that to happen.

Mabel looked at the two awkward dorks. She sighed and shook her head before she loudly cleared her throat to break the silence.

“So, tour?” she said.

“Ah, yes. You two have separate bedrooms now. I’ll let you drop your bags before we continue.”

“Oh. Separate rooms.”

“We can always have a sleepover if you want,” Dipper offered.

“We’re both gonna have sleepovers, bro-bro. Just with different people! I think it’s actually a good thing we have our own rooms now. You know, ‘cause we’ll get some privacy. Wink!” Mabel winked and nudged her twin brother on his shoulder, which caused him to blush a bit more than her statement already made him.

“W-We’re not gonna…shut up.”

“Hah!”

“Can we please go now?” the brunet asked as he turned to his great uncle. His voice seemed to get more high-pitched with every word in his question, which made Mabel laugh, and Ford take him just a little less seriously than he would’ve.

“Yes, uh, of course. Follow me!” Ford led the twins up the staircase and stopped in front of a certain door after a bit of walking in the hall. “Here’s your room, Mabel. I had—

Before he could finish talking, Mabel squealed and slammed the door open. She squealed even louder once she saw what her room actually looked like—boy band paradise mixed with aesthetic color combinations.

“AAAAAA! Great Uncle Ford, it’s perfect! Thank youuu!”

Mabel dropped all her bags and hugged the old man much more tightly than she did earlier. Ford wasn’t hurt at all thanks to his thick clothing, and though he didn’t deserve all of the gratitude his sweet niece was giving him, he hugged her back and smiled. He would never say it out loud unless Mabel made him—which has happened before—but he really liked her hugs. They were always so full of love, and because of her, he’d learned to show a little more affection to his family.

“You’re welcome, Mabel, but I didn’t do everything, you know. Candy and Grenda decorated your room, so be sure to thank them too. They left you a letter, by the way. It’s on your vanity table. We need to continue the tour now though, so read it later, okay?” he said.
“Okay!” Mabel closed the door to her new room and walked with her twin brother. They followed their great uncle until they reached another door, which only took a few seconds.

“Here’s your room, Dipper. I hope you like it; I decorated it myself! Well, with a little help from Wendy. I did most of the work; she just made sure it doesn’t look like an old study.”

Dipper opened the door, took a few steps into his new room, and put his bags down. He looked around silently, but with his mouth slightly open in awe and eyes wide with excitement.

After staring at his bed for a few seconds more than he did with the rest of the things in his room, he turned back to Mabel and Ford, who were both watching him the whole time, yet had very different facial expressions.

“It’s really cool, Great Uncle Ford! It feels really cozy in here, and it’s nice that I have a big desk to work on. I didn’t get to read all the titles of the books on the shelves, but the ones I did sound pretty interesting. The bed looks really comfy, by the way. That’s good; maybe it’ll help me with my sleepless nights,” he said.

“I think you mean nerdy instead of cozy, bro-bro,” his twin sister teased.

“Yeah? Well, maybe it’s both! Nerdy is cozy for me! Anyway, thank you so much Great Uncle Ford!” Dipper gave the old man a hug that wasn’t nearly as tight as Mabel’s, yet was just as warm and full of appreciation.

Once the tour was finally done, the twins returned to their rooms and began to unpack their things. Well, Mabel read her letter from Candy and Grenda before anything, but Dipper, on the other hand, was trying to put his things away as quickly as he could while not making his new room look more disorganized than his dorm room was before Bill cleaned it up for him.

He had to constantly tell himself that he had all the time he needed and absolutely no reason to rush at all, but he managed to get everything out of his bags and make the room still look nice. He regretted checking the time on his phone though; after realizing that he only took a few minutes, he wished he did more. The room looked fine, but it could be better.

As much as he wanted to make some improvements, he had other things to do, and those involved the two people that have been stuck in his head for what felt like years.

Dipper sighed and plopped onto his bed. He let out a small yelp when he bounced and almost fell right onto the floor. Luckily, he didn’t, but he was surprised with how soft his bed actually was. He squished the covered mattress a few times before he shimmied a bit so his butt wouldn’t slip off the bed’s edge.

“Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh.”

Dipper realized that Bill had sent him a reply about five hours ago. He was asleep at the time, and apparently he was too focused on the virtual clock to see the notification on his lock screen every time he checked his phone.

He briefly covered his mouth and ran his fingers through his hair in a mix of guilt and frustration. He then closed his eyes as he took a deep breath, exhaled, and opened his eyes once again. He reread the short preview of the message Bill sent him before he decided to unlock his phone and read the whole thing.
‘Have a nice trip, Pine Tree! Sorry this message is late; I was talking to Mary on the phone and I had to handle stuff like baggage and whatnot. Anyway, enjoy your time in Gravity Falls even though I’m not with you there just yet. If you feel lonely, just send me more texts or even call me! Love you! ♥♥♥

Dipper tugged on his hair and quickly covered his face with his hand, knowing that he had a huge stupid grin on. He knew that his cheeks were really red, too. He tried to groan instead of squealing as he let himself completely fall onto the bed in attempt to not look like a lovestruck and very much gay idiot, but obviously, that didn’t work at all. If anything, he made himself look like more of a dork with the weird noises he was making.

“He just sent me a text. He’s said way more sweet things to me before. We’ve been going out for months. We’re engaged. Why am I like this and why am I talking to myself out loud THIS IS RIDICULOUS.”

The brunet groaned even louder and didn’t even know what he was doing with his hair anymore. Well, not that he did in the first place. He was way too elated over a short, sweet text message from his flirty fiancé for some reason he couldn’t figure out, yet knew that it didn’t make sense.

Come on, I can’t possible miss him that much…or am I just as big of a dork as he is and do miss him that much? Fuck. I should really get this over with so I can not think about him for at least a day or a couple of hours…I should really apologize, too.

Dipper sat back up and stared at Bill’s message for a while, reading it over and over again as he thought of what he was going to say in return. It was harder than he thought it would be. Without realizing it, he started to kick with one leg at a time, switching between his left and right with each kick, just to somehow get the frustration out of his system.

It vexed him that thinking of a reply took way longer than unpacking his luggage, but he decided to brush off that fact and just do what he had to already.

“Okay. Here I go.”

‘Hey, Bill! I’m REALLY sorry I didn’t reply sooner; I was asleep when you sent me that message and I didn’t notice the notification (ironic, huh?). Anyway, thanks for all that stuff you told me. How are you though? I hope you’re doing okay without me. Again, don’t worry, we’ll see each other soon. You can text and call me all you want for now, okay? I love you too. ♥ Oh, and good luck with the snow, by the way.’

 “…This should be good enough, right? Yeah. I could literally send him a heart emoji and he’d be gushing about me to anyone who talks to him for a day.

Maybe it’s because we don’t really have to text each other that much that we react like total dorks.

While he was still satisfied with what he’d typed, Dipper finally sent his message. He sighed in relief and locked his phone right after that, not intending to wait for a reply. If he did and actually got one, he’d be stuck in his room for the rest of the day, which meant that he wouldn’t be able to see the other person that has been stuck in his mind for a while as well.

Dipper pressed the power button again on his phone though; he just wanted to look at his lock screen for a few moments. He was looking at Bill, specifically.

…I’m not gonna wake up with this face in front of me for a few days. No arms around my waist, either. I’ve gotten pretty used to being with Bill everyday…I guess it’s a good thing we’ve got some
space from each other for now. Maybe we should stay in our own rooms from time to time when we’re back in school? I don’t know. I’ll worry about that when I have to.

Dipper slipped his phone into his pants’ pocket once he was done making himself miss his lover more than he already did. He then stood up, put on his gloves and cap, and the backpack he’d packed with equipment for adventures in the snow. He wasn’t actually going to look for monsters or anything of the sort, but of course, he always had to be prepared just in case.

The brunet made sure the keys Ford gave him were in his other pocket before he walked out of his room. He was focused on getting out of the house as he went down the stairs until he heard the scruffy voice of his other great uncle.

“Grunkle Stan?” he called out while he walked to the dining room.

“Hey there, kiddo. How’d you like the house? Got some hot cocoa, by the way. Go get a packet and make one yourself if you want some.”

“Oh, I’m gonna go out, so I’ll pass for now. Also, this new house is great! I mean, of course I miss the Mystery Shack a lot, but it’s really nice here too. I’m sure Mabel and I are gonna get used to staying here at some point. By the way, is Great Uncle Ford still here?”

“Yeah, he’s reading some book by the fireplace. I get that it’s cozy and all, but he got a study made for a reason, y’know? Just saying,” Stan said before taking a sip from his mug.

“I’m pretty sure you just wanna sit in that comfy armchair. A-Anyway, would you uh, mind coming with me for a sec?”

“Eh, I got nothing to do.” Stan shrugged. “Why not.”

Dipper walked to Ford with Grunkle Stan right behind him. ‘Course, he was unaware of what was gonna happen, so Dipper didn’t feel any less uneasy.

*Guess I’m doing this now.*

The brunet cleared his throat as he approached the old man by the fireplace.

“Great Uncle Ford, hey, uh, I gotta tell you something. This’ll just take a few seconds, so could you put down that book for now?” he asked, fidgeting with his backpack’s straps as he spoke.

“Ah yes, that thing you’re hiding. I’m guessing ‘soon’ is now. Am I right?”

“Yup. This is actually happening way sooner than I thought; I didn’t know Grunkle Stan was gonna be here, but he is, so, since both of you are here...yeah.”

“A secret? Boy, this is either gonna be really good or fairly disappointing,” Stan said.

“Well, this is uh, very good news for *me*, but for you two...well, that’s up to you.” Dipper took a deep breath, while Stan proceeded to sip his hot cocoa, prepared to decide whether he was going to spit it out or swallow it once the big reveal happens.

“Bill’s going to stay with us starting from Christmas Eve.”

Stan ended up doing a bit of both.

"I figured something like that would be the case,” Ford remarked.
“Oh come on, I’m not gonna listen to you twinks make out while I watch some soap operas. I mean uh, I don’t watch s—“

“We’re not gonna—“

Stan cut Dipper off. “Kid, I know you’re gonna be all over each other after being apart for less than a week. I’m not gonna be able to do anything about it, so maybe I’ll go stay in the Mystery Shack’s attic or something. I’ll be anywhere but here when he comes.”

“But Grunkle Stan—“

“Anywhere but this house so you don’t have to worry about your privacy. Do what you want with that boyfriend of yours while he’s here, just make sure I won’t have to see or even hear you two getting it on.”

“What the hell? Do you think fucking and making out is all we do? Or is it just because we’re gay? Bill absolutely hates the cold, but I’m planning to help him so we can go on adventures and solve mysteries together because I want him to love Gravity Falls as much as I do! I don’t know if you think you’re making a funny joke or if you’re thinking that we’re gonna constantly shove our relationship in your face, but hey, you know what? I’ll leave it at that. I said i’m going out and I’m doing it now.”

With his mood too ruined to care about the fact that Ford was still in the same room and watching them, Dipper briskly walked out of the front door without saying something like ‘See you later.’

“What’s the point of Grunkle Stan liking Bill if he thinks he’s just a guy I kiss and sleep around with?” Dipper kicked the snow with his hands in his coat’s pockets and his eyes focused on the ground. That is, until he had to shake off the snow piling up on his boots and the lower part of his pants after kicking so much. He’d calmed down by then, though he was still pretty irritated with Grunkle Stan.

He raised his head when he heard the thud of wood being chopped. It was soft, but that was just because he was pretty far from the redhead he was looking for, though definitely getting closer to.

With a few more steps into the forest, he could see Wendy chopping wood on a stump she seemed to have caused herself, judging by what was left of the fallen tree behind her.

“Hey, Wendy!” he greeted once he knew he wasn’t covered by the fog.

“Dipper! Nice to have you back, dude. How’d you like your new house?”

“It’s really great! I heard you helped out with my room, by the way. Thanks!”

“No problem, man. You know, your room was literally a lab with a bed before I decided to change the plan. Wonder how you’d live with that.”

“Probably just the same.”

Wendy and Dipper laughed together, and in that instant, Dipper felt so much better and finally got a certain dork out of his mind.

“So uh, what are you doing out here? I mean, why are you still working? It’s just a few days until Christmas!” he asked.
“I’m just chopping up some firewood, dude. I don’t want us running out when there’s a blizzard or something.”

“Oh. Do you want me to help you carry those to your house when you’re done? I don’t mind.”

“Actually, we can just hang out by the frozen waterfalls and leave these here for a while. It’s not like anything’s gonna take these, right?” Wendy said as she chopped one last log.

“Well, I don’t think Steven would take firewood, and I’m pretty sure there aren’t any creatures that do that, so yeah.”

“Alright, c’mon then!”

“Keep your weapon ready just in case!”

“Dude, I’m always ready for a fight.”

“Oh yeah. Well, we’re all set then! To the frozen waterfall!”

“Waterfall! Waterfall! Waterfall!” they chanted as they began to walk through the forest and repeatedly fist bumped the air.

While those two were busy having fun, Mabel was decorating the Christmas Tree in their new house. Her great uncles left it completely unassembled, knowing their great niece would absolutely want and love to set the tree up.

So far, she’d covered it with a lot of ornaments, and had only a few to go before she had to put the Christmas lights on it.

“Mabel, I hate to interrupt, but do you have a moment?” Ford asked all of the sudden.

“Sure thing, Great Uncle Ford!” Mabel jumped down the step ladder she was standing on and fell onto a cushion, which she took from the couch and placed on the floor for just that purpose. “What’s up?”

“Well, Dipper told Stan and I that Bill’s going to stay here starting from Christmas Eve.”

“Oh, yeah. He’s really excited about it.”

“I can see that. That said, I’m not exactly thrilled about that, but I don’t want to hurt his feelings. I’m sure he loves that person for at least one good reason—he’s told me about Bill before, and his reasons were good, but I’m just…not very convinced. I just can’t bring myself to trust that guy with my grand nephew, especially since he’s done something illegal before, according to your twin brother. So, do you know him well enough to be able to tell me more about him?”

Mabel squealed and sprang from the cushion. “Great Uncle Ford, we’re gonna have a nice, long talk! Get on the couch, I’m gonna make some hot cocoa!”

“Oh, I just need a few short descriptions about Bill Cipher. That’s it. We don’t have to talk fo—”

“Yes we do! No offense, but you literally don’t trust anyone other than your family, the rest of the people from the Mystery Shack Crew, and the people who you’ve worked with before, and you can’t seem to trust anyone else. I know you can, but it’s gonna take a lot of time and effort to get you to do that. Dipper Pines loves Bill Cipher and will not break up with him just because you don’t trust him, so you gotta deal with him and learn to trust him. I’m going to help you with that once I make
hot cocoa for us, so please, let me talk him up as much as I can so you can at least like him more than you already do or don’t.”

“…Okay” was all Ford could say, quite taken aback from Mabel’s response.

Bill had just finished unpacking his things and was sitting on his bed with his phone in hand. He held it an arm’s length away from his face and looked at its camera. He then winked, blew a kiss at it, and took a picture of himself in that pose. He sent it to Dipper right after; he was really excited to do it since he read Dipper’s reply, which he found really sweet.

Once that was over with, he slid his phone in his pants’ pocket and stood up. He wore the turtleneck sweater Dipper gave him, then his winter coat and boots. He put on his gloves before he went out of his room; he wasn’t going to, but then he realized that the door knob would be really fucking cold from the other side of the door. The only reason he wasn’t wearing any of his winter gear was because the heater was on in his room. The rest of the house wasn’t heated though—the fireplace was lit in the living room, but that wasn’t going to make things any better for him unless his parents were there.

Bill rushed down the stairs and to the dining room, where his dad was. On the table was a half-emptied mug of hot chocolate, which would explain the chocolaty scent all over the room.

“Hey, pops.”

“Bill! Your mom’s making you a mug of hot cocoa in the kitchen. Well, not just ordinary hot cocoa—she’s making you some chocolate con leche,” Aedan replied.

“Sweet!”

“Eyyy!” the two said, pointing at each other with both hands.

“Anyway, thanks, I’ll go there right now,” Bill said.

“No problem. Go get your drink before you get hypothermia out here or something.”

Bill chuckled and ran to the kitchen. He would’ve trotted, but running would be much faster, so that’s what he went with.

“Hey, ma! Heard you got some delicious chocolate con leche just for me!” he greeted.

“Yes I do! Here you go, mi hijo.” Vespera handed over the mug to the golden-haired man, who bent down and let her pat him on the head in return.

“Thanks, ma,” Bill said as he stood up straight. “You know, I actually have something to ask you.”

“What is it?”

Bill leaned on the counter and took a sip of his Spanish-style hot chocolate before he told her what was in his mind.

“…Will you let me go to Gravity Falls on Christmas Eve so I can hand-deliver my present and stay with Dipper for the rest of Christmas break? I’ve missed you guys a lot, really, and I’m going to enjoy my time here, but Dipper’s…he’s different. I mean, I love him and I miss him so much already. I can’t get him out of my mind and I’m only missing him more and more by the millisecond, even
though we’ve been apart for just less than a day. I need to physically be with him again as soon as possible…I just love him so much. I love you guys too, of course, don’t get me wrong, but he’s my lover. I can hug, kiss, and…well, be one with him someday. Basically, I can do things with him that I can’t do with you, and I really want to do at least one of those things. I feel like I need to, even, so will you please let me go to him by then?”

Vespera looked into her son’s eyes for a while. Bill didn’t break eye contact even once, which showed that he meant everything he said. She didn’t think he didn’t, but his passion made it harder for her to give him her answer.

She sighed. “Bill, mi hijo, I understand that you love Dipper very much, but…we were hoping you could celebrate Christmas with us this year. It’d be your first time in a lot of years spending a holiday without constantly quarreling with or avoiding your sister…we could spend Christmas as a whole, happy family.

“We love you very much, Bill, so I’ll let you decide. I’ll let you go if you really want to, but if you’re willing to celebrate Christmas with us, you can go to your novio the day right after, as early as you want.”

Bill remained silent and drank some of his hot cocoa as he thought of what he was going to do. He was looking at the ground, not wanting to look at anyone at the moment. The decision was harder to make than he thought, and he didn’t understand why; he’d always spent Christmas with his family, and he loved Dipper more than he would ever love Mary, so celebrating with her shouldn’t be that big of a deal to him…but it was.

After reaching a decision, he sighed, downed what was left of his hot chocolate, and placed his mug on the counter. He mussed up his hair, knowing that he’d suffer from his choice, but even if he chose the option he honestly yearned for, he’d still feel regret anyway.

“I’m very sorry, Pine Tree, but part of me doesn’t want to let ma down…

“I’ll celebrate Christmas with you guys;” he said with a voice devoid of joy.

“Mi hijo, if you really want to celebrate Christmas with your lover, you can go; it’s okay. We don’t want you to be sad,” Vespera replied.

“Don’t worry, I’ll have fun with you guys. I can wait one day more to see my Pine Tree again.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. I’ll be okay.”

“If you say so. Gracias, mi hijo.”

“De nada.”

Vespera gave her son a warm hug, knowing that he needed it; he clearly had a hard time deciding, but he still chose his family in the end. He deserved all the love he could get.

Bill hugged her back, but not as tenderly, unfortunately. He couldn’t bring himself to. He went back into his room after that. He took off his winter gear and left them on the floor once he was inside, then he plopped onto his bed.

Bill groaned and covered his face with both of his hands.
What have I fucking done…I can’t tell Pine Tree about this; not after heavily implying that I’ll be there on Christmas…he’ll be really sad and disappointed…but he deserves to know what’s going on.

…I’ll apologize and let him know what’s going on when he gets my present.

I’m really sorry, Dipper.

“Wow, it’s sunset already. We better go back home,” Wendy said.

“Yeah; wouldn’t want to get attacked by creatures in the night…Can I just stay in your house for a while though?”

“Well, sure, but why don’t you wanna go back to your new house?”

“What? What made you think that? I just think that I should take a breather before walking all the way back home.”

“You probably do, but that’s not why you want to stay somewhere other than your house, dude.”

“I…” Dipper sighed. “Yeah, you’re right. I don’t think I want to go home yet.”

“Well, we both know how to fight, so we can stay here for a bit longer. Mind telling me what’s up?”

“I dunno…I might get sappy or something. Would you—would you be cool with that? I mean, it’d be nice to have someone to talk to about this, but I don’t want you to feel awkward or uncomfortable. I-It’s not as bad as I’m making it sound though.”

“Dude. It’s okay. Relax. You can be as sappy as you want; just let it all out. Don’t yell though; an avalanche would really suck right now.”

Dipper chuckled. “I won’t, don’t worry.”

“Alright, let’s do this. Do you wanna lean on my shoulder or like, lie on my lap? Something? How hard is that problem on you?”

“I dunno…not that hard, but uh…I’ll just do this.” Dipper rested his head on Wendy’s shoulder carefully. The redhead placed a hand on his shoulder and pulled him a bit closer, which startled him a little, but with a few pats, he relaxed.

“I don’t think this should be such a big deal to me, but it is, so…fuck. I-It’s related to Bill, so I guess that’s why it gets to me so much.”

“That’s understandable. So, what happened?”

“When I—Okay, Bill’s gonna stay with us here starting from Christmas Eve. I saw Grunkle Stan in the dining room, so I asked him to follow me to where Great Uncle Ford was since I wanted to tell them the news at the same time, but when I did, he just…started being a jerk, and I don’t know why. I mean, on Thanksgiving, after Mabel outed me in front of everyone, Grunkle Stan gave me a noogie and wasn’t even mad at all, so I thought—like, you’d think that meant he accepts my relationship with Bill, but I guess he just sees it as something else.

“Just before I went out to look for you, I told him and Great Uncle Ford the news. Great Uncle Ford was honest—he wasn’t looking forward to Bill staying with us, but he was very polite about it. Grunkle Stan, on the other hand, wasn’t thrilled either, but he was so…offensive; he kept implying
that all Bill and I are going to do are…make out and have sex in public. Both of those in public, I mean. I really don’t get it though; does he think all gay people do that or is it just us? I can kinda understand if it was that first thing because hey, I don’t know what goes on in the prisons he’d been in, but if it was the latter, then…just…what? What the hell would even imply that we’d be all over each other like that in front of everyone—or him, in specific? We just wanna go on adventures and solve mysteries together! I mean, of course we’re gonna snuggle by the fireplace from time to time, but that’s as far as we’ll go when it comes to being affectionate in public. Well, Bill would probably kiss me on the cheek whenever, but that’s not bad at all.

“What’s worse is Grunkle Stan was saying he was gonna stay anywhere but the house when Bill arrives; he’s not even gonna give him a chance, what the fuck? He said he liked Bill already when I told him stuff on Thanksgiving, so what gives?”

Dipper sighed and crossed his arms, which have been moving around since he was making all sorts of hand gestures as he was talking.

“Grunkle Stan’s mind really is one of the biggest mysteries in the universe. Maybe the multiverse, I don’t know.”

“Dang, man. You have the right to be mad, so don’t think you’re overreacting, alright?” Wendy said.

“If you say so…”

“You two should talk, man. Get some hot cocoa and sit across each other at a table or something. You’ll probably convince him to give Bill a chance, but if you don’t—somehow—you’ll at least understand each other. If you really don’t wanna do that tonight, then just do it tomorrow or maybe a day after; just get this whole thing solved before Christmas Eve, basically. You’re gonna have to celebrate with him, so you might as well enjoy the holidays by getting along with him. Don’t let him ruin Christmas for you, okay? Give him a chance.”

“I’ll go do that when I can, I guess. Thanks for listening and giving me advice, Wendy.”

“Anytime, man. Now come on, let’s go get the firewood I chopped back there.” Wendy patted Dipper on the back twice before she stood up. She offered her hand, which the brunet took right away.

Dipper stood still and watched Wendy walk ahead of him for a while. He ran to her when he realized she was going to disappear in the fog soon enough, but he did something she certainly didn’t expect; presumably out of his pent-up feelings—or just habit, really; he couldn’t tell—he’s hugged Wendy from behind.

“Woah, dude, did being Bill’s boyfriend make you more cuddly or something? You haven’t hugged me in a pretty long time,” she said, startled by the brunet’s sudden action.

“I…He usually hugs me after heavy conversations. Sorry, I guess I really miss him.” Dipper let go of Wendy and slipped his hands into his coat’s pockets.

“Aw, Dipper…you guys are just adorable, you know that? I’m pretty excited to meet Bill because you love him so much. I bet he’s a great guy.”

“He is, but…I really should get my mind off him while he isn’t here yet; I’ll just miss him more if I don’t.”

*I was doing pretty well before this topic came up, actually.*
“Fair enough. If you wanna flirt with him whenever though, you should tell him you’ve been thinking about him. He’s a narcissist, right? He’ll love it.”

Dipper chuckled. “Yeah, of course he would. Anyway, let’s go now. After you.”

The brunet and the redhead walked back to where she was chopping wood. They split the amount of firewood to carry, then they headed to her house—the Corduroy cabin.

Once they dropped off the firewood, Wendy offered Dipper to stay for a while in case he actually wanted to take a break. Dipper decided to just go home though; he graciously refused the offer and walked out the front door, wanting to go back to where he was supposed to be before it got too dark or snowy.

He headed straight for the stairs when he got into his new house, but before he could make it halfway, he was called by his Grunkle Stan.

“Dipper! Hey, uh, mind sitting with me for a few minutes? I’ll make you a nice mug of hot cocoa.”

The brunet stopped in his tracks for a few moments. He didn’t look at the old man just yet, but he did think about whether to take the opportunity or not.

“This is so soon, but…I mean, how would I ask him to talk anyway? I don’t know if I’m ready to give him a chance, but…I guess I’ll have to find out.

Dipper walked back down the stairs and headed to the dining room. Stan followed and did what he said he would. After just a few minutes, he’d finished making a cup of hot chocolate and gave it to his nephew, who took it hesitantly.

“So uh, about a while ago. Let’s…let’s talk about that,” the old man said.

Dipper merely fiddled with his mug as a response—if it counted as one, that is. He wanted to talk, but he didn’t know where to start. He knew he wasn’t doing very well right off the bat, but he knew he could do better later on. He had to.

“Well, guess you wouldn’t talk after something like that; your sister does the same thing, but slightly more angrily. So, uh…I’m uh…I…apologize for uh…look, I’m sorry for the things I said. I was judging you two without any uh…without even seeing you two together, let alone Bill Cipher himself. That’s his name, right?”

“…Yeah.”

“Okay, good. So uh, I’m not gonna leave this house, okay? I’ll stay. You two can do what you want.”

“Why did you think we’re going to do private stuff with each other right in front of you and all those other things you said? We have decency, Grunkle Stan. If we’re gonna make our or something, we’ll do it in my room with the door closed.”

“I dunno, kid. Maybe…well, I’m not, you know, gay, and I’m old, so…I guess I just assumed you wanted his…body…” Stan cleared his throat. “Or maybe I’m just, what do you call it…salty? Yeah, salty that Carla and I didn’t last very long, so anything that shows you two are in a happy relationship is like a slap on the face for me. That’s probably it.”

“Huh, I guess that makes sense…”
“Yeah, sorry I had to be so harsh about it, kiddo. I’ll get to know Bill, alright? I’ll support your relationship as long as it’s healthy.”

Dipper looked at his full mug of chocolaty goodness for a few seconds before he finally took a sip.

“Thanks, Grunkle Stan,” he said with a smile. “I forgive you.”

“Thanks. Should I go now?”

“…Will you hug me first?”

“What? Since when do you ask for hugs?”

“…Shit. Sorry.”

“No no, uh, sure, you can hug me if you want to.”

“No, it’s okay.” Dipper downed his hot chocolate as quickly as he could without scalding his throat. “I’ll uh, go back to my room now. See you, Grunkle Stan!”

Stan said something back, but the brunet had already ran too far to be able to hear it. He slammed the door once he got into his room and plopped onto the bed yet again.

Dipper took out his phone and pressed the power button so he could stare at his lock screen.

_Damn it Bill…I miss you. I can’t wait to see you._

_____________________________________

It was finally the night Dipper had been waiting for. He kept Bill out of his mind a little better since the first day he came back to Gravity Falls—though Bill would somehow come back to mind every now and then—but Dipper didn’t bother to try anymore since it was Christmas Eve. Everyone was eating and talking at the table, though Dipper wasn’t saying much, and was thinking of Bill and pretty much nothing else. Some people were eating and talking on the couch, by the couch, and even by the fireplace; the Pines family threw the Christmas party as usual, while the Northwests would take care of the New Year ball.

“Bro, you listening?” Mabel called out.

“Yeah…Yeah, karaoke before and after opening presents, right?”

“Yup! But hey, really now, what’s up with you? You’ve been talking, but not a lot. What gives?”

“Sorry Mabel, it’s just that Bill’s coming tonight, remember?! He’s finally gonna meet Grunkle Stan, Great Uncle Ford, and Wendy, and we’ll finally get to see him again!”

“I know, but wouldn’t he have arrived earlier? I know he’s dying to see you, so like, wouldn’t he come as soon as possible?”

“He said Christmas Eve.”

“It’s dinner—“

“Mabel, he’ll be here. Don’t worry, I’m sure he’s fine.”

“Alright.” I’m worried about you though…
“Oh yeah, Bill Cipher. I’m very curious about him; I have a lot of questions prepared just for him when he arrives,” Ford said.

“I’ve got my brass knuckles ready in case he steps outta line,” Stan added as he slammed the table with his fist.

“Woah, chill. I’m sure he’s a nice guy, but if he makes mistakes, don’t go beating him up,” Wendy said.

“Yeah, please don’t,” Dipper agreed.

“Ah come on, I was joking!” Stan argued.

“Right…” Dipper said, clearly skeptical.

“Dudes, just hang out with him a couple of times. Hang out with him and Dipper! Do it together though. Otherwise, one of you’s just gonna be a third wheel,” Soos suggested.

“Actually, I think being alone with him would be better; it would let us know at least part of his true personality. The way he treats Dipper is one thing, but how he actually is without him is what matters,” Ford said.

“Yeah, he could be a bitch for all we know,” Stan added.

“I know he’s just a bit of a bitch. Nothing too bad,” Dipper said.

“KARAOKE TIIIIME!” Mabel suddenly yelled, gathering everyone’s attention.

“There you are,” Wendy half-joked.

“Yeah, you’ve been pretty quiet, Mabel, what g—“

“Hang on, hang on. Before karaoke starts, I have a huge announcement!” Robbie yelled.

“_Robbie_ has an announcement?” Mabel exclaimed.

“Whaaaaaaaaat?!” she and her brother said.

“Yeah he does, so listen!” Tambry added.

“Holy shit, she’s not on her phone,” Wendy remarked.

“Okay, so, here we go..Tambry and I have SET A DATE FOR OUR WEDDING! SEPTEMBER 1 NEXT YEAR, EVERYBODY! AND YOU’RE ALL INVITED!”

With that, everyone cheered and clapped vigorously, happy for the couple and excited to be part of such a wonderful event.

“ALRIGHT, LISTEN UP! DIPPER AND I ARE GONNA SING A SONG JUST FOR YOU TWO!” Mabel announced.

“Yeah!” Dipper added.

Everyone rushed to the living room right away, and the twins jumped onto the improvised stage as soon as they could. Dipper quickly turned on the karaoke machine, and Mabel selected a song right away. Dipper tossed a mic to his twin sister as she got into position, then he quickly got into position
as well. Once the music started, they began to move their hips to the beat.

“Let the bough break, let it come down crashing
   Let the sun fade out to a dark sky
   I can't say I'd even notice it was absent
   Cause I could live by the light in your eyes

   I'll unfold before you
   What I've strung together
   The very first words
   Of a lifelong love letter

   Tell the world that we finally got it all right
   I choose you
   I will become yours and you will become mine
   I choose you
   I choose you
   (Yeah)
   ...

The twins received a loud applause once the song had ended. They thanked the audience and bowed repeatedly for a while.

Once that was over with, and before Mabel could say anything to take the spotlight, Dipper spoke up. “Hey everyone, I have an announcement too! So, as you all know, I…have a boyfriend, and well, he’s…his name is Bill Cipher and he’s coming here tonight! This song is for him!”

Dipper entered the numbers of the song he had in mind as the audience cheered. Mabel, on the other hand, sat next to Pacifica. She leaned on the blonde’s shoulder, though she didn’t say anything at all, which the blonde immediately noticed.

“Uh, Mabel, what’s wrong?” she asked.

“Don’t mind me, Pacifica…just let me hug you…” the brunette said, already snaking her arms around Pacifica’s waist.

“Sure??? You better tell me what’s wrong later though,” Pacifica replied, her cheeks bright red.

“I will. Let’s just watch my bro-bro for now.”

“Scratch scratches
   Fire starts with matches
   They're burning down the world and chopping down with hatchets
   Life in plastic
   Blood still splashes
   Running round like animals in city soaked in ashes

   If you wanna be with me I could need you now
   It's a jungle out there and the teeth are out.
   Find a better place to be safe with me tonight.
   In this wild world it's a wild life
   ...
   …”
As the audience applauded, Mabel rushed to the stage and took the microphone she’d used earlier. Dipper left as soon as he could while his sister entered the song numbers; she seemed so full of energy all of the sudden.

“PACIFICA NORTHWEST, I HAVE A SONG JUST FOR YOU!” she announced, pointing at the blonde.

“Okay…” Pacifica replied, looking at the brunette confusedly, though she was a bit happy having a song dedicated to her.

“HEY! HEY! YOU! YOU!
I DON’T LIKE YOUR GIRLFRIEND!
NO WAY! NO WAY!
I THINK YOU NEED A NEW ONE
HEY! HEY! YOU! YOU!
I COULD BE YOUR GIRLFRIEND
HEY! HEY! YOU! YOU!
I KNOW THAT YOU LIKE ME
NO WAY! NO WAY!
YOU KNOW IT’S NOT A SECRET
HEY! HEY! YOU! YOU!
I WANT TO BE YOUR GIRLFRIEND
...

As Mabel sang, Dipper took out his phone and texted Bill about the new house so he’d know where to go. He also asked when he was coming, and added a heart at the end of the message before he sent it.

“So, PACIFICA NORTHWEST, WILL YOU BE MY GIRLFRIEND?” Mabel asked.

“Oh…” Pacifica could only stare at Mabel at the moment; she was too embarrassed with everyone staring at her, especially Mabel, who even began to slowly walk towards her, causing her face to turn even redder than it already was.

“Well?” the brunette asked.

“G-Give me a minute, geez!”

“Oh come on Pacifica, you know you want me. I mean, nobody can resist this!” Mabel said as she struck a pose.

“I mean…ugh. Come with me.”

“Whe—Woah! Someone’s excited!”

Pacifica grabbed Mabel’s wrist and stood up. She then ran to the exit as quickly as she could, taking the brunette with her. It was a good thing Mabel easily caught up; being dragged would be just a little less fun.

Dipper watched the new couple until they were completely outside. Once they were out of sight, he checked his phone for a reply. Of course, he didn’t get a new message, but he was totally okay with that; Bill was probably on his way anyway.
It was finally time for everyone to open their presents. The party was still going on, but the Mystery Shack crew stayed by the Christmas tree rather than their friends. They did it every year, after all.

Mabel gathered all her presents before anyone else could; they would always have a little competition involving who gets all the presents for them first, and she would always win, even if everyone checked the locations of their presents before midnight.

“Mabel wins again!” she declared.

“I don’t think anyone’s even trying to beat you anymore, Mabel,” Wendy said.

“Dipper does! How’s it feel to lose again, bro-bro?”

“Oh, uh, it’s okay this time; you’ve won so much I’m just kinda used to it by now,” Dipper replied.

“What?” Mabel said, genuinely confused and a bit worried, though she didn’t show it.

“Yeah.”

“Oh come on, that’s not why you’re not salty! What’s going on, huh?”

“Mean…Bill’s gonna hand-deliver his present for me, which means it isn’t under this tree yet. Winning the competition wouldn’t matter.”

“Sweet Sally, Dipper! Don’t you wanna know what my present for you is?”

“Of course I do!”

“Then open it!”

“I will! Right now!”

Dipper took Mabel’s present for him and opened it carefully. He never just ripped off the gift wrap; it’d just take a lot more time and effort to clean up.

“Wow, this sweater looks great as usual, Mabel! Thanks!” he said as he took the said sweater out.

“Of course it’s great! Well, not as awesome as the one I’m wearing now though. By the way, there’s more in that box, so keep going!”

Mabel was wearing a red sweater with a decorated Christmas tree—which had actual lit Christmas lights on it—and snowflakes on its front. There were snowflakes on its back as well, and there were lit Christmas lights wrapped around its sleeves, though they didn’t seem to restrict and sort of arm movement.

“I don’t think anything could top that sweater unless you make an even better one.” Dipper put down the sweater his sister gave him and took the long-sleeved white button-up that was in the box. He was about to ask what it was for, but then he saw the sweater vest that was apparently under it. He was curious as to what the design was and was going to take a look. However, before he could take it out of the box, Mabel yelled, “DON’T!”

“What? I just wanna see what you put on the sweater vest.”

“I kinda put something in the sweater vest too, so…don’t show it to everyone right now. Well, unless you want to. Wink!” Of course, she winked when she said the verb itself.
Her brother raised his eyebrow, though he didn’t ask any questions. He slid his hand into the sweater vest and felt a piece of paper on top of a foil packaging of some sort. Dipper took them out, but made sure no one else could see what they were. He then read the note.

‘For when he thinks it looks TOO good ;)

‘...Oh.’

Dipper saw what was under the note as well. His face turned red in realization; he realized why he wouldn’t want to show it to anybody—it was a condom.

We haven’t even done it even once yet...

“Um...thanks for the additional gift, Mabel,” he coyly said as he put back everything that was in the box then placed it right beside him.

“No problem, bro-bro! I gotchu!” Mabel replied with yet another wink, causing her twin brother to blush more. She chuckled and gave Dipper a few pats on the back.

“I’m gonna open your present now!” Mabel took the said present and tore the gift wrap apart. She took off the box’s lid, then placed it on the floor.

“Yay, knitting supplies! Thanks, bro-bro! Wait, what are these?” she asked as she took out what seemed to be two tickets.

“Tickets for you and Pacifica for that sold out concert you couldn’t buy tickets for.”

“SHUT! UP!” Mabel shoved Dipper in surprise, which thankfully didn’t hurt very much because of the thick turtleneck sweater he was wearing.

“How’d you even get these?!” his twin sister asked.

“I mean, they started selling it while you were in class, but I wasn’t. I’ve known for a long time that you love Pacifica, so I got two tickets...after refreshing the page so many times because I know that it’s absolutely necessary to buy the tickets right when they start selling them.”

“And that’s why I don’t go to boy band concerts,” Wendy said.

“You’re missing out on so much. Anyway, thank you so much, bro-bro!” Mabel hugged Dipper tightly. Dipper hugged her back, but a lot more tenderly. They released each other after a few seconds, then Mabel put the tickets back in the box.

“Hey, Mabel, how about you open our present for you, huh?” Stan suggested.

“Okay!”

The brunette took her great uncles’ present to her and quickly opened it. When she saw what it was, her radiant smile faded away. She liked the present—it was honestly really cute—but it just...brought back certain memories to mind; memories she never wanted to ever think of again—the things she would wish everyday never happened.

“Oh. A stuffed chinchilla...it’s really, cute you guys!” she said with a clearly forced smile.

“Mabel...” Dipper softly called out as he placed a hand on her shoulder.

“We’re sorry Mabel, we just want to help you...recover from what happened to Waddles. We’re not
trying to tell you to get a pet any time soon; we just want you to be at least a little more comfortable with the idea of having a pet again, okay?” Ford said.

“Yeah. You don’t have to treat that stuffed toy like a pet or anything, but at least just…I dunno, think of it like you have an actual animal with you, but you don’t have to feed it and whatever you do to a pet,” Stan added.

“Okay…thanks, you guys. I’m…I’ll try to really get over that accident.”

A few minutes after everyone had finished opening their presents, Dipper heard a few knocks on the door. Everyone else was busy talking, but that wouldn’t have mattered anyway; he knew who was outside and he was going to be the one to greet his fiancé.

“HE’S HERE!” he yelled as he shot up and ran as fast as he could to the front door. Dipper didn’t care about the shouts he heard and opened the door excitedly…

…only to find a mailman standing in front of him.

“Package for Dipper Pines!”

“I’m Dipper Pines.”

“Here’s your package. Please sign here,” the mailman said as he handed over a beautifully wrapped present and a clipboard with a list and a pen on it.

The brunet signed where he had to before he took Bill's present for him. The mailman said “Thanks!” and “I hope you have a Merry Christmas,” but all he could do was force a tiny smile and wave in response.

Dipper didn’t want to stay outside, so he went back into the house. He sat by the door and opened the present very carefully. Inside, he found a yellow scarf with a triangle pattern as a design, a shirt that was definitely Bill’s, and a letter on top of something. He took the letter and saw a ring in a plastic case with a clear lid.

So that’s why the present wasn’t ready yet…

Dipper really wanted to see Bill, yet at the same time was really happy because of the ring he gave him. He couldn’t help but smile…but along with that smile came tears he couldn’t hold in either. He didn’t know whether it was because of sadness that Bill didn’t come or happiness because of the ring he was given. Both, maybe?

Dipper proceeded to read the letter.

‘My dearest, beloved Pine Tree,

I'm really sorry I didn’t come to Gravity Falls yet. I know I implied very heavily that I would, and I'm really sorry. I'm dying to see you, Pine Tree; I've been missing you since you left. I was planning to go to Gravity Falls on Christmas Eve to hand-deliver your present, but when I asked ma if I could go—which was right after I unpacked—she said she really wanted me to celebrate Christmas with them because it'd be the first holiday Mary and I would spend together without hating each other. I would choose you over Mary any day, to be honest. I just couldn’t let ma down…but hey, she told me I can go there the day right after. I know that’s not enough to gain your forgiveness, nor make you any less hurt, and my presents aren’t either, so please video call me
when you receive this. I want to make sure you understand, and that you’re at least a little okay.

Anyway, I hope you like my presents for you. I learned to knit online and made the scarf myself whenever you weren’t around. I gave you that and one of my shirts because I know you’re going to miss me as much as I miss you. Wear them whenever you want. As for the ring…well, knowing you, I’m sure you’ve figured out that the reason I couldn’t give you your present yet is because I had to get that ring made. Take note that it’s not an engagement ring; it’s a promise ring, and I have the matching one with me. That’s why it’s bronze, by the way; our promise rings are bronze, our engagement rings will be silver, and our wedding rings will be gold. I hope you haven’t worn the ring yet, by the way; I haven’t either. I think it’d be nice if we could say a few words to each other before we put them on, so yeah, video call me as soon as possible, okay? Please.

I love you, Dipper.

Love,

Bill’

Dipper put the letter back in the box, not wanting to stain it with more tears than he already did. He wiped away some of his tears—though it didn’t really matter since he kept crying and couldn’t stop anyway—before he took out his phone and called his twin sister.

Mabel was confused as to why her brother was calling her when they were in the same place, but once she saw him crying, she realized why and answered right away.


“He’s…He’s not here, Mabel. He’s coming later…he didn’t…come on Christmas Eve…I have to wait more…” Dipper replied after sobbing for a few moments.

I knew it…” Dipper, it’s okay. You might see him right when you wake up later morning; it’s not too much of a wait, right?”

“I…I know I…shouldn’t be crying…but I…it’s been so painful…I miss him just that much…it’s pathetic, but I…can’t do anything about it…I’m sorry…”

“Nononono! It’s okay, it’s okay! You just really love him, it’s okay.”

“I’m not gonna join karaoke…you guys enjoy.” Dipper hung up, picked up the present, and ran to his room. He locked the door and took the present with him as he rushed to the bathroom. He put the box and his phone down before he began to wash his face.

It took quite a while for him to stop crying, but when he did, he wiped his face with a towel. He took off his sweater and the shirt he wore underneath it, then put on Bill’s shirt and the scarf he was given. He took in Bill’s scent with a deep breath, then slowly exhaled. He felt much more relaxed after that. He wasn’t a lot happier, but it was something.

Dipper went back into his room with his phone, sweater, shirt, and present. He put a hanger in his sweater and kept it in his closet, then tossed the shirt he was previously wearing into the hamper. He took the ring case out of the box, but before he could reach his bed, he heard a few knocks on his door.
“Hey, Dipper, you okay in there? I’m sorry Bill didn’t come, and I get that you’re feeling down, but Mabel and I can sing for you to cheer you up at least a little. What do you say?” Wendy offered.

Why not, I guess. I really shouldn’t be this upset anyway.

Dipper put back the ring case and placed the box and his phone on his bed. He took a coat from his closet and wore it. Once that was over with, he opened the door. He didn’t say a word and simply looked at Wendy in the eye, but she understood that he accepted the offer, so they went down the stairs together.

“Hey bro-bro! Sit here! Right here! Front row seat just for you!” Mabel excitedly greeted once she saw her twin brother.

Dipper sat where she wanted him to. Mabel grabbed Wendy and dragged her to the stage right after; she was too focused on trying to cheer her twin brother up to notice his change of clothes.

The brunette quickly entered the number of the song she and Wendy agreed on, then picked up a microphone. She didn’t have to hand one to Wendy since she already got one while she was selecting the song.

Mabel danced in a rather exaggerated manner to the beat to make her brother smile more as she sang. Wendy danced as well, but she was a lot more…chill.

“So much pressure
Why so loud?
If you don't like my sound
You can turn it down

I got a road
And I walk it alone

Uphill battle
I look good when I climb
I'm ferocious, precocious
I get braggadocious

...?

I still fall on my face sometimes
And I can't colour inside the lines
'Cause I'm perfectly incomplete
I'm still working on my masterpiece
And I, I wanna hang with the greats
Got a way to go, but it's worth the wait
No, you haven't seen the best of me
I'm still working on my masterpiece

Oh, oh
Oh, ah
Oh, oh
Oh, ah

Those who mind don't matter
Those who matter, don't mind
If you don’t catch what I’m throwing
Then I’ll leave you behind

…”

Dipper loved the song they sang; it was always an inspiring one. However, of course, as much as he liked it, one song wasn’t enough to cheer him up completely. He did feel a bit better though.

He waited for Wendy and Mabel to go to him rather than getting on the stage himself.

“Feeling better yet, bro-bro? You are my strong, independent twin brother, okay?! Remember that!” Mabel told him.

“Yeah dude, you’ll be alright even when Bill isn’t around,” Wendy added.

Dipper chuckled. “I do feel a bit better, but hey, we didn’t break up or anything; calm down. We’re gonna talk. I’m gonna go back to my room now, okay? Thanks for the song; you guys were great.”

“No problem, bro-bro! We love you!”

“Hope that talk goes well. See you, Dipper!”

The brunet stood up and gave them a hug before he went back into his room. He took off his coat once he was inside. He then sat on his bed, took out the ring case, and picked up his phone.

Dipper took a deep breath before he finally called Bill. It only took a few seconds for the golden-haired man to pick up, which startled him just a little, but that was nothing compared to the ridiculously overwhelming joy he felt the moment he finally saw Bill’s face again.

“Bill…” he softly called out, with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks.

“HOLY FUCK I’M SO SORRY! I’M SORRY I’M MAKING YOU CRY I REALLY DON’T MEAN TO I SWEAR! I LOVE YOU DIPPER!!!”

Dipper laughed, causing more tears to fall, but he couldn’t care less. “It’s okay, Bill. You really should spend Christmas with your family; I…I shouldn’t have expected you to come, really. I love you too, by the way.”

“I should’ve told you about this earlier…I didn’t because I knew you’d be waiting so eagerly for me and I didn’t want to break your heart, but…in hindsight, I made a stupid decision. It hurt you a lot more than it would’ve if I told you sooner.”

“Yeah…I…really miss you. I was so excited to finally have you here, but…yeah. It’s okay, I understand. I…It’d be nice if I could celebrate Christmas with you one day though; somehow, it seems colder without you around.”

“It’s a fuckton colder without you with me. Don’t worry though, I didn’t get sick or anything. Oh, by the way, I love this scarf you made just for me. Thank you, Pine Tree; it’s lovely.”

“No problem. Thanks for the scarf as well. Oh, and your shirt, too.”

“They look perfect on you.”

“Thanks…so uh, the rings…I love it, Bill. It’s simple, but still really nice. I uh, have it right here,” Dipper said as he took out the said ring and showed it to the golden-haired man.
“And I have mine right here.” Bill showed the ring he had to the brunet. “Now, let me recite my ‘vows.’” He cleared his throat, making Dipper chuckle softly.

“I, Bill Cipher, promise to find a way to marry you, Dipper Pines. I also promise to love you even beyond the end of time, to keep you happy, to make sure you always feel safe, to be there for you whenever you need me, even for the most trivial things, and to beat up anyone who hurts you—well, if you let me, anyway. Now, wear your ring and pretend I’m sliding it onto your finger.”

Dipper chortled before he put the ring on as Bill slowly brought his own ring closer to the camera.

“It’s on…” Dipper showed his ring finger with a smile on his face, making Bill smile as well.

“It’s absolutely beautiful on you, Pine Tree.”

“Thanks…now, my turn,” the brunet said, his cheeks rosy both from crying and the love he felt for the golden-haired man.

“Go ahead.”

“I…I, Dipper Pines, promise to marry you when I can…” Dipper chortled again at how dorky it sounded. “Sorry, sorry. I also promise to love you no matter what, and for who you are; every single part of you. I’ll also be there for you whenever you need me, and I’ll help you be finally comfortable with yourself. That’s…” He chuckled. “Those are all promises. I’ll pretend to put the ring on you too. Here.”

Dipper just pretended he had a ring between his index finger and thumb, then brought them closer and closer to the camera until the ring was finally on Bill.

“Here it is, Pine Tree. Looks great on me too, I know,” he said, proudly showing off his ring finger as well.

Dipper laughed. “I gotta admit it, it does…We were so fucking cheesy though. Eugh. Did we seriously just say all that? It’s so gross.”

“You bet your cute ass we did, Pine Tree. Don’t worry about it though; only we know that ever happened. Oh, Merry Christmas, by the way. I hope you’re feeling a lot better now.”

“I am. You know, Wendy and Mabel sang me a song to cheer me up just before I called you. They kinda helped too.”

“I see. Well, do you have any questions for me? I’ll answer anything you ask.”

“I don’t; you’ve said enough. The letter was enough to let me understand why you didn’t come, really. Merry Christmas too.”

“That’s my smart little Pine Tree. Alright, I’m gonna hang up now, okay? I want you to have a good night’s sleep. Well, technically a good morning one, I guess. I love you, Pine Tree. Good morning; I’ll see you in your dreams!” Bill blew a kiss, making the brunet chuckle.

“Love you too, Bill. See you later!” Dipper blew a kiss back, then the golden-haired man hung up.

Dipper placed his phone on the nightstand. He stared at his pillow for a while, then sighed. The smile he had was gone yet again.

*I still don’t have someone to sleep with though*...
The lonely brunet walked to his closet. He took off everything he was wearing other than his underwear and put on his pajamas. He picked up Bill’s shirt and his scarf in one hand, then the rest of his clothes in the other. He tossed those said clothes into the hamper and placed the scarf on the nightstand as well; right by his phone.

Dipper crawled into his bed once that was all over with, and hugged Bill’s shirt as he closed his eyes. It wasn’t as good as the actual person himself, but he had to make do somehow.

*I still need you every night…*

’Tis the season to be jolly
But how can I be when I have nobody
The yuletide carol doesn’t make it better
Knowing that we won’t be together

A silent night, I know it's gonna be
Joy to the world but it's gonna be sad for me

What do the lonely do at Christmas
Oh, what do the lonely do at Christmas time

The children can play with their new toys
While their little hearts burst open with joy
And lovers can kiss beneath the mistletoes
The choirs can sing those glorious songs of old

But what is left, oh, for me to do
Now that it's Christmas and I don't have you

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed the chapter, and I hope it was worth the wait!!! <3 I'm still getting the hang of writing so often again, so I can't guarantee an update after 2 weeks, but there probably will be! Check my tumblr whenever; I post updates about whether I'll update or not. XDDD Anyway, thank you guys so much for sticking around, being very patient, and very understanding! I love you guys <3 I'll do my best with the next chapter, and I'll really try to update in two weeks. It shouldn't be as long as this one, so hopefully I can get it done quicker!

Here are the songs I used in the chapter:
I Choose You by Sara Bareilles
Wild Life by Hedley
Girlfriend by Avril Lavigne
Masterpiece by Jessie J
What Do The Lonely Do At Christmas by The Emotions (the lyrics at the end of the chapter)
The snow glistened in the sunlight, making the town of Gravity Falls look like it was a different world, which it sort of was. Everyone was in their homes, either still sleeping or enjoying Christmas morning with or without their families, so one would see the color white almost wherever they looked. Almost. In the midst of that color was the bright gold of the hair of a man Dipper would call unworldly, if not a deity.

The said man was walking through a certain path in the woods, carrying and pulling all the luggage he could. He was being as fast as he could; his mind was filled with thoughts of his beloved Pine Tree, and his heart was burning with desire for the said brunet. He couldn’t wait any longer.

Once he’d climbed the porch steps and was right in front of the door, he released the luggage he was holding. He pulled down the scarf he had on slightly so his whole face could be seen, then he knocked on the door thrice.

Ford heard those knocks since he was in the living room. He walked to the door and checked who was outside through the peephole. He saw the golden-haired man who was standing outside. With all the bags and whatnot surrounding him, Ford would think the man was Bill Cipher. He was about to open the door, actually. However, before his hand even touched the knob, he saw the stranger’s eyes. Those very unnatural amber irises and slitted pupils indicated that there was apparently a dangerous creature that wanted to get in his house right in front of his door.

Ford quickly grabbed his crossbow from the small cabinet he placed near the door specifically to store that weapon.

“STAN, MABEL, GET YOUR WEAPONS; THERE’S A DEMON OF SOME SORT OUTSIDE!” he yelled.

“I’M READY FOR A FIGHT!” Stan yelled back, rushing to his brother’s side with his fists ready and brass knuckles on.

“What?!” Mabel exclaimed as she ran to her great uncles with her bat in her hands. “Let me see!”

Mabel looked through the peephole curiously, but once she saw who was outside, all her curiosity disappeared and turned into much more excitement instead.

“Oh my gosh!” she squealed as she dropped her bat. “Grunkle Stan, Great Uncle Ford, that’s no demon! That’s Bill! Dipper’s boyfriend!”

“What?! My nephew’s dating a demon?!” Ford exclaimed.
“Uck, just drop your weapons; he’s perfectly safe!”

Before either of the old men could argue, Mabel opened the door wide and gave the golden-haired man a very cheerful grin.

“HI BIIILL! Welcome to our house and Gravity Falls!” she greeted right before giving him a tight hug.

“Hey there, Shooting Star. Thanks for the warm welcome!” Bill hugged Mabel back and released her after a few seconds. “So, where’s Pine Tree?”

“He’s still asleep, but hey, I’m sure he’d totally love it if you woke him up! I’ll take you to his room, c’mon!”

“Pft, of course he’d love that. He loves me!”

The brunette squealed and grabbed the taller man’s wrist. She took him with her as she ran up the stairs, leaving her great uncles to take his luggage inside.

“Here’s his room, Bill! Have fun!” she said once they were in front of the door to her brother’s room. She gave Bill a pat on the shoulder before she went back down the stairs.

Bill quietly opened the door once Mabel was gone. He closed it behind him as he went inside, then walked to the bed. He could feel that the heater was on in the room, so he took off his coat, scarf, and turtleneck sweater, knowing that Dipper would want to cuddle.

He knelt next to the sleeping brunet and gently poked his cheek. Dipper’s eyebrows twitched, and the taller man heard him groan very softly, but other than those, he didn’t get a response.

Bill then cupped Dipper’s cheek, craving to touch more of his soft, beautiful skin. Oh, and he had to wake him up, too.

“Pine Tree, it’s me…” he softly called as he stroked the brunet’s cheek.

After a few more strokes, Dipper learned into Bill’s touch and slowly opened his eyes.

“Good morning, Pine Tree.”

“Mm…Bill, you’re finally here…” Dipper said with a smile.

“That’s right, Pine Tree, and I’m here to stay.”

Bill leaned in and gently pressed his lips onto Dipper’s. He wanted to do so much more, but he decided to take it easy on the brunet; he just woke up, after all. Dipper placed his hand on the taller man’s shoulder as he kissed him back. He softly moaned a few seconds into the kiss, though Bill wasn’t sure whether the kiss felt just that good—which he would totally agree with—or if he just wanted to turn him on. If that was the case, his Pine Tree was definitely doing a great job.

The golden-haired man pulled away after a while to let the brunet breathe. As they panted together, he slid his hand from Dipper’s cheek to his fluffy brown locks and stroked them.

“I missed you so much. It’s great to finally be able to touch you again. Well, to be with you in general, really,” he said.

“I missed you too…and yeah, it’s really great to be with you again,” the brunet replied.
“Again, I’m sorry I didn’t come sooner. Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?”

“Well…would you mind cuddling with me here for a while?”

“Of course not, Pine Tree.”

Bill took off his boots and crawled under the blanket once Dipper made space for him. He then wrapped his arms around the brunet’s waist, pulled him closer, and nuzzled into his neck.

Dipper hugged Bill back. As he felt Bill take in his scent and exhale, he held the taller man a little tighter, stifled a moan, and shivered.

“Do you wanna mark me again? I don’t mind.”

“Maybe I’ll do that when you’re more awake. How’s about we catch up for now instead?”

“Alright. Well, how was your Christmas?”

“…Not so good. I mean, nothing bad happened—it would’ve been a lot of fun, really. I was just so guilty and worried about you that I couldn’t enjoy myself. Don’t you dare blame yourself though; it was all my fault.”

“Don’t beat yourself up either. I think it’s good that you chose your family over me; I’d feel pretty guilty if you ditched them for me.”

“But I…I’d like to think I love you more than anyone else, Pine Tree. Plus, I made you cry. I’m supposed to keep you happy, but look at what I did.”

“Hey, come on, it wasn’t that bad. I can’t be happy literally all the time, and yeah, you made me cry, but that’s okay. You didn’t mean to, and you know that having little conflicts in a relationship is normal. Now, show me your face.”

Bill lifted his head a bit so the brunet could see him. He was planning to look into Dipper’s eyes, but before he could do anything at all, he felt a soft pair of lips on his own. The sensation lasted for just a second, so he couldn’t even kiss Dipper back.

“Just keep in mind that I still love you, okay? I always will, no matter how much you mess up,” Dipper said.

“I’ll always love you too. Let me know if anything’s bothering you. Remember, I promised to make sure you feel safe, and to be there for you whenever you need me.” Bill took the brunet’s hand and brought it close to his lips. He kissed the ring that was on Dipper’s ring finger, then rested his Pine Tree’s hand on his cheek. He went back to embracing Dipper with both of his arms.

Dipper smiled at Bill with his cheeks a tint of red because of his sweet gesture. Bill, of course, smiled back. He couldn’t resist the urge to kiss the brunet either, so he did.

“So, how was your Christmas celebration?” he asked.

“I mean, I don’t wanna sound like a jerk, but I really enjoyed our Christmas party.”

“You’re allowed to have fun without me. So, what’d you do in that party, hm?”

“Well, we played some games before we had a huge feast for dinner. After dinner, we had karaoke, and it was great! Our friend announced that he and his fiancée have set a wedding date and that we’re all invited, so Mabel and I sang a duet for them. After that duet, I…” Dipper blushed a little
more, which made Bill raise an eyebrow in curiosity. “I sang you a song. I—I’m surprised Mabel didn’t record a video and send it to you, but not really; I do know she was worried for me the whole night. I uh—the song I sang for you was ‘Wild Life’ by Hedley. Do you know it?” he asked, sounding hopeful.

“Yeah, it’s a nice song. Thanks for dedicating it to me, Pine Tree.” Bill gave the brunet yet another kiss, causing Dipper to smile more. He hugged him even more tightly, too.

The golden-haired man heard the door close. It was a very soft sound, so Dipper didn’t hear it and continued to cuddle with him. Bill glanced at the said door and smirked for a split second; he heard it open a few minutes ago, and though he didn’t quite know who was watching them, whoever it was was likely satisfied with what they saw.

“By the by Pine Tree, I saw you hugging my shirt before I woke you up. I wonder, did you do something with it before you slept?” he teased.

“No!” Dipper answered as he shoved the taller man on the shoulder.

Bill laughed and carefully sat up. He placed the brunet’s hands on his lap and held them in his own.

“Kidding; I know you wouldn’t jack off before we’ve even done each other once.”

“Why’s you sit up…?”

“Aw, sorry Pine Tree, but we gotta go downstairs soon for breakfast. Don’t worry, we can cuddle as much as you want later.”

“Alright. Let me change first though; you know it’s cold down there,” Dipper said as he sat up.

“I can make you hot down there,” Bill said with a flirtatious wink.

“Pft, shut up.” Dipper shoved the taller man again, making him laugh.

“Want me to help you change your clothes?”

“Sure, why not.”

Bill got off the bed and offered his hand to the brunet. Dipper took it and stood up, then walked to his closet.

Before he could open it though, the golden-haired man turned him around and practically pinned him against the door. He probably would have if it weren’t for the knobs on the cabinet’s doors, but then again, perhaps he wasn’t actually trying to since it wouldn’t help with getting the brunet dressed.

Bill looked into his Pine Tree’s eyes as he ran his hand up his chest a little before he undid the first button on his top. Dipper couldn’t help but break eye contact as he felt his cheeks warm up. Thoughts of all sorts were filling his head, and Bill exposing more and more of his skin—and just barely touching it with his fingers every once in a while—wasn’t helping him calm down.

Dipper shrugged off his top and let it slide off his arms once it was completely unbuttoned. He clenched his fists—which were curled up against the closet’s wooden surface—even more and sharply inhaled, holding back a whimper as he felt Bill tug on the waistband of his pajama pants.

Bill chuckled and used his free hand to pet his Pine Tree. “Relax, Pine Tree, I’m not gonna take off your underwear; I’m just helping you get out of these pajamas you look so cute in.”
“I-I know…and uh, thanks…”

“Can’t handle me teasing you like this, huh?” the taller man said, tightening his grip on the brunet’s hair.

Dipper let out a soft moan. “Guess I can’t…maybe I will someday.”

“I’ll make you used to it.”

Bill pressed his lips onto Dipper’s and petted him more; he wasn’t reading his mind or using any magic at all, but his Pine Tree was definitely asking for some more intimacy. He might have even wanted to fuck, but this was not the time to do so, and if that really was the case, he would only feel like that just because he and Bill haven’t been with each other for a few days, and not because he felt that the time was right. It’d be better if they did it after Bill had unpacked, at the very least.

A few seconds after Dipper kissed him back, Bill pulled away. He could see that the brunet relaxed, so after giving him a smile, he slowly took Dipper’s pajama pants off, and with his underwear exposed, he could see that Dipper’s dick had risen just a little. It wasn’t noticeable with the pants on, but it was still a boner; just a little one.

“I see you’re a little excited,” he teased, smirking.

Dipper could only cover his reddened face with both of his hands as a response. He wouldn’t say he was humiliated, but he was pretty embarrassed; sure, he barely had a hard-on, but reacting like that with just a few thoughts despite knowing that none of those were going to happen was pretty pathetic. Weak, at the very least. He knew Bill would probably enjoy him being sensitive, but still… he should still be a little manly.

“Aww, it’s alright, Pine Tree. No shame.” Bill, who was kneeling, leaned closer to Dipper’s crotch lightly pressed his lips onto the tip of the brunet’s cock. He barely put any pressure on it, but it was still very much felt by his Pine Tree.

Dipper sharply inhaled, holding back a moan as he shuddered at the unexpected sensation. Dipper felt unbelievably good, which only made his erection grow a little bigger, and that was the exact opposite of what he wanted to happen.

The golden-haired man chuckled and stood up, careful not to even graze Dipper’s dick. He was just teasing and nothing more, but if things go further, he’d have to take responsibility; he couldn’t just tell Dipper to get it back down since it’d be his fault if he got fully erect. And he didn’t want that to happen; it just wouldn’t be right.

“Alright, I’ll stop teasing you now. Let’s actually get you changed now, shall we?” he said.

“O-Oh, right…yeah, sure.” Dipper turned around once the taller man stepped back. He opened the closet’s doors and looked through the shirts he had. He wore his usual red one, then the sweater he wore on their first date. He put on his pants, scarf, and winter boots, knowing that they would likely go outside later in the day, then waited for Bill to put on his own winter gear before walking to him.

Dipper seemed like he really wanted to say something, so the taller man waited, but he didn’t speak at all, let alone look at him.

“What is it, Pine Tree?”

“Can you uh…Is…Do I still…have a visible boner…?”
Bill stared at the brunet’s red face for a few seconds before he actually looked at his crotch.

“Nope. Want me to carry you down the stairs though?"

“What? Why?” Dipper asked, raising his head suddenly to look the taller man in the eye.

“Well, your great uncles don’t seem to like me very much. Hell, Fordsie already figured out that I’m a demon, and I know that’s not going to help him approve of our relationship. I mean, I don’t give any fucks at all—not even a googolplexianth—about anyone’s approval, but I know you do, so how’s about you let me carry you to show them you’re mine and that you love me so much you’d let me keep you in my arms and not drop you?”

The brunet was speechless for a few seconds, quite surprised with how long Bill’s response was. He didn’t really mind though; if anything, he was pretty touched.

“Alright, carry me, but if you find me heavy for start to get tired, please put me down,” he said with a smile.

“That’s not gonna happen, but I’ll agree anyway.”

Dipper chuckled and wrapped his arms around the taller man’s neck. Bill then carefully lifted the brunet with his hands supporting his back and knees. He let Dipper open the door once they were close enough to it, and let him close it as well when they were right outside the room.

“Well, they’re not in the living room anymore,” he said as he walked down the stairs.

“They’re probably in the dining room then; it is time for breakfast. It’s connected to the living room, so you don’t have to worry about looking for it.”

“Alright, thanks.” Bill gave Dipper a kiss on the cheek to show more of his gratitude, which made the said brunet chuckle.

The two heard a certain brunette yelling in the background just seconds before Ford pretty much just fucking appeared in front of them. He looked like a mix of anger, suspicion, and concern—but really, he was mostly just the first two—which made him all the more startling. Well, for Dipper, at least; Bill wasn’t fazed at all since he saw it coming.

“What did you do to my nephew?” the old man yelled.

“Woke him up, kissed him, walked to him, cuddled with him, helped him get changed, almost fucked him, carried him. You got a problem?” Bill replied in a flat tone with the blankest, yet most passive-aggressive expression and stare.

“Did you just say you almost—“

“Yeah. Lovers do that. Lovers fuck. I just happened to not quite do him yet.”

“Don’t you fucking—“

“Good morning, Great Uncle Ford. What’s for breakfast?” Dipper asked.

“Oh, uh, good morning, Dipper. Mabel made pancakes and hot cocoa for all four of us,” Ford answered, seeming much calmer than he was just moments ago.

“You mean five?”
“Yeah Fordsie, don’t forget yourself,” Bill said, clearly trying to hold back from smirking.

Ford took a moment to breathe and rub his temples to calm himself down before he spoke again. “The five of us, I mean. And don’t call me ‘Fordsie,’ Cipher.”

“Please, call me Bill.”

“Fine. Don’t call me ‘Fordsie,’ Bill.”

“Nope!”

Bill laughed as he walked into the dining room, right past the annoyed old man. Dipper didn’t bother to tell him to be at least a little nicer since he knew he wouldn’t do it anyway; Great Uncle Ford was just gonna have to deal with Bill being an asshole. An adorkable and hot one, but still very much an asshole.

“Well well, good morning, you adorable lovey-dovey dorks,” Mabel greeted as she wiggled her eyebrows.

“Pfft, shut up Mabel,” Dipper said.

“Good morning, Shooting Star. Now that I think about it, I didn’t greet you like that a while ago, did I?” Bill replied.

“Nope! But that’s okay, you just really wanted to see my bro-bro again!”

“Oye, Bill, do you really have to be carrying my nephew?” Stan asked.

“Nah, but I want to, and so does he.”

“We should just sit down now, Bill,” the brunet said.

“Alright. Want a kiss before I put you down?” the taller man offered.

Dipper glanced at Stan before he answered that question. “No thanks; we can just do that when we’re in my room.”

Bill saw those eyes move. He blamed Stan for making Dipper feel like he wasn’t allowed to be affectionate with him in front of even just a few people, but he decided to not be a dick to his Pine Tree.

“Okay.”

“You’re not going to sit beside Dipper, Bill; Stan and I saved seats for you two,” Ford said.

The golden-haired man rolled his eyes before he carefully put Dipper on a chair and pushed it forward. He petted his Pine Tree once he was comfy enough, then sat on the only vacant chair that was close enough to Dipper, which happened to be right beside Stanford.

This should be fun.

“Okay, so, now that everyone’s here, it’s time for introductions! Bill, this is Grunkle Stan and Great Uncle Ford,” Mabel said, gesturing towards the two old men.

“Are their names short for anything, or did their parents just split the name Stanford?” Bill asked.
“That’s my name, actually.”
“T’m Stanley, but like fuck anyone’s calling me Lee.”
“Stanley and Fordsie. Got it.”
Ford rolled his eyes rather than groaning, which his twin brother saw him do. Stanley smirked and looked at the golden-haired man.
“Nice to see you’re having fun with my brother,” he said.
“Making fun’s more like it,” Ford grumbled.
“Could be both,” Bill said before smugly taking a bite off a pancake.
Stan laughed, which caught his attention. “Keep that up and we might just get along, kid.”
“Good to know, Stanley.” Bill offered his hand to the said old man, who clearly hesitated, but after looking at Dipper, shook his hand.
Ford looked at the golden-haired man suspiciously even after he went back to eating breakfast, so Bill decided to annoy him more just for the heck of it. He could try to be nice, but it wouldn’t work anyway.
“Hey, Pine Tree, want me to feed you?” he asked Dipper, who was diagonally across him.
“I-I uh…I can eat on my own. I mean, wouldn’t it be hard for you to do that anyway?” the brunet said with a tint of red on his cheeks since he didn’t expect Bill to say that.
“Pine Tree, I’ll sit on the damn table for you if I have to.”
Dipper chuckled. “Please don’t.”
“Okay,” Bill said with a smile before he blew a kiss to the brunet, making him blush and laugh more.
“Fine, I’ll blow you a kiss too.”
Dipper blew the taller man a kiss. Bill responded by winking at him, and Ford could only watch the two flirt right in front of him. He didn’t bother to glare at the golden-haired man since it would either make him more of a dickhead or do nothing at all, so he glared at Stan instead and glanced at Bill to indicate that he was mad at Bill and not him. Stan, however, merely shrugged and continued to eat his breakfast, which only annoyed his brother more. Ford then decided to do the same thing to Mabel, who smiled at him sincerely.
“Don’t worry Great Uncle Ford, you’ll learn to like him! He’s a sweet guy!” she said.
Ford couldn’t treat Mabel angrily; she was too cheerful and nice. He couldn’t break her spirits. “He doesn’t seem to intend to be sweet to me though. If anything, it’s like he wants me to hate him.”
“Maybe he’s one of those people who show their love by having fun with you!”
“Mabel, he’s making fun of me. There’s a difference.”
“Aww, do you want a kiss on the cheek from me, Fordsie? My family members do give cheek kisses to each other! Well, we usually do that by touching each other’s cheeks with our own, but I can make an exception just for you. What do you saay? Hmmm?” Bill hummed as he leaned against the
old man. Ford crossed his arms and stayed silent in annoyance; he knew nothing good would come out of his mouth. The rest of the people at the table laughed, which only irritated him more.

“All right Bill, maybe lay off Great Uncle Ford for at least a few minutes. Let’s just eat our breakfast now,” Dipper said.

“Aww, but it’s really fun to pester him like this! Look at him, he’s a cute angry owl!”

“Come on, try at least just a little to make him like you.”

“Fine, I’ll give him an actual kiss on the cheek because he’s familia. How’s that?”

“No no, there’s no need f—“

“Love you, Great Uncle Fordsieee!”

Bill cut off Ford by giving him a nice, long kiss on the cheek with a loud “Mmmmwah!” Ford groaned and rubbed his cheek after the golden-haired man pulled away.

“There, I did it. I’ve been giving him love all this time though; he just doesn’t wanna love me back. But he will. Probably soon.”

“Pfft...just eat your pancakes now. Give him a break from...you, basically,” the brunet said.

“Whatever you say, Pine Tree.”

“Oh, and uh, if you’re going to give any more cheek kisses...give them to me. I-Instead of Great Uncle Ford, I mean. It doesn’t seem like he liked you doing that, so...yeah. Spare him.”

“Aww, you’re jealous over one little kiss. Don’t worry, I won’t kiss anyone except for you from now on.”

“I’m not jealous though...”

“Oh really?”

Dipper didn’t respond and continued to eat while avoiding eye contact, which made it obvious that he really was jealous. His not-so-subtle pout and the blush on his cheeks were enough to indicate that though.

Bill couldn’t help but watch his Pine Tree eat while he himself ate as well. While he was so focused on the brunet, he didn’t even sense that Mabel was watching them intently. She was smiling, enjoying seeing the adorable dorks interact. She was quiet until she noticed the rings on their fingers.

She gasped and didn’t care about how her twin brother would react to what she was going to say.

“You guys have engagement rings?!”

“What?!” the old men yelled.

“M-Mabel! No! T-These aren’t engagement rings!” Dipper frantically denied, his cheeks a bright red because of his sister’s exclamation.

“But you guys are engaged! What else would they be? Hmm???”

“Engaged?! You let yourself get engaged to this demon before we’ve even met him?!” Ford said.
“I dunno about him being a demon, but kid, *why* are you already engaged after going out for just a few months? You didn’t even let us know the guy!” Stan added.

“I-I… I mean… we’re just tech—“

“Hey, hey, don’t forget about me,” the golden-haired man said as he stood up.

While he walked to Dipper, he began to explain things so Dipper wouldn’t get an anxiety attack or anything like that.

“I proposed to him, but we’re not planning on getting married anytime soon. The rings we’re wearing are promise rings. I’ll find a way for us to get married after we finish our studies. The proposal wasn’t even simply ‘Will you marry me?’; rather, I asked if he’d stay with me for all of eternity, and he said yes.

“Now, Fordsie, Stanley, you two don’t know me nearly as well as Dipper or Mabel do. That means neither of you know how smart, loving, and responsible I actually am. I may have proposed to Dipper out of nowhere, but I’m not going to just elope with him. I’ll marry him if I can when we have stable jobs and a place to live together.

“My point is, keep in mind that Dipper knows what he’s doing. He’s got good taste, and if he knew that I wasn’t going to be good for him, he would’ve rejected my proposal or left me, even. As fun—or ‘silly,’ as you might call it—as I act, I care for and love Dipper more than either of you could ever imagine, and I’m not going to let anyone come between us… That’s why I’d like you two to show the trust in Dipper you say you have and take the time to get to know and trust me, your possible future nephew-in-law.”

With that, Bill bent down and, with one of his hands stroking Dipper’s hair, kissed the said brunet for just a second.

“You okay, Pine Tree? I know you were feeling pressured with all those questions,” he asked in a soft, gentle voice.

“I was going just… Yeah, I’m okay now. Thanks.”

“Good.”

The golden-haired man was done eating, but he went back to his seat anyway. He could stand behind or beside his Pine Tree if he wanted to, but Dipper might just tell him to sit back down. That, or Dipper would just feel uncomfortable with him watching him and/or feeling the taller man’s presence in his personal space.

“I’ll be cooking lunch for everyone later. Think it’ll help you like me more, Fordsie? I don’t know what’s in your fridge yet, but I can come up with something and it’ll be delicious. If you don’t believe me, just ask Pine Tree—I cook for him almost every day.”

“Okay, I’m sorry for that exposé, but you guys are *so* married,” Mabel remarked.

“Your skills in cooking don’t relate to your personality, so it likely won’t. You uh…I mean, it’s good that you’re not even trying to suck up to me… I’ll give you that,” Ford said.

“And I’ll take it!” the golden-haired man replied.
Mabel stood up once she was done eating and poked her twin brother’s cheek.

“What?” he asked as he turned to her.

“Bro-bro, I really am sorry that I just yelled about your rings like that. I just got too excited; I should’ve been more considerate. Sorry for being impulsive like I always am.”

“Hey, it’s okay, Mabel. It wasn’t that big of a deal, and they had to find out some time anyway. Don’t beat yourself up over it, alright? There’s no harm done,” Dipper said with a smile.

“Our great uncles didn’t take it so well and started asking you so many questions…is there anything I can do to make it up to you?”

“You don’t have to do anything, it’s really okay.”

“Hmm…have you ever sung with Bill before?”

“Kind of. We just sang part of a song together in a car, but that’s it.”

“Want me to ask him to sing a duet with you then? The stage and karaoke machine are still there.”

“You don’t have to, but a duet with him would be nice…except he’s a way better singer than I am, so I don’t think our voices would sound nice together with microphones, so—“

“Bro, you know that karaoke is about sounding terrible together, not sounding like world-famous pop stars.”

“I know, but it’d still be embarrassing for him to hear me terrible sing into a microphone in person.”

“He’ll still love you anyway.”

“You’re not terrible at singing, Pine Tree; you have a very nice voice and I love it. Hell, I’d be honored to sing with you in karaoke. How’s about you pick a song for us, hm?” Bill suddenly said, startling the brunet.

“O-Oh, uh, yeah, sure.”

Once everyone was done eating, Dipper walked to the taller man and offered his hand. Bill happily took it, and while he and the brunet headed to the stage, Mabel took the song book. The two old men, on the other hand, decided to wash the dishes, not wanting to watch the couple sing together. They’d say they didn’t want to ruin the mood, but really, they just wanted to stay away from the possible hugs and kisses that they might see after the two sing.

“Here you go, bro-bro! Pick a song!” Mabel said as she handed over the song book to her brother.

“Thanks.” Dipper took the song book and looked for the song he had in mind. Once he found it, he showed it to Bill.

“Do you know this song?” he asked, pointing at its title.

“‘Lay All Your Love On Me’…sorry Pine Tree, I don’t know this one. Is it an 80’s song?” the taller man asked.

“Yeah…”

“How’s about you pick another song?”
“Uh…y’know, maybe you should pick a song instead,” Dipper said, handing over the song book with his cheeks a tint of red.

“Don’t you want to pick another song?” Bill asked, sounding a little worried as he took the song book.

“I’m just gonna…My mind’s filled with 80’s love songs right now. Maybe you can find a song both you and I know.”

“Alright. Do you know ‘Anything For You’ by Ludo?”

“Hmm…yeah. Tell me the song number and I’ll enter it.”

“I’ll do that myself; you go get the microphones.”

“Oh, sure.”

While Bill searched for the song in the book, Dipper set up the karaoke machine and plugged in the microphones. The taller man entered the song number once he found it, then took the microphone the brunet was giving to him.

“Wanna sing the first verse?” the golden-haired man asked.

“I think it’d suit you more.”

“Fair enough.”

The two sang the song’s verses alternately and sang the chorus together every time. They didn’t exactly dance since the song wasn’t that upbeat, but they did look into each other’s eyes almost the whole time rather than the lyrics on the screen. About a quarter through the song though, Mabel went upstairs without giving any indication as to what she was going to do.

“My ancestors planted some sequoias by a road
I’ve driven down that road since I was born
Oh, never have you ever seen so many perfect evergreens
But I would chop them all down just for you

I have walked a million miles in a hundred pairs of shoes
In search of some universal truth
Well a deity just came to me and handed me a scroll to read
And I will gladly pass it on to you.

Anything for you
All of this is true
But the best story that I could ever tell
Is the one where I am growing old with you.

I was having rotten luck and nothing went my way
’Til I stumbled on a clearing in the woods.
I found a town of leprechauns and grabbed each one for wishing on
But I would let them all go just for you.

I have crossed a natural plane and communed with the dead
But people always seem to want some proof.
No one even would believe, my love, that evil I got pictures of
But I would throw them all out just for you.

Anything for you
All of this is true

But the best story that I could ever tell
Is the one where I am growing old with you

... All I've ever wanted, see, was to tell you honestly
I'd do anything for you.
I'd do absolutely anything for you.”

By the time the song ended, Dipper’s cheeks were tinted red, and he had that stupid ‘in love’ smile on his face. Bill gave him a quick kiss, which he happily returned before the taller man turned off the karaoke machine and put the microphones away.

While he was doing so, Mabel rushed down the stairs squealing with her laptop in her hands. She got the couple’s attention immediately, though they didn’t approach the brunette until she called them. Well, technically she just called Dipper, but Bill followed.

“Dipper! Come here! Sit beside me!” she called, rapidly patting the empty spot beside her.

“What’s up, Mabel? Did another BABBA song get remastered?” her brother asked.

“Nope, it’s something even better!”

“Really? What is it then…oh.”

Dipper realized why Mabel was so excited once he sat down and looked at the screen. His smile quickly faded away, and the joy he felt after singing a romantic song with Bill was replaced with the anxiety he knew he would feel in this very situation.

“H-Hey there, mom and dad…Merry Christmas!” Dipper greeted as he waved, trying to seem happy.

With that, Bill realized what was going on. He wasn’t nearly as nervous as Dipper though. He was nervous, but not because he was worried about the approval of Dipper’s parents. Rather, he was worried about his Pine Tree; Dipper was not only worried about whether his parents would like Bill or not, but also their reaction to him being bi. Those were two things that were very important to Dipper, and any sort of negative reaction would affect him greatly.

“Merry Christmas to you too, Dipper!” Dipper’s parents replied.

“So, Mabel told us you have something exciting to tell us?” his mom said.

“O-Oh, uh, yeah…”spelling’…um…”

Bill couldn’t just watch the brunet fidget and stutter all over the place. He’ll just spare Dipper the trouble of introducing him to his parents if he had to; it wouldn’t be a big deal. He just had to comfort his Pine Tree.

Bill sat beside Dipper, wrapped his arms around his waist, and gently kissed him on the cheek.

“B-Bill!” Dipper exclaimed, startled by his sudden actions, while Mabel squealed.
“Relax, Pine Tree, you’ll be okay.”

“Oh, so that’s what this is. I see…” Dipper’s mom said.

“M-Mom, Dad, I uh—There’s a perfectly logical explanation for this…”

“You’re gay and that’s your boyfriend, right?” his dad guessed.

“Yeah. Well, I’m actually bisexual, but yeah, this is my boyfriend.”

“Hello Mr. and Mrs. Pines, I love your son more than anything and anyone in the whole infinite multiverse!” Bill said, hugging the brunet even tighter.

“Bill…” Dipper softly called out, his cheeks redder than before.

“Aww, you don’t have to be so embarrassed, Pine Tree.”

“Aww, what a sweetheart you have for a boyfriend. Introduce us to him!” Dipper’s mom said.

“O-Okay, uh, mom, dad, this is Bill Cipher. He’s in the same year as I am in college, though he’s taking up BS Psychology. He lives just across me in the dorm, and uh…we’ve been dating for about two months. I-I know it doesn’t sound like much, but so much has happened between us. I actually already met his parents. A-Anyway, are you uh, really okay with me having a boyfriend? I mean, not a girlfriend?”

“Well, Mabel has a girlfriend, and apparently you have a boyfriend, so…Look, I’m okay with you two being…in homosexual relationships. I’m just a little disappointed that I might not have any grandchildren. Oh well, I’ll be fine as long as you two are happy,” his mom answered with a kind smile.

“Yeah, I’m fine with you having a boyfriend as long as you’re happy. Bill, you better take care of my boy. If you break his heart, I’m gonna go to you all the way from Europe and fight you,” his dad added.

“Don’t worry, that ain’t happening,” Bill said, lazily saluting before getting back to hugging his Pine Tree with both arms.

All of a sudden, there were a few knocks on the door. It got Bill and Dipper’s attention, though Mabel was the one who ran to the door so quickly it was as if she knew who was outside. Judging by who it was, she really probably did know.

“Pacifica! Paz! Razzle Pazzle! Pazzie Sweetie! Thanks for coming, girlfriend!” she greeted right before kissing Pacifica on the cheek.

“What? I wasn’t watching. I’m gonna wash more dishes!”

“Please don’t use any of those pet names ever again…a-and did you really have to kiss me on the cheek while everyone’s watching?” the blonde said, her cheeks much redder than her blush-on.

“What? I wasn’t watching. I’m gonna wash more dishes!”

“Stanley, we already washed th—“

“Then I’ll eat more!” Stan said, walking back to the kitchen.

“I mean, at least we didn’t see that demon kiss our nephew, that’s something,” Ford said, following his brother.
“Our nephew’s not dating a demon, poindexter, just drop it already.”

Bill snickered. “Pretty clear intelligence gap between those two if it wasn’t already before.”

Dipper chuckled. “Yeah, but Grunkle Stan’s a lot smarter than he seems; you’ll see.”

Dipper’s dad cleared his throat, getting the couple’s attention back to the video chat. “Seems that all of you are pretty busy. You guys enjoy the rest of Christmas, alright?”

“Yeah, have fun!” his mother added.

“Alright. Bye mom and dad! You guys enjoy too! I miss you!” the brunet replied.

“Goodbye, future father-in-law and mother-in-law!” Bill said.

“We miss you too, bye!”

With that, Dipper’s parents hung up. Dipper sighed in relief and, with a smile on his face, hugged Bill back and nuzzled into his neck. Well, his turtleneck, anyway.

“Feel like a huge weight was lifted off your chest?” the taller man asked.

“Yeah…I’m glad they’re okay with us. I mean, they were totally fine with Mabel liking Pacifica, but…y’know. Of course I’d be nervous.”

“That’s just you being you, you cuties.”

“Pft. You’ve always been more creative than ‘cutie,’ come on.”

“Alright, is ‘beloved Pinus conifer’ creative enough for you?”

“Yeah, I wouldn’t mind you calling me your beloved Pinus conifer.”

“Good, because I already do.”

Mabel loudly cleared her throat, which prevented Bill from giving Dipper a kiss. He didn’t mind that much though; he was interested in what she had to say, and if his Pine Tree wanted a kiss, he could always just ask for it.

“Bill, this is Pacifica Northwest, my girlfriend!” she said once she saw she got the couple’s attention.

“She’s the one who helped me go shopping for the fancy stuff I used for our first date. Y’know, like the wine and tablecloth,” Dipper added.

“I see. Nice to meet you Paz. Do you really want a handshake? I know you’re rich and have class—well, I would assume so with that opulent red wine—but if you don’t require a handshake, I’d rather remain here, hugging my beloved Pinus conifer,” Bill said, looking the blonde dead in the eye while hugging Dipper a little tighter to prove his point.

“Nice to meet you too, and I don’t need to shake your hand, but I do want to know why you called Dipper…that,” she replied.

“You mean ‘beloved Pinus conifer’? Well, I call him ‘Pine Tree’ because of his cap, and I love him very much. I take it that you know what conifer means, so I don’t have to say any more.”

“Alright, well…you better take care of him. I’ll personally make sure you suffer if you break his
heart. Got that?"

“Yes, Madame Northwest.”

“Okay, so, now that you know each other, how about we have a snowball fight? Two on two! Couple vs. couple! Come on!” Mabel excitedly proposed.

“You’re on! Don’t worry Pine Tree, we’ll be victorious. You’ve got me on your side, after all,” the golden-haired man said with a wink.

“Are you gonna be okay? You’re gonna get hit with a lot of really cold snow. Also, please don’t cheat with your powers,” the brunet whispered.

“Aw, why not? It’ll be a full-on cold war one way or the other; my powers will just make it more fun! And yeah, I’ll be alright. I’ll be warm enough since I’ll be moving around a lot, and I’ll just take a hot shower right after. Thanks for worrying though; it’s very sweet of you.”

Bill gave Dipper a quick kiss on the cheek before he stood up and offered his hand, which the brunet took before he stood up as well.

“Alright Mabel, no holding back!” Dipper said.

“LET THE WAR BEGIN! NO DEFENSES!” the brunette declared.

Everyone rushed outside and picked up some snow as quickly as they could. Dipper got a little distracted before he could throw his snowball; he saw Wendy chopping more firewood in the nearby forest, which left him wide open.

He yelped as he got hit with a snowball by his twin sister, though thankfully, Bill handled the payback for him by throwing a snowball right at Mabel’s face.

It took about ten minutes for the snowball fight to end. Bill and Dipper won, but that was because Bill cheated to take Mabel down. They might have won even if he didn’t do that, but he felt that the cold was starting to get to him. He didn’t ruin the fun though, of course.

Mabel took the loss well; she’d never been beaten in a snowball fight before, so she was really thrilled. Pacifica knew Mabel was undefeated so she didn’t worry about her. She wasn’t really that upset either since she didn’t get to join snowball fights as a kid, which meant that she most likely wasn’t nearly as skilled as either of the twins or Bill to begin with; though she wouldn’t admit it verbally, she never stood a chance against those experts.

“Pine Tree, can you prepare my clothes while I shower? They’re in one of my trolley bags. I’d do it myself, but I just really want to feel warm again as quickly as possible,” the golden-haired man requested as he patted the snow off himself.

“Yeah, I can do that. You go take a hot shower before you get hypothermia or something.”

“Thanks, Pine Tree!”

Bill gave Dipper a quick kiss on the cheek, then ran as quickly as he could to the said brunet’s room. He was a blur since he ran so quickly, but he couldn’t care any less at the moment.

The brunet followed once he’d patted all the snow off himself, while Mabel and Pacifica headed to
the kitchen to make some hot cocoa.

Dipper found the right trolley bag at first try, which wasn’t much of a surprise since there were only two of them. That said, he began to look through Bill’s clothes. He took his time since Bill told him to choose his clothes, and that meant Bill wouldn’t tease him as much if he caught him holding his underwear. Dipper had looked through Bill’s wardrobe and underwear drawer a few times while Bill was in class, as well as the clothes he would leave on the bed when he showered. Dipper would just fiddle with them rather than smelling them or do anything perverted at all, though of course it was still embarrassing to be caught.

The brunet wasn’t sure why he would check out his lover’s clothes, really. It could be that he was a bit worried about how small he might look compared to Bill if they were naked—or even if it was just him naked—and that Bill would tease him about their size difference. That, or maybe he just liked how Bill’s clothes were bigger than his body frame.

After a few minutes, he finally set some clothes on the bed for the taller man to wear once he was done showering. He then zipped the trolley bag up and decided to prepare some clothes for himself since he was going to take a shower after Bill.

Almost immediately after the brunet placed his own set of clothes on the bed as well, the golden-haired man slammed the bathroom door open. He was, of course, only wearing a towel around his waist, though Dipper didn’t expect him to be shivering so much.

“The…The water w-was h-hot, but…the f-fucking bathroom…wasn’t…h-heated…” Bill struggled to say, walking towards his Pine Tree.

“Oh, right…well uh, here, let me help you get dressed. I’m also gonna take a shower, so just cover yourself with my blanket for a while and we can cuddle later.”

“F-Fine…c-can you give me a kiss before you shower though…?”

“Of course. Now uh, put your underwear on so I can help you with your pants.”

“Put my button-up on first.”

“Alright, I’ll turn away after.”

Dipper took the button-up he prepared for Bill and undid its buttons. He then carefully put it on the taller man, though right after he finished buttoning it up, he didn’t expect Bill to give him a tender kiss. He didn’t mind though; he kissed him back and even gave him a hug.

The brunet turned away like he said he would once he was done embracing the golden-haired man. Bill already knew why he did that, so he took off his towel right away and reached for his underwear, which was on the bed.

“You sure you don’t wanna watch me instead? I definitely wouldn’t mind at all,” he teased.

“Y-Yeah, I’m sure. Just put them on so you can warm yourself sooner,” Dipper said, his cheeks slightly red at the thought of seeing Bill fully naked.

“Alright, if you say so. Offer’s always open though!”

With that, Bill gave Dipper a kiss on the cheek and put his underwear on like he was told to. He really had to anyway—having his balls freezing did not feel good at all.
“Done,” he said.

Dipper took the taller man’s pants and kneeled once he turned back to him. Bill smirked at the his Pine Tree, who was obviously doing his best to not look at his crotch, which was basically right in front of his face.

Deciding not to tease Dipper, Bill lifted each of his legs and let Dipper slide the pants on him without saying a word. He even looked away when the brunet had to button and zip up his pants since he knew Dipper would already be shy enough without him watching.

Dipper smiled, thinking that the golden-haired man couldn’t see him. Well, he could, but just at the corner of his eye. He didn’t make any remarks, but he did smile to himself. He wasn’t trying to hide it though, which was weird, considering he wasn’t speaking to not embarrass Dipper.

The brunet didn’t see the taller man smiling while he was busy with Bill’s pants, but once he turned around after taking Bill’s sweater vest, he saw that smile and immediately wondered why it was there.

“What are you smiling about?” he asked as he helped Bill wear his sweater vest.

“Well, it just seemed like you were in the perfect position to give me a blowjob. Just saying,” the golden-haired man said with a flirtatious wink, causing his Pine Tree to blush both because of his words and his gesture.

“I…I-I mean…what we’re doing right now’s just perfect for a smut oneshot or something.”

“Wanna make it non-fictional?”

“…I’m gonna take a shower now.”

“I didn’t hear a no.”

“…Yeah, you didn’t,” Dipper muttered as he took their towels and went into the bathroom.

“…Oh.”

Bill didn’t expect his Pine Tree to actually play along. His cheeks turned a little red because of that response, but he didn’t care, and not just because no one was watching him; he might be overthinking, but what if Dipper really did want to take their relationship to another level later in the day? He wouldn’t reject Dipper, of course, but they’d likely be doing each other just because they haven’t been around each other for merely a few days.

…Still wouldn’t mind doing him though.

Bill put on his socks and crawled into his bed once he was done thinking about fucking Dipper, which didn’t take long at all since his somewhat wet hair and freshly bathed body was making him feel cold despite the fact that he was in a heated room. The blanket was nice and cozy; it was think, just like it should be for winter, but what made it even better was that it had Dipper’s scent. Being surrounded by it was bliss. After a while, he’d closed his eyes and focused on it without even knowing it.

“Bill, I know you’re not asleep, but don’t even try to sleep like that; lie down if you’re tired,” Bill heard after what was probably less than ten minutes.

“Oh, welcome back Pine Tree. You know, you’ve got a lovely body; you sure you wanna put your
Dipper actually tried to get the taller man’s attention by tapping and even slightly shaking his shoulder while he was still under the blanket. Obviously, that didn’t work, which is why he had to resort to pulling the blanket off him.

One way or the other, Bill would be greeted by the beautiful sight of Dipper’s half-naked body once he opened his eyes. A smirk immediately made its way across his lips, and he couldn’t pass up the chance of flirting with his Pine Tree. Really, it was interesting how Dipper was so irresistible to him. He assumed it was love—because really, what else could it be?—but he never knew how much of an effort it could possibly have. It just kept surprising him, and though he was just a bit worried about the possibility of that emotion having some sort of aphrodisiac effect at the back of his head, he was glad he was experiencing it all with Dipper; there couldn’t be any better person as a lover than him. Bill found it ironic how a demon such as himself was blessed with such a precious angel; perhaps opposites really do attract…but they’re not completely different from each other so maybe the quote wouldn’t apply to them after all.

Dipper playfully rolled his eyes. “Yes, I’m sure I want to put my clothes on. I can do it by myself, but I wouldn’t mind if you helped me.”

“Neither would I, Pine Tree. So, want me to put these on you?” Bill teased, holding up the brunet’s boxers.

“I-I mean… maybe I uh… actually kind of do, but…I’ll do it myself.”

“Alright, but remember, you don’t have to be shy with me, especially with your body.”

Bill gave Dipper a quick, light kiss before he handed over his underwear and turned away. Dipper smiled at him even though he wasn’t looking. He didn’t have to wait for a reaction, so he took off his towel and placed it on the bed after that. Knowing his fiancé wouldn’t look at him unless he said it was okay to do so, he put his boxers on without being nervous at all.

“Done.”

Bill turned back to the brunet and picked up his white, long-sleeved button-up, which looked just like his own. “I assume you’ll be wearing the matching sweater vest from Shooting Star?” he said.

“How do you know about that? Also, wait, matching?” Dipper asked as Bill fastened the buttons on his shirt.

“Yeah, matching. Shooting Star gave us matching sweater vests for Christmas; she said so in the note that came with my present. Didn’t you get one as well? I don’t think you’d need one though, so a better question would be: ‘Didn’t she tell you about it?’”

“No, she didn’t tell me about it, but I did get a note with the condom she gave me.”

“Condom? Well, that’s interesting. She didn’t give me one. How’s about we use it right now, hm? Either you or I can wear it, of course. Take your pick, but know that I won’t ride you,” Bill said, winking flirtatiously.

“I-I mean…we just showered, so do you really want to do this right now? And uh, do you think we’re, you know…’stable’ enough?” Dipper asked, his cheeks a bright red.

“I think it’s a good time to do each other; the mood’s just right. Do you want to though? You make the call.”
“I…I don’t know, I think I ruined the mood already.”

“We can bring it back. If you’re not sure about this, you can sit on my lap and see if you like where it goes. Besides, I just want to feel your body heat since I’m still pretty cold.”

“Are you really?” The brunet said it like he didn’t believe Bill, yet he did so while straddling him. Dipper was still unsure—which was clear with his body language—but he was certainly into the idea.

“Yeah, the heater isn’t enough for me. I know you are though. Nothing’s better than you. If you have a praise kink, you’re definitely enjoying right now, though you’ll be euphoric one way or the other if we go far enough.”

Smirking, Bill slid his hands along Dipper’s thighs while looking right into his eyes. Dipper relaxed as he felt his lover’s hands stroking him, though he couldn’t help but press his ass against them when Bill squeezed it rather tightly. The brunet moaned softly as well when he felt the grip on his butt cheeks. He didn’t feel embarrassed with making any loud noises—well, with his voice, anyway—at this point since he’d done it so much, so he could actually look at Bill lustfully without breaking eye contact at all so far. He considered that as an achievement and hoped that Bill liked that improvement or noticed it at the very least. He wasn’t sure if his lustful gaze was actually seductive, but he wasn’t holding back or trying to force it, so he just assumed he was.

Bill leaned into Dipper’s ear. “Let’s have some fun,” he said in a low, seductive voice that sent shivers down his Pine Tree’s spine.

Bill sucked on Dipper’s earlobe gently so as not to make a mark where it’d easily be seen by others. He felt the brunet’s grip on his shoulders tighten, and he stopped after a few seconds. He decided to go a little lower, eager to mark his Pine Tree as much as he pleased. He nuzzled into Dipper’s neck and took in the scent he just couldn’t get enough of before giving the brunet a lick all the way up to his jawline. He took a moment to keep his smirk as Dipper let out a breathy moan that seemed like it was supposed to be just a sigh. Apparently his tongue just felt so good that Dipper had to let his voice out.

Dipper whimpered as Bill sucked on his neck. He was doing it harshly—and he didn’t mind at all since that’s how Bill usually was. Sometimes he was gentle, which was nice, but Dipper liked the slight pain when he was rougher—which produced a slew of rather erotic noises, especially with Bill groaning occasionally as he was sucking on his skin.

Once Bill knew he’d created a mark on his Pine Tree, he sank his teeth into Dipper’s flesh. He didn’t draw blood, knowing Dipper might not like him breaking his skin just yet. It was a bit hard to hold back from doing so though; Dipper’s skin was soft, and it felt really fragile between his teeth. It was extremely tempting to pierce through it and be the first person to make a mark like that on Dipper, but as much as he wanted that and to get a taste of his Pine Tree’s blood, he cared about him, so he was sudden with the bite, but also extra careful, especially with his fangs.

Dipper let out a loud moan and dug his nails into the taller man’s shoulders as he was bitten. He knew the pain was coming, but it wasn’t any less pleasant. He loosened his grip after just a second and wrapped his arms around Bill’s shoulders instead. He heard and felt Bill groan in pleasure when he dug his nails into his shoulders, but the pain might not be so pleasant after a while.

The golden-haired man panted once he was done marking Dipper on that part of his neck. He then lightly blew on the hickey and love bite he made, causing the brunet to shiver and inhale sharply. Bill smirked at the reaction. He then pulled Dipper’s hips closer to his crotch and leaned into Dipper’s ear once again.
“Start making me feel good. Unless you want me to stop, that is. Do you want me to stop, Pine Tree? I can make you feel more pleasure than you ever have before, but if you don’t start doing something…”

“I’ll move. Just…d–don’t stop, p–please…I don’t know if I can make you feel as good as you want to, but I’ll try.”

“Good. You’re a very good Pine Tree. Tell me though, do you really want to do this with me? I don’t think I’ll stop where I usually do.”

“Yeah, I…I want you. That’s…enough said, right? I-I don’t have to uh, get more detailed? Please keep going, I really want to do this with you…”

“Hm…alright, but only because you begged so prettily.”

Bill admired the mark he’d created on his Pine Tree the whole time they talked. It was a deep red, and it covered a large part of Dipper’s neck. It was beautiful in his eyes—and hopefully in Dipper’s eyes as well—though it may worry some people if they saw it, considering it looked like someone tried to tear off a huge chunk off the brunet’s flesh. He didn’t care though; it was easy to hide, and other people’s opinions didn’t matter.

“Mm…fuck, that’s good,” Bill groaned as he felt Dipper grind against his crotch.

Bill decided to reward the brunet by giving his ass another tight squeeze as he moved. He made sure to tease his entrance—which was only covered by the thin fabric of his boxers—as he did so, making Dipper whimper and attempt to press his hole further onto his finger. Of course, Bill didn’t let him pleasure himself so easily; letting him grind to his heart’s content was more than enough.

“Ah ah ah. Patience, Pine Tree,” he said as he slid his hands up the brunet’s sides, making Dipper whine at the loss of contact.

“But…don’t you want to feel my…m-me anyway?”

The golden-haired man chuckled lowly. “Of course I do; that’s why I just did. It’s pretty soft. I’d love to see your bare ass and fuck you, but you know how foreplay is. You write smut too, after all.”

“I mean, I guess, but…ah!”

Bill unbuttoned the brunet’s shirt while he was talking. He then pinched Dipper’s nipples, making him yelp both in surprise and pleasure. It caused Dipper to give him a staccato thrust as well, and though Dipper didn’t mean to do so, it felt good.

“Are you questioning my decisions, Pine Tree? Are you not a good boy like I thought you were? I wouldn’t mind punishing you, but then I’d have to wait longer to finally fuck you as much as I want to.”

“No, I—I’m not questioning you, I just…I really want you i-inside of me. I need you, so please don’t take too long…”

“So you’re a slut,” Bill teased with a smirk as he clawed down the brunet’s torso, leaving red marks on his previously unmarked skin.

“Mm…y–yeah, I…I’m your slut…only yours…”

“I’d be…’concerned’ if you belonged to someone else as well.”
“I know; you might even commit murder. I don’t want anyone other than you though, so don’t worry.”

“I wouldn’t worry either way, but I’m glad you don’t intend to love anyone else.”

Bill licked his lips and felt his cock twitch as he admired how his Pine Tree looked. Dipper was gazing at him with eyes clouded with lust and his lips slightly parted. His head was still being pulled back by Bill, which left the mark on his neck exposed, and with his back arched, his hard nipples were much easier to see. As if he didn’t look like enough of a slut with the curvature of his ass emphasized and his button-up hanging loosely on his shoulders, his erection was barely hidden at all by his boxers.

The golden-haired man let go of the brunet’s head and slid his hand from his Pine Tree’s back to his hip. He dug his nails into it, and with the hand that was tugging on Dipper’s hair, he gently squeezed Dipper’s cock, eliciting a loud, sultry moan from him.

“Felt good, didn’t it?” Bill chuckled. “Want more? I wouldn’t mind making you cum like this.”

“Y-yes, please…but don’t make me cum like this…I-I want you to be inside of me when I cum…”

“Hmm…normally, I’d get to decide whether you can cum or not, but alright, I won’t make you cum from a handjob…on one condition, that is,” he said as he began to nuzzle into Dipper’s neck again.

“W-What is it?” the brunet asked.

“Strip for me.”

“I-I…you mean just my button-up? Or my underwear too?”

“I don’t care about what you do with your button-up, I just want these off already.” Bill hooked his finger onto the waistband of Dipper’s boxers, pulled it slightly, and released it, letting it snack when it came back in contact with Dipper’s skin. The brunet softly moaned at the sensation, and though Bill’s tongue felt really good on his skin, he held back his whimper when his neck was licked.

“Either you take them off or I do.”

“W-Wait, Bill…” Dipper pleaded before Bill could start marking him again.

“What is it, Pine Tree?” the golden-haired man replied, slightly annoyed that he was interrupted, though he really did care about his Pine Tree, of course.

“You haven’t kissed me since we started this so…c-can you at least give me one before you give me another hickey? You don’t have to, but…”

“Of course I can; I don’t mind. I probably should’ve given you one sooner.”

Bill lifted his head and gently pressed his lips onto Dipper’s. Dipper didn’t expect it to be so tender—with the way Bill’s been acting towards him this whole time, he expected him to be more passionate—but he definitely didn’t mind the nice contrast. He kissed the taller man back and parted his lips, hoping for more. However, Bill was growing impatient.

The golden-haired man grabbed the back of the brunet’s knees and stood up, lifting Dipper and pressing their hips together as a result. They softly moaned together as they felt their cocks rub against each other.
“Mm… I don’t recall telling you you could stop grinding. Don’t you love how good my dick felt against yours? I haven’t even taken off my pants yet,” Bill said as he turned to the bed.

“I do, a-and you didn’t tell me to stop…”

Bill pinned Dipper to the bed rather harshly, making the said brunet yelp—though he sounded more like he moaned—and spread his legs without even having to think about it.

“Yet you did,” he growled, tightening his grip on his Pine Tree’s wrists.

Dipper whined and squirmed a little, enticing the taller man to do more. “I’m sorry I stopped…p-please forgive me…just do something, please…”

“Why should I, Pine Tree? Hm?”

“…I’m doing my best to be good, and… I need you… I didn’t even mean to spread my legs; I just need you that badly, s-so please do something to me… anything…” he begged, looking into Bill’s eyes with a lustful gaze.

“So you won’t mind if I take these off?” the golden-haired man asked, letting go of one of the brunet’s wrists to hook his finger onto the waistband of his boxers.

“W-Well… no… I guess not.”

Bill raised his eyebrow. “Not very convincing, Pine Tree. What’s the matter?”

“I’m just… worried that uh… I might be smaller than you expected.”

“That’s no problem at all; I don’t care about your size.”

“I know I’m not going to dom, but… I can’t help but worry anyway.”

“I know; you’re a dork who always worries about the most trivial things. I love you though, so… let me continue showing it, please. I know I’ve been rough so far, but of course I’ll be gentle with you when I fuck you; it’s your first time, after all.”

“… I love you too,” Dipper said with a smile. “I’ll be okay. You can take it off now.”

“Thank you, Pine Tree,” Bill replied, smiling back.

Bill let go of Dipper’s wrist and cupped his cheek instead. He leaned in and tenderly kissed the brunet. Dipper kissed him back and slid one of his hands into the taller man’s hair. His breath hitched as they were kissing when he felt Bill beginning to pull his underwear off.

Dipper was both ecstatic and anxious at the same time. They were finally going to take their relationship to the next level—which was good because not only were people expecting it to have happened already, but also because Bill seemed to have been wanting sex for a long time already—but of course he had to be anxious too; he didn’t know if Bill would be satisfied with him. His body was nothing compared to Bill’s, and although Bill has only had sex a few times, he was a stripper. He was definitely really good, and Dipper was barely a beginner. He had no experience, and having written smut fics meant nothing. If Bill didn’t feel good after this…

… he might not want me anymore, I don’t think he was into me just because of my body, but I know he wants me. I can’t disappoint him.

It was a rather unfortunate surprise for both of them when they were interrupted. Before Bill could
even see the tip of Dipper’s cock, he heard the door knob turn, as well as the cheerful voice of a
certain brunette.

“DIPPER, BU—WOAH!”

Bill rushed to the door at the speed of a bullet—maybe even faster for all he knew. Basically, he was
a blur—and slammed it shut before Shooting Star could see what was going on.

“Hey, are you guys okay in there?!” she asked.

“Yeah Shooting Star, we’re alright! I know I’m enjoying the view over here; Pine Tree just took a
shower.”

“Ohoho, do you plan on doing something about that, hmm?”

“Maybe. I’m not giving you a definite answer, but I’ll let you know if…something happens.
Anyway, what’d you try to barge in for?”

“Oh, I was just gonna tell bro-bro that Bullet Proof’s gonna be on TV soon! Come downstairs if you
guys wanna watch with us; we usually figure out who the killer is before they’re revealed! Well,
Dipper knows that, obviously, but you don’t, so there you go! Okay, see ya!”

With that, Mabel ran back down the stairs. The golden-haired man waited until he couldn’t hear her
footsteps anymore before he turned to Dipper, who didn’t look very happy. He was covering his face
and was still on the bed, but he was turned to his side, facing away from Bill.

Bill walked back to the brunet and knelt beside him. “What’s wrong, Pine Tree?”

“We were about to finally do it…”

“We were about to finally do it…”

“No, we were really close. Damn Shooting Star interrupted us, but it’s okay.”

“But you’ve been waiting for so long already. I know you’re probably really pent-up, and I’m sorry
for not initiating…this sooner. Maybe if I did, we would’ve actually done it. I even actually got to
talk dirty to you like you wanted…it was going so well, Bill. I should’ve locked the door. I’m sorry.”

“Hey, hey, you don’t have to apologize for anything; it’s not your fault. Don’t beat yourself up,
okay? Look, I don’t think I would’ve fucked you just yet anyway; you weren’t ready.”

You might not even be ready right now.

“Hell, our relationship wasn’t ‘stable’ enough yet. Besides, I can wait. We don’t have lube right now
either, so maybe this wouldn’t have been so great anyway. I probably should’ve thought this through
before starting this whole thing,” Bill continued.

Dipper uncovered his face and looked into Bill’s eyes. “Do you…want to do it later? We could get
some substitute lube somewhere in this house.”

The golden-haired man chuckled and gave the brunet a kiss, fond of how caring he was. “It’s alright
Pine Tree, we can make love some other time. We should get actual lube too; maybe we can shop at
an adult store together sometime. That’ll be fun.”

“Are you really sure? I don’t want to keep you waiting.”

“Yes, Pine Tree, I’m sure. Don’t worry, I felt really good earlier. I got to mark you too, and that just
makes things a lot better.”
“Alright, if you say so…”

Bill gave Dipper another kiss. “Come on, let’s get rid of our boners and go downstairs. Shooting Star said Bullet Proof’s gonna be on TV soon.”

“Oh! Yeah, we should go; she and our great uncles will get really suspicious if I don’t join them. It’s our favorite show to watch together, after all.”

The taller man helped the brunet sit up. They flexed a large muscle like they did before, and once their boners were down, Dipper walked to his closet.

“I uh…gotta change my underwear. It’s…”

“A bit wet, huh? I think mine’s pretty wet too,” Bill said.

“Oh…so I managed to make you wet?” Dipper asked, a slight blush on his cheeks as he fixed his button-up.

“Apparently. Not a surprise though. You were really good, Pine Tree,” the taller man replied, unbuttoning his pants.

After the two cleaned themselves up and got dressed, they went out of Dipper’s room. Before they went down the stairs, the brunet held Bill’s hand. Bill certainly didn’t expect it, considering how he seemed to be refraining from any sort of display of affection around their great uncles, but of course he didn’t mind. He smiled at Dipper, gave him a quick kiss, and gave his hand a little squeeze.

“So, you don’t mind them seeing us holding hands?” he asked.

“They’ll be focused on the show so I don’t think they’ll mind…as much. Besides, we’re wearing matching sweater vests and sweaters; I think holding hands is way less embarrassing than this. I know they can’t see our sweater vests and your coat is covering your sweater a bit, but still.”

“So you don’t mind. Good to know, Pine Tree.”

“Why would I?”

“Well, you were holding ba—“

“Dipper! Bill! You made it!” Mabel cheered.

“Of course; I wouldn’t miss an episode of Bullet Proof!” her brother said.

“Why wouldn’t they be able to make it?” Ford asked.

“Well, they’re a very healthy couple, sooo you don’t know what these scallywags do when they’re alone in a bedroom. Wink!”

“Shooting Star’s right, you know. You don’t know what we’ve been doing to each other,” Bill said, smirking at Ford.

The said old man briefly leered at the golden-haired man before he rolled his eyes and turned his attention to the brunet instead. “Come, Dipper. Sit beside me,” he called.

“Sure thing, Great Uncle Ford!” Dipper walked to him and sat next to him. Bill followed him, of course, but before he could sit down, Ford lifted his arm to block him.
“You sit beside Stanley.”

Bill shrugged and began to walk to Stan. Again though, he was interrupted by Ford.

“Oh, before you do that, go grab the popcorn in the microwave.”

“Why certainly, my incapable pretty princess,” Bill replied before he headed to the kitchen.

“What did you just call me?”

“That was a pretty…unique insult,” Dipper remarked.

“Don’t worry Pine tree, he may be a princess, but you’ll always be my king,” Bill said from the kitchen.

“Hm…He heard you from in there, b—hey!”

“Got your popcorn, Fordsie!”

Bill had apparently returned already; it seemed as if he didn’t care about making his powers obvious. He threw a piece of popcorn at the old man when he came back, and smirked smugly at his reaction.

“How’s it taste?” he asked, making Ford groan.

“Oye, no food fights in the damn new house.”

As Stan prevented the two from fighting, Mabel picked up the popcorn the golden-haired man threw and ate it.

Bill shrugged and sat beside Stanley like he was told to. He directed his attention to the show and ate some popcorn, then handed the bowl to Mabel, who seemed to really like it.

Bill didn’t get to see the recap of the previous episode, but it wasn’t very hard to catch on to the situation.

“So, Cynthia Ferrantelli was murdered by one of these students. Seems that they’ve gotten some clues already though; anyone mind telling me what’s going on?” he asked.

“Her corpse was found hanging by an extension cord in the girls’ changing room. The words ‘Bloodstain Fever’ were written with her blood on the wall, and a male student might have borrowed a dead girl’s ID to access the girls’ changing room. Lending your ID is prohibited, but that’s the loophole. The murder weapon was a dumbbell; it was covered in blood, and it matches the wound on her head. That’s all the previous episode showed so far,” Dipper elaborated.

“Oh, thanks. Well, does she have any strained relationships with anyone? Actually no, here’s a better question: Who is she good friends with? The closest person is usually the culprit.”

“Her best friend is…well, actually, pretty much everyone likes her. She’s very kind and gentle, though she isn’t annoyingly weak or ditzy; she’s not hateable at all.”

“Guys! There’s new evidence!” Mabel announced.

“What?” the couple asked.

“Well, Tori’s acting cuckoo in her room; she shut herself in. I dunno if that’s evidence, but she keeps saying she won’t let this guy called ‘Genocider Joan’ or something run free again,” Stan answered.
“She mentioned breaking a promise to Anthony as well. We’ve never seen them make a promise in the show, but it’s pretty strange how she happened to break that promise just after a murder had occurred,” Ford added.

“What are you implying here, Fordsie?” Bill asked.

“That she’s a suspect, of course. Well, everyone is, but with that, she’s more likely to be the murderer than the others.”

“That is suspicious behavior, yes, but according to Pine Tree, a male student might have borrowed a dead girl’s ID. Now, I know that although it’d be obvious if the killer was a girl, it is possible, but I don’t see why Pine Tree would leave that detail out if it was an option. Plus, if breaking her promise meant she murdered someone, then she just admitted that she’s the killer.”

“Actually, this girl’s head over heels for Anthony. I think she’d be stupid enough to tell him,” Stan said.

“Maybe so, but not in the presence of others. The main character was with Anthony and she wasn’t exactly whispering; she wouldn’t be stupid enough to reveal it to anyone else.”

“Hm…I suppose you have a point.” Ford didn’t admit it—and definitely didn’t plan to with that jackass’ ego—but he was quite impressed with Bill’s perception. He pointed out something he’d overlooked.

“I know I do, but…there’s still a chance that she is the murderer; just for a different reason.”

“Are you saying she’s Genocider Joan? I wouldn’t be surprised; it’s pretty obvious. A student wouldn’t be able to have control over a serial killer, but she certainly would if she was the serial killer herself. Besides, it wouldn’t make sense for her to lock herself in if the serial killer was outside. I guess this means she has DID or something,” Dipper said.

“That would explain her behavior. I guess she doesn’t have just an extreme persecution complex,” Ford agreed.

“Speaking of complexes, by the way, Cynthia has an inferiority complex, Bill. I remember that Morgan and her became better friends because of something related to it,” the brunet added.

“Hm, interesting. Maybe he’s the murderer,” Bill said.

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“Bill was right! Oh my gosh!” Mabel squealed.

“Goddamn, didn’t see that coming. He barely seemed involved!” Stan remarked.

“Yeah, he seemed really surprised when he saw her—er, his corpse, but that was because of Anthony. Guess we shouldn’t have overlooked that sauna thing.”

“Course I was right; it was pretty easy when they talked about how Cynthia keeps his distance from the girls and wouldn’t go in the girls’ changing room,” Bill said.

“Yeah, it does explain a lot. His voice wasn’t too feminine anyway, so it wasn’t too much of a surprise. I really liked him though; it’s such a shame,” Dipper said.

“What, you have a crush on the fictional fifteen-year-old?”
“Of course not! He was just really small and cute; precious. He was really smart, too”

“You’re small, cute, precious, and smart.”

“…Oh,” the brunet said with a slight blush on his cheeks.

Bill chuckled. “I’ll start cooking lunch now. See you later!”

“See you, Bill.”

Dipper smiled and waved at the taller man. He got a blown kiss in return before Bill entered the kitchen, which Ford surprisingly didn’t react negatively to. The brunet noticed it and was a bit confused, but the old man saw his confused expression and pretty much answered the questions in his head.

“Don’t tell him any of this, but I admit I’ve underestimated his intellect. He took note of some evidence I didn’t even consider important, and he managed to correctly guess who the murderer was before the trial even began; not bad at all. That said, if he’s that smart, he likely knows what he’s doing in your relationship…and that he’s good at annoying me.”

“Of course he knows both of those things; he’s a lot smarter than he looks. He really cares about me and does his best to make sure that I trust him and love him out of my own will. He’s really sweet; mostly cheeky towards others—sometimes to me, of course—but sweet.”

Ford sighed, but with a smile on his face.

“What?” Dipper asked.

“You really love him, don’t you? That’s clear with the way you talk to him.”

The brunet felt his cheeks warm up at that remark. “Yeah, I…I really do.”

“Well, I don’t fully like him yet because obviously his intellect isn’t enough to win my approval, but my opinion on him’s slightly better now. I don’t see him as just a demon now.”

“Demon?”

“Oh, uh…nevermind that. Sorry.”

“…We’ll discuss that soon.”

“What?”

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“Bill.”

“Yes, Fordsie? Does my chicken alfredo look delicious? I know it does!”

“You can sit beside Dipper.”

Bill was visibly surprised, which actually made Ford smile rather than smirk. Bill saw it and wasn’t quite sure how to feel about it. He smiled anyway though; he was glad Ford let him sit beside his beloved Pine Tree.

“I always could; I just decided to listen to you, dear great uncle. Thank you though!”
Once he sat beside the brunet, Dipper gave him a quick kiss on the cheek before he began to eat. Bill didn’t expect that either, but again, he didn’t mind. He gave Dipper a rather long and very much tender kiss in return, and after he pulled away, Dipper had to blink a few times before he came back to reality. By the time he did—which was just a few seconds after the kiss—the golden-haired man was smirking at him while chewing something.

Dipper chortled. “Dork. You’re not even done putting food on your plate, are you?”

“Nope!”

“Then continue; you can flirt more later.”

“You know I will.”

“Hey, the weather’s pretty nice outside. How about you two lovebirds take a nice, romantic walk, hmmm? I’m sure you wouldn’t mind showing Bill around, right, bro-bro?” Mabel suggested after they were done eating.

“Yeah, I wouldn’t. What about you though, Bill? Wanna walk around in the forest?” Dipper asked.

“Sure, but let me wear my one and only favorite scarf first,” Bill said as he stood up.

“I’m gonna get my coat and backpack anyway; let’s go. See you guys!”

With that, the couple went to their room and did what they had to. Of course, they couldn’t avoid flirting with each other before they left; to them it was just banter, but if anyone else saw them, they’d think they were flirting.

The moment they were outside the house, Dipper held the taller man’s hand and headed to the forest. He didn’t have much to say while they were walking other than things about the creatures they may run into and the dangers of walking around in pretty much any forest in Gravity Falls. Bill wasn’t threatened at all since he was a demon, but when he first stepped into the forest, he sensed something. He didn’t mention it, nor did he act like he felt it, because he cared about Dipper. He didn’t know whether the place his senses were leading him to was dangerous or not, but that uncertainty was pretty ominous in itself.

“…What?” Dipper said, getting the golden-haired man’s attention.

“What is it?”

“I saw a deer running towards us, but it ran away before it even got close.”

“Yeah, I told you animals run from me. Hope you didn’t plan to catch one or something.”

“Don’t worry, I didn’t. I see what you mean now though. It’s obviously unnatural, but at least we’re definitely not gonna get attacked by any animals any time soon.”

“True. By the by Pine Tree, I’d love to explore these woods with Fordsie some time. Think he’ll want to go with me?”

“Probably, yeah. Why though?”

“I was thinking we could have a talk while enjoying the beautiful scenery.”
“…Are you gonna tell him you’re a demon?”

Bill felt Dipper squeeze his hand a bit. He smiled at the brunet before he answered, knowing that that sweet gesture was to comfort him in case he was nervous about revealing his secret to someone else.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be fine; it’s Fordsie. You told me he could help me, so I’m sure I can trust him.”

The two entered a clearing as they were talking, which changed the mood quite a bit. Bill felt that the sensation grew a little stronger, but somehow knowing that they weren’t headed to the same direction anyway, he felt safer in a much more open area. It was barely snowing, but it didn’t matter; it was still beautiful around them. There lay a log on the crisp, white blanket that covered the whole place. The trees that surrounded the area gave them a sense of seclusion, which really brought up the romantic atmosphere.

“Wanna sit with me and hold hands and maybe cuddle?” the taller man proposed.

“Of course.”

Dipper had more concerns to talk about, but he didn’t mind being sweet for a while. He walked with Bill to the log, sat on it with him, and gave him a kiss on the cheek right away. Bill planned to make the first move, but he didn’t mind being beat to it; it was always nice to see that his Pine Tree was becoming more confident.

Bill wrapped his arms around Dipper and returned his kiss on the cheek. He then tenderly kissed the brunet for a couple of seconds. Of course, his kiss was eagerly reciprocated, but for some reason, he decided not to slip in his tongue. Perhaps he was waiting for Dipper to do it himself. It was a shame the kiss ended without that happening; as much as Dipper wanted to French kiss, again, he had important things to talk about.

Dipper turned his head away from the taller man, indicating that they should stop for a while. Bill could easily tell he wasn’t just showing off the unmarked part of his neck.

“What is it, Pine Tree?”

“The thing about Great Uncle Ford is…he can help you, but you might feel like a lab rat like you don’t want to. I’ll be with you—that’s a given—but I’m pretty sure he’s going to have to use some equipment on you no matter what. Are you really going to be okay?”

Bill paused and fondly sighed at the caring brunet. “You really love me. That’s really sweet and adorable.” He sighed. “I don’t know. Maybe I’ll be okay as long as you’re with me. I have to do this if I want to understand myself as a demon a lot better.”

I have to do this to be safer for you.

“I can understand that. If you really want to go through with this, I won’t stop you; I’ll do my best to make sure you’re okay. You have to tell me if things are getting too much for you though. Can you do it for yourself?” Dipper said.

Can you do it for me?

“Sure thing, Pine Tree. You don’t have to worry now, alright?”

You really aren’t doing it for yourself, are you?

“I think you know I will anyway.”
“I do, but I’ll still try to make you worry less. It’s the best I can do for you.”

“For me?”

“For you.”

Bill gave Dipper another kiss right after saying so. Dipper was touched, but he was worried too. It was really nice of him to do stuff to not make him worry, but…

What are you going to do when I’m not around anymore?

“So uh…the snow might get stronger soon. Wanna go back? I mean, aren’t you getting cold? We’ve been out here in the snow for a while now,” the brunet asked once he realized snow was falling again.

“I’m fine with warming myself with your body heat.”

Dipper softly chuckled. “Come on, you know sitting by a fireplace indoors is better than trying to keep yourself warm with someone else’s body heat in the snow.”

“Alright, let’s snuggle by the fireplace then. Let’s go!”

With that, Bill excitedly carried Dipper like he was his bride and ran as fast as he could back to the house. He didn’t realize that the speed he was running at was likely dangerous to Dipper until he stopped at the front door. He immediately looked at his Pine Tree. His face was full of worry for a second; once he saw that Dipper didn’t look too shocked, was breathing just fine, and wasn’t covered in snow, he calmed down and smiled at the brunet instead.

Dipper saw that worried look though. It was…concerning. Bill didn’t just seem worried; he seemed absolutely terrified as well. It was like he thought his one true love was dead, and the corpse was in his arms. Dipper had to ask the same question to himself again.

What are you going to do when I’m not around anymore?

“I’m okay, Bill, don’t worry,” he said, cupping the taller man’s cheek.

“I know, Pine Tree.”

“You seemed like you didn’t for a second there. Are you okay?”

“I am now, so you can stop worrying.”

“If you say so…”

Bill carefully put the brunet down and opened the door. He walked inside, then waited for Dipper to come in as well before he closed it.

Without saying anything to each other, they walked to the fireplace and sat next to each other. Dipper was actually kind of nervous because of their conversation—and so was Bill—but his worries disappeared when the golden-haired man made the first move this time; Bill wrapped his arms around Dipper and pulled him against his body. Bill buried his face into his Pine Tree’s scarf—which was the scarf he gave him; he was glad the brunet was using it, but at the same time, it was annoying how it was covering Dipper’s neck—and deeply inhaled, trying his best to take in his Pine Tree’s scent. He could smell him thanks to his heightened senses, but not as much.

“Huh…how come you’re shivering just now? Did you hold it in somehow with your uh…powers?”
Dipper asked, stroking the taller man’s back.

“Yep; I would’ve been shivering outside if I didn’t. Well, not while we were cuddling—I mean after I ran all the way back here. All that cold wing coming at me in such a short amount of time is just… so much.”

“You were really that excited to cuddle, huh?”

“Of course I was.”

Dipper chuckled. “Dork.”

“Your dork.”

The brunet laughed more and gave the taller man a kiss. He then remained sitting for a bit, rather than continuing to cuddle with him.

“Want some hot cocoa? I can go make us some right now; I know you’re by a fireplace, but you’re still cold from your run,” Dipper offered.

“I do, but if you leave, I’ll be colder…”

“Then I’ll give you a blanket before I make the hot cocoa. How’s that?”

“Hm…fine. You better be back fast.”

“Of course. Now, hang in there for a bit, I’ll go get it.”

With that, Dipper stood up and stroked Bill’s hair while he was curling up. Bill didn’t expect to be the one petted, but…well, it was kind of weird since it happened just like that, but it wasn’t unpleasant either. Leaving the golden-haired man uncertain about his feelings in regards to that, the brunet ran up the stairs and into his room. He took a spare blanket as quickly as he could, then rushed back to his lover while trying to not look too frantic.

“Here you go. Good enough for a few minutes?” he asked, draping the thick blanket over Bill.

Bill nodded and clutched on the said blanket to keep it from falling off. Dipper petted him again before he went to the kitchen, which again, gave the part-demon that weird feeling. He still didn’t know whether it was the good or bad kind of weirdness and the uncertainty was unnerving…but maybe that wasn’t what his actual problem was.

Perhaps he knew which type of weirdness he really felt and didn’t like it. He was the top in their relationship, and being petted was more of a submissive thing, but Dipper stroking his hair didn’t mean he wanted to switch roles; he was just trying to comfort Bill, so…

_I should stop feeling like this. I’m overthinking it; he just loves me and wants to show it. Besides, if he wants to top...if he wants to top...I shouldn’t mind, right? I don’t love him just because I expect him to be a bottom, so I’m not supposed to have a problem if he changes._

Yet he still felt that he had to assert his dominance. Despite knowing that he didn’t have to and shouldn’t, he wanted to make it clear that he was the top anyway. It was as if he didn’t want to let Dipper be what he wanted. Assuming he wanted to switch in the first place, anyway.

Little did he and his Pine Tree know that someone was watching them since they came back. Once Bill was surely going to be alone for a while, Ford walked into the living room. He approached the
golden-haired man, but Bill was too focused on his anxieties to even sense the old man’s presence. Ford actually had to tap his shoulder to snap him out of his thoughts, and that was really something, considering Ford didn’t even try to be quiet at all.

Bill shot right off the ground once Ford’s hand made the slightest bit of contact with him, which caused the old man to flinch as well.

“Oh, Fordsie! What a pleasant surprise! Care to join me?” Bill asked, lifting part of the blanket for Ford.

Ford was about to reject him like he usually would, but he saw that something was wrong. He could see the golden-haired man’s lips twitching, as well as the rather strange look in his eyes. Maybe he needed some help from someone other than Dipper.

Ford, considering that possibility, accepted Bill’s offer. He didn’t say anything, but he sat closer to Bill and draped the blanket over himself as well.

“…What’s this about, Bill?” he asked once he felt that the golden-haired man was being silent for too long.

“Why are you asking me, Fordsie? You’re the one who came here.”

“Fine, we’ll get back to this. I came here to talk to you about your relationship with Dipper.”

“Of course you did. So, what about it?”

“You two were quite affectionate a while ago, and you two don’t seem to hold back when it comes to flirting. Your relationship’s still in an early stage; eventually, that giddiness will fade and be gone one day. Do you really think you two won’t get sick of each other?”

Bill sighed and rested his head on the old man’s shoulder. “I don’t know whether he’ll get sick of me or not, but I know I’ll never get tired of Pine Tree. He’s one of a kind, and I know he’s been through a lot because he trusted me enough to tell me about his past. He deserves to be happy, and I do everything to keep him happy. I love Dipper, Great Uncle Ford. I proposed to him because I was an emotional wreck at the time, but I wouldn’t have done it if I didn’t truly love him; I want to be with him until beyond the end of the time, and so I asked if he wanted to stay with me for all of eternity. He said he does. I don’t care that we got engaged despite being in an early stage of our relationship; we’ve been through a lot. We can get through any problem we encounter. We’ll be happy as long as we’re together, so I’ll do whatever I have to to keep it that way.”

Bill paused to sling his arm around Ford’s shoulders, which made things even weirder for the said old man, but he decided to just let the golden-haired man do what he wanted for the time being.

“So, after all that I’ve said and all that you’ve heard, do you still think all we have is a physical relationship?” Bill asked.

“Well…no, of course not.”

However, I still can’t be sure as to whether you two will last or not.

“I…I’ll accept your relationship. It was strange for me to say that, but I don’t think I can do much about you two anyway. Just take care of Dipper, and if you really want to make your relationship last, never lose his trust; I don’t know if even you can regain it if you do.”

“I know.”
After a few seconds of silence, the golden-haired man retracted his arm and sat up straight. The look in his eyes changed, but they still had worry in them.

“I have to tell you something,” he said, looking directly at Ford’s eyes.

“I figured. So, what is it?”

“I’m a demon. You already know that though; you knew that since you first saw me. I’m just confirming it right now.”

“Where are you going with this?”

“I sensed something the moment I entered the nearby forest. I don’t know what it is, but it could be dangerous, considering it’s likely related to my demonic nature. I didn’t let Pine Tree know what was going on because of that possibility, but back then, he told me you can help me with my demonic abilities. That said, I’d like you to come with me to the woods later. We might discover something important. Whatever it is, it’s something supernatural, and…you may want to see it, so, what do you say?”

Ford thought about it for a few seconds. It certainly would be risky, but it would also likely lead to a discovery of information no one has ever even been aware of before. The answer was as clear as it could be, and Ford had to hold back his excitement so he wouldn’t look too eager.

“All right. We leave after dinner; we’ll need the rest of the night to discuss or maybe examine what we find if possible. Be sure to bring a bag and a weapon…unless you can attack with your powers without making physical contact,” he said.

“I was planning to go out once everyone’s asleep but that works too.”

“Yes; that’d be far too late. Anyway, going back to—“

“I’m back, Bill. Oh, Great Uncle Ford! Want some hot cocoa? You can have mine; I’ll just make another mug,” Dipper said as he walked into the room.

“No thank you, I’m just about to leave anyway.”

Not giving the brunet a chance to argue, the old man stood up and walked up the stairs.

“Thank you, Pine Tree,” Bill said, taking the mug of hot chocolate once Dipper offered it to him.

“No problem. So, what’d you two talk about?” Dipper asked, sitting beside the taller man and draping the blanket over himself once again.

“Our relationship, as expected. I got his acceptance for us, Pine Tree!” Bill took a sip of his hot cocoa.

“Really? That’s great! I don’t know how you did it, but…thank you, I guess. I’m glad he’s okay with us now.” Dipper took a sip of his hot cocoa as well. “By the way, I forgot to tell you something.”

“What is it?”

“Every New Year, Pacifica and her family throw a party, so we’ll be going to her mansion at the end of the year. You brought some formal clothes, right?”

“Yeah, of course; never know when I’ll need them.”
“Alright, good! It’s gonna be a fancy party, but don’t worry, it’ll be fun.”

“It better be. By the by, Pine Tree, I think it’s a good time to start writing.”

“Writing? What d—oh, right, I was supposed to write about you! Thanks for reminding me. Hang on, I’ll get my journal and camera. Are you still cold?”

“Nope, the hot cocoa’s helping a lot. It’s really good, by the way; I can taste the love you poured into it. It’s nice and sweet.”

Dipper chuckled. “Dork. Well, anyway, I’ll be right back since you’re feeling better. I won’t take long at all, so don’t say you’ll miss me,” he said, standing up.

“You know I will; I always do when you’re not with me.”

“What, did you miss me a while ago?”

“Yes.”

“Oh my god.”

“I assume you’re referring to me and not one of those nonexistent deities humans worship?”

“…Sure, Bill. Alright, for real, be right back.”

Dipper finished his hot cocoa along with Bill, then headed to the stairs right away. Once he was out of sight—though definitely not out of Bill’s mind—Stan walked to the golden-haired man and sat beside him right away, not wasting any time.

“Hello there, Stanley. What would you like to talk about? My happy relationship with Dipper?”

“Yeah, I’m alright with it. Just don’t hurt my great nephew or you’re dead to me.”

“I know; I think everyone in your ‘family’ would love to murder me if I did.”

“You bet. By the way, I’m guessing you two can’t tone down the flirting in front of us? Or just me, maybe? I uh, went through some stuff back in the day is all.”

“Can’t do that Stanley, it just happens.”

“Yeah, kinda figured. Worth a shot though.”

Bill spotted Dipper—who was peeking from the upper part of the stairs—at the corner of his eye, so he decided to end this very short conversation. It was nice talking to Stan, but nothing would ever beat talking to his beloved Pine Tree.

“Let’s continue this conversation some other time. Maybe when we’re not waiting for someone to come back. You get what I’m saying here?” he asked in a slightly softer voice.

“Yeah, I gotcha. Talk to you whenever, kiddo.” Stan gave Bill two pats on the shoulder before he stood up and walked to the kitchen.

“I’m back. So uh, I’ve decided to just make a whole section about you since there’s just so much to write, especially since we’re still discussing stuff about you,” Dipper said as he approached the golden-haired man.
“I thought you said that isn’t a diary,” Bill teased.

“It’s not! I-I have to make a section about you because you’re a demon with all sorts of anomalies no one has ever studied before!”

Bill kept his smirk, but his lips twitched for a moment and the brunet noticed. He didn’t question it though; he realized what he did wrong.

“…Sorry. Part-demon, I mean. Of course, since you’re my…fiancé, I’ll also write…you know… some stuff about you. The uh, stuff I like about you. A-Anyway, I need a picture of you for your very own section, so…will you let me take one?” Dipper asked, clearly a lot less enthusiastic, but still just as excited.

Bill smiled warmly at the brunet. He then lifted Dipper’s bands and kissed his forehead, making him blush a little. “You can take as many pictures of me as you like. You can make me wear anything for those too, you know.” He winked flirtatiously, making Dipper chuckle.

“Well, I guess I can take more than one picture to be safe. So, let’s go to our room and start this photoshoot.”

After what was probably an hour, Bill was finally back in his winter wear. All the film in the camera Dipper brought were used it; it was filled with pictures of Bill in several outfits. The golden-haired man chose to wear his usual sweater vest for the picture Dipper would use in his section, and once that picture was over with, he changed his outfit, and he continued to do so for every picture—or every few pictures for the outfits his Pine Tree really liked—but after Dipper said they only had five shots left, Bill stripped down to his underwear. Dipper refused to take pictures of him in just his underwear, but he eventually gave in; Bill knew he wanted to take some pictures and he couldn’t deny it in the end. It wouldn’t really hurt to take some risqué pictures of his lover while he had the chance anyway.

For the last picture, the taller man took the camera from the brunet and told him to either look away or go to the bathroom if he didn’t want to watch. Dipper decided to just look away while Bill took a picture.

Bill returned the camera and gave Dipper a kiss on the cheek once he was done with his not-so-little present, which worried the said brunet a little.

“Please tell me you didn’t take a dick pic,” Dipper said, making Bill laugh.

“Not exactly, but Polaroid dick pics sound fun. Got another roll of film there?”

“No! I’m not gonna develop a whole roll of film of dick pics!”

“Oh, you develop photos? What a smart little Pine Tree I have.”

“Yeah…thanks,” Dipper replied, his cheeks still red from Bill implying that he’d take dick pics. “Anyway, speaking of developing photos, we should go to the darkroom now.”

“You sure you don’t want to just write first? You’ve got me along with your journal and pen right here.”

“Yeah, I’m sure. I don’t want to write on a part of the paper your picture would cover, you know?”
“Whatever you say, Pine Tree.”

“Alright, let’s go.”

Bill didn’t bother to question the fact that they had a darkroom in their house and just followed Dipper.

“I’ve never been in a darkroom before. It’s not so dark in here though; why do people call this a darkroom then?” he asked once they were inside.

“Because it is dark in here. You can just see really well in the dark since, well, you know.”

“Right.”

“Speaking of darkness…well, fuck me because I forgot to bring my glasses, so I can’t see very well in here. I know you probably plan to do this anyway, but please stay with me here and guide me on the way out so I don’t accidentally destroy anything or everything,” Dipper said before he started working on the photos.

“Of course, Pine Tree,” the taller man replied with a smirk the brunet couldn’t see.

Bill was slightly disappointed that Dipper didn’t have his glasses since he didn’t get to see him wear them that often, but that disappointment was easily ignored because it was pushed all the way to the back of his head by all the fun ideas he was coming up with.

Bill briefly made a blue flame appear in the room. He made sure it wasn’t bright enough to affect the pictures being developed, but enough for the brunet to notice the light at the corner of his eye.

As expected, Dipper quickly turned his head to where the light was. The taller man then blew into Dipper’s ear, making him yelp.

“Bill, come on!”

“What do you mean, Pine Tree?” Bill asked, clearly not actually trying to hide the fact that he was messing with Dipper.

“Quit messing around so I can work properly…”

The golden-haired man didn’t reply; he simply gave Dipper a kiss on the cheek and stood close to him, but not somewhere he could be seen well.

Dipper sighed, knowing Bill wouldn’t stop. He was okay with it though; Bill wouldn’t actually cause him to mess up with the pictures.

Bill looked around, trying to come up with something else to give the brunet a little scare. He didn’t know how to control his telekinesis if he did have that ability in the first place, and there was only so much he could do with his flames.

He stared at some of the pictures Dipper hung just then. After a few seconds, he somehow managed to make them rock back and forth a few times, which was enough to catch his Pine Tree’s attention and make him a little nervous.

There’s no wind in this room…so that was Bill, right?

Dipper looked back at the part-demon, who just seemed to be looking at the photos on the table. He went back to doing his thing, but he was sure Bill was just acting.
However, despite having convinced himself Bill was just acting, he flinched and yelped again when he felt Bill poke his side. Bill laughed, making him blush in embarrassment. Bill hugged him from the back and gave him another kiss on the cheek once he was done laughing though. That wasn’t unexpected, but it was still nice.

After a while, Dipper was finally done developing the pictures. He had to deal with a few more pranks from Bill, but he was fine, and so were the pictures.

“Alright, we’re done here. Let’s go,” the brunet said, gathering the photos.

“I bet you can’t wait to see all the pictures we took,” the taller man said, offering his hand.

Dipper took his hand. “Kinda worried about that last one, but yeah, I’m excited.”

“Good.”

Bill headed towards the door, taking his Pine Tree with him. Before they reached the door though, Dipper bumped into something. Having been pranked by the golden-haired man quite a number of times, he yelled and clung onto Bill’s arm; knowing that whatever he bumped into wasn’t set up by Bill actually scared him.

Bill laughed and stroked Dipper’s hair to calm him down. “Relax Pine Tree, it’s just another table.”

“Oh…a table,” Dipper repeated, slowly releasing the taller man.

“Yes, just a table. Nothing to worry about.”

Bill laced his fingers with Dipper’s and finally walked out of the darkroom. They went back to their room after doing so, and the brunet took his journal the moment they got in. He took his tape dispenser, too.

“Here, hold these for a bit,” Dipper said, handing over the pictures they took other than the one with Bill in his usual sweater vest, which was in his other hand.

Bill took the photos and watched the brunet flip through the pages of his journal. He stopped at a blank page, then proceeded to stick Bill’s photo onto it with great care.

“All of these pictures look really nice, especially the one I took!” the golden-haired man said as he checked out the photos.

Dipper chuckled. “Are you saying that because they’re all pictures of you?”

“Maybe.”

“Of course. Anyway, this is where your section’s going to start,” the brunet said, writing Bill’s name. “Do you wanna sign it? I mean, it’s about you after all, so why not?”

“All of course I do; it’s an honor to write in your journal, Pine Tree!”

Dipper smiled and handed over a pen to Bill, who happily signed the page right away. Once that was over with, they began to actually work on the section. Dipper wrote down whatever information he didn’t last time and asked the part-demon a couple of questions so he had more to write.

________________________________________

After about an hour or more of discussion and writing, Dipper decided to keep his journal; he’d
noticed that Bill hasn’t unpacked since he got there, so he helped him with that. It took a while, but it was nice spending their time organizing Bill’s things. It made them feel like the room was really theirs.

“Nice to see you really packed for your long stay here,” the brunet remarked.

“Yeah, it was a pain in the ass to carry around, but it’s worth it.”

“You uh, wanna eat some nice hot instant noodles and watch a movie? We deserve a break after everything we’ve been doing today.”

“Damn right.”

And that’s just what they did.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed this update!! Unfortunately school's gonna start for me in like a little more than a week so I have no idea when the next update will be, but don't worry, I ain't cancelling this fic or taking a year-long hiatus; nothing like that. I'll update ASAP; when I have an idea of when the next update will be, I always update the tags.

P.S. I changed the rating of the fic bc things are getting hot in here lmao
One everyone had finished eating dinner, Bill and Ford wasted no time; they headed straight to their rooms and took what they need and/or might need. They then met at the front door. Dipper watched as they went outside, unable to do anything else. Not that he wanted to interfere anyway. He was a little worried though; Bill and Ford can defend themselves, but Gravity Falls was unpredictable.

He decided to just watch whatever was on the television. That way, he could distract himself and be there to greet them whenever they come back.

“So, does this sense of yours feel like it’s coming from you or the location?” Ford asked as he and Bill walked through the forest.

“A bit of both. The location feels…strangely familiar.”

“Strangely familiar? Do you think what you’re sensing is a creature or a location you may have been to before and just don’t remember?”

“Probably the latter, but…saying that feels wrong. It’s as if it isn’t the truth, but whatever I’m sensing hasn’t moved since I first felt it, so it can’t be a creature.”

“Hm…how much further do we have to go?”

“Pretty far. I’m sure you can handle the cold, so don’t worry about it.”

“Fair enough.”

The golden-haired man may have seemed just fine, but even under all his winter gear, he was still pretty cold. He wasn’t freezing—which was a surprise, really—and it certainly didn’t feel like he was going to get hypothermia despite staying longer in the snow with every second that passed, which was good, but he was a bit disappointed since he didn’t have Dipper to cuddle with to keep him warm. Being cold was the perfect excuse to do so, after all.

Fortunately, that disappointment was buried deep in the curiosity and excitement he felt as they got closer and closer to where they had to be.

While Bill was more focused on his sense than his surroundings, Ford was paying close attention to them. The further they went, the more concerned he got. All the places they were passing through were very familiar. He didn’t have any reason to come back to a certain place he found back then, so
he didn’t remember everything about it, but he still knew how to get there, and they were taking all the right paths.

The old man remained silent throughout the rest of their trip. He didn’t want to ask Bill any questions since he might not get any useful answers. That, and acting suspicious wouldn’t lead to anything good in case Bill was merely putting on an act. Ford doubted that, seeing how sincere the part-demon was, but he couldn’t be sure.

After about an hour or so, they finally made it. Ford was fine, being used to walking for long amounts of time, but Bill was cold and tired. He was panting by the time they got to the cave, but of course, he didn’t rest yet; he followed the old man deeper into the cave.

“…I’ve been here before,” Ford admitted as they walked.

“What? What’s in there?” the golden-haired man asked.

“You’ll see in a few seconds; it’s not that far into the cave.”

And just like he said, they reached a wall of mysterious writing and symbols, some of which Bill knew all too well.

“I have deciphered the writing on this wall many years ago, but I don’t remember what it says, nor do I have the cipher for this. I have written the latter in one of my journals, but unfortunately, we’ve decided to get rid of those a few years ago, so we’ll just have to decipher this again. I believe what’s written is an incantation and what these cave drawings are depicting is a prophecy though; I can remember that much. I d—Bill, are you listening?”

Ford was focused on the wall before him as he was talking. Once he turned around, he saw the golden-haired man looking at the wall right next to it. It only had symbols on it, which the old man didn’t consider familiar at all until a certain war began back then. He never actually had any use for them though. With the way Bill was staring at it, perhaps they could actually do something with it.

“I was, don’t worry. I just wasn’t looking,” Bill said, still seeming extremely appalled.

“Why are you looking at that instead? Do you recognize it?”

“…Fordsie, that’s my birthmark. Right there. On the fucking wall.”

“What? Birthmark?”

“I…well, I can’t show it to you right now because it’s way too cold here, but I have a birthmark on my back that looks exactly like that, except it looks like a tattoo because it’s just black.”

“So this place really does have something to do with you in particular. I wish I could remember what the prophecy was, but I really can’t, so we have no choice but to investigate this whole thing all over again. Well, for me, at least.”

“Well, we can’t take these with us, so let’s get started. I’ll take pictures.”

“I’ll draw and write. Also, don’t use your phone,” Ford said as he placed his backpack on the ground. “Use this instead.”

The old man took out a Polaroid camera and handed it over to the golden-haired man, who took it right away. While Bill began to take pictures, Ford closed his bag and pulled out his notepad and pen from his coat. He drew and wrote as much as he could on each page. Of course, he took much
longer than Bill did taking pictures, but the part-demon didn’t mind at all; he couldn’t care less about
the cold at the moment, and was glad to have some time to think. His thoughts were probably useless
since he barely knew anything, but he couldn’t bring himself to do anything else.

So I’m part of a prophecy. What am I going to do then? I might have the proper to mess with destiny
or something for all I know, but what if trying to not follow this prophecy is exactly what those
meatsacks—whomever they may be—predicted I would do? Whatever it is, I just hope the prophecy
ends well, but I get the feeling it doesn’t. I need to know what might happen, and no matter how
catastrophic it may be, I have to tell Pine Tree about it.

...Fuck, I have to tell him everything.

“I think we’re done here. I took a sample of the rocks on the wall just in case it’s something of
significance, but other than that, I don’t think we can do anything else. Do you want to head back
right now or do you want to stay here for a little longer? I’m pretty sure there’s nothing more to this
cave, so I don’t see why we should, but if you’re still tired from our hike, we can rest for a while,”
Ford said.

“Let’s head back; it’s gonna be late soon.”

“Good point. I know you’re a demon, but be careful anyway.”

“Aww, you care about me.”

“Dipper wouldn’t want you to get hurt.”

“I’m not hearing a no!”

Ford simply turned away from Bill and walked away. Bill shrugged and trotted behind the old man.
Once they got outside though, he couldn’t do that anymore; it was way too cold. He could only walk
normally whilst hugging himself and rubbing his arms to keep himself at least a little warm. The cold
was really such a bitch in its very own special season, but the golden-haired man didn’t mind being
warmer and more sensitive to the cold than the average human was. It gave him a reason to cuddle
with Dipper and the other way around, which was great; if the brunet happened to just feel like doing
so, he had the perfect excuse and wouldn’t have to come up with one, nor be so awkward about it.
At this point, surely Dipper knew Bill would never be bothered by cuddles, so it’s not like he had to
come up with an excuse anyway.

After a while, Ford decided to check up on Bill. He didn’t look back while they were walking since
he could see Bill’s golden hair at the corner of his eye every now and then, which meant he didn’t
have to turn around to make sure Bill was still with him. It was convenient, certainly, but he decided
to anyway just in case the part-demon was somehow freezing in the rather light snowfall. Well, light
for night, that is.

Sure enough, Bill was shivering and clearly struggling to stay standing with every step. Once he
noticed the old man was looking at him, he stopped where he was and stared right back. He looked a
bit annoyed, but that obviously didn’t matter at all.

Ford waited for Bill to say something, knowing he’d probably make some sort of snide remark, but
he didn’t. It wasn’t much of a surprise though.

Ford took out a thermos from his bag and handed it over to Bill. “Here. It’s filled with hot chocolate,
so drink up.”

The golden-haired man didn’t say a word and took the thermos that was being offered to him.
Carefully, he twisted its cap and poured some hot chocolate into it. He drank it right away, not wanting any snow to fall into it, nor for the drink to get any colder than it should be—not at all.

“Good shit,” Bill said after sighing in relief.

“Drink as much as you want; I don’t really need it.”

“Why thank you.”

“Are you actually being genuine right now?”

“What, you thought I was incapable of doing so? I’ll have you know Pine Tree’s gotten me to…be a little nicer than I already was,” he replied before drinking another cup of hot chocolate.

“Well…it’s good to know that Dipper’s a good influence on you. I wonder what you were like before you met him then.”

After a third cup of hot chocolate, the golden-haired man returned the thermos. He gave the old man an answer once it was kept back in his bag.

“Not very different from what I am now, actually. We likely wouldn’t be dating right now If I was a huge dick back then…or if all I had was a huge dick and no personality. Same thing. Pine Tree knows I have both though, so that’s good.”

Ford remained silent for a while, then sighed and rubbed his temples. Bill snickered at his reaction. He followed the old man once he continued to head back, much livelier then thanks to the hot chocolate.

Luckily, they were about halfway through the trip when they took a small break, so the golden-haired man didn’t feel cold enough to need another break along the way. After a little over a quarter of an hour, they finally arrived back at the house. As planned, Dipper heard the door open, and so he rushed to it right away, though he tried not to seem too desperate.

“Oh—Welcome back, Great Uncle Ford,” he greeted rather surprisedly, having overlooked the possibility that Ford would come in before Bill.

“Thank you. We have a lot to do though, so we must get going.”

With that, the old man walked past the brunet. Bill then went inside, and was greeted with a nice, warm hug from Dipper.

“Well, hello there, Pine Tree,” Bill greeted, slithering his arms around Dipper’s waist.

“Are you cold? Need some more hot cocoa?”

“Actually, Fordsie already gave me some. Makes me wonder, does your family happen to have some sort of addiction to hot chocolate? Pretty sure all of you have been drinking it throughout the day. Oh well, no time to worry about that. Gotta go with Fordsie, Pine Tree. I’ll get back to you when I can!”

Bill gave his Pine Tree a quick kiss before he ran excitedly, eager to start the investigation with Ford.

“Alright, see you.”

Dipper was sure that the part-demon heard him because of his heightened senses, but by the time he spoke, Bill was pretty far away from him already. Being brushed off so quickly was perfectly understandable, but even after getting a hug and a kiss, Dipper still felt a little neglected. Unimportant
and basically ignored, to be more accurate.

...No, he’s really excited to find out a lot more about himself, of course. He loves me all the same, it’s just that he has to focus on something else at the moment. Stuff that would take his attention from me will come up a lot, so I should get used to this.

Hell, I’m not even all that affected anyway, so that’s good. I have someone other than Bill to hang out with anyway, so really, I’m okay.

Not wanting to be clingy or give himself an anxiety attack, the brunet went up the stairs and stayed there.

Meanwhile, in the living room—after they have taken stuff from the lab, anyway—they Bill and Ford were researching about anything that could be related to what they saw. Bill was reading some ancient books from the study, while Ford was using his new suitcase-laptop, which was given to him by Mabel and McGucket for Christmas. It resembled McGucket’s old one, though of course, it had a much more modern design thanks to Mabel. Ford learned how to use it and all of its features the night before, so he didn’t have to waste time trying to figure them out instead of researching right away.

“Oye, what are you nerds goin’ on about?” Stan asked.

“Stanley! We went to a certain cave I’ve found a long time ago, but because we don’t have Journal 3 anymore, we have to investigate it all over again, and that’s what we’re doing right now.”

“Journal 3 eh? Huh…” Stan said, rubbing his chin. “Oh yeah! I still have the photocopy of the whole damn thing. You nerds want it or—“

“YES!” Ford exclaimed, startling his twin brother a bit. “Does it have the writings in invisible ink photocopied as well?”

“It does, actually. I used our own copy machine—you know, the one that can make creepy living copies of us.”

“Oh. Well, that’s great! I’d be mad at you if I found out back then, but obviously I’m very pleased right now!”

“Yeah, kinda figured. Anyway, I’ll go get it.”

While Bill and Ford waited, they continued their research anyway. The golden-haired man never actually stopped in the first place, and the old man didn’t have anything to lose, so they waited just like that.

It didn’t take long for Stan to come back with the journal. He forgot exactly where he put it, having never needed it since he was trying to get a certain someone back, but of course he knew which room he kept it in—his own. He didn’t want his brother to find it, so it couldn’t be anywhere else.

“Here you go,” he said, handing over the journal.

“Thank you, Stanley. I doubt you want to stick around for the rest of our research, so you can go now,” Ford replied as he carefully took the journal.

Stan shrugged and left the room. Once he was out of sight, Ford set his laptop on the table and began to look for the pages about the cave they just went to. Bill closed the book he was reading and placed it on the table with the rest of the books, interested in the journal, but it seemed as if Ford didn’t want
him to see its contents; the old man was holding it so that the cover was all Bill could see, and when the golden-haired man moved closer to him, he turned to keep it that way.

*Why though? We’re supposed to be researching together, and the journal’s basically the most useful thing we have so far, so why is Fordsie keeping it away from me? Does he not trust me because I’m a demon?*

*Guess I still have to talk to him more. At least Pine Tree’s fine with me being that. Well, Shooting Star too, but…he’s special. He’ll be my life-long partner—and knows it, of course—and Shooting Star isn’t; that’s a huge difference.*

Bill decided to not ask any questions and wait until Ford showed him the pages. He was actually a little worried that Ford wouldn’t show it to him at all. Fortunately, that wasn’t the case.

*‘Here’s some information regarding the symbols on the wall you were looking at.
‘The native people of Gravity Falls prophesied that these symbols could create a force strong enough to vanquish a powerful being with answers.’*

For the cryptogram that was on the wall I was more focused on,

*‘With my very own substitution cipher, this cryptogram reads,*

*‘IT STARTED WITH BAD DREAMS WHICH BECAME NIGHTMARES. I WAS FOOLISH, I WANTED ANSWERS, I PAINTED THE SYMBOLS, I SAID THE WORDS: WHEN GRAVITY FALLS AND THE EARTH BECOMES SKY FEAR THE BEAST WITH JUST ONE EYE.’*

…Hm. The beast with just one eye likely refers to the one drawn on the wall, and it looks like it’s the same one on that wall of symbols…Bill, do you think you’re related to this beast? This ‘powerful being with answers’? Answers to what though? Perhaps my writing in invisible ink has more to say.” Ford said.

*“Perhaps indeed, but…I probably am. I don’t know how I’m related to it or what this birthmark even means. I wonder who was writing the cryptogram though, and I wonder when this beast was supposed to go end the world or something anyway. Also, ‘When gravity falls’…is that where this town’s name came from, by any chance? Seems like there’s a relation of some sort,” Bill replied.*

While Bill and Ford continued to read the journal—even the writing in invisible ink—Dipper stopped watching them and headed to his room. He took his laptop, sat on his bed, and turned on the said laptop. He didn’t actually shut it down the last time he used it; he just closed its lid, so he didn’t have to wait for it to boot, and all the programs he had open the last time he used it were still open.

The brunet checked the users online in the video chat program he had. As expected, the person he was looking for wasn’t online. Well, *listed* as online, rather. Wendy always kept her status as ‘Invisible’ since she didn’t want to be bothered, particularly by guys who wanted to court her, so there was no way to tell whether she was online or not unless she was sending messages. Dipper didn’t actually know that, but he could always text her if he had to.

Dipper attempted to video call her. It rang more than three times, so it was confirmed that she was indeed online. He then waited for her to accept the call.

*“Hey, Wendy!” he greeted once she was on-screen.*

*“Yo, Dipper! You okay now? Did Bill at least apologize?”*
“Yeah, I’m alright. Also, he did, but he didn’t have to, really; he wasn’t sure he’d come here yesterday and he told me that beforehand. I was just hoping for too much, but yeah, don’t worry, I’m okay. We talked about it…and cuddled it out.”

“Aww. You guys had fun then, huh?” Wendy asked, despite knowing the answer already because of the blush on the brunet’s cheeks.

“Yeah…we actually had a little ‘photo shoot,’ too.”

“Photo shoot? What kind of pictures were you guys taking? I won’t judge, even if they’re…you know.”

“N-NO! I mean, I just needed one good picture of him for my journal because I’m going to write about him, but we decided to just use up all the film. For the last five shots though, things got a little…steamy. And uh…um…”

Dipper opened the drawer of his nightstand, where he kept the pictures they took together. He took the said pictures out and looked at each of them. When he got to the last five pictures, he looked at each picture a little longer than the rest. Bill was…very attractive in his underwear, after all. When Dipper got to the last picture though, he could feel his cheeks warm up even more than they already have.

“I-It’s…This last picture is a picture of…his crotch.”

“Oh. Well, you’re definitely not putting that in the journal, are you?”

“Of course not! I actually didn’t take this picture; he did. A-And again, it’s just his crotch; there were no nudes at all, so that’s good. I’d feel pretty awkward developing nudes in the darkroom.”

Despite what he said, he was staring at the photo intently, trying to imagine what was under those boxers. Bill certainly had a…large bulge, though of course Dipper wouldn’t say it out loud to anyone, not even Bill himself. It was too embarrassing to say, that’s why. That fact certainly intrigued Dipper though. He knew about it before, of course, having seen the golden-haired man without his pants on lots of times, but having a close-up picture of it to gaze at made it all the more tempting to see.

Interrupting his thoughts, Wendy laughed.

“Dude, I believe you when you say you didn’t take the pictures and that there were no nudes, but you’re thirsty, aren’t you?” she teased.

“What?! Psh, no, I’m not thirsty! Why’d you think that anyway?”

The redhead laughed even more, making the brunet more embarrassed. “Well, your blush is definitely convincing, but the other thing that gave you away was how you were looking at that last picture. So, I’m guessing you guys haven’t gone that far yet?”

“No…”

Almost. Not sure she wants to know that though.

“But do you want to?” Wendy asked.

“I mean, yeah, I-I guess. Some people have been expecting us to have done it already, and I know Bill’s been wanting to for a while. I likely haven’t been wanting to for as long as he did, but I do
now, so yeah. We uh…still need stuff, so I don’t think we’ll be doing it any time soon. It’s fine though.”

“Hmm…alright.”

Wendy could tell that Dipper was being genuine when he said he wanted Bill, but the order he said things in his answer was…off. It bugged her a little, but not enough for her to think asking about it was necessary.

“So uh…oh, hey, were you chopping more wood earlier? I think I saw you while we were having a snowball fight,” Dipper asked.

“Yeah, I actually watched you guys a little. Just a little though; I didn’t want to stay in the snow for too long.”

“Why were—“

“HEYTHEREBRO-BROWHOAREYATALKINGTO?” Mabel yelled as she suddenly opened the door, causing her twin brother to yelp in surprise.

“M-Mabel! D-Don’t you know how to knock on doors before coming in other people’s rooms?!” Dipper yelled back while Wendy was laughing in the background.

Mabel closed the door, knocked on it, then went back into the brunet’s room.

“So, who are you talking to?” she asked, sitting beside Dipper.

“Well, as you can see now, Wendy.”

“Hi Wendy!” she greeted as she waved at the camera.

“Hey Mabel!” the redhead greeted back.

“Do you have your gown ready for the New Year’s party yet? I wanna see! I wanna be surprised, but I wanna see!”

“Nope! I mean, I got a couple of gowns in here, but I haven’t picked one out yet. It just takes so much time, uck.”

“Aww. Hey Dipper, what color will you be wearing? Maybe she can just match!”

“What? Mabel, you know I always wear a black tuxedo to black-tie.”

“Oh, right, you don’t wear women’s clothing yet.”

“What do you mean—“

“So, you excited for the party? Maybe I can find you someone special this time!” the brunette said.

“Dude, you don’t have to. I don’t need to date anyone right now. If I need them, then I meet them…Actually, I might’ve met him already. I dunno yet, but—“

“GottagoWendybye!” Mabel quickly said right before she slammed the laptop shut.

“Wh-oh.”
Dipper realized why Mabel ended that conversation; Bill had just entered the room. Oddly enough, he didn’t say anything. He simply looked at the twins, then took the books he’d packed, which he stored in Dipper’s bookshelf for the time being.

“Hey uh, how’s the research?” the brunet asked, a little nervous, considering Bill wasn’t talking to or even greeting him.

“Pretty good so far; we got a lot of information to work with right off the bat. I’m just getting these for more detailed information about…my kind.”

“Part-demons?”

“…Demons.”

With a small smile, Bill approached Dipper, who was worried because of his very unsettling calm behavior. He gently petted the brunet, then left the room, feeling a little guilty for being jealous when he heard his Pine Tree talking to Wendy. Dipper clearly loved him, so why was he jealous? Dipper was just talking to his ex-crush—who was currently his best friend next to Mabel—in a totally platonic way. That just seemed way worse than it should be to Bill, but he couldn’t help it. But he had to understand. He had to be fine with it. He had to if he wanted their relationship to last.

“Yo, bro, you okay?” Mabel asked her twin brother, who’d been staring at the door with a certain blank expression for quite a while.

“Huh? Yeah, sure, I guess. I don’t know about Bill though; he was really weird just now. Something’s wrong, but…well, I can’t interrupt his research with Great Uncle Ford. Whatever he’s thinking about, he’ll forget it once he goes back to having fun with Great Uncle Ford, so I don’t really have to talk to him.”

Dipper didn’t realize that he just made that blank expression Bill would rarely have; the one he was always so confused about. The one he couldn’t read. Perhaps what he was feeling at the moment was how the golden-haired man felt back then. What a shame; it’d be a lot better if he knew what he just did.

“Oh my god, you’re jealous of your fiancé for hanging out with our dear Great Uncle Ford? I knew you were the jealous type but Sweet Sally! Nothing is happening and nothing will happen between them, you dork!”

“I know that! And I’m not jealous! I’m just worried…and I know I’m not needed. That’s why I won’t bother him.

“Well, I say that, but…I still want to talk to him,” the brunet said, crossing his arms.

“Then talk to him! Maybe not now if you really don’t want to, but later! I know he loves talking to you more than anyone, Dipper, so do it!”

“I’ll talk to him whenever he’s done then.”

Mabel waited a few seconds for her twin brother to say something positive or at least smile a little, but he didn’t.

“Wanna play some video games to get your mind off him for a while?” she suggested as she gave Dipper a pat on the shoulder.

“Yeah…”
“Pine Tree?” a certain golden-haired man softly called, gently shaking Dipper’s shoulder.

The brunet’s eyebrows twitched in response, but that was all, and that obviously wasn’t enough, so Bill resorted to his usual way of waking his Pine Tree up—affection.

“Pine Treeee….?”

He gave Dipper a kiss on the cheek. Dipper groaned softly and stirred, so Bill kissed him on the cheek again.

“Mm…Bill…?” the sleepy brunet said, slowly opening his eyes.

“Your one and only, Pine Tree, yes,” Bill replied, stroking Dipper’s hair.

Dipper smiled at Bill, but after a few seconds, he stopped. Something was definitely off, and having just woken up, of course it took him that long to realize that. He squinted at Bill, then looked at their surroundings, still with barely open eyes.

It was dark. No wonder he felt so tired. No wonder he could barely see anything. No wonder Bill’s hair wasn’t shining in the sunlight, nor were his freckles much more visible. Instead, his eyes were glowing, and those slitted pupils were staring right at Dipper.

And that was all Dipper could see.

To a normal person, it would be absolutely terrifying to see a pair of demon eyes and nothing else. Truth be told, Dipper was scared when he saw those eyes in the midst of all the darkness, but only for a moment. After all, he knew it was Bill who was in front of him, and not just because he called him; he’d stared into the part-demon’s eyes—gotten trapped in them, even—so many times. He could never mistake those eyes for someone or even something else’s.

Dipper loved the sight of them, be it in the light or the dark. The sight of Bill in general, really. However, the darkness around them was concerning, and not because he feared it.

“What time is it…?” he asked, rubbing his eye.

“3 AM.”

“3 AM…? Bill, what the fuck…? Go to bed…”

“But Pine Treeee…”

“What?” the brunet responded, clearly not amused.

“I need you for our experimeeent! Come with me? Please?” Bill pleaded.

“Bill, you need sleep.”

“I need experiment more. Please?”

“No.”

“Pleeease?”

“No. Sleep with me.”
Bill was slightly seduced by those words even though they didn’t actually mean anything sexual, but of course, they weren’t enough to stop him.”

“Not yet. I need you to come with me first, please.”

Dipper sighed and slowly sat up. The golden-haired man offered to help him, but he refused. That worried Bill a little; it made him ask himself whether he went too far or not. The experiment wasn’t more than or even as important as his Pine Tree and it never will be. He shouldn’t have pushed so hard; Dipper needed to rest. He should’ve just waited until morning.

He didn’t expect Dipper to gently wrap his arms around his back and nuzzle into his neck. It was nice, but he felt as if he didn’t deserve the affection.

“I need to sleep together with you, and so do you with me. I know what it’s like to want to stay up all night for the sake of knowledge, and believe me, you can get a lot more done after some sleep. I’ll say this again and I won’t take no for an answer: Go to sleep.”

“…Okay,” Bill conceded as he hugged Dipper back. “Are you mad at me for waking you up like this though? I’m sorry for disturbing you in your well-deserved peaceful slumber.”

The brunet sighed again. To Bill, he sounded irritated, which was kind of true, but he wasn’t irritated at Bill in particular. “Well, I wasn’t exactly having a peaceful slumber anyway. If anything, I’m better off awake at this time then trying to sleep and failing miserably,” Dipper groaned.

“So you weren’t asleep when I was trying to wake you up?”

“I was tired. Still am, actually. I was playing video games with Mabel till 1 AM. I was waiting for you to come back, you see. And you didn’t; not until just now, when you need me. It’s fine though, I get it. Oh, I’m getting off-topic. Sorry, I was asleep, but just barely. I wasn’t dreaming though; I couldn’t.”

“I…I’m really sorry. I’ll prepare to sleep now, okay? I’ll make things up to you later.”

“Are you sure? What about Great Uncle Ford?”

“Oh, right, he’s waiting…uh…I apparently have to tell him that because he’s waiting. Downstairs,” Bill said nervously, not wanting to piss Dipper off.

The brunet slowly leaned back and looked at the golden-haired man with tired eyes and a clearly done-with-everything expression, making Bill even more nervous. “I’ll come with you. If there’s anyone he’d listen to, it’s me.”

“You don’t have to get out of bed; I can tell him to go to bed f—“

“I want to fucking sleep already so let me handle this.”

“Okay, well…want me to carry you down the stairs? Or hold your hand, at least?”

“Hand-holding’s good enough. Let’s go.”

With that, Dipper stood up, and accepted Bill’s help with doing so this time. He was, of course, cranky, but he didn’t want the taller man to feel bad.

They walked to the door, and since the burnet was very tired, Bill opened the door for him. Dipper was stumbling as he walked; it was as if he was drunk. Bill was very worried, but Dipper was
stubborn—like the golden-haired man was at times—so all Bill could do was be extra careful while they were walking down the stairs.

“Hello, Fordsie,” Bill greeted once they were close enough to the said old man.

“Ah, Bill, I see you got Dipper to come with you. Well done! Now, come, w—“

“No, I chose to come with him, and he’s going to get some sleep. So are you, by the way. You need to sleep too,” the brunet interrupted.

“No I don’t! I’m fine!”

“I know you’re not. Go to sleep, Great Uncle Ford.”

“B-But—Bill, come on, you know you need this! Can’t you convince your fiancé to let us go through with this?” Ford asked.

“Nope, he won me over. We’ll have to continue later, Fordie.” Bill shrugged.

“But—“

“Go. To. Sleep. He’s not going to change his mind, so there’s no point in you staying awake anyway. Don’t stay up all night waiting for him; your brain won’t function properly if you do. You know that,” Dipper said.

Ford remained silent for a while, hoping to change the brunet’s mind by looking him dead in the eye. It didn’t work though; nothing was going to change the tired, stubborn, indifferent brunet’s mind.

The old man sighed. “Okay. Good night Bill and Dipper.”

“Good morning, Fordsie.”

“Good morning.”

Dipper waited until Ford walked up the stairs. He then linked his arm with Bill’s and headed back to their room together. Bill looked at the brunet endearingly and petted him along the way; he was too cute not to.

Dipper was too tired to realize that he should’ve been relieved; too tired to realize that Ford was so tired he didn’t even notice the large and completely exposed mark on his neck.

Once they were back in their room, Bill closed the door. He was going to guide Dipper to the bed, but before he could, the brunet dragged him there in a surprisingly forceful manner.

Bill didn’t question him and simply crawled into bed with him. It was clear why Dipper was so eager to sleep with the golden-haired man after that; it wasn’t just because he was tired, but also because he wanted to feel Bill, including his warmth. Dipper grabbed the taller man’s arms and wrapped them around his waist like Bill always would, then he hugged him, snuggling against him as much as he could.

Bill smiled warmly despite knowing that Dipper couldn’t see his face. He didn’t have to; he, at this point, surely already knew that Bill loved him, so he didn’t need to see that smile. Bill just smiled because he was enamoured. He couldn’t help himself. Dipper was adorable—in his eyes, he always was, really, given that he wasn’t hurt—but even if he wasn’t so attractive physically, he’d smile anyway for sure. It wasn’t just his body he wanted.
His love, too. All of his devotion, all of his attention, all of his kindness, all of his time, all of the room he has in his mind...

...I want his whole being to be mine.

Bill embraced his Pine Tree tighter, but carefully, of course, so as not to wake him up again. He then gently planted a kiss on his fluffy brown locks. It was a sign of his love and adoration, but it was also always a fun thing to do.

Dipper sighed happily, and the golden-haired man heard him do so. Bill then decided to close his eyes and sleep, knowing that Dipper was having the peaceful slumber he deserved. Well, the non-eternal peaceful slumber, that is. Then again, Dipper could never have a peaceful slumber if it was eternal since it’d mean a life without Bill.

I’ll make sure that’s the case.

Dipper groaned softly before he slowly opened his eyes and blinked a couple of times. Seeing that it was bright around him, he knew that he woke up at around the right time. He then shifted so he could see Bill’s face. As usual, he admired his relaxed expression as he was sleeping. Dipper then lightly brushed off the stray strands of golden hair that were covering part of Bill’s face.

Dipper smiled and gently kissed the taller man on the cheek. He couldn’t help himself. Bill was irresistible. He always was. He was like an addiction, except Dipper didn’t want to get rid of him. Bill was always in his mind; if he wasn’t, he’d always somehow take over his thoughts. Bill had taken over his heart, too. Sure, he wasn’t technically the person Dipper loved the most, but he was definitely one of the most precious people in his life. Dipper knew they couldn’t be around each other literally all the time, so it was always really nice to at least be able to see each other in person, much more to actually make any sort of physical contact. Though Dipper wasn’t thinking about it at the moment, Bill still hasn’t…done him yet. The brunet knew he’s been wanting to for a while, and that’s why Dipper kept trying to make that happen, but every time he did, there would either be an interruption, or Bill wouldn’t allow it. One day, Dipper will finally satisfy Bill’s desires, and he was very determined to do so. For the time being though, all he could do was be as sweet as he could.

The brunet gave the taller man another light kiss on the cheek. He then sat up a little very carefully, not wanting to wake Bill up, and reached for his phone, which was on the nightstand. He saw notifications of messages from a certain redhead, so he quickly unlocked his phone and read them.

‘Wendy:

Oh my god, Robbie and Tamby are so excited about their wedding. It’s cute, but geez man, both of them have been gushing about it to me all night. You’re probably asleep right now, but dude, just look at the time this message was sent, alright?

They’re still going. Send help. So many notifications.

Okay, I told them I was gonna go to sleep, then I muted them. I’m not getting bothered by the nonstop beeping of my phone, but even after that, they still kept going.

Okay, I really am gonna sleep now though. Good night man.’

Dipper laughed softly. It was fun seeing Wendy lose her chill because such a humorous series of events, as well as seeing how excited Robbie and Tamby were to get married. They were really cute, and he hoped that he and Bill could be at least as cute as they were whenever they planned to
get married. Bill would definitely guarantee that though, so really, he didn’t have to hope; one way or the other, they will be a very cute engaged couple. Well, technically, they already were.

Pleasantly interrupting the brunet’s enjoyment, Bill grabbed Dipper’s hand and pulled it close enough to his face for him to see what his Pine Tree was doing on his phone. He read the messages visible, and he was clearly displeased when he saw Wendy’s name.

Dipper chuckled. “Good morning, Bill.” He gave the frowning dork yet another kiss on the cheek. “Do you wanna sleep more? Sorry if I woke you up.”

“Not at all. I’m very much awake, actually.”

“Pft, jealous? Did you even read the messages?”

“Yeah…they’re platonic,” Bill said, reluctantly muttering that last part.

Dipper laughed, making the taller man pout and blush more. He then locked his phone and put it back on the nightstand beside him. “Wanna cuddle?” he asked with a smile.

“Of course I do; I love you.”

Dipper was surprised that Bill actually said those words just like that, but he definitely didn’t mind.

“I love you too.” He shifted so he was slightly lower than Bill. He warmly embraced Bill and snuggled against him as much as he could. Once Bill wrapped his arms around him, he gave the taller man a kiss on the jawline, which was a little weird—well, unusual, to be precise—but it was nice in its own way. Bill did enjoy the sensation of Dipper’s soft lips on his skin, though he’d only let his Pine Tree dominate him so much. Still, it was quite intimate; Dipper was the only person he would ever allow to kiss him so close to his neck.

“How’s that?” Dipper asked.

“Pretty nice, but if you’re going to kiss me, I’d prefer that you do it on the lips, okay?”

“Alright, go and let me then,” the brunet said, keeping his head tilted up.

“How’s about I kiss you instead?”

“That sounds a bit better.”

“As it should, my Pine Tree.”

Bill learned back a little so he could actually see Dipper’s face. He lovingly gazed into Dipper’s eyes for a while, and it seemed that the brunet was doing the same to him just as affectionately; his pupils were probably as wide as they could be without anything lewd going on.

Bill kissed Dipper, and as a little reward for such a lovely look, he grazed his tongue along the said brunet’s lips. He didn’t plan to do too much though, considering they just woke up.

Dipper softly chuckled before he parted his lips, though it sounded more like a moan. Not that either of them minded, anyway. He really did moan as soon as Bill’s tongue slithered around in his mouth. He tightened his grip on the taller man and squeezed his thighs with his own as Bill took pleasure in tasting him yet again. It may seem like Bill was having more fun than Dipper was, but really, Dipper enjoyed Bill being inside of him in any way, so this reward was more than enough.

The golden-haired man pulled away after he decided that his Pine Tree had enough for the time
being, leaving the brunet panting a little lighter than usual.

“So…still jealous?” Dipper asked.

“Not anymore. For now, anyway.”

“For now, huh?”

Dipper chuckled. “Dork. Well, anyway, how was yesterday? What’d you and Great Uncle Ford do?”

“Pretty good; I led him to a cave he’s apparently already been in before. He didn’t remember much about it when we found it, but thanks to Stanley, we have a photocopied version of Fordsie’s old journal, and now we have lots of information.”

“Wait, Grunkle Stan had a photocopy of the whole journal? For how long? And what cave are you talking about? Where is it? What’s in it? How did you even know where that cave was? Wh—“

“Calm down, Pine Tree, calm down. Stanley didn’t tell us how long he’s had it, and well…when you first took me to the forest, I sensed something. I just didn’t tell you because it might’ve been dangerous, okay? I love you, Pine Tree, you know that, so don’t be mad because I told Ford about it and had him accompany me as I followed it in the night. In the cave, we found walls full of symbols, and one of ‘em had my exact birthmark. It was unsettling, and apparently I’m involved in a prophecy. I’ll uh…I’ll tell you about it later if I have to, but anyway, I need you for our experiment later, so help us when we decide to conduct it, alright?” Bill said, stroking Dipper’s hair as he spoke.

“Sure thing. Are we uh, going to have experiments all day though?”

“Maybe, why?”

“Oh, okay, nevermind then.”

“Ah ah ah. I asked you why you wanted to know if we’re going to have experiments all day, so you need to give me an answer.” Bill lightly tugged on Dipper’s hair, making his point.

“Ah—Alright. I was just wondering…you uh, remember yesterday morning? You know, how we almost fucked?”

“Of course. How can I forget?” the golden-haired man teased with a smirk.

The brunet blushed a little, and more so when he fully realized what he was going to ask. “W-Well…did you really mean that whole thing about lube? I mean, it’s important, but were you just trying to make me feel better?”

“Hm. I know you’ve written enough smut to know the importance of lubrication, so where are you going with this?”

“I uh…just wanted to ask if you’d…like to do me later instead of having to wait even longer; I wouldn’t mind using a substitute for you. I-It’s kind of stupid to be asking this now since you seem way too invested in your research to care about something like this and I get that; research is really interesting and fun, and for you, it’s the one thing that can help you find out more about yourself, so…just forget the question. I only asked because you wanted to know what I had in mind.”

“It’s not stupid, and this isn’t something trivial; this is important, alright? Look, don’t worry about me waiting. I’m perfectly fine with it, no matter how much I seem to want to do you. Besides, I have a
plan for our ‘honeymoon,’ though technically it isn’t. It’s basically just our first time if we don’t do it in the heat of the moment or something.”

“A plan?”

“Yeah. It’s supposed to be a surprise, but I don’t mind telling you about it if it’ll help you feel better.”

“Oh, then you don’t have t—“

“You’re already aware of the plan’s existence, so I might as well tell you what it is. I plan to book a soundproof room in a five-star—or higher, if possible—hotel for a whole week. I don’t know when though; whenever we’re free for a week and I have the money, I guess. If you’re wondering why I’m going to book it for a week, it’s so you can have time to recover.”

“A week? Bill, that’ll be really expensive; it’s unnecessary. Do hotels even allow that? We’d have to buy…stuff, too.”

“Well, we’ll just go vanilla for our first time, so really, all we need to buy is lube, though of course, we can buy as much items as we want for whenever we decide to fuck again. As for the hotel room, the expenses will be worth it, don’t worry. You’re worth more than anything in the multiverse.”

“I’d be fine doing it just in like, either of our houses or something; it doesn’t have to be somewhere fancy. And no, I’m not worth that much—you are.”

“I’m not. I’m part-demon and I barely know anything about myself. I—“

Interrupting his not-so-subtle and rather uncommon self-deprecation were a few knocks on the door and the voice of a certain cheerful brunette.

“Hey you guys! Ready to eat breakfast, or am I interrupting something? Hmm?” she said.

“Yes to both, actually,” Bill grumbled.

Dipper chuckled and gave the golden-haired man a quick kiss. “We’ll be downstairs, Mabel!”

“Okay!”

Once they couldn’t hear Mabel’s footsteps anymore, they sat up. Bill cupped the brunet’s cheek and gave him a kiss on the lips before he got out of bed. Dipper smiled and chuckled before he took the taller man’s hand—which was being offered to him—and stood up as well.

Without bothering to change—if Dipper putting on his scarf didn’t count, that is—they went out of the room, then down the stairs. Bill realized his mistake a little too late, but luckily, the heater was on in the dining room.

*There was a fucking heater here the whole time?*

“Good morning, bro-bro and Bill!” Mabel greeted as the two took their seats.

“Morning, Mabel,” her twin brother greeted.

“Good morning, Shooting Star. The scrambled eggs and bacon look and smell delicious! Compliments to the chef!” Bill said as he grabbed a serving.

“’Course they do; made em myself!” Stan told him.
“Oh really? Well then, I better not be disappointed. Shooting Star set the bar pretty high yesterday.”

“Psh, I’m setting the bar as high as I can be in Vegas. I mean—uh…I didn’t say nothing. You don’t have any evidence!”

“We actually have pictures, you know,” Ford reminded him.

“WHAT?! BURN THEM! BURN THE NONEXISTENT PICTURES!”

Dipper, Mabel, Bill, and even Stanford laughed at yet another one of Stanley’s useless, comedic attempts to distract them from what he accidentally said. In the end, Stan laughed a little. He didn’t want to be noticed, but he did want to laugh along with his family and someone who may officially be part of it one day.

After the laughter had died down, Bill finally ate some of his breakfast. His eyes widened in delight, and he would’ve hummed for the same reason, but he didn’t want to seem too impressed; he still thought of himself as the superior chef.

“Well done, Stanley, you definitely didn’t disappoint,” he said before he continued to eat.

“Of course I didn’t; I’m the best chef in this house! Hell, I could put up a 5-star restaurant if I wanted to. I’d use the cheapest ingredients and sell meals for the most expensive prices!”

“Well, why don’t you go do that then?”

“Eh, I ain’t exactly young, kiddo. I’m not gonna spend what’s left of my life running another business.”

“Fair enough. How old are you anyway?”

“Over 70. That’s as specific as I’ll get.”

“Doesn’t look like you aged at all though…that’s always been pretty weird,” Dipper remarked.

“Well, I guess I didn’t tell you that I concocted a potion so we wouldn’t age during our trip to…that place near the arctic ocean,” Ford said.

“Oh. You mean after the uh…’Nevermind All That,’ right?”

“Yes.”

“What’s the ‘Nevermind All That’?” Bill asked.

Everyone at the table remained silent. The Pines stared at each other rather nervously, and the golden-haired man could only look at them. He remained confused, but certainly not clueless. Dipper did mention that everyone’s lives were at stake at some point; perhaps that had something to do with the ‘Nevermind All That.’

Bill didn’t exactly appreciate feeling left out, but he could probably ask Dipper about it when they’re alone. Maybe it just wasn’t something they could talk about at the table. He could understand if that was the case.

“Well then, with that potion you made, for how long will you two not age?” he asked.

“I don’t have a specific date, but the potion should wear off in about a month or less. We don’t mind though; it’s lasted for nearly 8 years so far,” Ford replied.
“8 years, huh? What’d you use in that potion? Maybe you can make one for an eternal stasis.”

“I don’t think that’s possible. The ingredients are extremely difficult to find, obtain, store, and use. There’s also—“

“Oh my gosh, save all the nerd talk for later! Bill, go flirt with Dipper or something instead!” Mabel interjected.

“Alright.” Bill immediately looked at Dipper. “I really like you in those pajamas.”

“…Oh, thanks,” the brunet replied, not expecting the taller man to have come up with something that quickly. He really shouldn’t be surprised though. “I kind of like wearing your shirts more though. Do you really prefer me in pajamas?”

“I didn’t say that, you’re just always very cute. You can keep wearing my shirts.”

“Thanks—“

“If you give me a kiss,” Bill added, smirking.

Dipper chuckled. “Alright, here.” He cupped the taller man’s cheek and pressed his lips onto his for just a second. He didn’t want to ruin their great uncles’ appetite, after all.

“Hmm, mind if I have more?” Bill playfully asked.

“Later, Bill, in our room. You can have as much as you want.”

“Later, huh?”

Bill glanced at Ford, who looked back at him for a split second as well. Dipper didn’t say anything, but he did notice their exchange of looks. He wasn’t completely sure if he knew what it meant, but he knew what they had to do later in the day, so maybe he did. He wasn’t going to ask though; he knew that he and Bill likely wouldn’t have any alone time until they had to sleep.

He didn’t mind all that much.

Ford approached Dipper once breakfast was done. “It’s time to start our series of experiments, Dipper. Can you come with Bill and I to the lab right now?”

The brunet glanced at the golden-haired man before he answered. “Yeah, of course.”

With that, Ford and Bill headed to the lab, and Dipper followed. He held the taller man’s hand and laced their fingers together as they walked.

“Don’t worry, Bill, I’ll be with you,” he said before giving Bill a kiss on the cheek.

Bill smiled, but not as much as Dipper thought he would. “I’ll be fine, Pine Tree; you don’t have to worry.”

“Oh. I mean, are you sure?”

“Fordsie seems responsible enough to trust.”

“I guess he is. That’s good.”
Bill wasn’t very happy, but he was calm, and that was good. It was even better that he didn’t need Dipper to relax this time, but despite that fact, Dipper felt...neglected. He hated feeling that way, knowing that he should be happy for Bill; he was being too needy, and definitely not in the way the golden-haired man would like. He wasn’t being a good lover, either.

He had to be better than this.

Snapping Dipper out of his thoughts, Ford whispered, “Stay by the entrance; I’ll call you when he needs you.”

The brunet flinched, having been surprised, but he heard what he said, and in that instant, his self-reprehension turned into worry. That was quite an ominous thing to say, and though he trusted his Great Uncle Ford, he could feel his stomach tie in knots for a moment.

Ford entered the lab and Bill followed, assuming Dipper would stay either beside or behind him. However, after not hearing footsteps other than Ford’s and his own for a few seconds, he looked back, and saw that his dear Pine Tree wasn’t with them anymore.

*I thought we need Pine Tree for our experiments...*  

Bill only said Ford seemed responsible enough to trust. He could feel his heart beat faster and his body grow stiffer. He continued to walk, but if the old man did anything else that was suspicious, he was ready to run. He could defend himself, but if Pine Tree saw that his great uncle was hurt, Ford could easily manipulate him.

“Sit here, Bill. I have to put this on you for this experiment,” Ford said.

The golden-haired man froze when he saw the equipment Ford would use. There was a rather large machine, and attached to it was a shackle with a cord. He had no idea as to what it was going to do to him, but that shackle did not bode well. It was certainly less effective to restrain someone with just one shackle, but if Ford was planning to do so to a part-demon, then that just made it all the more ominous. After all, Stanford Pines clearly wasn’t stupid.

“...What’s this whole setup supposed to do?” Bill asked with a soft yet audible voice, not wanting his voice to accidentally crack.

He tried to sound as casual and act as relaxed as he could. If the old man found out that he was nervous, things would likely escalate in a way he wouldn’t like.

“Measure the current concentration of supernatural substances in your body,” Ford answered.

“Alright, then what’s with just the one shackle? What is it for, anyway? I assume there’s more to it than meets the eye.”

“So of course there is. On the inner part of that adjustable shackle are microneedles. Don’t worry, they’re completely painless, and they’re not there to inject anything into you. Quite the opposite, actually. They’re not going to continuously extract blood from you though; they’re just there so the machine can actually analyze your blood in real time. Anyway, let’s stop wasting time and actually do what we came here for. Sit down, Bill.”

Bill was concerned with how enthusiastically Ford spoke, and he was still very wary of the contraption, but he couldn’t reveal his suspicion, so he shrugged, still trying to keep up the casual façade, and walked to the chair. He took small, light steps, but not enough to show that he was scared.
Once he sat down, he placed his arm on the armrest, leaving the other on his lap. He then let Ford put the shackle on his wrist.

Why do we need Pine Tree for this? Stanford clearly doesn’t need assistance. Maybe he thought he did and decided just moments ago that he didn’t. I don’t know…

…but I know I need Dipper.

“Alright, let me just turn this on, then I can record the results. Again, don’t worry, this process is completely safe and painless.”

Ford flicked some switches, twisted a few dials, and did whatever else he had to, calibrating the machine to…fit Bill’s body composition, perhaps? Bill definitely didn’t provide him with that information—he couldn’t anyway since he didn’t have it in the first place—but he couldn’t think of anything else it could be. It seemed like Ford knew what he was doing though, so unless he was really good at pretending, Bill should be fine.

Once Ford pulled the only lever there was on the machine, it was clearly activated, considering its monitor finally displayed something. Bill didn’t know what the readings meant, but he assumed that one of them was his heart rate. Mainly, there were large heartbeat-like readings on the screen, but it seemed that they didn’t actually represent his heart rate since those readings were on the upper left corner. Whatever those other readings were, they were extremely high, and the quick, low-pitched beeping didn’t bode well. The red glow of the screen definitely wasn’t good, either.

“Hm…are you nervous right now, boy?” the paranormal investigator asked as he wrote down his observations.

“NO! I…I’m not. Why are you asking, huh? You’re not going to get away with anything you’re not supposed to do.”

“I’m just asking for the records. Anyway, worry not, I’m going to call Dipper now. Stay put and don’t attempt to take the shackle off, okay?”

“Why can’t I call him? He’s my Pine Tree!”

“Because the experiment isn’t done yet. I’m not going to take long, so just stay calm; he’s been waiting by the entrance this whole time.”

“This whole time?”

Ford noticed the spike in the readings on the screen, but right after that, they became slightly lower than they were before he had to leave. That was pretty strange, but not very surprising.

Perhaps he’s more dependent on him than I thought.

The old man walked to the lab’s entrance and unlocked it. He didn’t look back to check Bill; doing so would only make the part-demon more dubious, and any readings higher than that spike might just cause the machine to malfunction or maybe even break completely.

“Alright, come in. He’s waiting.”

“Is he okay?” Dipper asked as he briskly walked past his great uncle.

“Well, ‘okay’ is a relative term, but he’s not in pain, at the very least,” Ford replied, following the brunet.
“Bill!”

“Pine Tree!”

Dipper embraced Bill carefully so as not to accidentally cause the equipment to malfunction somehow. Bill, on the other hand, eagerly hugged his Pine Tree without bothering to worry about the shackle on his wrist. All that mattered to him at the moment was Dipper, and he was there for him; the fact that there were microneedles all over his wrist didn’t even come to mind, and though they weren’t painful, they were still potentially very dangerous.

While the two were busy hugging each other for comfort, Ford recorded the new readings on the screen. They were significantly—quite alarmingly, actually—lower than they were just moments ago.

“Alright Dipper, you can go back out now,” he said.

“What? But he just got here! You can’t do that!”

As Bill protested, the readings rapidly rose yet again, just as the old man expected. “He doesn’t have to go right now, calm down,” Ford told the golden-haired man as he wrote his journal.

“That was pretty confusing…buuut I’ll stay. What the heck is with this setup anyway? If you put two shackles on this thing, it’d look like a torture chair of some sort, so…what the fuck are you doing to Bill?” Dipper asked.

“Measuring the concentration of supernatural substances in his body. That’s all.”

“This shackle has microneedles in it!” Bill added, pointing at the said object.

“What?!” Dipper faced Ford. “Great Uncle Ford, you know that anything that pierces the skin is dangerous! And in the wrist, of all places! Why not put it somewhere less fatal and has more blood?!! Why are you putting my fiancé in danger?!”

“Aww, Pine Tree…”

“I just…uh…I c-care…y-you know?”

Dipper realized his actions as soon as Bill was smitten. He blushed and crossed his arms firmly, squeezing himself as tightly as he could. He kept his eyes on the ground, embarrassed with how he just suddenly yelled at his great uncle for…well, something very important. He was better than that though, and really, by then, he should’ve learned to ask only so many questions at a time and actually listen to answers.

Ford smiled a little and shook his head. He walked to the golden-haired man and carefully removed the shackle; the experiment was done, so he didn’t mind. He was quite taken aback with how quiet Dipper was, but it was understandable.

“You can relax now, Dipper, this experiment’s done. I apologize for the potential harm to Bill,” he said.

“No uh, it’s…I may have overreacted a little. Sorry for yelling at you.”

“It’s alright.”

Bill wrapped his arms around Dipper’s waist and pressed against his back. He gave the brunet a kiss
on the cheek, then hummed as he nuzzled into his scarf. “Love you, Pine Tree.”

Dipper felt his cheeks grow even warmer, but he placed his hands on Bill’s. “Love you too…”

After another, much quicker kiss on the cheek, Bill released Dipper and approached Ford. He was pacified thanks to his Pine Tree, but he still had some stuff to worry about.

“So, how are the results?” he asked Ford.

“They’re…not bad…I suppose this can be counted as a good thing. Your uh, ‘magic’ concentration was dangerously high while you were nervous, but with Dipper around, it dropped to…” normal levels right away. I don’t know how high or low your actual normal concentration is, but it wasn’t exactly what I’d call low or harmless, so…for now, I’ll just assume you’re a very powerful being; I won’t subject you to this particular experiment any longer unless you ask me to.”

Ford turned to Dipper. “Dipper, you know you keep Bill stable. That said, I recommend that you stay around Bill as much as possible. I know you already do, but I might as well tell you that you really should. You know, to…keep people safe.”

Bill pretended not to hear that last part, but Dipper knew he did, judging by the way he slid his hands into his pockets.

“Hey Fordsie, how’s about you examine my flames next?” the golden-haired man asked.

“Sure, just give me a sample and I can get started.”

“Well, my flames can burn even without the presence of oxygen, so you can keep it in a jar.”

“That’s not surprising, but still quite intriguing. So, do your flames also burn for a long amount of time without any sort of tinder or kindling?” Ford said as he walked to the lab cabinet he’d filled with empty containers.

“They sure do!” Bill followed the old man, clearly much more excited than he was nervous. He conjured a flame on his hand and placed it in the jar once it was opened. Ford then closed it and gazed at it for a few moments.

“I doubt you have a very informative answer for this, but do you know what keeps your flame afloat?”

“Not a clue! Mind trying to find out?”

“Well, they can burn things and organisms, but only if I want them to.”

“So I can make physical contact with it right now and it wouldn’t hurt or affect my clothes at all?”

“No promises.”

Ford playfully rolled his eyes, knowing that Bill was just kidding around. “Is it safe to shake it in this jar?”

“Yes.”

Ford shook the jar and watched as the blue flame bounced around in the jar. It didn’t get any smaller, nor did it even burn any less brighter for even a moment. Its luminous zone would get squished when
it hit the glass, but its core—whatever it was made of—never changed at all. It didn’t make any sounds at all, either.

After a while, he stopped shaking the jar. He waited for the flame to stop bouncing around, and when it did, it was right back where it was when Bill put it in the jar; floating right at the center.

“Hm. It seems like this flame’s center of gravity is at its initial location. Does that apple to the rest of the flames you make as well?” he asked.

“They stay pretty much where I want them to. They do what I want them to in general, really,” the part-demon answered.

“Have you tried burning the…well, the incombustible?”

“…No. I don’t think we had any incombustible objects I could fuck around with at home, so I couldn’t try that out.”

“I see. Well, I can gather some things you can try to burn. Do you know how hot your flames can be? Might want to take that into consideration before I go out whenever.”

“Nope. You can try to help me find out though. Well, maybe I can help you, I mean.”

“Right…”

“When do you want me to help you out? We’ve got all the time there is in winter break.”

“Well, how soon do you want to? We can do this later if you want to as soon as possible.”

“Sure! I’ll gather materials with you; just tell me when we’ll go on another quest.”

While Bill and Ford talked to each other, planning their next expedition, Dipper stood across them and watched. He understood why he was required in the experiment, but he barely did anything, and currently, Bill and Ford were planning to have fun yet again. Fun without him. Dipper knew they weren’t actually going to walk in the snow for fun; Bill had to know himself, and he needed Ford to do that because Dipper couldn’t help all that much. It was a good thing that they were bonding, but Dipper couldn’t help but feel left out, and the fact that he and Ford would always go on adventures wasn’t even the problem. Dipper had already spent a lot of time with the old man, but he just couldn’t feel satisfied with the time he’s had with Bill for some reason.

He hated feeling the way he currently was. He should be happy, and it’s not like he hasn’t gone a few days without Bill before, so why did it feel like he was running out of time with him? Winter break was long.

The brunet decided to leave, knowing that his current train of thought wasn’t going to lead to anything good. He couldn’t let Bill and Ford see him upset over something perfectly nice, so he began to quietly walk away, headed to the lab’s exit. Before he could actually leave though, Bill pulled him back; his arms were around his Dipper’s waist once more, and he was hugging his Pine Tree tightly.

“Don’t leave, Pine Tree. Why are you leaving without even saying something like ‘See you later,’ hm?”

“I don’t think you’d notice if I did anyway, so I might as well just go.”

“But I want to be with you!”
“You don’t need me though. Besides, do you really?”

“Of course I do. What makes you think otherwise?”

“Nothing you’d worry about.”

“I bet you a kiss it is. I know something’s wrong, so tell me.”

The brunet remained silent and stared at the ground for a while. He then sighed, knowing Bill wouldn’t stop until he got an answer anyway. The silent treatment wouldn’t ever work on him. Probably.

“I thought we’d be spending more time together during winter break. That’s all I can say here,” Dipper muttered.

“Hm. Well, I’d love to hear more.” Bill directed his gaze to Ford, just for a few moments. “I’ll update you later, Fordsie.” He returned all his attention to his Pine Tree once he was done talking to Ford.

“Alright, come on. It’s time for a cuddle session.”

“You don’t have to waste your time on me.”

“I’m not; I never do. Now, either you walk with me or I carry you to our room.”

“…I’ll walk with you.”

“Holding hands?”

“…Yeah.”

“Okay.”

Bill released Dipper from his tight embrace, and right away, he stood by his Pine Tree’s side and held his hand. He laced their fingers together and he gave Dipper a gentle kiss since he did make a bet. The brunet blushed, but he wasn’t smiling. Rather, he was looking at the ground yet again with a despondent expression. He currently had a despondent demeanor, really; his steps weren’t loud as they walked, but they were heavy, and Bill could somehow tell that they were hesitant, too.

“Pine Tree? Is it that bad?” he asked, worried.

“I mean…it shouldn’t be.”

“But it is?”

“…Sorry. You can still go back, you know,” Dipper said.

“I know, but I love you.”

“I love you too.” Too much, I think.

Once they got in the room, the taller man locked the door and lay down on the bed with the brunet. He warmly embraced Dipper and began to stroke his fluffy brown locks right away, trying to make him feel as better as possible.

“So, what’s wrong?”

“Me.”
“What, ‘cause you’re jealous of me and Fordsie?” he asked.

“I…no…I just really want to spend time with you to a uh…ridiculous degree. You’re busy, which is totally understandable, but even though I know I can’t help you figure yourself out, I want to actually have some of your time, which would be a total waste.”

“Aw. Look, absolutely none of the time I get to spend with you is a waste; I love spending time with you more than anything. You can ask me to hang out anytime, even while I’m with Fordsie. I’m not in that much of a rush to know more about my demonic side. Also, I’m pretty sure you are jealous, and I can understand why; you feel like Fordsie’s robbing you of my time, don’t you? Well, if that makes sense.”

“No…” Dipper denied.

“It’s okay, Pine Tree. You know I get jealous too. Besides, wanting to spend time with me isn’t bad at all, and you’re not being ridiculous. It is really cold since it’s winter, and I’d expect to cuddle a lot too. I can see why you’d be disappointed with the lack of cuddles so far for today.”

“I…I’ll just write on my journal. L-Let me go so I can write more of what I know about you; I can just distract myself like that.”

“You’re going to distract yourself from wanting to be with me by writing about me?”

“…Yes.”

“Alright, I’ll help you out then, seeing how it’d be ineffective anyway.”

“N-No, I’m doing this so you won’t have to spend time with me and you can uh, go search for stuff with Great Uncle Ford.”

“I’d rather spend my time with you, so come on, let me help you.”

Dipper stayed silent for a few seconds, then he sighed. “Okay. So much for distracting myself, I guess.”

“Again, it wouldn’t have worked anyway.”

About an hour had passed since they began writing. They were productive, but Dipper didn’t seem to feel any better. Bill wasn’t annoyed by that or anything, but he was worried the whole time, and he still was.

“Pine Tree, are you still jealous? What’s keeping you so hung up about me and Fordsie?” he asked.

“Look, you can go with him if you want. I’m sorry for being like this,” the brunet answered.

“I’m not mad, Pine Tree, I’m just asking because I’m worried. Seems that you already gave me an answer though. Sort of. You know, you can come with us if you want to; it’ll be a lot more fun with you around.”

“I dunno…do you really want me to come with you guys? Are you sure?”

“Of course! I can go talk to him right now; you should join our conversation. It’s not like we’ve intentionally been leaving you out this whole time, you know. Well, except for that experiment a while ago, but that was different, and it wasn’t for its entirety that you couldn’t be there…and the
cave expedition was different too. You know I didn’t take you with us because I love you.”

“Yeah…are you saying your uh, item-gathering quest won’t be dangerous?”

“Pft, sure, just don’t roll a 37 or less.”

“Wait, do you know Dungeons, Dungeons, and More Dungeons?”

“Yeah, but I kinda just played it on my own, and now it’s somewhere in my room.”

“How d—“

“Anyway, I don’t actually know. It could be dangerous, but hey, what’s an adventure without any sort of risk at all? Besides, we’re likely not dealing with something I can’t handle, so it should be okay for you to come along.”

“I know how to fight, you know. You…don’t have to make me stay at home just because a mission’s potentially dangerous. I’ve fought in a war, Bill; I can handle a lot of danger.”

“What do you mean you’ve fought in a war?”

“We’ll…talk about that another time. Just don’t treat me like I’m defenseless, okay?”

“Of course.” Bill gave Dipper a kiss. “Alright, let’s talk to Fordsie.”

“Right…sorry for…being jealous,” the brunet apologized and admitted in a soft voice.

“Aw, it’s alright. I really don’t mind, Pine Tree. It’s actually kinda nice to not be the jealous one for once. Know why?”

“Why?”

“Cause you’re really cute when you’re jealous.”

“Pft. I’m not though. Seriously; causing drama like this? Not cute at all.”

“Shh. Let’s go, babe.”

“…Babe?”

“Pine Tree.”

Dipper shrugged and kept his journal and pen in his nightstand. He then took the taller man’s hand, and together, they walked out the room.

I definitely have to learn how to lie better…or hide my emotions, at the very least. I can’t inconvenience Bill like this again, and why the fuck am I jealous of him and Great Uncle Ford? Can’t I just let Bill hang out with other people? What kind of fucking fiancé am I if I can’t let him have fun with anyone other than me?

I really have to find a way to make it up to Bill; he’s being unbelievably patient with me, after all. What am I supposed to do though? I know he’d enjoy sex the most, but I’d probably annoy him if I ask for it again.

…I’m being really clingy and Bill might have been getting annoyed for a while already. I wouldn’t be surprised. Maybe I shouldn’t join them when they go out; Bill probably wants some space. Uck,
I'm really sorry, Bill. I'll try to fix myself for you. I don't know how long that'll take, but I hope you can wait.

By the time they got to the lab entrance, Dipper was completely out of it. Bill noticed, of course, so he gave his Pine Tree's hand a light squeeze. “What's wrong, Pine Tree?” he asked the startled brunet.

“Oh, uh…can you and Great Uncle Ford just…go on your own? I-I won't make a big deal out of it; you can have fun with other people.”

“I thought you wanted to spend time with me though? Where's this coming from?” Bill said with a raised eyebrow.

“I mean, yes, of course I do, but…you're allowed to spend time without me. I just don't want you to feel like I'm…clingy,” Dipper muttered.

“I don’t think you're clingy, but even if you are, I don’t mind at all. I don’t feel like you’re possessive—if anything, I'm the possessive one—and hey, we went all this way, so we should at least talk to Fordsie.”

“You talk to him; I won't interfere.”

“…Look, Pine Tree, you're clearly not okay. I'm not going to leave you like this.”

“But I will be.”

“That's not good enough.”

“I'm sorry.”

“Don’t be. And just so we're clear, I meant the fact that you will be okay isn’t good enough because I want you to be happy right now; I didn’t mean that you aren’t good enough. You’re always more than enough for me.”

“In a good way?”

“The best there is. Now, I know I said we went all this way and whatnot, but since I love you so much, we're going back to our room to cuddle and talk. That ‘cuddle’ session we had was barely a cuddle session at all, so let’s make this one a lot better.”

“…Okay, if you're sure you want to waste the time we took to get here.”

“I won’t waste it; it’s very much worth it.”

“I really don’t think it—“

“Either you walk with me or I carry you.”

“I'll walk with you.”

“Alright, let’s go.”

Bill lifted Dipper’s hand and planted a light kiss on it before they headed back to their room, still
holding hand. Once they were back inside, Bill locked the door again. He then let go of the brunet, who worried and held his own hand in attempt to keep the golden-haired man’s warmth somehow surprisingly quickly.

Bill sat on the bed with a few pillows to support his back. He pat his lap twice whilst looking Dipper in the eye, and without having to think about what the gesture meant, Dipper walked to Bill and carefully sat on his lap. He nervously looked at the taller man for a while, unsure of where he should put his hands. Bill placed them on his shoulders, then wrapped his own arms around the brunet’s waist.

“Comfy?” he asked.

“Yeah. I uh, thought we’d be lying down like we were earlier though. Not that I mind this…new position. So, where do we start?” Dipper replied.

“Why are you so worried about being clingy? I’m clingy, so really, I’m pretty sure I can’t complain even if I wanted to.”

“You’re not that clingy, and you’re allowed to complain about anything. I am though, and I’m worried because I might be annoying you. I don’t want you to get sick of me and leave, and you deserve a better fiancé. I’m really glad that you haven’t broken up with me, but…well, I have to make myself actually deserve you.”

“I promised you I wouldn’t leave you. Did you forget?”

“Of course not. I just don’t want you to feel like you’re stuck with me.”

“I don’t. What makes you think you’re so clingy anyway? Besides you being jealous of me and Fordsie, I mean. We talked about that already, but that didn’t work, so clearly, there’s something else we have to talk about.”

Dipper stayed quiet and avoided eye contact after that question. He was afraid of what Bill would say. He already seemed a bit irritated, and bringing up something they’re already sort of talked about before would only annoy him more.

Dipper eventually hugged the taller man and hid his face in Bill’s neck. Bill was still waiting for an answer, obviously, but he hugged the brunet back. They weren’t in a rush, and comfort was a good thing anyway.

“This conversation doesn’t end here. You know that, right?” Bill said.

“I know…” Dipper grumbled.

“I really won’t get mad with whatever answer you’ll give me, you know. You don’t have to hesitate so much.”

“Do I…have to look you in the eye while I tell you what’s…yeah.”

“Well…I’d prefer if you did, but no, you don’t have to.”

The brunet lifted his head after a short pause. He stared into the golden-haired man’s eyes for a while. He was doing it in case he couldn’t look Bill in the eye once he started talking, but he was easily captivated, and it wasn’t long before he began caressing Bill’s cheek.

“…This isn’t leading to apologetic sex, is it?” Bill asked.
“No! No no no no, sorry,” Dipper exclaimed as he instantly sat up straight and took his hands off Bill. “It’s uh…kind of related to what’s been on my mind though.”

“How so? Have you been wanting to have it because you think you’re not satisfying me? If I hit the nail on the head, I may have sounded irritated, but rest assured, I am not.”

“I think you hit the nail on my head. I mean, I guess that’s pretty much it. You know I’ve…offered sex before because I…I know you’ve been wanting it, like, in general. The uh, desire’s just there since you…love me…a-and I love you too. I believe you when you said you can wait, but I don’t want to keep you waiting because you think our relationship isn’t stable enough…and because I’m a…I’m inexperienced. But you aren’t.”

“I…Okay, I don’t know if you actually still want to uh, make me yours…well, make my body yours, considering the rest of myself is yours already, but regardless, I don’t want you to hold back only because I don’t know how to be a good bottom. I can understand that our relationship isn’t stable enough though; it really isn’t.

“And uh…I think this is why I’m worried the most. As I’ve said, I’ve asked you multiple times to do me, and I know why you haven’t agreed. I know we’re clearly not stable enough, but the fact that you won’t do me isn’t the problem; I’m sounding like I’m too needy. T-To be more accurate, I’m… sounding like a slut, and I’m sorry. I don’t know what’s happening to me anymore. I’m sorry you have to deal with this. Well, you don’t, but you’re really nice…so how can I make it up to you? There must be something I can do for you…especially after wasting all this time.”

“Well, how’s about that, you managed to maintain eye contact this whole time,” Bill remarked. “Oh.”

“Good job, Pine Tree.” He gave Dipper a kiss as a reward.

“Now to answer your question. You don’t have to do anything because there’s nothing to make up for. You haven’t wasted any time. Also, I still want to make your body mine; very much, actually. I don’t think you’re acting like a slut, by the by. I understand why you offer yourself every time you do, which isn’t even that often. You can’t treat sex like some currency to make me forgive you though. I’m sure you know that, but you tend to do it. It’s mostly why I refuse to do you, but you know that I have plans since I revealed them to you, so unless it just happens, I tend to…try to hold back. Anyway, remember that I don’t mind that you haven’t fucked before, alright? If anything, I’m glad to be your first. You’re not making me wait—again, I have plans. It just that if we really want to make love before we can go through with the plan, it’s fine. We’ve gone over most of this already, but I don’t mind reassuring you.

“You know, I still wouldn’t mind if you were a slut. As long as you’re a slut only for me, of course. I mean, I wouldn’t call you that out of bed since that’d be quite rude and embarrassing for you, buuut in bed…probably. Often. If you don’t mind. Just saying, I’d be pretty happy to know that you’d enjoy sleeping with me in that sense. So, no shame if you’re a slut; will still love you, kiss you, cuddle you, etcetera all the same if you’re not. In short, you don’t have to worry about that because it’ll be great either way.

“Let’s see, did I miss anything…oh, you’re a great bottom and you definitely have one too…oh, and thank you for the compliment. Anything else that’s been bothering you, my beloved Pine Tree?”

“…Um. Can I…C-Can you give me time to process everything, please?” Dipper asked.

“Of course. Didn’t expect me to deliver a similarly long speech to quickly now did you?”
“Nope,” the Brunet quickly responded.

“Alright, you can hug me while you think.”

“ThankyouIloveyoucanIkissyoulater?” Dipper said right before going back to burying his face in Bill’s neck and hugging him, only much more tightly than before.

The golden-haired man chuckled. “You can kiss me anytime, you know that. Love you too.”

With that, Bill embraced Dipper as well. He comfortably rubbed his back, too, hoping it’d help his Pine Tree with his thoughts. That, and also because he just really enjoyed physical contact in general with Dipper. It was always nice to feel his warmth and his smooth skin, although the latter’s blocked by clothing, in this case.

After an amount of time Bill couldn’t quite discern, he felt Dipper’s hug loosen, his body basically go limp, and his breathing relax. Bill of course knew what those meant, and so he smiled and planted a kiss on Dipper’s fluffy brown locks. Without anything absolutely necessary to do for the rest of the day, Bill wouldn’t mind taking a nap, but before that, he had to move Dipper and himself to a much more comfortable sleeping position.

“I wonder, are you just that emotionally drained or were you mindblown by my speech?”

He remained silent for a few moments despite knowing that he wouldn’t get a response. He simply relished the position they were in; Dipper was on his lap and asleep in his arms.

Bill chuckled to himself and lightly tugged on the Brunet’s hair, making him exhale a little more audibly in relaxation.

“Probably both, huh? I don’t blame you. Hope you stop worrying so much though, you cute little sapling.”

With that, Bill sighed. He really didn’t want to change their position, but he had to. He carefully slid his arms off Dipper and took hold of his arms. He then attempted to pull the sleeping Brunet’s arm off him as gently as he could. However, Dipper hugged him even tighter. Bill found it cute, but they really had to move.

“Aw Pine Tree…you know I’d never leave you. Not even in your dreams…”

“…You know I’m never leaving your mind whether you want me to or not.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello!! Did you enjoy the update? I hope you guys did and I hope you guys think it's worth the wait! I really missed updating, and unfortunately, I have no idea when the next one will be, since I have school and all that. I also have to write my BillDip Christmas smut before the update just to make sure I don't miss uploading it on Christmas day; as you all know, I pretty much can never write anything short. It's a blessing and a curse, sorry XDD But yeah, I'll be writing as quickly and nicely as I can. Anyway, thank you very much for staying tuned to this fic, I love all of you readers! I hope I gave you guys an update y'all deserve, and I'll do my best to work on another! I've missed you guys!
HELLO I'M BACK!! I'm very sorry for the super long wait, I didn't realize Grade 11 would be so hectic. To those who are still here until now, thank you very much for your support ;; <3 I really appreciate it, you guys keep me motivated, and I don't plan to abandon this fic, so no matter how long the next updates take, don't worry. I've never forgotten this fic for a single day, and I'm very happy to finally update it today!!!

Also, I am in no way an expert in fashion, I only sometimes go to clothing shops, and I've definitely never been in another country, so if anything's inaccurate, pls forgive me hh

Please take note that the next update might take just as long because Grade 12 will be even more stressful, sorry ;;

Anyway, I hope you guys enjoy this chapter! I love you guys! <3

For the past few days, Bill, Ford, and Dipper have been conducting experiments with barely any breaks among them at all. Thankfully, Dipper would get the other two nerds to eat and sleep when necessary. They still didn’t exactly have a healthy schedule, but it was something, at least; it was good enough for them to not pass out.

It was good that they were understanding Bill’s demonic side more and more, but the other people in the house—namely Mabel and Stan—could barely talk to any of them at all. Stan was curious, but someone had to keep Mabel company, and nothing could compare to his signature grunkle jokes and totally legal ideas. Plus, three’s a crowd, and those three happen to be nerds. He’d rather hang out with his great niece and see her cheerful smile.

Mabel was curious as well, but unlike her grunkle, she wasn’t going to be satisfied with hanging out just with people who aren’t her twin brother, his fiancé, nor her other great uncle. Those three need a real break—a break for fun, not necessities—and she has a plan.

She started a group call with her two best friends.

“Hey sisters!”

“Heyyy sister!” they greeted back.

“So, want me to come over with Silas Against the Human’s Schemes? I have it in hardbound!” Grenda suggested.

“And I have Keep It Up in hardbound. It has a map of Leithford!” Candy added.

Mabel giggled, having heard the titles of some of her favorite books, though neither of them were going to distract her.

“Well, maybe…if we’re not too exhausted after a PARTY!”

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
The three squealed, excited for such an occasion as they always are. The other people in the house were busy and probably too far away to hear the brunette anyway, and Stan was already used to those incredibly high-pitched noises, so he wouldn’t care if he heard her downstairs.

“Okay, so, Dipper and Bill have been hanging out with Great Uncle Ford for a few days straight, and you all know what that means.”

“No sleep,” Candy started.

“No fun,” Grenda continued.

“And ultimate nerd science to the beleventeenth power! We have to get them all out of that jazz, so we’re gonna throw a party! I have special plans though, sooo I’ll leave Great Uncle Ford to Grunkle Stan. I get the feeling they’ll have more fun together than with us, so they’re not invited, unfortunately. They’ll be fine though! It’ll be worth it! You guys ready to hear my special plan?!”

“Yeah!”

Before Bill could head off to another experiment, Mabel quickly approached him and grabbed his hand.

“Hey Bill, can you accompany me for the day?”

“Accompany you where, Shooting Star?”

“What do you need him for, Mabel?” Dipper asked.

“You’ll see,” the brunette told Bill. “Aand you’ll see! By the way, Candy and Grenda are waiting for you outside in a car right now, so GO GO GO!” she said, shooing her twin brother.

“But—“

“NOW NOW NOW! No buts except yours outta the door!”

Dipper rolled his eyes as he turned to the staircase. “GREAT UNCLE FORD, WE’RE BEING KIDNAPPED BY THE GIRLS, SO WE’LL SEE YOU WHenever THEY BRING US BACK!” he yelled. He then paused for a few seconds, waiting for a response, but he got nothing. Perhaps the old man had passed out, or maybe he just didn’t mind and would actually appreciate a break, though he most likely just knew he couldn’t win against Mabel’s squad and admitted defeat. Regardless, Dipper turned back to his twin sister.

“I don’t have to bring anything in specific, do I?” he asked.

“Nope!”

“Alright, I’ll see you guys later. You know, if I survive.”

“Hoho don’t worry, you’ll be better than you ever were!”

Dipper doubted that, but he could use some mindless fun anyway, so he followed Bill and Mabel out the door. He could immediately see Grenda’s luxurious hot pink convertible—which was given to her by Marius, of course—right across the house, but before he could walk to it, Bill gave him a quick kiss, making him smile.
“See you later, Pine Tree.”

“Ookay, off we go, Bill! And no texting my bro-bro during our trip, you’ll see why.”

With that, they went to their separate cars. Grenda had already started her car, so she, Candy, and Dipper headed off first. On the other hand, Bill watched while Mabel was starting her own car.

“So, what are you ladies gonna do to us?” he asked as he put on his seatbelt.

“We’re gonna party and we’re gonna shop!”

“In that order?”

“Of course not! We’re going to the mall right now!”

“Will those two friends of yours be taking Pine Tree to the same mall?”

“Candy and Grenda? Nope! It’s just us and just them shopping together. Don’t worry, you’ll see my bro-bro when we get back home. For now, you get to have fun with me!”

“Well, I’m not complaining. We haven’t been alone together for hours, have we? Should be fun bonding with you.”

“That’s the spirit! Buy-All-Near Place, here we come!”

Mabel took Bill to the first luxury clothing shop she saw. One side was full of suits, tailcoats, tuxedos, waistcoats, and other articles of formal clothing for men, but Mabel immediately walked to its opposite—the side full of women’s formal clothing. Bill was being held by the hand, but he didn’t have to be dragged there; he walked with her willingly. He was actually intrigued by whatever she was planning, and he was on board.

“Alright, so, we’re gonna find a gorgeous outfit for you. We’re gonna look in different stores too, don’t worry; I know we gotta keep those options wide open,” the brunette explained, playfully nudging the golden-haired man.

“Well then, this’ll be fun. Good thing you chose to take us early; I’m very picky when it comes to fancy clothing.”

“Great! Where do you wanna start? Don’t pick a ball gown, by the way; you’ll be moving around later.”

“Moving around, huh? Let’s start with those cocktail dresses then,” he said, pointing to a rack.

“Ooo! Yeah, those look pretty nice! I hope the glitter on those don’t stick to your skin though. I mean yeah, you’ll be fabulous, but if you want a different look, you’re gonna have to oil yourself a lot…blah. That’s why I glue rhinestones on my skin instead!” Mabel remarked as they walked together.

“Well, I wouldn’t mind glitter on my body if I was a stripper. Which I was at one point, by the way. Did I ever tell you that?”

“Whaat? No, you didn’t!”

“Well, I was.”
“Does bro-bro know?”

“Of course. I wouldn’t want to do h—I mean…take our relationship further without him knowing that. I’m glad he’s okay with it. I think he really is an angel. Perhaps he was one in his past life. Or afterlife, I should say.”

“Alright, good. I’m really glad you’re his fiancé, but anyway, back to the task at hand! No more talking about bro-bro till we get back home! Pick a dress!”

“Aw, but I love talking about him.”

Despite that statement, Bill browsed the dresses carefully. After a few minutes, he took one and showed it to Mabel.

“How about this one? Chiffon, v-neck, shows off the legs. No glitter, and excluding the leg slits, it’s longer than I’d like, but who cares about those details when you get to see these legs?”

Mabel snorted. “I mean, I can see you rocking that look, but remember that these dresses were made for women. You could probably try it on in the fitting room if there’s a size that fits your build, but will it look how you want it to? It might not show off those legs of yours the way you want it to, or maybe the straps won’t…look that good on you. There’s no time to alter it since you need it later.”

“Hm…alright, let’s try something else then.”

“Hi! Looking for a dress, ma’am?” an employee greeted before Bill could make another selection.

“Hi! Yes, I need a dress for this handsome man right here!” the brunette replied, patting the taller man on the shoulder.

“Oh, dressing to impress? Wouldn’t you want to surprise him then?”

“Oh, no, he’s going to wear the dress.”

“Oh…”

The accommodating smile of the employee faded at that moment. It wasn’t that she had a problem with a man wearing a dress; rather, she was confused as to whether a male or female employee should be the one helping him out.

“Um…what kind of dress are you looking for, sir?”

“Something sexy, but maybe not too sexy for the lady,” Bill answered.

“Pff, I’ve been a fangirl for many, many boy bands. You can’t be too sexy for me.”

“We’ll see about that.”

“How about this one then?” the saleslady suggested, holding up a short black dress with lace sleeves and holes to expose the chest and back areas.

“Hm…it’s fitted though, would it look good? Then again, not a lot of sexy dresses aren’t, huh? Damn.”

“You can still try it on, sir. I…Sorry, but I haven’t encountered a man who wanted to buy a dress here before, o-or anywhere, so…”
“It’s fine, it’s fine! Anyway, yeah, just try it on, Bill. Maybe it’ll look good anyway!” Mabel said.

“Alright, but be a dear and get me this dress in a bigger size, Karen.”

“Right away, sir!”

As Karen—at least, that was what it said on her name tag—he headed off to do what she was told, Bill tried to find more options, and he did; he took a short, off-shoulder, long-sleeved, sparkly yet not blinding black dress; a shorter red dress with sequins on its upper portion and layers of ruffles as its skirt; and a knee-length, sleeveless golden dress with a pale gold bow right above hip level and a skirt of many sheer layers.

Bill took a while to choose those dresses, so along the way, Karen gave him the one he requested. He didn’t actually realize until he saw it on his arm. Nevertheless, he headed to the fitting room with all his current options, and surprisingly, the fitting rooms were pretty spacious.

“Hm, no wonder they allow up to 4 garments at a time.”

“Yep! Now go ahead, try those on! Show me each one when you try it on, alright?” Mabel said.

“Of course, Shooting Star.”

With that, Bill entered the fitting room. He hung the dresses on the mounted hooks, and although he knew that Mabel was excited and very eager to see him in women’s clothing, he took his time with stripping down and putting on the first dress he chose. After all, such luxurious clothing should be handled with care.

He looked at himself in the full-length mirror for a few moments before he slid the curtain open.

“Like what you see, Shooting Star?” he said, showing off his leg through the dress’ slit.

The brunette chuckled and squealed, finally seeing Bill in women’s clothing for the first time.

“Bill, you’re GORGEOUS!” she answered, squishing her cheeks in delight.

“Of course I am. What about the dress though?”

“Pff. Well…alright, the leg slits are nice, but I think you can do better. Next!”

Bill shut the curtain right away. He then changed into the next dress, which hugged what little curves he had. He posed in front of the mirror, checking out the way it exposed his chest, then he turned and looked at his bare back.

Feeling slightly better about this dress—though he definitely wasn’t sold—he showed himself to Mabel again.

“Well, I think Pine—“ He cut himself off, remembering that neither of them were supposed to talk about Dipper until they were back home. “I’d definitely be able to seduce anyone with all this skin, buut…hm. I think a lack of mounds is making it look underwhelming. What do you think?”

“Actually, if you put on a pair of black heels, you’d look really sexy…but I see what you mean. I don’t think that fabric would be the best for later either, so…next!”

Bill then changed into his third option. He couldn’t help but sway his hips as he looked at himself; the ruffled flowed really nicely.
“This one’s pretty fun. I don’t think I can sit on laps like this though…next?”

“Woah there, you’re planning to do a lap dance? WOO.”

“Maybe. Not in front of you though, of course. Anyway, the dress?”

“Right, riiight…it’s really cute. You look fabulous! You can totally dance in that…but not lap dance, probably. You want to though, huh?”

“Yeah…but I’ll still consider this an option. So, next?”

“Next.”

For a brief moment, before Bill pulled the curtain again, they shared a little smile.

Not after long, Bill showed the final dress he chose. It was elegant, but…

“…Shoot, I don’t think the style suits you. I thought it’d look nicer on you!” Mabel said.

“You and me both, Shooting Star.” He sighed. “Maybe I should dye my hair red so more dresses would suit me. Some of those back there looked nice, but the colors wouldn’t work with me.”

“Nah, Dipper already has a redhead in his life. Plus, why would you change your hair color? It’s lovely! Your hair’s really nice and soft too; it’d probably get ruined if you dyed it.”

Bill frowned, but only for a very brief moment. “Alright. Anyway, I don’t think I want any of these dresses,” he said.

“Yeah, don’t worry, me neither. We could look again, ooor do you wanna go to another shop?”

“I looked through all their dresses here already, so there’s no point in browsing again. Let’s go. As soon as I change out of this.

“…This is actually kind of itchy. Not in an ant biting your eyelid way, but—“

“Oh my gosh you beautiful dork, just go change!”

Bill chuckled. “Alright, aright. You really want me to find the perfect dress already, don’t you?”

“Well yeah! We still need to buy shoes, accessories, makeup—“

“Oh, don’t worry, I have makeup covered; I brought mine when I took the flight.”

“Great! That’s still not everything we need though, so chop chop pretty boy!”

“So Dipper, what do you want to wear?” Candy asked as they walked around, looking for a store.


“I dunno…”

What would Bill like? He’d definitely want to see my skin, but…I don’t want him to think I’m trying to seduce him again or something. He already knows what I look like with shorts, so it wouldn’t surprise him if I wore shorts, even if they’re shorter. That might be a bit too much anyway.
A miniskirt is...It could look cute, but even if I wore shorts underneath, they might still accidentally see my bulge, so that’s a no-go.

“...Dress, I guess? Not too short though...but I don’t wanna look like a nun either.”

Or do I? He’s a demon, and it’s not like I’d really look like an actual nun, so maybe he’ll want to...’corrupt’ me. Maybe he’d actually tear the dress off me, or maybe just take it off forcefully. I won’t mind if he ruins it.

Hm...but if I had a miniskirt he wouldn’t have to ruin anything, and I could sit on his lap and he’d feel more than just my underwear—and I hope I don’t have to wear a panty, please no—or maybe my exposed thighs would be tempting enough for him...or I could wear some tight short shorts and he’d keep looking at my butt.

...Still shouldn’t try too hard to seduce him though. Maybe I should just look cute...or sweet. Yeah, sweet.

“Ooo, I think a dress would look good on you! You have a pretty slender body, after all,” Candy approved.

“Huh, you know, I thought you’d have muscles like me by now since you’ve been going on adventures for years,” Grenda remarked.

“I know, right? How come Great Uncle Ford gets to have muscles but I don’t?!”

“It’s okay, now your girly build is coming in handy! Lots of dresses will fit you!” Candy said.

Dipper pouted, not quite appreciating the supposed ‘silver lining,’ but only for a moment. His face lit up when he saw the store Grenda was taking them to. It was light and full of expensive-looking dresses; clearly a store exclusively for women.

“...Is this gonna take forever?” he asked.

“Of course not; you have us!” Grenda answered.

“Yes! We will take 2 or 3 hours at most.”

“2-3 hours?!”

“Maybe 4 if you complain, Dipper. Now let’s shop!”

“We’re not gonna stop until you choose something to wear!” Grenda added.

“Okay, okay, you’ve made your point...uh...do they have anything that looks like it’s from the 80s? Maybe like an 80s prom dress?”

“Wow, you really love the 80s, don’t you, Dipper?”

“Well, yeah...” the brunet said, pretending to look at some dresses with his cheeks a little red.

“Aw, it’s okay Dippin’ Dots; 80s music is great, after all. Well, BABBA’s mostly late 70s, but I can see why you wouldn’t want 70s fashion,” Candy said.

Recovering from his embarrassment, the brunet chuckled and faced her again. “Yeah...” he said with a little smile.
“Hubbity-hubbuty,” Grenda remarked, pausing from browsing through the nearest rack.

“What?”

“Oh my, Dipper, if you keep on looking cute like that, I might get a tiny crush on you again,” Candy teased, making the brunet blush again.

“Pff, whaaat? Wait, again?”

“Yeah, remember I had a very tiny crush on you when we went on that road trip? Instantly lost it when you fled from that spider like a baby. I told you that, didn’t I?”

“Hah, oh yeah…”

“Well, you don’t act like a baby anymore, but you’re still no heartthrob.”

“Pft, how dare you. Well, I guess it doesn’t matter anyway. I already have Bill, and I have to dress to impress him! Speaking of, let’s get back to shopping. Hey Grenda, you find anything, maybe?”

“Uh, yeah! While you two were talking, I actually asked a saleslady about those 80s prom dresses, and it turns out they do have those! If you guys are done, I can show you where they are.”

“Oh, yeah, we’re done. Thanks!”

“No problem! Now follow me, cuties!”

Grenda led them to the racks she was directed to. As Dipper looked around, he noticed that the apparel in this place was sorted. That was expected, of course—what kind of store wouldn’t have a system of some sort?—but whatever the categories were, they were very distinct, and the 80s section stood out with all its bright colors. Everything else seemed less saturated, though he could only assume the same for the underwear section since he immediately averted his gaze when he caught a glimpse of it.

“Browse away, gals! I’ll check out the back!”

“I’ll go left!” Candy said.

“I guess I’m going right and middle then!”

With that, the three split up. Dipper was heading to a rack in the middle first since it was closer to him, but he forgot a very important detail and he instantly regretted it when it approached him.

“Hello! Looking for a dress?” the saleslady greeted, causing the brunet to flinch.

“AHhhIl mean yes! Yes, I—I’m looking for a dress…f-foor myself, not uh…I mean, I don’t have a girlfriend, sooo not for ‘my girlfriend.’”

“I see, I see. Well, what are you looking for?”

“Oh, um…”

Dipper was surprised the saleslady didn’t show even a bit of confusion at the fact that he wanted a dress for himself, but he definitely didn’t mind; that was way better than the reaction he expected. He wasn’t going to question her, but he couldn’t help but wonder whether she was just following protocol, just that open-minded, or had encountered a situation like this before. One way or another, he was relieved.
“...I don’t know...something sweet? I-Is that a thing? I-I want a dress that isn’t too short, but still above the knee, and...yeah, ‘sweet.’ God, I might say ‘sweet’ so much it won’t sound like a word anymore, sorry...”

“It’s alright, don’t worry about it! Anyway, I think I know what you’re looking for, but just to be clear, do you want to look only in this section? 80s style?”

“Yeah.”

“Alright, well, I’ll try to find you something.”

“Oh uh, I’ll be browsing too, is-is that okay?”

“Of course! I’m just here to help.”

“Okay, thanks!”

Dipper was planning to carefully examine each and every dress he could lay his hand on—unless the design was absolutely hideous—but before he could even finish with the first dress, Alice—according to her name tag, that is—showed him a strapless pink dress with sequins of various colors and a poofy skirt with layers and layers of sheer ruffles.

“How about this one, sir? Or ma’am; whichever you prefer.”

“Oh, I’m still a sir. Also, that’s actually really cute...I’ll try that on in a bit. I just need more options, you know? I don’t wanna keep on going to the fitting room.”

“Want me to get a basket for you?”

“Yes please.”

“I’ll be back in a moment then.”

While Alice walked away with the garment hanging on her arm, Dipper continued browsing the rack beside him. After a little while, he found a Persian blue satin dress with short, puffy sleeves, a 3-tiered skirt, and a bow on the wearer’s left hip. He immediately took it, inexplicably drawn to it, and held it over his body as if he was ready to try it on. He smiled to himself as he did so, excited to try it on already. He remembered that he was supposed to be looking for more options though, so he placed the dress on his arm.

As he was looking for something else he could possibly wear, he heard some familiar footsteps.

“Here you go,” Alice said, handing over the basket with the first dress in it.

“Oh, thanks! And look, I found a dress I really like! Still looking for more, of course, but hey, it’s a start!” Dipper replied, taking the basket and putting his chosen dress in it as well. He was mildly surprised that such a poofy dress could fit into it and still make room for other things.

“Oh, that looks nice! Do you like blue, specifically?”

“Well, it’s my favorite color, but my dress doesn’t have to be blue.”

“I see. Well, we have a limit of 3 garments at a time in the fitting room, so you might wanna find one more to take with you.”

“I am, I am. Thanks for te—“
“DIPPER!” two certain ladies called, making the brunet yell in surprise for a second.

“We found you so many dresses you might not even have to look for more!”

It seemed that Candy wasn’t exaggerating; the pile of dresses in her basket combined with the one in Grenda’s was huge. For once, Dipper didn’t want to try on every single option before making a choice.

“You better start trying them on; you’re gonna look gorgeous in all of these and it’ll be hard to pick!” Grenda said.

“Well then, thanks for the help, Alice. I think they’ll take it from here,” Dipper said as he turned to the saleslady.

“My pleasure! Have fun!”

With that, Alice walked away, leaving Candy and Grenda—and a few other salesladies who seemed to be watching the brunet—with Dipper.

He sighed. “Well, this is gonna take a while. I can only take up to 3 with me at a time, so you guys are gonna have to wait outside while I’m trying stuff on,” he said as he tried to choose a dress from one of their piles.

“Someone has to help you decide on your outfit though. I can do it!” Grenda offered.

“I’ll stay right outside the fitting room and guard our baskets. You two should go ahead; there’s already a line.”

“Oh shoot, thanks for the info. Let’s go then!”

The three rushed to the line Candy pointed at. Once they reached it, Grenda stayed beside Dipper, while Candy stayed beside the entrance with the two baskets at her feet.

After just a few minutes—thanks to the 3-garment limit, probably—Dipper finally managed to get in one of the cubicles. He carefully picked up each dress and hung them on the mounted hooks, then he looked at himself in the mirror. He nervously clutched on the hem of his shirt before he took it off along with his jacket. He then took off his shoes and pants, and without bothering to look at his nearly naked self, took the dress Alice suggested and carefully put it on. It felt odd, having such light fabric on his body, and he felt more exposed in his lower region than he ever did before. Hoping he wouldn’t expose too much, he twirled and hopped a few times while watching the skirt’s movements. It bounced around a bit, and it was cute, but he wondered if he could sit down without the ruffles getting all over the place.

Nevertheless, he turned around, took a deep breath, and opened the curtain.

“So how do I…” He trailed off for a bit, noticing some staff and women looking at him. Quickly, he directed his gaze back to Grenda. “…look?”

“Oh my gosh.”

“Is that a good or—“

“YOU’RE ADORABLE!”

“Oh…thanks. What happens when I sit in this though? Do the ruffles just go down?”
“Yup! What, did you think girls would wear dresses like that even if they were *that* scandalous?”

“I mean, I’m pretty sure celebrities wear worse…”

“Fair enough. Do you like the dress though?”

“Kinda…I dunno about sitting in this though. Not sure I’d be very comfy.”

“Really? ‘Cause it’d feel like you’re sitting on an extra cushion, which is great!”

“Hm…alright, I’ll consider it. I’ll go try on the next dress now.”

“You go, girl!”

“I’m still a guy!” Dipper replied, already behind the curtain.

“It’s not as catchy if I yell ‘GUY’!”

“Fair enough!”

Now that I think about it, I’ll be dressing up in women’s clothing…Would Bill even be into that? He only likes guys, so crossdressing’s…hm.

Disregarding his thoughts, he tried on the dress he got from Grenda’s pile; he so badly wanted to put on the dress he chose himself, but he figured he’d save the best for last.

“Huh…I mean, I guess he likes bowties.”

The off-shoulder dress had a big Prussian blue bow right above the chest. The short sleeves, straps, and 2-tiered skirt were of the same color, though the torso part was black. It wasn’t the most stylish dress, but it wasn’t atrocious. In fact, it looked a lot better once it was on Dipper.

After opening the curtain again, he asked, “So…what about this one?”

“Woah, wear a bow on your head and you’ll really look like you’re from the 80s.”

“Is that a good thing?”

“Mmm…it’s alright, but you can totally do better. Next!”

Dipper shut the curtain once again and carefully took off the current dress. He then excitedly put on the one he chose and admired himself in the mirror. Or maybe he just admired the dress itself, who knows. Nevertheless, he played around with it a bit, waving around the skirt and moving back and forth as he watched it flow and bounce slightly.

He was about to imagine himself doing what he couldn’t back then, but he was gently reminded that someone was waiting for him outside by that person calling him quite loudly.

“You having trouble putting on that dress, Dipper??”

“No, it was really easy to put on, actually,” he said as he presented himself.

“AW! THAT LOOKS SO CUTE ON YOU!”

Dipper smiled, happy that Grenda liked the dress too. “Thanks. I really like this dress, actually…can I go with this one?”
“Dipper! You haven’t even tried on a dress from Candy yet, how dare you!”

“O-Okay, right, sorry…O-One more round?”

“You’re not gonna go through everything? You MADMAN!”

“I fell in love with this dress, okay?! It’s my color, it’s very 80s, and it makes me feel like I’m gonna actually go to prom night!”

“Woah, alright, alright. Just one more round, okay? Uh…I’ll go switch with Candy now. Just go out when you’re done changing.”

“Wawawawawait, Grenda, I’m not mad, okay? S-Sorry, I’m just really excited, like, way too excited. I’m uh…glad this dress has your approval, and—“

“Oh, good. Candy definitely wants to see you in a dress though, sooo I’m tagging out.”

“Are we cool?”

“Of course! Besides, I can be more overly excited than that. Have you seen us fangirl?”

Dipper chuckled a little. “Yeah…”

“You look gorgeous in that dress, alright? Just try some more on before you really settle on it. It’d be terrible if you found a better one just after buying it, trust me.”

“Alright, I’ll go try more on. I’ll meet you guys outside.”

“Okay, Shooting Star, I found it. We’ve been to 3 stores—this being the third—and there are 4 in this mall that sell the type of clothing I need. This is the only store with detachable skirts, and this is the sexy deep pink dress with a fun detachable ruffle skirt I’ve been looking for. Nothing is gonna top this.”

“I agree. It’s fabulous—you’re FABULOUS!”

“I know, that’s why I want this dress.”

Quickly, Mabel turned to the saleslady. “WE’LL TAKE IT!”

“Great choice!”

“And don’t even bother getting from stock; I’m buying this baby right here. Just let me change out of it,” Bill added.

“Actually, I’m buying that baby right there,” Mabel said right before Bill could close the curtain.

“What? No, this is my dress.”

“I mean I’m gonna buy it for you, you dork.”

“Aw, how sweet of you, Shooting Star.”

Mabel playfully punched the golden-haired man on the shoulder for that ridiculously quick mood change, which only made him laugh.
“Really though, thanks. How’s about I treat you for lunch after this?” he offered.

“Sure!” she replied as Bill shut the curtain and began to change. “I am going to buy the other stuff you need to wear, so that’d be really nice of you.”

“No one said you have to pay for my outfit though. I can chip in; I’m enjoying myself anyway.”

“Nah, spend the money you have on my bro-bro…and property damage if it ever comes to that. Except for lunch; are you done in there? I really wanna eat at Yumberjacks!”

“Almost. Anyway, ‘Yumberjacks’? Never heard of it. What do they serve there?”

“It’s a fast food restaurant, so, you know, the usual. Their chicken nuggets are really good though, you have to try them!”

“I’ll take your word for it then.”

Finally, Bill opened the curtain and was in his normal clothes. The dress was draped over his forearm, and right away, he and Mabel headed to the cashier.

Once she was done paying, they went to Yumberjacks. While Mabel ordered their food—using the money given to her, of course—since she was the one who knew the place, Bill waited at a table. He gazed at the dress inside the shopping bag beside him and imagined how Dipper would react when he sees him in it. It was then that he realized he really wanted to see his Pine Tree’s face, so he took out his phone and browsed through the photos in his gallery.

_You’d love it if I sat on your lap in a short dress. Maybe a bit too hot for you to be able to keep it down, but I wouldn’t blame you. Maybe I’ll even take care of you in that situation…_  

..._Hm. I suppose it’d be good to start with light and gentle._

“Hey, I said no texting,” a certain brunette said, snapping Bill out of his thoughts.

“Relax, Shooting Star, I remember. I was just looking at pictures of him. I’ll pay attention to you know though,” he replied as he put his phone back in his pocket. Directing his gaze to the brunette in front of him, he asked, “So, what would you like to talk about on this fine day?”

Mabel opened her mouth, thinking she was about to say something, but surprisingly enough, nothing came to mind. She refused to close it though, so the tall man lightly pushed it until it was shut.

“Allright, I’ll start. I get why you separated me and my Pine Tree for today, but why’d you even decide to take us to the mall and get us to crossdress?”

“Because you guys have been experimenting with Great Uncle Ford for days; you guys need a break! Like, really, nothing good ever happens when anyone gets so sucked into something that’s all they focus on, and you nerds tend to be more harmful to yourselves.”

Bill shrugged. “Fair enough. I’m guessing the crossdressing part is just because of your fantasies?”

“Yup! It’s probably part of Dipper’s too, HEYOOO!”

Bill snorted and high-fived Mabel since she was asking for it. “I mean, maybe…wait, we’re not supposed to talk about him. Shooting Star!”

“AHH, WOOPS!”
“Come on, he can’t be the only thing we can talk about…can he?”

“No! Uh…let’s eat! Better eat the nuggets before they get cold!”

“Good idea.”

Mabel watched intently as the golden-haired man took a bite out of a chicken nugget. His face lit up as he chewed and hummed in delight.

“This is really good.”

“Told ya!” the brunette said before she ate a bit of her hamburger.

“How’d you even find out about this place?”

“Dude, there’s a branch in Gravity Falls.”

“Really? Great!”

After that, neither of them spoke for a while. They are in silence—excluding the background noise, that is—not knowing what to say to each other, oddly enough. It was slightly uncomfortable, but it was still nice being with each other.

“…Let’s get to know each other,” Bill started once he finished his hotdog.

“Good idea. Anything you wanna ask me?”

“Of course. For example, have you ever gotten drunk at a club? I know you’ve definitely partied hard, sure, but maybe you’re actually responsible enough to not get wasted at such a place.”

“Drunk? Yes. Wasted? Nope! Either bro-bro or Pacifica would drive me to their house, then I’d pass out.”

“Huh, guess you really would get wasted at a club. It’s definitely not a good decision, but I admire your chaotic tendencies.”

“Chaotic tendencies? Bill, I made a guide to pyrotechnics when I was 12. Twelve. I am the chaos.”

“Pft, sure you are,” Bill muttered as he playfully rolled his eyes. Of course, those actions didn’t go unnoticed by Mabel.

“Oh yeah? What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I’m definitely the embodiment of chaos, buuut you’re a close second.”

“Why do you think so?”

“Think? No, I know. I’ve literally gotten at least 60% of the students in my high school to kiss me. This is the beautiful face that launched a thousand lips. Well, not a thousand, but a hundred at the very least, and before you say anything, not all of those kisses were on the lips.”

“WHY?” the brunette suddenly yelled as she slammed her fists on the table, startling the people around her, including Bill.

“Um, why what, exactly…?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.
“Why’d you make so many people kiss you?! Why is my bro—“

“No talking about him.”

“Fine, well, answer the question!”

“Same reason I was temporarily a stripper; I wanted a car. I mean, obviously the money I got wasn’t actually enough for one, but I at least helped out ma and pops a bit. It’s…nothing compared to its price, but I felt like I earned it.”

Mabel squinted at Bill, who merely looked right back at her. She shrugged after a little while.

“Alright, well…how’d you pull it off? Getting that many guys to kiss me would’ve been heaven for me back then,” she asked, leaning forward in interest.

“Oh, well, it was pretty simple. I’m hot, and so was I before, so I’ve been building up a fuckton of popularity among multiple batches of high school students in my school. When I was a senior, I put up a kissing ‘booth’ during our school fair. It was sort of underground though, if you will. I mean, no sane school with regulations would allow that, obviously, so what I did was get my friends’ help. Plural, by the way. They had their horror house—well, more of a room, actually—up front, but behind a certain curtain and a very good bouncer was a booth where you could pay certain prices to kiss me on either the cheek or the lips. As long as you could pay, you could kiss me for as many times as you want. I didn’t allow tongue though; my dear bouncer is also the one who made sure that would never happen, by the way. Kudos to him.

“Anyway, long story short, I made over 10,000 dollars in less than a day thanks to my irresistible charm—which didn’t and won’t work on asexual and straight men, and that’s fine. You’d be surprised how much money people bring to fairs, especially those rich boys and girls.”

“I…wow, I didn’t realize people could get that popular in school.”

“Well, I’m not completely a person, you know, so…”

“Wait, what?”

Bill froze and stared at Mabel, realizing what he just said. Mabel never actually believed that he was a demon, and he realized that a little too late. He trusted her, certainly, but big reveals like that should have proper buildup.

Shit.

Although her opinion wouldn’t affect his relationship with Dipper since he already accepted him as a demon, he didn’t want his twin sister to disapprove of them; that’d make things unnecessarily complicated. Plus, he really wanted to be friends with her; she was really fun to be with, and she was definitely much more chaotic than Dipper.

“Bill?”

He still didn’t respond. He shifted his gaze elsewhere instead, not wanting to see whatever look she had on her face.

“Hey, come on. Whatever you are, it’s fine; we meet supernatural beings all the time. Besides, I’ve actually dated some before…those ‘relationships’ didn’t turn out well, but you and bro-bro are doing great, and I’m really happy for you two. So…what are you?”
The golden-haired man gazed back into the brunette’s eyes for a few moments, then he sighed.

*Well, she has to find out some time.*

“A demon.”

Mabel was visibly scared for a second, but she quickly recovered. That didn’t stop Bill from worrying just yet though.

“…Not…You’re not evil, right? Like, you’re not gonna eat our souls or anything?” she asked.

“I don’t know if I can even eat souls, and… I don’t know if I’m inherently evil, but I think I am. I think I’ve been a good person though, mostly to Pine Tree. He’s… good for me. Don’t… Don’t get me wrong though, I’m not staying with him just because he keeps me stable. I love him with every particle of my being, alright? Absolutely no doubt about that. My point is, I have no desire to hurt any of you, so… don’t try to kill me or anything.”

Mabel smiled and patted him on the shoulder. “You’re a great guy. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure to protect you from dying… unless I cause your death myself through an epic accident; no promises.”

Bill chuckled softly. “Thanks, Shooting Star.”

“Is this why you’ve been doing experiments with Great Uncle Ford so much?”

“Yeah, I’ve been learning more about myself.”

“Good to know! Anyway, going back to the reason we’re even here, have you thought of any shoes for your outfit yet?”

“Oh, right. Yeah, I have; I wanna go find some glittery pink heels, maybe fuck me pumps. They’d fit perfectly with the dress.”

“ Heck yeah! I think I know just the place; let’s go,” Mabel said, standing up.

“Wait, before we go…”

“Yeees?”

“…Would you mind if— Can I have a hug?”

Mabel grinned and squealed as softly as she could, making Bill a little more embarrassed.

“You are the fluffiest man ever oh my gosh yes.”

Without hesitation, she walked to him and excitedly embraced him. She was basically squeezing him—mostly his sides—but he didn’t mind. He just hugged her back, not caring about the fact that they were in public.

______________________________

Dipper ended up with two final dresses to choose from. One was the one he really liked, the other was a cute pink dress with spaghetti straps, a bow on the waist, sequins on the chest part and the bow, and a two-tiered skirt. Candy and Grenda agreed that the latter was ‘sweeter,’ and so did he, but he really, really liked the one he chose himself.

“Well Dipper, if you really want to go for ‘sweet,’ this is the one,” Candy said, holding up the pink
The brunet sighed and groaned. “I know, I know, but…I-I really want this dress. It’s my color, and it’s really like an 80s prom dress. I’d like to slow dance with Bill in this. Y-You know, because—“

“We know. If you really want the dress, I’ll buy it. So, you’re sure you want it?” Grenda asked.

“Yes. A-And are you sure you want to pay for this? I-I can at least chip in…”

“Of course I am! I’m going to pay for every single part of your outfit! Don’t worry about it, Marius gives me so much money I can basically do anything I want with it. Guess he doesn’t know what to do with it either.”

“Alright, if you say so. Thanks, really.”

“No problem, we get it. Now let’s get this over with so we can eat!”

“Agreed. It does look good on you, by the way,” Candy said.

“Thanks.”

After Grenda paid for the dress, she led them to a fancy-looking restaurant. They were seated at a booth immediately, and as Dipper browsed the menu, his eyes widened in surprise.

“Uh…I know you have money, but come on, $30 for a burger? I could buy a good chicken sandwich from McDonald’s for literally $3,” he said, desperately trying to find the cheapest item he could order.

“Relax, the food here’s great! Not like you get to eat at fancy restaurants often, so why not? Unless…Bill takes you to fancy restaurants.”

“Oooo!” she and Candy teased, leaning towards the blushing brunet.

“Psh, what? No…b-but really, we haven’t gone on a date to a fancy restaurant yet. It’s completely fine though; we sometimes cook for each other and it’s great. Less expensive, too.”

“Have you ever been his dinner though?” Candy asked suggestively.

“No!” Dipper yelled, his cheeks much, much redder.

“No!” Dipper yelled, his cheeks much, much redder.

“Candy, oh my gosh! Let’s just order. Order!” Grenda said.

Candy chuckled. “Okay, okay, I guess that was a little too spicy. I’ll have the signature Salisbury steak.”

“I’ll have the uh…” Dipper quickly browsed the menu, trying not to keep the waiter waiting for longer. “…This burger. The ‘Big Wagyu.’”

“And I’ll have a medium rare t-bone steak,”

“Okay, and your drinks?” the waiter asked.

“A bottle of red wine! Aaand water.” Grenda turned to the other two. “You guys want anything else?”

“I’m good. I won’t even have any wine, actually. I mean, you know I’m a lightweight, right?”
Dipper said.

“Well, Candy and I’ll be drinking, so don’t be shy if you change your mind.” Grenda turned back to the waiter, who had taken note of their orders. “That’ll be all.”

The waiter reviewed their orders before he headed off. The two ladies defaulted to using their phones, while the brunet looked around, admiring the posh ambience. There were bright chandeliers of bronze and glass, and a black and beige wallpaper with a fleur de lis pattern; typical fancy décor, though admittedly, they looked good. The restaurant smelled of delicious, sizzling meat all over, making its customers hunger—all but one, at least.

Dipper was too busy wanting to see Bill again. He took out his phone and looked through his photos. He gazed longingly at those with Bill in them, craving for his presence. He was anxious yet excited to see how the golden-haired man would react to him being dressed like a high school girl from the 80s on prom night, but more than anything, he just wanted to hear Bill’s voice and feel his comforting warmth again. Having him stay over until basically the end of vacation was bliss; they were together every day, and so he could get all the hugs, kisses, comfort, and terrible jokes he would ever need. That, and he could provide the same amount of love to Bill, maybe even more.

_Fuck, going back to uni’s gonna take a while to adjust to, isn’t it?_
“I’m not saying I could stab a bitch with those, but aren’t they really pointy? Not sure it’ll fit with the dress.”

“Fair enough. How about you? Got anything yet?”

“No…In case you haven’t noticed, I shop a little slower than you girls,” he said as he went back to finding some shoes he could possibly wear.

“That’s because you’re more picky, but that’s actually good.”

“I’d prefer the term ‘selective.’”

“Okay, you’re more selective. That said, we should definitely bring you to another shopping spree next time.”

“Ooor not, because god this takes so long. Anyway, how about—“

As he was picking up the pair of heels he considered as an option, Grenda came rushing with her own choice of shoes in her hands.

“I think I found just what you need, Dipper!”

“Really?” the brunet replied, sounding rather unconvinced, mostly because he was a little irked about being interrupted.

“Yeah! Check these out!”

He looked at the shoes, which also had a similar shade to his new dress, but they weren’t just less pointy—they were also glittery. They weren’t too flashy though, which was good, and the glittery layer was covered by some sort of plastic.

“They’re nice…but I don’t know about the plastic. Maybe? Help me pick. Look at these.”

He picked up the pair he’d chosen and showed it to the two ladies. The shoes didn’t have any sort of ornament on it, but they weren’t too pointy, and they were made of suede.

“Pretty simple, but…well, I’m not going for prom queen, y’know? Just someone going to prom.”

“Okay, you’re gonna have to talk to Bill about this thing you have about prom. Anyway, come on, let’s go find more shoes.”

“What?”

Unfortunately, his question was left unanswered as the two girls began to walk away. He followed shortly, but his eyebrows were still furrowed in confusion. Well, ‘confusion.’ He knew what she was talking about, but he pretended he didn’t and just kept it at the back of his head.

Snapping him out of his thoughts, Grenda held another pair of heels in front of him. They were slightly lighter than the others, but they were metallic, which made them look very retro, and they weren’t too reflective.

Dipper didn’t know whether he was letting them change the topic or they really just wanted to get his shoes over with, but regardless, he took the heels and examined them a little more.

“Hm…I think these’ll work. I say we take it if there’s a pair in my size. What do you guys think?”
“I approve, it looks very vintage,” Candy answered.

“Great! I’ll go ask for your size. Don’t worry, I know what it is.”

“How does she know my shoe size?” the brunet whispered to Candy as Grenda headed off for a bit.

“It’s not the first time we’ve helped a guy crossdress; don’t worry about it. You probably don’t want to know anyway.”

“…You guys are wild. You should hang out with Bill some time; he’d have lots of fun.”

“Well, take him to the New Year party at Pacifica’s then. We can all hang out there.”

“I was planning to anyway.”

“Got em!” Grenda called from a distance. “I’ll go pay for these now, be right back!”

“Let’s go,” Dipper said.

“Yeah, al—“

Before Candy could walk with the brunet, her phone started ringing. Quickly, she picked it up and held it to her ear.

“Yeoboseyo, Mabel.”

“Hey girrrl! You guys done shopping? ‘Cause we are!”

“Almost! We’ll probably be there just in time.”

“Oh, good! See you guys later!”

“What’d she say?” Dipper asked after it seemed that Mabel had hung up.

“They’re done shopping, so I guess they’ll be going home now.”

“Well, good thing I don’t want any more accessories. Where am I supposed to dress up though?”

“At home. Don’t worry, they’ll be waiting in Mabel’s room. No need to knock, by the way.”

“Oh, good.”

“Just remember what you have to do. You gotta get over it, and he’ll be there for you.”

Whatever joy Dipper had on his face faded away, turning into worry and reluctance. Prom wasn’t the worst thing to get so hung up about, but it was certainly pathetic in his opinion. It’s one night, and though it was part of the high school days he absolutely loathed and wanted to forget, there have been worse times, so he really didn’t like being so fixated on one night that was actually better compared to other days. On one hand, it was good that it wasn’t particularly traumatizing, but on the other, it was stupid, and it reeked of desperation he shouldn’t have.

“…Fine.”

A little over half an hour later, the three were finally back at the house. Dipper headed to his room right away, while Candy and Grenda followed until they were right in front of his door.
“We’ll be right here if you need anything!” Grenda said.

“Got it, thanks!”

The brunet placed all of the shopping bags on the floor, then took out his new dress and placed it on the bed. He stripped down to his underwear, leaving a bit of a mess on the floor, but being eager—and quite a slob, as proven by his room in the ‘Eximius’ dorm—he didn’t care; he took the dress and wore it carefully. The zipper wasn’t too hard to close, thankfully, so he didn’t have to ask for any help. If he had to go get any of the girls—even his twin sister—it would’ve been embarrassing, and getting his great uncles to help him wear a dress if it was an option would’ve been awkward, to say the least.

Next were the heels. In retrospect, he probably should’ve tried them on beforehand, but *I guess they wanted to get back here as much as I did.* Besides, with all the fashion-related things they’ve done—including flash makeovers, which didn’t always involve just the face—Grenda likely got his shoe size right, and she wouldn’t have picked something that would be uncomfortable.

After checking the insoles for a few moments—which turned out to be pretty soft, so they should be fine—he put the shoes on and took a few steps in them. They felt pretty different from any other shoes he’d worn, so it was a little odd, but he knew he’d get used to it after a while. Plus, it was nice feeling an inch taller.

Dipper wanted to look at himself, but he supposed he should wear his accessories before he did since those were the last things he had to wear anyway. He reached into the smallest shopping bag he had, then took out a thin, gold bracelet and a blue and silver one, with the chains being silver and the jewels sapphire. He unclasped and wore each of them on his left wrist.

“Hey girls, I’m ready for a makeover!” he called after taking a glance at the mirror.

In a split second, the ladies rushed through the door.

“Hand me your comb; I just need to fix your hair a little,” Candy said, locking the door behind her.

“And I’ll be doing your makeup, so take a seat in front of the mirror,” Grenda added, her makeup pouch in hand.

“All right. Try not to take too long though; I really wanna see what Bill looks like. I mean, he’s crossdressing too, right?” the brunet replied as he picked up his comb and handed it over.

“Well, you’ll see in a few minutes,” Candy answered.

“What, he isn’t?”

“You’ll see.”

Realizing that he wasn’t going to get an answer, Dipper rolled his eyes and sat in front of the mirror. After Candy meticulously styled his hair, Grenda began to apply primer once he was sitting straight. Dipper was able to stay still and calm for the most part, but when it came to the cosmetics that required him to keep his eyes open, Grenda had a slightly more difficult time. Who could blame him though? His eyes started burning after 5 seconds and he had to keep them open for much longer.

Thankfully, none of the mascara stained his skin or anything, and getting his makeup done really did take just a few minutes.

“All done. Knock ’em dead, Dipper!” Grenda said.
Dipper didn’t say anything. Instead, he stood up and finally took a good look at himself in the mirror. He was surprised at how feminine he really looked; he leaned closer to see the makeup in detail, and it felt…weird to him. The makeup was light, as if Grenda was going for a natural look, and she succeeded, but to him, it was just so unnatural at the same time. He definitely looked beautiful, but he wasn’t sure if he liked it, though he was more worried as to whether Bill would like it or not. His question was going to be answered soon, and his anxiety was only getting worse by the second. Of course, he was doing his best to hide it—he couldn’t show it; not at a time like this. He leaned back, took a deep breath, then actually looked at his outfit.

He knew blue was his color, so it was no surprise to him that he at least looked good in the stuff he chose. On one hand, he was glad his build wasn’t stocky since it didn’t make him look like a total embarrassment, but on the other, he wasn’t sure whether his ability to potentially trick others into thinking he was a woman was a good thing or not. Either way, at least Bill would probably like it.

“Come on, Dipper, he’s waiting for you,” Candy said, snapping the brunet out of his thoughts.

“Right, right…”

After taking another deep breath, he walked out the door, headed to Mabel’s room. His heels clacked against the wooden floor with every step he took, making him all the more uneasy as the sound resonated throughout the empty hallway, excluding the ladies walking quietly behind him. Stan and Ford weren’t around for some reason, and Dipper thought it was unlikely for them to get involved in this particular scheme of Mabel’s, so he just assumed they were having their own trip somewhere.

Not after long, he was finally in front of the door to Mabel’s room. Slowly, he turned the knob, not bothering to try to hear what might be behind the door.

As he pushed it further and further, the dim pink light of the entire room filled his vision. He could still barely see anything though, even with a bit of light from outside seeping into the room. Nevertheless, he stepped inside, and once Candy and Grenda—or one of them, at least—shut the door behind him, the show began.

The room became completely dark, but as a very familiar voice began to sing, a spotlight shone on the golden-haired man.

“Primadonna Bill, yeah
All I ever wanted was the thrill…”

Dipper’s eyes widened in surprise the moment he saw the man approaching him. His voice was alluring, his eyes were all the more mesmerizing thanks to his lovely makeup—which made his eyes seem wider than they actually are—his smirk and gaze were just making Dipper melt, and his outfit made him look absolutely fabulous. He was still clearly a man, but he also looked like a fucking queen.

“I can’t help but I need it all
The primadonna life, the rise and fall…”

Bill had taken his Pine Tree by the hand and was leading him somewhere. Dipper followed eagerly yet calmly, not just because he couldn’t see shit that wasn’t under or even near the spotlight, but also because he wanted to know where this performance was going.

“You say that I’m kinda difficult
But it’s always someone else’s fault

Life should be a party everyday

You can count on me to misbehave…”

The golden-haired man slid his hands up the brunet’s arms, brushing his gloved fingers against Dipper’s skin. Once he got hold of Dipper’s shoulder, he gently pushed him down, seating him on the edge of the bed. Dipper didn’t say anything since he didn’t want to interrupt, but he could feel his heart beat faster when he felt the soft mattress sink underneath him. He was still just as excited when Bill released him with an arm rotation, which was likely a convenient dance move.

“Primadonna Bill.”

As the beat dropped, the lights turned back on, creating an elegant yet fun and somewhat sexy party atmosphere. Bill started singing louder, but his voice still sounded just as good, maybe even better.

“Would you do anything for me?

Buy a bright golden ring for me?

Would you get down on your knees for me?

Pop the pretty question right now, baby”

Dipper definitely wanted to get on his knees for Bill at the moment…though he’d rather do it in a different outfit.

“Beauty queen on a silver screen

Penetrating your darkest dreams

I know I’ve got a big ego

I really don’t know why it’s such a big deal, though

…”

Bill sang the rest of the slightly revised song with his voice barely faltering at all. He danced around in a rather ladylike manner, though at times, he wasn’t the untouchable diva he was portraying himself to be for the act. He ran his hand down Dipper’s arm, chest, and even his thighs at several points. He even stroked his jaw, lifted his chin, and wrapped his hand around the brunet’s neck. His Pine Tree seemed to like that last one the most, which is exactly why he only did it once. Dipper didn’t show that he wanted more, but Bill knew he did anyway.

“Primadonna Bill…”

As the song ended, Bill sat next to the brunet, his legs crossed and his arm supporting his weight as he leaned back a little. Dipper gazed at him with a smile until the music had completely faded away, which is exactly when the golden-haired man put his microphone down.

“…Wow,” Dipper said, not knowing what else to say at the moment. Bill smiled. “Glad you enjoyed the show.”

“When did you rehearse this?”
“Just a little earlier today, when we got back here. There wasn’t much of a rehearsal, really; I already knew the song beforehand, and I just made up a few lyrics and dance moves along the way.”

Before Dipper could say anything else, Mabel popped out of somewhere he didn’t notice, with a pitcher and a very small stack of solo cups in her raised hands.

“PARTY TIIME!” she yelled.

“PARTY TIIME!” everyone yelled back.

Mabel started handing cups of her signature drink to everyone, Candy put on some music, and Grenda took out her phone and some books from her bag.

“Alright girls, time to pick random lines from these books and send them to random guys on Mixr!” Grenda called.

“Heck yeah, they’ll never see it coming!” Mabel responded.

“Start the app, Grenda! Let’s do this!” Candy said.

While the two girls were totally engrossed in all the pranks they were going to do, she approached the couple.

“Don’t mind us; you two have something to talk about, after all.”

“Do we now?” Bill said, turning back to Dipper for an answer.

Dipper looked at Bill, clearly caught off guard. He turned his head to Candy, about to say something to her, but she was already sitting and laughing with Grenda and his twin sister. Left with no choice, he returned his attention to Bill, who was still waiting for an answer.

“…Yeah, we do. L-Later though, when we’re alone. Let’s talk about other things for now, like…well, you. I know you have a big enough ego—good job on singing the perfect song, by the way—but you’re gorgeous. You have a great dress, you’re still sort of wearing a bowtie with that choker that looks like one, you’re wearing that cute mini top hat, and that makeup…you’re really beautiful. Did you do that yourself?”

“Most of it, yes. Shooting Star helped a little. Thank you for noticing the bowtie, by the way; always gotta have one.” Bill jokingly ‘adjusted’ the choker by wiggling the bow a little, making the brunette chuckle. “Have you noticed these fabulous heels, by the way?” he asked, lifting one of his legs to show off not only his glittery pumps, but also part of his legs.

“Yeah, you seemed taller even though I have heels on…guess these are pointless. How the hell do you walk in those though? Those look…scarily high.”

“Scarily high? They’re 3 inches. That’s only because I’m tall though; the highest I should go is 4…but I’ve only ever danced in 3-inch heels, so I just went with these.”

“I still wouldn’t be able to walk in those. Also, are you wearing stockings?”

“Yes. I actually wanted to wear garter belts with these, but Shooting Star wouldn’t let me enter any shop for women’s undergarments. On the bright side, these thigh highs are making my legs irresistible, and what little exposed skin tempting to touch. Well, you don’t see it yet, but don’t worry…” He leaned into his Pine Tree’s ear and whispered seductively, “I’ll show you all you want when we’re alone.”
“…I look forward to later then…” Dipper replied in a soft voice, his cheeks turning slightly redder than they already were from the blush-on.

Amused by the brunet’s reaction, Bill chuckled as he leaned back. “Good. Now, this may be surprising coming from me, but enough about me; let’s talk about you.”

Bill took a sip from his cup. He immediately furrowed his brows as he felt the saccharine concoction fill his mouth. Whatever was in it had some…interesting textures. Before swallowing, he had to chew a few things, each of which were either soft or hard, and has the supposed beverage flowed down his throat, he could feel a surge of energy within him. Adrenaline, perhaps? It definitely had caffeine in it; lots of it.

“What is this? It’s like every single caffeinated drink mixed with a fuckton of sugar,” he asked.

“Oh, that’s Mabel Juice. The ingredients change a little every time she makes it, but it’s always well, that,” Dipper answered, gesturing to the cup. “It’s fine if you don’t finish that; probably better than drinking it all, actually. Unless I’m feeling like total shit, I wouldn’t either.”

“Oh. Well, as sickeningly sweet as this is, I sort of like it. We’ll see if I finish it or not. Anyway, let’s go back to the original topic.” Bill took another sip before he placed the cup on the nightstand. “You look particularly beautiful today, Pine Tree. Not that you aren’t on other days, of course, but you’re usually beautiful and adorable. Well, you still are, but beautiful just suits you so much more right now. Your makeup artist did great! Also, that dress is really cute; it suits you.”

“I know right!”

“Oh, did you pick it yourself?”

“Of course!”

“Well done then, you’ve smitten me with your beauty,” the golden-haired man said with a smile. Dipper’s eyes widened as he realized something.

“Wait, so…you’re into this?” he asked.

“Into what, exactly?”

“Crossdressing…?”

“Oh. Well…for the most part, no, I’m not. However, you’re my beloved Pinus conifer, and you look very beautiful in that outfit, so in your case and no other, I guess I am into it. I’d prefer if you didn’t wear a wig though, so in case you get any ideas, don’t.”

“Got it. Thanks, by the way. For the compliments, I mean. I uh, was worried about whether you’d like me looking like a girl or not.”

“You’re very welcome.” Bill gave Dipper a quick kiss on the cheek. He made sure he pressed his lips against it lightly so as not to stain it with much lip gloss. “Just gonna say though, men used to wear skirts, boys used to wear dresses, and clothes are inanimate objects, so crossdressing is mostly just dressing to me. Still, I’d probably be turned off by a very convincing woman, but if you were one—and I think you’re just a wig away from being one—I think I’d still be turned on. I’d know it’s still you, so maybe. Anyway, my point is, don’t worry about it. I’ve fallen in love with you and I won’t be falling out.”
“That’s good to hear…thanks. Do you still like me better in my usual clothes then? I mean, clothes for guys?”

“Of course. You prefer those anyway, right?”

“Yeah, this is more of a one-time thing…unless you want me to wear it again some time. I’m keeping it one way or the other; I wouldn’t wear it in public, but I do really like it. Plus, Grenda paid for all this, so I can’t just throw it away even if I wanted to.”

“Well, I wouldn’t mind seeing under your skirt any day. Maybe I will ask you to wear that one day and ask you to lift it for me. How’s that sound?”

Dipper chuckled and playfully shoved Bill on the shoulder. “Sure, I guess I’d be down with that. Sounds like it’d be a pretty kinky scenario. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Of course. Anyway, now that we’ve settled this crossdressing thing…” Bill started, sliding his hand up his Pine Tree’s back, “Anything else you wanna ask me?”

He placed his hand on the brunet’s shoulder as he spoke. He gave it a little squeeze for emphasis, too.

“I do, but…again, I’d rather talk about it when we’re alone,” Dipper said, sounding much less happier than he was just moments ago.

“Alright, alright. How’s about we take a picture for now then?”

“Oh, yeah, I’ve been wanting to do that anyway. Good call. My phone, yours, or both?”

“Both. Also, I can still take the picture even with these long gloves on, so you won’t have to do it for me.”

“Wow, you’re that warm?”

“You mean hot? Yeah. Also, maybe glove mode isn’t a lie in my phone.”

“Pft, glove mode barely works for anyone with actual gloves, so I doubt it. Anyway, let me just get my phone from my room. I don’t even know how I forgot about it.”

But just before Dipper could stand up, Candy approached him with his phone in hand.

“Here you go; heard you needed this,” she said, giving the phone to the brunet, who took it but raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, thanks…when did you even take this?”

“During your makeup session. Anyway, Mabel just realized we have the house to ourselves, so we’re gonna see what we can make in the kitchen. See you guys at dinner!”

“Alright, see you, and please don’t make anything we can’t handle.”

“We’ll try!”

“See you, Candy. I’d call you Sweet Cheeks, but I’m taken,” Bill said.

Dipper immediately looked at Bill with a surprised expression, while Candy simply laughed.
“Very clever. I like it, but yeah, Dippin’ Dots would get jealous if you called me that. Anyway, enjoy your time alone!” she remarked.

“Thanks, we will!”

“I—yeah, thanks,” Dipper added.

“Oh, by the way, the staff at the shops we went to found Dipper really cute. They treated him very nicely,” Candy suddenly said.

“What?”

She left the room with a smile, perhaps intending to tell the others about what just happened.

Bill turned to his Pine Tree right away.

“Well, I’m glad you didn’t get shitty treatment for wanting to crossdress—and I didn’t either, though those who accommodated me were always confused at first—but very nice, she says? Nice how?”

“Relax, Bill, they were just…well, nice. One of them helped me find some dresses early on; her name’s Alice. The others helped me narrow down my selection. When I was in the fitting room, they were just watching me and kinda whispering to each other, but then the girls called some of them over and they got to help. I guess it was pretty nice; I got lots of compliments and their help really did a lot. Nice to know they’ve got a lot of open-minded people working there,” Dipper calmly answered.

“So none of them were hitting on you? You’re sure? No one mentioned anything about your cute ass or asked if you single?”

“Yeah, I’m sure. Seriously, calm down, they’re nothing to worry about. I’m not interested in any of them either.”

“Hm…alright. We’re alone anyway, so now, I’ll make sure I’ll be the only one in your mind. Whatever you’re so hesitant to talk about can come later, so I’m doing you a favor, aren’t I? No need to answer; you’re welcome. Now, just sit back and watch.”

The golden-haired man stood in front of Dipper, who was looking at him with curiosity. With a smirk on his face, he unclasped his skirt and threw it onto the bed, revealing how short his dress actually was.

“You can look and touch to your heart’s content,” he said as he sat on the brunet’s lap.

“I…woah, you can detach your skirt? Y-Your dress is uh…better than I thought,” Dipper replied, his cheeks crimson from Bill’s sudden action.

“I can give you a nice lap dance when the next song starts,” Bill offered, leaning much, much closer to Dipper’s face.

“L-Lap dance from you? I-I uh…oh…wow, uh…that sounds really good, but what if I…um…”

“I’ll take care of you if it comes to it.”

“W-We should go to my room instead if—“

Before he could finish, the next song began to play, and it had a very distinct beat. It didn’t ruin the mood, but it certainly changed it as both of them recognized it right away.
“…Well, that’s not a song for a lap dance,” Bill said, standing up before he took his skirt and put it back on.

“It’s good for a slow dance though…”

“Every breath you take…”

Dipper was looking at the speaker with a desire of some sort in his eyes; all of his interest in what the taller man was offering was gone, and Bill could see that. He didn’t particularly mind though since that meant he could avoid a certain hypothetical situation. It was just a bit disappointing, but he was fine with it; it wasn’t like he couldn’t do what he was planning some other time, after all.

“Well then,” the golden-haired man said, offering his hand, “may I have this dance?”

“Every step you take
I’ll be watching you…”

The brunet quickly shifted his gaze to Bill, then his hand. He stared at it with surprise on his face, as if he never thought the day would come that he’d have some semblance of a prom dance. Sure, he’d slow danced with Bill before, but the atmosphere was completely different.

He didn’t want to let too much of the song go by though, so he snapped himself back to reality and finally took Bill’s hand.

“Yes…of course,” he answered with a smile as he stood up and let the taller man lead him to a slightly more spacious part of the room.

“Every night you stay
I’ll be watching you…”

Gently smiling back, Bill positioned Dipper’s arms around his shoulders, then wrapped his own arms around the brunet’s waist. Without words, they began to sway back and forth to the beat.

“Every move you make
Every vow you break
Every smile you fake
Every claim you stake
I’ll be watching you…”

Since you’ve gone I’ve been lost without a trace
I dream at night, I can only see your face
I look around but it’s you I can’t replace
I feel so cold, and I long for your embrace
I keep crying baby, baby, please…”
As it seemed like the perfect moment, Bill slowly tilted his head and leaned towards the brunet’s face. Dipper did the same once he saw what the taller man was doing, and as their lips pressed together, he kept his smile and even pushed a little further, not caring about the lip gloss smearing onto his lipstick.

The kiss was short; it wasn’t a peck, but it lasted for just a few seconds. Still, it was sweet and tender, leaving them both with smiles and loving gazes as they pulled away and continued to dance.

“Oh can’t you see
You belong to me
How my poor heart aches
With every step you take

Every move you make
Every vow you break
Every smile you fake
Every claim you take
I’ll be watching you…

Every move you make
Every step you take
I'll be watching you…

I’ll be watching you”

As the music gradually faded—as the song approached its end, Dipper rested his head near Bill’s shoulder. He couldn’t actually get his head on it because of their current height difference, but he was close enough. The position was still comfortable anyway, and it became much more so when he felt the taller man hold him closer.

“…I can tell you what Candy was talking about now,” he said in a soft voice.

“Alright, what is it?”

“It’s uh, pretty pathetic, but…well, I didn’t go to prom; I-I couldn’t. You uh…you know why.”

“Yeah, I do. Also, that’s not pathetic; it’s fine if you didn’t go. You have me now.”

“I made it seem like such a big deal though. I know it’s just one night, but…well, I wanted to go. Mabel got to go, Wendy got to go in her school, everyone I know got to go to prom except for me, and they all had fun whether they had a date or not. I really wanted to experience it too, but…yeah, I
couldn’t.”

“Ah, so that’s why you look like an 80s prom girl.”

“Oh, you recognized the look.”

“I know lots of things.”

*It’s what you were going for, isn’t it?*

“Yeah, you do…Uh…anyway, since I didn’t get to go, this is really nice. Thank you.”

“Aw, no problem. My pleasure, really.”

Bill released Dipper after a few moments. He then sat back on the edge of the bed and patted the spot beside him, which the brunet understood right away.

“Let’s take those pictures now,” he said, picking up his phone while his Pine Tree sat down.

“Oh, right. I guess we can just use your phone; just send the pictures to me afterwards. Less of a hassle.”

“Alrighty then. Come a little closer.”

The golden-haired man positioned the camera, and once Dipper’s face was right beside his, he smiled as well and took the picture.

“Let’s take another one where I’m kissing your cheek.”

“Sure, that’d be really cute.”

“Well of course it will; you’re in it.”

Dipper chuckled, and at that moment, Bill took the opportunity to kiss his cheek and take another picture.

“Done. I’ll send these to you now.”

“Do I look okay in that second one though? I wasn’t exactly ready.”

“You look beautiful, both here and in our pictures. Now that I have these though…how’s about I show these to Fordsie and Stanley when they get back? They’d have some amusing reactions.”

“It might be a bit too much, I don’t know…I mean, there’s no real reason to show them these pictures, right? Maybe we should just keep this between us. You know, unless anyone asks. I think it’d be nice to have some pictures that only we know about, but hey, if you really wanna show them, I won’t stop you.”

“Hm, alright. I do like the idea of having our own little thing, but we’ll see.”

After that, neither of them spoke for a while, not knowing what to talk about. Dipper was simply leaning on Bill, who was idly browsing stuff on his phone. They were comfortable on the bed just like that, though of course, that silence didn’t last forever.

“Hey, Pine Tree.”
“Yeah?”

“You’re enjoying this little break from the experiments, huh?” Bill asked.

“Well, yeah, I am. What about you though? I mean, they’re for you, after all.”

“I am, don’t worry. It was a pleasant surprise to see you in a dress. How’s that lip gloss feel on your lips, by the way? Pretty sure you got some on them while we were dancing.”

“Oh, yeah…kinda sticky, but I’m just dealing with it for now. Still, bleh. Are we gonna continue the experiments tomorrow, by the way?”

“Probably. I’ll bet Stanley took Fordsie to somewhere like Vegas, so if he isn’t too hungover when they get back, we should continue.”

“Are you getting sick of it though? I mean, you said you didn’t wanna feel like a lab rat, so…”

“I kind of am, but I’m fine. I’m with you, after all.”

You keep me sane.

You keep me human.

You’re all I need.

Chapter End Notes

Hi, hope you guys enjoyed the chapter!! I'm sorry if it might be disappointing for some because the main plot didn't exactly "progress," but know this: This is likely the last "filler" chapter in the story (I don't think I'll be writing any more of those); beyond this chapter, the story will approach its climax bit by bit. Pieces will fall in place, and it won't be as light and happy as this, so savor these sweet moments and buckle up, because you guys will be in for a ride.

Also, take note I always choose songs to use in the fic for a certain reason. In this case, Every Breath You Take not only fits them greatly, but also foreshadows some things quite perfectly...

I'm sorry the next update will take a while to make, but hey, it'll have certain answers you guys have been asking for :^)

Until then, hang in there! Love you guys, and again, thank you so much for your support! <3 <3 <3

P.S. If I made any continuity errors or something, please let me know! Even I forget certain details and have to try to look back at previous chapters lmao

EDIT: Here's the dresses I referred to for Dipper's and Bill's dresses:
Dipper's: https://imgur.com/a/1kFl6pv (this is his exact dress)
Bill's references: https://imgur.com/a/zIvodA3 and https://imgur.com/a/wCV2mLA (his dress is a bit of both, I guess)
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!