**The Tale of Tails**

by **Abster001**

**Summary**

Mabel has been put in an arranged marriage after Dipper upsets the peace between the neighboring pod. Dipper wants to help his sister but is dragged into something he can’t control. If getting kidnapped by a crazy human wasn’t bad enough, Dipper needs to survive with little hope of rescue. Afraid and alone, no friends and going to who knows where, how will Dipper stay sane?

I'm bad at Summaries, it's my first fanfic, deal with it.

**Notes**

See the end of the work for [notes](#)
The start of something bad.

A Tale of Tails: Chapter 1.

The sun filtered through the top of the ocean, lighting every detail with bright exotic colours. The dazzling light show would blind any and all to its beauty. That’s why it was fairly strange to see a young siren swimming past and effectively blocking out the beauty. But this was no normal siren and no normal reason he was swimming in this part of the cove his pod had claimed as their territory.

Dipper Pines was on a mission. His twin sister was being forced into a marriage she didn’t wish for. And Dipper was determined to stop the celebration. Mainly because he believed it to be his own fault. If he hadn’t crossed the border between the two pods and caused a rage amongst fellow sirens they had made a treaty with. They had insisted that because of what Dipper took, a purple crystal he found in an underwater cave not too far from where the border was, the treaty needed to be renewed or there would be a war. So Stan and Ford had to decide a safe way to deal with the enraged sirens. Mable’s hand in marriage to the heir of the opposite pod was that way.

So Dipper was trying to find a way to fix what he had caused, making him venture further than he had in the 18 years he had been alive. He was nervous but his fear for his sister’s freedom overpowered the nerves he was feeling. He spotted what he had ventured to find. A small system of caves that lead to a cavern which housed the most beautiful thing known to siren-kind. What it was remained a secret though. Priceless gems lined the mouth of the cave, momentarily blinding Dipper because of the sunlight ricocheting off the gems. The siren blinked to clear his vision before adjusting the satchel hung over his shoulder and venturing into the darkness.

Because of his eyes however, he was able to see clearly enough as not to crash into the curving walls. After swimming for what felt like forever, Dipper emerged in the cavern. Surfacing and switching to his lungs to be able to breath, Dipper cast a wary glance around the almost circular room. Sirens had gills and lungs so they could breathe above water as well as underwater. It came in handy when leading prey down into the depths to drown.

A sparkle in the darkness caught the attention of the young siren and he gasped at the sight he saw. The source of the sparkle was a crystal conch shell. The light that filtered through it came from the high ceiling, a small hole almost unnoticeable if it was night. Dipper took a deep breath through his nose and was immediately knocked out of the trance he was in by a coughing fit. He wasn’t used to the musty air that resided in the cave. He was used the clear air filtered through his gills from the sea. Shaking his head in an attempt to clear it, he swam to the edge, lifted out his satchel and pulling out a worn journal with a gold six finger hand on the cover. It belonged to his Great Uncle Ford but was given to him. Scribbling down notes to add to the journal, Dipper sketched a picture of the shell lying in the cave.

Once that was done, Dipper reached for said Shell. What a bad idea that was.

Feeling a tight pinch around the area by the base of his tail, near the main fin. Switching to gills, Dipper ducked underwater to spot a rope attached there. He gave it an experimental tug and felt pain...
flare there as it chafed the scales. Why was that? Because it was dragging him tail first through the
cave system. Dipper let out a squeal of shock as he felt the water rushed past and bubbles explode as
they attempted to escape. Pain exploded throughout Dippers head as it got caught on a passing rock.
Black started to cloud his vision and he managed to think about how much of an idiot he was for
getting himself into this mess before blacking out.

Dipper awoke with a gasp when he realised his air supply was out. He switched to his lungs with
some difficulty, but managed none the less. Salt tainted air rushed into his lungs and he took in
greedy gulps to fuel the loss he had suffered. Then he realised something. He was hanging upside
down. Glancing up, he saw the sea, waves rippling along the surface and breaking the glassy look.
Yells could be heard in the opposite direction for Dipper. He cursed quietly when he realised he was
being dragged up alongside a ship. He was so dead when he got home. If he got home. He
swallowed harshly at that point, feeling the fear slowly rise in his chest as he came face to face with
his capture.

A short teen, who looked to be about Dippers age, was looking straight into the sirens face. His hair
was a greyish-white colour and piled atop his head. It makes him look taller than he actually is,
Dipper thought and, despite the situation, he had to wonder why the human did this… wait…
human!

That shook Dipper straight out of his daze and he started to examine what he could see from his
position. But to be honest, that wasn’t much. He could see legs and a large amount of them. Dipper
also noted that most of the legs where thick and muscular. He also noticed that the boat was a baby
blue colour and not your average brown wood. Taking a breath, he caught the scent that reminded
him of new born sirens and other creatures. What did the humans call them? Oh yeah, babies. The
smell wasn’t disgusting, but Dipper wasn’t very fond. Hearing a sharp intake of breath, he finally
turned his attention to the small being in front of him.

The boy wore an outfit that Dipper recognized from some of the ‘prey’ other sirens had dragged
down multiple times except baby blue was the colour. Dipper finally seemed to realise that this guy
must have a slight obsession with that colour. Bringing his brown eyes to meet the others face, he
noticed he had also had blue eyes but darker, about a navy blue appearance. He had quite a bit of fat
and Dipper imagined other sirens enjoying that as their meal. He also had a small smile on his face of
victory? Looking back at his eyes, Dipper noticed something in them. It looked like wonder and then
a flash of… was that lust? Dipper hoped he saw wrong and it was just the blood flooding towards his
brain.

The human stooped closer, too close and Dipper realised he hadn’t sung and the crew wasn’t in a
trance so he was most likely dead. He opened his mouth to begin his song. Rookie mistake. As fast
as lightning, the human stuffed a rough material into the sirens mouth, effectively ending the song
before it even started. Then, almost immediately afterwards, Dipper was tied with ropes that pinned
his arms to his sides. He was at their mercy. The human seemed to realise this and smiled an evil
smile. After ages of a form of a staring contest, the rounded human spoke, his voice laced with a
slight accent.
“Hello there,” he grinned, never once taking his eyes from the brown orbs in front of him. Dipper just stared, considering he was unable to speak. Even if he could speak, he wouldn’t know what to say. How do you even reply to that? Some guy captures you, gags and ties you and then simply says, “Hello there”? Dipper just decided that humans are the weirdest creatures to have ever been created.

The other just raised his eyebrows and continued talking, “I am captain Gideon Gleeful of the Royal Navy and I welcome you aboard my ship, The Telepathy!” he grinned and did a mocking bow with a sweep of his arms. He then turned away from the siren and gestured to the men stood behind him, saying, “This is my crew,” he then leant in and whispered menacingly, glee shining in his eyes, “I suggest you stay on their good side, or I may not be able to hold them back…” Dipper tried to hold his panic down, but was failing. It must have shown on his face because ‘Gideon’ smirked.

“So…” Gideon averted his gaze for a moment, a look of thought crossing his features, before returning his gaze and asking a question, “What’s your name, little siren?” Gideon lifted his hand to remove the gag, then hesitated. He fixed Dipper with a stern glare, “try to sing, and you will die before you can blink, got it?” Dipper nodded quickly. Obviously happy with this answer, Gideon removed the gag.

Taking greedy gulps of air, being able to fill his lungs fully again, the siren replied, “Dipper.”

“Pardon?” Gideon had a look of confusion.

Dipper rolled his eyes and stated, “My name, its Dipper.”

“Oh…” The boy paused, obviously surprised with the name he got, then smiled, “unusual name,”

“It’s actually a nickname.”

“Really? What’s your real name then?”

Dipper snorted, “no one knows but me, so why should I tell you?” Gideon bristled at that, then calmed himself and started to chuckle. It slowly grew into hysterical laughter. Most of the crew seemed confused at first, and then they started to join in. It was official; humans are weird and more than likely insane. Dipper thought to himself.

Finally getting a grip, the human wiped away a tear and smiled darkly at Dipper. Lust flashed in his eyes as he glared at the Siren. He leaned in, way to close for comfort on Dippers side, making him try to back away. Gideon chuckled at this and simply stated, “You’ll soon respect me, Little Dipper. Because, now I own you!” he backed off and yelled at some of his crew mates. The blood finally broke the walls and hit Dippers head, making him light-headed.

He didn’t really register what happened next, but finally noticed that he was no longer upside down AND he was underwater. But it didn’t taste or feel like his home waters. There was no hint of salt
hidden, it was clear and unfamiliar. He was being carried by four men in a glass box. Dipper had a chance to finally think. A million questions danced through his head; what was going to happen to him? What about the others? Will they be caught like him? Where they looking for him? Did they even notice he was gone? Did they even care…?

Dipper felt a stinging in his eyes when he thought like that. A memory pushed its way to the front of his mind and he relived a moment from this morning.

Dipper was getting ready to go, to find a way to save his sister. He was about to head off before he heard the shout of his name.

“Dipper!” The said siren turned his head to spot an orange siren swimming towards him. The sun pushed through the seaweed draping from the front of the cave he called home, lighting the others scales, looking like he was alight with fire. He looked down at his own royal blue tail that tended to allow him to blend in. again he added a subconscious note to the things he hated about himself. He sighed and met the gaze of his Grunkle. His disapproving gaze.

“What?” Dipper asked, facing Stan fully. Stanley sighed and rubbed his eyes, he frowned and looked down at Dipper, “you’re going out again,” It wasn’t a question. Dipper simply nodded.

Stan sighed again, “You need to stop doing this, kid.”

“What?” Dipper asked. His Grunkle growled.

“You know what. Thinking you can find a way to stop this, but you can’t. Mabel’s going to marry Mermando and there is no way to stop it,” Dipper flinched at this.

“I can still try,” he mumbled. Stan must have been stressed because he immediately turned on Dipper, Face red and the anger coming off him in waves.

“Stop Dipper.”

“Stop what! You aren’t being very specific…”

“Stop kidding yourself! Mabel is being used because she is useful, unlike you! If you actually tried but no! You keep your nose up at the surface, try to figure things out, but you can’t even do that! You’re pathetic!” Dipper stared at him for a moment, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes. He then turned and swam off. Stan called him back, but Dipper blocked him out. One thing said by Stan kept going through his head

You’re pathetic…

Dipper felt the tears fall. The crew that came with him had left a while ago. And the silence was deafening. He just couldn’t stop think that his Grunkle was right… he was useless, pathetic; he had been caught by humans and didn’t even put them in a trance when he had the chance. Dipper cried
and cried until he had no tears left and fell into a restless sleep, silently asking for his family to forgive him…
New faces

Chapter Summary

After a bad sleep, Dippers life is sent into more drama and we meet a character i think everyone likes!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A Tale of Tails: Chapter 2.

Mabel Pines was slowly descending into panic. Her brother was missing and she was frightened that it was her fault. Pacifica Northwest was attempting to calm her frightened friend while Lilieth Demonic glanced around for the Stans, hoping they came back with good news that would put Mabel’s mind at peace. Said siren was spouting out crazy theories about what had happened to her twin, the most gruesome being the opposite pod had caught him and ripped out his innards, “I mean, they could class that as their payment. Or they could still take me into marriage and not care! They could have killed him! HE COULD BE DEAD!”

“MABEL!” Pacifica yelled, the distress showing in her tone, “calm down, please,” There was pleading in her eyes. Mabel was trembling. Pacifica grabbed her hands and stared straight into Mabel’s eyes, “He. Is. Completely. Fine,” The purple siren said slowly, expressing each word. The pink siren in front of her closed her eyes to steady her breath. Pacifica breathed a sigh of relief and turned her gaze toward the siren behind her. The moment of peace allowed her to focus on the red scaled one. She was the strangest of the entire pod. Instead of sticking to one colour, Lilieth’s tail faded to a black near the end fin. It shimmered like freshly spilled blood. It was quite breath-taking. Most of the male sirens couldn’t keep their eyes off her, but she pushed them off, claiming she had a soul mate.

Lilieth’s eyes snapped open in an instance, turning her look, towards Pacifica, “The Stans are back,” she explained briefly, before looking away to the approaching sirens. Stan’s tail was an orange colour like fire while Ford’s was a lush green shade. They came carrying sad expressions. Mabel looked hopeful, obviously oblivious to the defeated look in their eyes, “Did you find him?!” she asked desperately. Lilieth felt her heart crack with pity.

Stan looked over at her, “I’m sorry Mabel…” he didn’t continue. Mabel’s eyes welled with tears and she broke down into heartbroken sobs. Pacifica rushed to her side and hugged her with a bone crushing grip. Ford, who was normally bad in these situations, followed Pacifica’s lead and Mabel cried into their shoulders. Stan turned and left, Lilieth staring at his retreating back. She remembered earlier that day, a time before Dipper left:

She was swimming round, trying to knock some disturbing thoughts out of her head. A flash of blue intruded her vision and she turned towards it, spotting Dipper who seemed to be holding back tears, “Dipper!” she yelled out, swimming towards him. He stopped and turned his head to her. Yep, holding back tears. She looked at him with concern dusting her features, “what happened?” she questioned.
Dipper looked down and clenched his fists, “Stan said I was pathetic,” Lilieth gasped out and took hold of Dippers shoulder. She took a breath, “it’s because you’re leaving again, isn’t it?” he simply nodded. She swam in front of him and lifted his chin to look at her. She gave him a reassuring smile, “remember, if you can’t find a way to start a new treaty, I’ll be with Mabel and so will Pacifica, I will report back to you every day and,” amusement flicked across her features, “If he hurts her, I will abduct her and drag her back here,” She got a small laugh out of that and considered it a victory. She pushed him in the back and told him to go. He waved and swam off. She smiled.

She frowned and could tell Stan was being weighed down with guilt. If only he knew sadly before swimming off. Stan was silently praying that Dipper was still alive and he was safe.

Dipper awoke with a start, wondering why he was in a glass case. Then, the memories rushed back and he groaned. That didn’t answer why he was awake though. That was answered within a matter of seconds though. An ear splitting boom penetrated the silence and was accompanied with the clash of metal, pounding of feet, and yells of the humans. Taking a deep breath through his nose, he could smell blood and he felt his stomach churn. Not the way other sirens would feel though, it made him feel sick.

The slap of shoes on wood knocked him out of his train of thought and a boy about Dipper’s age raced into the room, slamming the door closed behind him. He was panting and slightly stained with blood. Dipper felt his head spin, but he focused on the other in the room. He was dressed in a plain white button up shirt with the first two buttons undone, exposing some of his chest. The shirt was long sleeved and was slightly cut from wounds that seeped blood. Averting his gaze from his arms, he took in the rest of the others appearance. He had charcoal black trousers on, and he was barefoot for some reason. He had a silver pendant on, but Dipper could only spy the chain as it was tucked into his top.

His face was the most startling. His eyes were an unnatural blue, almost clear, and he had slight freckles dotting his nose, almost unnoticeable. His hair was almost white but was still blond. It was dishevelled slightly and his fringe stuck to his forehead. He finally pushed away from the door and Dipper spotted a silver loop through his earlobe. He finally turned his attention to the blue siren.

He smiled a friendly grin, crouching in front of the tank saying, “fine mess you got yourself in,” Dipper huffed, “no Kidding,” that earned him a small chuckle.

“What some help?”


“The names Hero, and I can help you out and off this ship, but it might not be any better other than you’re away from that creep that calls himself a captain. You in?”

Dipper Bit his lip, weighing the pros and cons. This guy could be tricking him and he could get killed. But then the look that spread over Gideon’s features invaded his mind, the lust that shone in his eyes and that horrific smile… Death sounded far more appealing than whatever that man had planned for him. He quickly nodded.

Hero smiled, “good be back soon, don’t go anywhere,” he raced towards the door and yanked it open, laughing when he heard the other yell something about not really being able to go anywhere.
Hero ran on deck and saw the chaos that had erupted in his absence. Most of ‘his’ crew were dead on the floor. Hero felt no sorrow for them. The first mate, Ghost-eyes, was fighting about ten people from the other crew. He was putting up one heck of a fight.

Glancing around, Hero spotted the two captains fighting higher up in the deck. Gideon was slowly losing, the other gaining the upper hand. Hero knew it was a trick though. Sure enough, Gideon fell to one knee for no reason and the other let out a cocky laugh, before a winded gasp as Gideon kicked his feet out from underneath him, causing the other to fall, and got up.

Hero jumped into action at this moment. With inhuman speed, he threw himself onto the rigging and climbed up. Reaching the crow’s nest in a matter of seconds, he reached around before he found a crossbow. Unfolding it, he aimed towards Gideon. The world seemed to still as Hero focused. He exhaled and fired. The bolt soared through the air before embedding itself into Gideon’s sword arm. Said man let out a shrill screech and Hero felt a smile ghost his lips. The other captain looked up and Hero did a mock salute before descending to the deck, crossbow still held firmly in his grip.

Gideon spotted him through squinting eyes and cursed, “Traitor!” he spat out at Hero. Hero just chuckled and drove the bolt deeper into Gideon’s Shoulder, gaining a pained whimper from the other, “Like I’d be loyal to you,” Hero hissed. He got up as he spotted the other captain approaching him. He had golden windswept hair that was mostly covered with a blood red captain’s hat edged with gold. His coat mirrored the hat in colour. His eye was a startling amber colour, flecked with gold. His other eye was hidden behind a triangular eyepatch. He had a cheek splitting grin on his face as he stared at Hero.

Unfazed, Hero returned the grin with a smirk, “still trying to get yourself killed, hey Cipher?”

Bill Cipher laughed out and looked at the younger, grin never slipping from his face, “hello to you too, white eyes!” Hero winced at the nickname that brought back unwanted memories, but he pushed them away. Looking at the older man Hero stated, “Got something to show you cipher that might interest you,” that got his interest.

Bill called over his first mate, Tad and looking at Hero again, said, “Lead the way”

Dipper strained his ear-fins to try and pick up some form of noise. It had been really quiet for a while and he didn’t like it. He could soon hear footsteps though, loudly echoing throughout the ship. Dipper tensed as the door was once again flung open. Dipper wondered how it was still attached to the wall.

There were three humans stood there, each standing out in their own way. The middle man had a golden look to him; golden eye, hair with a coat and hat laced with gold. The one on his right (left to Dipper) was Hero who waved slightly at the siren and the man on the left (right to Dipper) had a bright Purple eye, left eye covered with a squared eyepatch. The man in the middle had a similar look but his eyepatch was on his right eye and the eyepatch was triangular.

Said man laughed out and turned to Hero, “well you have peeked my interest kiddo,“

The man walked forward and kneeled down in front of the tank, one knee up and an arm resting there. He grinned at the young siren, “Hello! Names Bill Cipher and you are?”

Dipper kept quiet, refusing to answer and crossing his arms over his chest. Bill chuckled, “okay, guess I’ll just call you Pine Tree,” Dipper rose an eyebrow in question and Bill simply nodded to a golden band round Dipper’s left bicep. It had the image of a Pine Tree engraved into it, a tree Dipper had only seen once or twice in his life. The man in front of him tilted his head to the left slightly, then
asked, “Do you know what’s going to happen?”

Dipper looked at him and shook his head. This caused the other to smile wider and Dipper had to wonder how his face hadn’t split yet, “well…” Bill said, looking thoughtful for a minute, averting his gaze purposefully to add tension, then looked back at the siren, “you’re going on a little ‘Adventure’,” the he laughed. It took Dipper a minute to figure out what he meant. Wait… does he mean… They’re taking me with them!

Dipper of course began to panic at this, causing him to try and escape. Suddenly, he felt a sharp pain erupt throughout his skull and he cried out as black clouded his vision and he slipped into unconsciousness.

It was cold and the sea was eerily quiet. Dipper didn’t like it, it was too quiet. A bitter laughter rang out, and a feeling of dread rose throughout Dipper. He rushed forward and dove through an underwater forest, weaving between the seaweed and other undersea plants. He could feel his heart pounding painfully in his chest. He refused to stop and he felt the person gaining, the laughter sending chills down his spine.

He was close to the end of the forest, he could escape! That’s when his hopes were shattered. Dead end. He went to swim to the surface; hopefully he would find a way out that way. That’s when ropes sprung out of the wall and caught his limbs, forcing him to get pulled toward the wall. He got pinned there and his pursuer came into his line of vision. Gideon. He seemed to expand in size as he laughed, causing Dipper to shrink back against the wall, feeling defenceless.

Gideon grinned and a look of horror crossed Dipper’s features, along with pain as he felt himself starting to dry up. It felt like a blunt knife was being forced into his scales and he tried to hold back a scream of agony. Suddenly Gideon let out a choked scream as a sword was plunged through his chest. Gideon disappeared along with the ropes; they just seemed to disintegrate into nothing. Dipper looked over at his saviour and felt his breath get caught in his throat from shock. Bill Cipher.

He grinned. Dipper didn’t like the look that crossed his features and immediately went to swim off. Bill laughed, “Is that how you thank your hero?” Dipper felt his limbs seize up with a snap of Bills fingers and was bound in glowing blue chains. He was dragged straight over to Bill and said man lent down so his and Dipper’s noses were almost touching. He chuckled and whispered into the siren’s ear, “You’re Mine!”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for the Kudos on the last Chapter and here is the second one! If you guys want, you can draw some Fan art for this for zero reason! but you don't have to, your choice. look out for chapter 3 soon. also when i said 'most of 'his' crew' i meant hero, not Bill okay? Okay! Hope you enjoy, tell me if you are and i will see you later!
**Insight on the others**

Chapter Summary

we see the point of view of Bill and find something out about two characters.

This is going to be confusing people!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**A Tale of Tails: Chapter 3.**

Bill looked down at the sleeping siren, a smile ghosting on his lips. He could tell that the rest of the voyage would be... interesting. The Youngers dreams would be very fun to mess with. Bill absentmindedly wondered what the Siren was dreaming about. He would find out later though, when the other ‘business’ had been dealt with. Turning to Tad, his first mate, he smiled and simply said, “Make sure he makes it to my cabin in one piece, Tad. We know what these idiots can tend to do,”

Tad rolled his eye and said, “Sure captain,” Bill nodded and left to find Hero.

Emerging on the top deck, Bill squinted against the setting sun. Blinking to rid his momentary blindness, he glanced at the main mast. Gideon and the remaining band of morons he called a crew were tied securely to it. Bill allowed his gaze to travel upwards to the sail and spotted Hero perched there. He smirked as a witty comment surfaced in his mind.

“Hey white eyes!” That got his attention. Bill grinned and yelled, “Are you finally turning into a crow? Cuz you seem to favour the nest!” Hero snorted out his laughter.

“I’d like to think myself of more of a Hawk, Cipher!”

Bill laughed and shouted, “Get down here, Dumb-ass!” He saw Hero grin and make his way down the rigging. Within seconds, he was stood in front of the infamous Pirate captain. Bill’s humour got washed away by a serious look crossing his features. Hero obviously understood the situation and stopped his joking.

Bill nodded towards Gideon, “why you on his crew? Thought you hated him,”

Hero narrowed his eyes and said, “I do and I hope to see him burn in hell, but I had a job to do. I just had to suck it up,”

Bill frowned at this, “a job? Care to let me in on the secret,”

Hero smirked, “wouldn’t you like to know,” Spotting Bills look though, he closed his eyes, looked down shaking his head and sighing. When he looked up he simply stated, “The timeline,” before walking off towards the lower levels. Bill watched him walk off, frowning, his eyebrows drawn together in confusion, before shaking his head in defeat. Hero could never be figured out. But Bill
would make sure to keep a close eye on him.

Hearing a quiet snickering, Bill turned his attention back to the blue dressed devil tied to the mast, “what you laughing at, Gleeful?” He smiled, “other than your name, that is,”

Gideon sneered at him then, ceasing his laughter, “very funny Cipher!” He then chuckled, “good luck with the Siren. With your puny brain, you’re going to need it!” Bill frowned at this and walked over to Gideon, Crouching down so he was eye to eye with the former captain. He smiled before driving his thumb into the others shoulder wound, made by Hero’s crossbow. This earned him a howl of pain.

“Don’t. Call. Me. Stupid. Again!” He then pushed away and headed over to his Ship, Mind Scapus. He waltzed past his crew members towards his cabin, hands held behind his back. He smiled at seeing the small blue creature curled in a small wooden tub placed in his quarters. His eyebrows were creased and Bill decided to dive into the dreams of his new prisoner, to see what was causing him so much stress.

Bill found him in an underwater forest, next to a cliff face. He then spotted the Siren dive through the seaweed, hitting the dead end. He glanced round for a way out and began swimming away, before ropes shot out of the walls and caught around his limbs, forcing him back. Bill watched as crashing followed and a giant Gideon jumped out of the forest. He grinned and the siren had pain and horror cross his features. Bill decided to jump in now.

He summoned a power deep inside of him and released a ball of blue fire towards the giant Gideon and heard him let out a choked scream. He and the ropes vanished and the siren looked relieved. That is, until he spotted Bill. He attempted to swim off and Bill simply laughed and said, “Is that how you thank your Hero?” He snapped his fingers and blue chains encased the fleeing siren. He dragged the scaled creature towards him and leaned down so their noses almost touched. He chuckled and whispered into the Sirens ear, “You’re Mine!”

This was going to be very fun!

It was night. The water was illuminated with the ghostly glow from the moon. A lone Siren pushed their way through the crystallized water. She was exhausted from trying to calm down Mabel. Said siren was distraught but refused to believe her twin was dead. Her other half. Lilieth understood though. Perfectly. She sighed as she reached a certain spot close to the island that resided in the middle of their territory. A small cluster of rocks that were perfect to sit on, Clear view of the island. Her spot.

She sighed again and turned her gaze to the clear sky, the stars shining down brightly as though they would never shine again. She took a breath and began her song.

Are you, are you, coming to the tree,
Where they strung up a man, they say who murdered three.
Strange things did happen here, no stranger would it be,
If we met, at midnight, in the hanging tree.
Are you, are you, coming to the tree,
Where dead men called out, for his love to flee.
Strange things did happen here, no stranger would it be,

If we met, at midnight, in the hanging tree.

She paused and listened hoping to hear something, anything, to say they were listening. Runes had slowly started to appear on her arms as she sang. She closed her eyes, seated on the rocks, faced turned to the heavens. Her eyes snapped open in a second though, a small sound escaping her as she heard a small voice sing;

Are you, are you, coming to the Tree,

Where I told you to run, so we’d both be free.

Strange things did happen here, no stranger would it be,

If we met, at midnight, in the hanging tree.

Are you, are you, coming to the tree,

Where necklace of hope, side by side with me.

Strange things did happen here, no stranger would it be,

If we met, at midnight, in the hanging tree.

Lilieth felt a slight tingling on her right wrist, and she glanced down. Written into her flesh, glowing a blinding white, were the words ‘WHITE’ with runes underneath, the first name. She smiled lightly, brushing the runes with her thumb and whispered, “Hero”

Hero was sat in the crow’s nest on Bills ship, staring at the night sky. He sighed out and rubbed his left wrist. It was starting to tingle. He then noticed runes lighting his arms and a small voice singing in his head. When it paused he took up the rest of the song, one he had sung hundreds of times before.

His left wrist lit up and he saw the name ‘DEMONIC’ carved into his skin lighting in crimson red. He smiled and murmured, “Lilieth,” Before his smile faded. He remembered screams, blood and a girl crying. Being powerless as a horrid laughter cut through his skull. But it stopped when he heard her voice again. I will find you he thought to himself. His other half of his split soul. He looked up at the stars again, cradling his pendent, a glowing red orb, in his hand and smiled.

It really was a beautiful night tonight.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, there is a HUGE backstory for Hero and Lilieth so if you want to know it, tell me and i will write it, but it might also help with some confusing stuff.

Could you also note that the characters might get a bit crazy cuz i have a lot of plans for them! *maniacal laughter* *coughing fit* Need to work on that... Please tell me if i haven't done enough in this chapter please, because it feel like i haven't
If you guys want to know the song, here it is: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IMGtxd4rqus (It's gravity falls version because why not)
A New Discovery

Chapter Summary

After waking, Dipper starts to discover that not all humans are bad, but are they? The one he's stuck with can't seem to make up his mind.

Chapter Notes

Okay, I am sooooooo sorry i haven't posted but if it makes you feel better, i got a slight migraine while writing this chapter! now to plan the fifth... my head, AHHH!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A Tale of Tails: Chapter 4.

Dipper woke with a start, the nightmare fresh in his mind. He shivered involuntarily and slowly came back to his senses. Glancing around he noted that the room he was in was small… wait, Room?! He thought to himself and he started to panic. He was struggling to control his breathing, trying to remember how he got here. Then the events from yesterday flooded his mind. He groaned quietly and slipped under the water, having to re surface soon as there was no oxygen in the still liquid. Sighing, he fixed his attention on the room he was trapped in.

It was very fancy for a pirate. How did he know he was on a pirate ship? The small flag of a skull and cross bones hanging on the wall tattered and dirty, was a big clue. There was a four poster bed that took up quite a large space in the back right hand corner of the room. It was faced sideways, the pillows leaning against the wall in a leisurely style. The window lining the wall behind it gave a breath-taking view of the ocean and the light that filtered through lit the room in a bright glow. It hurt the sirens eyes, but the problem causing that was probably the vivid yellow paint that coated the floor. It had been worn down by countless numbers of shoes, showing the dark floor board underneath, but there was still enough to give someone a headache.

A desk was a couple of meters away from the left side of the bed and on it stood a small book, open on yellowing pages which were stained with fresh ink. So someone was in here earlier, but who? Dipper thought to himself, before remembering the blond from the ship and quietly groaning in realization. He had been captured by humans. Again! Sighing, the siren averted his attention to the room once again. On the left wall was a map that was decorated with bright pins stuck in Strategic locations. A small dining table was near the left corner and tucked nearby was a red arm chair that looked extremely comfortable. There was a small bit of fabric stuck on the floor with a triangle wearing a top hat engraved in it. Why would a Triangle need to wear a Top Hat?

Next to the window was a cushioned ledge, allowing a perfect view of the water below. Dipper wished he could be sat there or, better yet, in the water. He was knocked out of his fantasies by the door to the room opening. In walked the blond from yesterday, golden eye shining with pure glee as he spied the siren, fully awake. Dipper wracked his brain for the humans’ name. Was it Will? No it was… Bill! He felt a sense of pride that he had remembered the Pirates name, before realizing the
others eyes, sorry eye, was watching him with an intense gaze.

Dipper tried to move away, to put more distance between him and the other, before he hit a wooden edge and mentally face palmed himself for not realizing he was in a wooden tub and was hopelessly trapped.

“Hey there,” The other, Bill, Finally broke the tense silence, “how do you like your new accommodations?”

Dipper remained silent, watching the human warily.

Bill chuckled, “not one for words are you, Pine Tree?” Dipper cringed at the horrid nick name.

Bill noticed this and hummed, “you know, if you don’t like the nickname, you can always give me your real name-”

Dipper barked out a laugh at that, “Yeah, I didn’t tell the last guy, so I’ll give the name I gave him,” Bill raised an eyebrow in question, before his face split into a grin. Dipper took a breath and said, “The names Dipper, Dipper Pines,” Dipper waited for the laughter to spill from the others lips.

“Hmm,” was all he got, No laughter at the ridiculous nickname. Bill looked away, seemingly in thought, before stating, “That’s not your real name,” it wasn’t a question. Dipper shook his head, not really sure what else to do. Bill looked back and grinned, “So what is it?”

Dipper looked at him and said, “No,” before slipping his head under the water. He heard the muffled laughter from the other and something that sounded like, ‘Stubborn fish,’

He heard footsteps, and then pain exploded through Dippers scalp as a hand grabbed the hair residing there. He let out a pained and startled yelp as he was forcefully dragged to the surface, taking in a lung full of water and causing a violent coughing fit.

Bill grinned as the blue-scaled creature fought for his breath, “ever heard a place called Gravity Bay?” The human questioned. Shock filtered across the sirens features as he recognized the name. Bill grinned again and released the startled siren, causing him to splash into the water.

“See you later Pine Tree!” was all Bill said before striding over to the door and walking out, slamming it closed with a deafening BANG. Dipper frowned when he resurfaced and sighed for the nth time that day. What was this guy’s plan?

Dipper decided to sleep on it, after all he might as well grab what sleep he could. He curled up and closed his eyes, thinking about all the bad things that could happen to him and his family if they planned to go to Gravity Bay, His home. He couldn’t help but wonder whether the situation he was in was better or worse than before. And with that he fell into the confines of sleep.

The water framed three figures as they pushed through the currents. Black, Brown and Blonde hair, Red, Magenta and purple scales clashing together in the deep blue of the ocean. Lilieth, Mabel and Pacifica swam through the shrouded water, weaving between sea weed and other underwater plants. Mabel had been very stubborn and refused to give up on her hatch mate. She had been belligerent on her case to find her brother and bring him back to the pod. She had easily convinced Pacifica and finally guilt tripped Lilieth. She had been reluctant but had eventually given in to Mabel’s ‘Puppy dog eyes’.
Determination rolled off the pink scaled siren in waves as the trio weaved their way through a small underwater forest. The Purple scaled siren was being cautious and mumbling how stupid this was, how they shouldn’t be doing this, that Dipper would find his own way back. The final and Red scaled siren was silent, ear fins flicking now and again, red orbs scanning the darkened water around them. She was acting as though something was going to attack them within seconds.

Unexpectedly, Lilieth stopped and put her arm out to stop her companions from continuing. Confused and frustrated eyes met hers for a split second. Lilieth motioned for the others to stay silent and her gaze flicked to the surrounding area. They were in unfamiliar territory now and Mabel was becoming restless. Pacifica was casting frightened glances around and they were both starting to fidget.

They both froze when the water around them rippled. A growl echoed through the currents followed by bitter laughter. Bright Red eyes glowed through the Darkness. More eyes appeared until the sirens were surrounded. Lilieth narrowed her eyes and laughed bitter and humorless laughter as she simply stated, “well, Seems like we’re no longer alone…”

Dipper blinked the sleep out of his eyes as he was pulled away from his blissful dream. He huffed quietly, almost silently. He cast a quick look around the dim room, noting how it was night and how multiple candles littered the room randomly, all surrounded with a protective glass; only a handful lit, causing shadows to dance along the walls.

Bill was sat at his desk, attention stuck on a piece of parchment lying in front of him. Dipper started to notice how his stomach was clenching painfully and he realised that he hadn’t eaten in two days. He tried to avoid the painful twisting, closing his eyes and exhaling slowly through his nose, arms wrapped round his stomach in an attempt to offer some relief.

His efforts were for nothing however, as a small whimper passed his lips. Bill seemed to finally notice the siren and looked up, cocking his head slightly at the other, “what’s wrong Pine Tree?”

Dipper shrugged, “nothing,” He muttered and slipped down in the tank. His tail twisted painfully against a wall, so he settled with flinging it over the edge of the Tank. Bill stared at him for a full minute, not blinking. Dipper huffed and muttered something.

“What?” The captain questioned.

“I’m hungry,” Dipper answered with a sigh.

Bill hummed thoughtfully for a minute before asking, “What do you want, Human flesh?”

Dipper pulled a face and slipped underneath the water, again. A small chuckle from the other and a hand in his hair was tugging the siren up again.

“Well fish lips?” Dipper frowned at the name and shook his head

“No,” was all he said.

“What?”

“I don’t want human flesh,” he spat the word out like it had a bad taste in his mouth.

Bill blinked, staring dumbly, “what?” Dipper sighed, frustrated and repeated like he was talking to a child.
“I. Don’t. Like. Human. Flesh.”

Bill hummed again and released the siren. Then without another word, he exited the cabin, closing the door with another loud slam. Dipper rolled in the tank and closed his eyes. The sound of the Door opening again after about 2 minutes of waiting got Dippers attention. He glanced over at Bill, who was once again crouching down by the tank with something in his hand.

The smell of fresh meat caressed Dippers nose and he breathed in deeply, moving towards the human. He reached out for the meat, but it was held just out of his reach. He whined and looked at Bill, tired of this human. Bill grinned and said, “How ‘bout we make a deal, huh?” Dipper frowned but his gaze was brought back to the meat. He was so hungry.

“What do you propose?”

Bill hummed in mock thought for a moment, juggling the meat between his hands and averting his gaze, “let me touch your tail and you can have the meat, how does that sound?”

Dipper thought for a minute before saying, “Deal,” and grabbing the meat. Taking large bite, he sighed at the heavenly taste that jumped along his taste buds. He felt fingers ghosting his scales and fins. It was a peculiar feeling to say the least. He watched the human for a moment with curiosity. Said human broke the silence the two were sat in, “so you dislike human flesh ‘ey? He smirked and Dipper frowned.

“Never liked the taste or texture,” Dipper paused before continuing, “the other sirens found it strange and they always teased me. It just added to the list of things to use against me,” he thought of his past bullying as he munched on the meat. He was soon done and watched the human again, whose eyes were full of wonder. How strange Dipper thought he seems at peace, I wonder… his train of thought was cut off as digits brushed against his irritated scales from his previous encounter with humans.

Bill pulled his hand away almost immediately and studied the siren's face for a moment. Their eyes connected for a second and held before he got up and began getting ready for bed. The lights were dimmed and the rustling of sheets told the siren that the Pirate was obviously in bed. He sighed quietly through his nose and turned over in his tank. Something soft then collided with is face and he let out a soft squeak, that was followed by a snort of laughter and a muffled, “that was Adorable Pine Tree!”

Dipper rolled his eyes and placed the pillow under his head. He let his eyes drift closed and listened to the gentle breathing coming from the direction of the captain, allowing it to lull him to sleep. Before he finally slipped into the realms of unconsciousness, he couldn’t help but wonder why the Pirate was being relatively nice to him; after all he's heard about Humans, he expected them to be brutal savages. He also couldn’t help but wonder why he was suddenly feeling comfortable in the Humans presence.

Chapter End Notes

I have a picture on my Deviantart if you want to look, my account is called Abster001 and i have only posted one thing on there. it's simple. also thanks for all the Kudos, glad you are liking Dipper getting his life potentially ruined! just kidding, i think… Point out any mistakes if you find them and i hope you enjoyed!
This is the link - http://ab5ter001.deviantart.com/art/Untitled-594820968
Dipper woke with a groan when his eyes were assaulted behind the lids by the sunlight streaming into the room. He shifted round onto his back and opened his eyes, only to let out a startled shout. Bills beaming face was inches away from his and his golden eyes shone with amusement. He let out a loud laugh right down dipper’s ear when the siren screamed, “That was beyond adorable, Pine Tree!” Dipper glared at the captain and rolled his eyes, but couldn’t help the smile that played on his lips.

Bill pulled away and walked over to the desk, grabbing a piece of meat that lay there on a small plate. He strolled back to the drooling siren and offered him the meat. Dipper took it and immediately started eating it. Bill watched him for a while before walking to his own food and eating it.

They were like that for a while, just eating in a strangely comfortable silence. Then the door to the cabin flew open and a man marched in. He had pitch black hair and a bright purple eye, a square eye patch covering his left eye. He was wearing a simple button up shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows and grey trousers. The look was finalised with black shoes. Dipper guessed they were dress shoes or something like that.

“Bill,” He addressed Bill.

“Tad,” Bill acknowledged him with a curt nod of his head, his eyes flickering to Dipper briefly who was watching the new human with rapt attention.

“Quid tibi vis Tad?” Bill asked. Tad looked confused but then his gaze landed on the siren and understanding crossed his features.

Dipper tilted his head in hidden amusement. Bill was talking in Latin and had no idea that Dipper actually knew what he just said he had asked tad what he wanted. He pretended to be confused, interested why Bill didn’t want him to hear.
“Just wondering if you actually know where we’re going?” Tad replied in Latin, casting a quick glance at Dipper who was pretending to be bored with the conversation.

Bill chuckled, “Of course I know Taddy! I always know where we’re going! So little faith!”

Tad frowned, “Don’t call me that!”

“And if I do?” Bill was clearly extremely amused.

Tad sighed, “So where are we going?”

Bill hummed in mock thought and simply replied, “Gravity Bay” and turned to inspect the map along the wall.

Tad narrowed his eyes, “Why am I not surprised,” Then he looked over at the siren again, who was inspecting his tail, “Is it really wise to have the siren in your cabin, Cuz?” Oh, this will be interesting.

Bill stiffened and turned to his cousin, “And why do you say that?”

“the crew’s suspicious that you’re going soft. The fact you saved him in the first place has put them on edge. He could kill them within seconds!” Bill laughed at that.

“he wouldn’t”

“why not?”

“well, he’s stuck so he needs us alive to help himself”

Tad frowned, unconvinced, “Besides, he can’t hurt us. Remember, immune to a siren’s song.”

Tad sighed; “fine!” he said in English and walked out.

Bill grinned until, “so, you’re immune to my song?”

Bill groaned and Dipper chuckled, “you heard that?”

“All of it!”

Bill is quiet for a minute. Dipper is suddenly worried. What if he’s angry? Oh gods, I should have just kept my mouth shut! Stupid, Stupid, Stu… his thoughts are cut off by hysterical laughter from the other. When he finally collected himself enough, he said, “oh, you are full of surprises aren’t you Pine tree?”

“so,” Bill got a suddenly serious aura around him, “how do you know of Gravity Bay?”

“Um…” Dipper thought of his answer for a minute. I can’t tell him about the others, he could hurt them! Wait, Ford used to tell us stories of his travels, I could use that… “My Great Uncle used to tell me stories of his travels. He went to Gravity Bay and talked all about it,” Bill hummed and walked towards his desk, obviously satisfied with that answer.

“Welp, better make sure those idiots don’t rip the ship apart,” He slipped his coat on and his hat. He then looked at Dipper and walked over to the door. He opened it and with a sweeping bow he said, “I await to see you again, Pine Tree. Farewell!” He snickered when the other rolled his eyes and stalked out of the room.

Dipper lies back and surprised himself as he was actually excited to see they Pirate again. What was
wrong with him?

Mabel, Pacifica and Lilieth were frozen in place, all three staring at the eyes with different expressions. Mabel was curious, Pacifica was wary and Lilieth seemed… angry? The stared for another second before the eyes shifted and moved from their view.

Mabel and Pacifica relaxed before Lilieth yelled, “scatter!” followed by an ear-splitting screech as the creature lunged through the water. It was a Deep Green Kelpie. Its eyes were pulsing red, but seemed empty or hollow. Its teeth were a jagged mess, and its mane was matted and dirty. It stopped, examining the three sirens who had scattered, before throwing its head back, releasing another screech, which caused the sirens to cover their ears, then launching itself at Lilieth, teeth latching onto her arm.

Two more Kelpies pushed their way through the seaweed and continued the battle with Mabel and Pacifica. Mabel got paired with a pure black kelpie, while Pacifica was stuck with a deep blue one. The battle started, and it wasn’t a pretty sight. Mabel wasn’t one for fighting, so she was gaining a large amount of cuts along her forearms. She ducked, swerved and dived, attempting to avoid taking on the stronger blows that would cause great harm. She gained a nasty blow to the side of her head and she felt the anger build up. She hissed, eyes darkening and claws extending. She wasn’t going to let a bottom dweller like this prevent her from saving her brother. He hands moved fast as she practically ripped the kelpie apart.

Pacifica was in a similar situation, but had glanced at Mabel getting hurt and that caused Pacifica to chase her kelpie off. Mabel was the only one who had trusted her and befriended her, no way was she allowed to die! Once her kelpie had turned tail and fled, she dove towards her friend and grasped one of the kelpie’s hooves in her hands. Mabel grasped the other and they pulled. The sound of skin tearing, bones popping and pained, in human screams from the kelpie before the sirens pulled it apart. It was dead within seconds.

Mabel was knocked out of her trance and started to shake. Pacifica glanced over and swam to steady her friend. Blood was clouding the once clear water, choking their airways slightly. After Mabel was relatively calm, Pacifica moved her away. A pained screech made them both start. Lilieth! They both turned their heads in time to witness Lilieth kill the creature.

Lilieth had made her way behind the Kelpie and had pulled its head up, causing its neck to become exposed. With a growl, Lilieth sank her teeth into the creature’s throat. She pulled her head away, causing a piece of skin to be torn off. A choked sound escaped the dying Kelpie, as its blood stained the water and its body sunk slightly, before it began to float. It was dead.

Lilieth was trying to clear her head then. Glancing at her friends she motioned them to follow her. She led them towards a secluded cove. She then took a breath as soon as she switched to her lungs, “you guys try to get some sleep, I’ll keep watch okay?” The others nodded, too tired to reply.

They curled up while Lilieth took a place on some rock nearby. She muttered a quick charm and a force field surrounded the three. All three were thinking different things that night.

Mabel dreamt of finding her brother and leading him home, laughing and joking. They would get home and they would both find their mates. They would both be happy, calm. A smile slipped on her face that night.

Pacifica was having a similar dream. She dreamt that they got Dipper and went home, they were viewed as heroes and people didn’t treat her badly anymore. They forgot about what her and her parents had done and they were happy. She also ended up smiling that night.
Lilieth was crying silent tears. She had promised she wouldn’t lose control like that in front of the others. She needed to find her soul mate soon. Hero. She smiled at that and imagined seeing him again and fixing everything. She smiled and looked up at the stars. They would find Dipper, They would fix everything and the timeline would go on as planned. She looked over at her friends and smiled sadly. She briefly wondered if they would be able to handle what was going to happen.

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed, tell me if there were any mistakes blah, blah, blah, yadda, yadda, yadda... okay i'm going to sleep now before i die... BYE!
Another Discovery

Chapter Summary

Dipper has an accident and we see a different side to Bill.

Chapter Notes

I'm not too happy with this chapter but i can't be bother to re write it because i feel like there is an axe going through my skull.

Anyways, hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A Tale of Tails: Chapter 6.

Dipper huffed out a sigh as he stared at the ceiling, tail hanging over the edge of his tub. He was bored out of his mind. He had started counting the floorboards in the room and had moved to count the planks that hung over his head. He got to around 2000 before losing count. He turned his gaze to the window framing the back of the room. He could see the sun setting. He had gotten bored around and hour ago and now, he was hoping Bill would come back.

Not for the first time since he was there, he wished he could see the sea. He glanced over and considered sleeping when a thought danced through his head. Maybe I can look from here? I mean, I haven’t tried looking yet, so maybe... using his arms, his pushed himself up. His arms were resting on the edge of the tub and he was using this to try and catch a glimpse out of the window.

Bad Idea.

Dipper yelped as his grip slipped as he leaned over the edge of the tub, causing him to fall down. But he didn’t splash back into the water. Nope, he was leaning over too far. His face met the floor with a sickening thud and he groaned in pain. His tail was still slightly in the water, but Dipper shifted and caused his tail to fall down with him. He sighed and tried to pull himself into the tub again.

He yelped again as he nearly tipped the tub as he attempted to climb back in, spilling some water over the side and onto the floor. A feeling of hopelessness washed over him and he had to fight back tears. He was going to die, he was going to DIE! He sobbed quietly and curled in on himself, leaning against the tank. He whimpered as splinters lodged themselves between his scales.

He closed his eyes and silently willed Bill to hurry back to the cabin to help him. The time couldn’t have gone slower.

Bill walked along the deck of his ship at a leisurely pace. Most of the men were in the mess hall, probably getting drunk off their rockers, so there were only a handful of people above deck. They
nodded at the Captain as he passed as a form of respect. He grinned and stopped to watch the colours of the sunset bleed into the ocean.

He was knocked out of his peaceful demeanour by muffled swears. The sound of footsteps soon followed and Hero burst from the lower deck, nodding at the Captain before scaling up the rigging. Tad burst out soon after Hero and glanced around, anger glowing in both eyes. For his left eye, that was the exact case. Tads left eye was purely purple, no pupil. It showed his feeling surprisingly well.

“Get down here you little Rat!” Tad yelled at Hero once he spotted the other.

Hero laughed, “Not with that attitude!” he shouted back, swinging a square eyepatch around one of his fingers, his other arm crossed over his chest and a wide grin on his face. Tad’s eyepatch! Bill laughed out loudly, gaining a strained glare from Tad. It was obvious he was overly tempted to rip anyone apart, even his own cousin.

“Yo, Cipher!” Hero yelled and once he got the Pirates attention he grinned, “Catch!”

The Eyepatch was thrown at Bill, weighed down by a stone. Bill caught it and turned to his cousin.

“Bill…” Said cousin warned.

“Tad,” Bill replied cheerfully, before turning tail and running, laughing almost maniacally. Tad growled and ran after him, but a small smile tugged at his lips. Bill threw the eyepatch over Tads head to Hero, who caught it one handed-ly, only to throw it back. They did this for a while, all three laughing and occasionally adding in the other crew members.

Tad ended up doing a strange sort of dance with Kryptos in an attempt to regain his property. It was thrown to 8 ball and Pyronica, the only woman on board. She was especially difficult with the game. Hero ended up catching the eyepatch, still caught in the rigging. Suddenly, the smile slipped from his face and the eyepatch fell from his grasp. People groaned and returned to their previous positions, most people returning to the mess hall.

Tad picked up the eyepatch and shared a look with his cousin as he re-tied it around his head. They were both thinking the same thing: What had come over Hero?

“Bill…” Hero said quietly, almost inaudibly.

“What’s up White eyes?” Bill questioned, suddenly concerned. Hero never got that kind of look in his eyes.

Hero shook himself out of his daze and put on a smirk, but it was obviously forced, “Why don’t you check up on your little siren?” He replied. A few of the crew members snickered and one shouted something about ‘fish-sticks’. Hero smirk became more believable, but his eyes betrayed him. They were telling, practically begging, him to hurry. Something was wrong. Very wrong.

Bill yelled, “Come on you scally wags, what are you? Snobby rich men incapable of anything? GET BACK TO WORK!” They all jumped back into action as soon as the words left Bills mouth. He grinned, but it didn’t reach his eyes. Was something wrong with his Pine Tree? He turned and marched towards his Cabin.

Bill threw the door open and yelled out, “Honey, I’m home! Did ya miss me? Admit it you…” he trailed off when he spotted the siren, out of the tub and leaning against it, tail stained yellow from the ground and splinters digging into the scales.

“Dipper!” he yelled, barely registering that he had just yelled the sirens real name. He raced over to
the creature’s side, noting the laboured breath that was escaping his lungs. Bill frowned and picked him up, his head rolling against his shoulder, intent on placing him back in the tub, when an idea hit him. He smiled slightly.

“Don’t worry, Pine tree,” He whispered, nuzzling the Younger’s hair slightly, “I’ll take care of you,”

Dipper awoke, head pulsing with pain. He whined and snuggled deeper into the warmth next to him. He heard light chuckling, then a voice.

“Pine Tree, don’t do that! I brought you over here so you could look in the opposite direction!”

Dipper started slightly and glanced up, brown orbs locking with an amused golden one. He shrank slightly under Bills gaze and Bills smile faltered slightly, “hey, don’t be afraid Pine Tree,” He cooed. His arms tightened around the Siren slightly, causing Dipper to be pushed into Bills chest more. He wanted to fight but he soon sighed and gave up closing his eyes slightly.

He had noticed that it was night, the candles doing little to light up the outside. Wait, outside?! Dipper’s eyes flew open in an instance and he turned his head to see the sea. Bill was sat on the cushioned ledge with Dipper perched on his lap wrapped in a blanket. He was undeniably warm and fairly comfortable. That is, until his tail began to prickle. He was drying up.

“Uh, Bill,” he said quietly, trying to hide his discomfort.

“Yes, pine Tree?” Bill asked in a sing-song voice. It caused Dipper to smile slightly, realising how much he sounded like Mabel.

“Um, I’m kinda drying up right now,” Dipper stated the prickling starting to become painful. “Oh, Forgot about that. Sorry!” Within a second, Bills fingers were gently ghosting the scales over Dipper’s tail. Dipper’s ear-fins flicked in confusion.

“What are you…?” He was cut off when the feeling of water passed over his pained limb, causing him to sigh in relief. But he couldn’t help but wonder; How did Bill do that?

“Hey Pine tree?” Bill asked after a moment, staring out the window with Dipper.

“Yeah?” Dipper replied, strangely comfortable in the Pirate’s Company.

“What do you know about magic?” Dipper was taken aback slightly by that question.

“Um, well I studied quite a bit with my Great uncle. It was mostly defence, not much attack magic.” He replied then mentally hit himself. Why on earth did I say that? Bill hummed, and then remained quiet.

Dipper soon lost his fear and stared out of the window, watching the waves lap against the ship and wished he was down there gliding through the water. He felt himself being pulled against the others chest even more and the sudden urge to sleep overcame him.

“What…?” he asked quietly, unable to make much sense of his surroundings now.

“Just go to sleep Pine Tree. You’re exhausted,” Dipper tried to fight the urge, he didn’t want to sleep. But then, “Please…” There was concern laced through Bills voice. Sighing he muttered something that sounded like, ‘you owe me for this,’ before he fell asleep. Bill grinned and whispered
slyly into the sirens ear:

“How about I own you?” he chuckled darkly, dream magic weaving its way into the boys mind. Bill ran his fingers down the sirens tail again and used his magic to rehydrate it. He smiled. The Siren would figure it out soon enough; he was smart. Bill, for once sincerely happy, leaned back and joined the boys dream.

Chapter End Notes

And that was the chapter i wrote at 00:32 because i had nothing else to do because i didn't want to sleep.

In hindsight, i probably should have slept... OH WELL!

Please point out any mistakes if you find them and i will fix them ASAP and thanks for all the comments and kudos! Hope you enjoyed the Chapter!
A Tale of Tails: Chapter 7.

Dipper woke with the feeling of the wooden tub scratching his tail. He opened his eyes to look around the sun-soaked room, only to be met with the golden gaze of his captor. Bill grinned, mouth lined with surprisingly sharp teeth.

“Hey there Pine Tree!” Dipper grunted and turned his back to the pirate captain in an attempt to fall into the confines of sleep once again. Bill pouted at the lost attention and Dipper caught the look in the reflection of the water, causing him to bark out a laugh. Bill growled before a thought surfaced in his mind. He grinned and snickered.

Without warning, Bill hoisted the Siren out of the water, causing him to squeak in surprise. Bill laughed and Dipper hit his chest in retaliation. He was scowling as Bill marched across the room, but he ended up rolling his eyes and smiling at a comment from Bill, “Is the little prince having a tantrum?” Bill teased.

“Prince?” Dipper scoffed, still smiling.

“Yes, Prince of the Seas, the high and mighty Sirens,” Bill exclaimed, spinning round, causing Dipper to squeal, “I suppose I should bow, my lord.” Bill punctuated his sentence with a low bow, Dippers head grazing the ground.

“Bill!” Dipper laughed out. Bill grinned and threw the doors to his cabin open with his foot. Multiple crew members turned their heads, eyebrows raised in amusement. Most though, ignored Bill, used to his antics. Dipper suddenly felt small under the gazes of the others and clutched Bills shoulders, fighting the urge to sing.

Dipper turned his attention to the edge of the ship and realised they had docked at a small island. Bill looked at the younger as he walked across the deck, smiling at the others expression.

“You look shocked,” Bill commented. Dippers fins flicked and he turned his head to the human.

“No, just lost in my thoughts,” Dipper replied. Bill grinned.
“You were hoping you would be able to escape, weren’t you,” Bill hummed. Dipper stayed quiet but averted his gaze, “not happening Pine Tree, you’re staying here with me,” Dipper frowned at that and was going to reply, but was interrupted by a shout.

“Hey there love birds!” a voice snickered. Bill glanced up and scowled.

“Very funny white eyes!” Bill yelled back. The voice laughed and Dipper glanced up. He smiled at who he saw. Hero.

One of his hands was holding a rope and he was leaning against the mast just under the crow’s nest. Bill rolled his eyes and Dipper laughed. Bill caught a look at his Pine Tree and smiled lightly.

“Hey Hero!” he yelled and when Hero looked at him he said, “Make yourself useful and find a pool of water for Pine Tree!” Hero simply smiled and fell backwards. Dippers breath got caught in his throat and his eyes widened. At first it was in fear, then in awe. A couple of flips later and Hero was stood in front of them, a large smile decorating his features.

“Follow me!” He sang and ran to the railing, throwing himself over. Bill smiled and followed Hero’s lead, much to Dippers dismay. Bill ended up landing on Hero and all three were in stitches. Unaffected, Hero rolled away and pushed himself to his feet. He looked at Bill and rolled his eyes at the captain’s next statement, “Well, pain is hilarious!”

“Follow me!” Hero called, already walking away. Not too far from a small clearing (perfect for a party, Bill claimed) was a small rock pool, just big enough for Dipper to sit in comfortably. After dipper was placed in Bill straightened and looked around. Hero’s gone, of course, Bill thought then turned to the siren. He was watching the sun set, the colours of red and orange bleeding out through the sky, soon to be dominated by the moonlight.

He cleared his throat, successfully catching the sirens attention, “I’ll be back soon, don’t get yourself into any trouble!” with that, he turned on his heel and walked off, Dipper watching his back as he left, actually feeling… sad?

With the captain gone, Dipper could finally go through his thoughts. Okay, so when the captain leaves, I feel sad. Dipper thought, frowning slightly, and I’m not uncomfortable or scared in his company. In fact, I even look forward to seeing him! What’s wrong with me? Shouldn’t I hate him? Be afraid? And what do these feelings mean? Dipper wracked his brain for the answer. What was it Mabel said these were the symptoms for? She said they were if you had a crush on someone… WHAT! Dipper paled at that I can’t like him! He kidnapped me! But he did save me from Gideon, and he’s charming, has a great sense of humour, and he is kind… oh gods.

Dipper sighed, guessing he should just accept the feelings for what they were.

“I’m back!” a voice sang, causing Dipper to grin. Doesn’t matter that what he felt meant that, he still felt it.

“Hey Bill, where did you go?” Dipper asked the human. Bill just smiled at him.


Smiling, Bill pulled a small necklace out of his pocket. It was a leather strap with a royal blue Pine Tree. He carefully wrapped around Dippers neck, causing the siren to start a bit. He pulled back and inspected his work. It hung loosely round his neck, but tight enough that he wouldn’t accidentally tug it off.
“Okay, you can look now,” Dipper opened his eyes and looked at the necklace decorating his neck. He smiled lightly.

“Thanks Bill,” He murmured quietly. Bill blinked twice, a dumbfounded expression on his features. Then he smiled, a genuine smile, “No problem Pine Tree,”

Bill walked over to a small crate, grasping a bottle of rum. He took a swig and grinned at the siren watching him intently. Dipper smiled then began to sing. No magic was laced in the song, but his voice was beautiful regardless.

*What will we do with a drunken sailor?*

*What will we do with a drunken sailor?*

*What will we do with a drunken sailor?*

*Early in the morning!*

*Way hay and up she rises,*

*Way hay and up she rises,*

*Way hay and up she rises,*

*Early in the morning!*

*Shave his belly with a rusty razor,*

*Shave his belly with a rusty razor,*

*Shave his belly with a rusty razor,*

*Early in the morning!*

*Way hay and up she rises,*

*Way hay and up she rises,*

*Way hay and up she rises,*

*Early in the morning!*

*Put him in a long boat till he’s sober,*

*Put him in a long boat till he’s sober,*

*Put him in a long boat till he’s sober,*

*Early in the morning!*

The whole crew sang on the chorus and Dipper sang alone on the verses. Most of the men soon became drunk out of their minds. Bill was surprisingly sober and singing along with the men. The crew tired themselves out and soon most of them are sleeping soundly after singing the song several times over again.

Dipper was still humming slightly, eyes lidded, gazing at the stars. Bill sat next to him at some point
in the night, leaning against the siren. It turns out that Bill had a brother called Will, a twin. During a voyage, The Mind Scapus was attacked and Will was kidnapped. Bill had been very open about his past. His parents hated him and he had a slight obsession with magic and the supernatural and had a violent sense of humour.

Dipper shared his past as well. The arranged marriage, the treaty, the threat of war and another problem of his, “I can’t sing with any of the other sirens,”

“What do you mean?” Bill asked. Dipper frowned.

“When I try to sing with the others, my throat burns and I can’t breathe. It’s strange,” Bill hummed at this.

“Anything else?” Dipper began to tell how the Stans didn’t like what Dipper did. He recalled Stan saying he was pathetic and retold the moment to Bill.

“Then he said it, what he really thought of me. That I’m pathetic, useless, not worth anything. He was meant to look after us, make us feel better when we’re sad and it turns out that he hated me!” Dipper began to sob, trying to keep his breathing steady but failing.

Bill pulled the weeping siren onto his lap, carding gentle fingers through soft, brown curls. His hair was surprisingly dry. Bill was making quiet hushing noises, trying to calm the whimpering creature. Dipper soon calmed himself and leaned back into Bill’s chest, breathing slowing and eyelids growing heavy.

Before he slipped into a complete state of sleep, Dipper tilted his head up and looked at the face of the one who had been so kind to him, who he had feelings he had never felt before for. He wasn’t sure what possessed him, what type of courage overcame him, but he leaned up and caught the others chin with his lips. He kissed the other carefully, gently before allowing his head to loll down and sleep to take over him. Bill blinked before chuckling light heartedly and smiling gently, a loving look passing into his eyes. He sighed happily and climbed to his feet, carrying the younger bridle style towards the ship. Full of surprises indeed.

Gideon was pacing his cabin angrily, wearing down a path into the floor boards. He was frustrated and stressed and he didn’t want Ghost-eyes to walk in with any bad news or he may need to kill something. A sharp knock on the door, “come in!” He called out and Ghost-eyes walked in.

“What?” Gideon snapped, obviously annoyed. Ghost-eyes gulped audibly “Um, well, we may…”

“SPIT IT OUT, IDIOT!” Gideon screamed, narrowing his eyes at his first mate and stopping his pacing.

“We lost them sir!” Ghost-eyes yelped out. Gideon sighed, exasperated.

“Repeat that, slower,” he was clearly getting weary of the others actions.

Ghost-eyes took a deep breath, “we lost them sir, they escaped our sights,”

Gideon’s eye twitched. He was silent for a moment, then, “WHAT!” he screeched out, “NO, NO, NOO!!!” he threw all of the items on his desk to the floor, slamming his fists into the already scarred wood. Ghosted-eyes immediately raced out of the room, giving the captain space to cool off.
After a while of standing in the middle of the room, hands curled into fists and breathing heavily, an echoing laughter rang out and Gideon recognised it in an instant, “Hero,” he muttered darkly.

Out of the shadows stalked said person. The ends of his hair was tinged black and his eyes were closed, “you really have a problem don’t you?” Hero chuckled.

“What do you mean?” Gideon asked suspiciously. Another laugh.

“The fact you’re raging over the loss of the ship, or is it something else? Is it the fact that you lost Dipper?” a look of rage passed over Gideon’s face and he growled.

“What do you want, traitor!” Gideon spat out the last word like it left a bad taste in his mouth. It probably did, “You broke our deal!” Hero laughed at bone chilling laugh then, head tilting to the ceiling slightly as his chest vibrated.

“What deal, we didn’t make one!” Hero stated, eyes still closed. Gideon growled again.

“You need to help me, you pledged your allegiance!” Hero hummed in mock thought for a moment before laughing.


“What?”

“Where’s Sam? And don’t try to trick me, I know you know where he is,”

Gideon grinned, “Well,” he sang, crossing his hands behind his back, “In a watery grave with the rest of his measly kind!”

Hero frowned at that, “You’re lying…”

“Oh am I? You’re the one who lost him in the first place. If you didn’t you would know wouldn’t you?” Hero lost it.

There was a blinding flash before Gideon was pinned to the wall, a hand grasping his ‘neck’, choking him. Hero was a pure white being, eyes a flaming grey, fire licking at his eyelids. His voice was distorted and echoed, “I will find him and when I do, if he has been harmed in anyway by you, you will pay!” and with another flash, he was gone.

Gideon slid down the wall, laughing hysterically, “How will you save him, when you’re too busy trying to save the others you hold dear?” He laughed out again; it rang through the still cabin and out of the window, ringing through the night air.

A feeling of dread settled across the ocean that night.

Chapter End Notes

Okay... DID I MESS UP!? please say i didn't fail too bad with this chapter, i can't tell...
I would also like to note that there may be smut in this story, i still haven't decided...
OMG MY LIFE IS A MESS! okay, bye!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E_RWtdm81WU the song i used! EVERY ONE KNOW IT, WHY AM I PUTTING IT IN THE NOTES!!!!
*gives up on life*
A Change of Situation

Chapter Summary

A new dilemma is added on the crew of the Mind Scapus. But is it a good or bad dilemma?

Chapter Notes

Six Pages.
Six. Pages.
It is Midnight right now for me, be happy people! okay, i want to sleep now.
BUT I'M WIDE AWAKE!
Hope you enjoy this chapter and stuff... yeah... SEE YOU AT THE END!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A Tale of Tails: Chapter 8.

A Figure crouched in the shadows of the looming ship, the words *Mind Scapus* engraved on the side. They were looking at a window located at the rear of the ship, that was slightly ajar and allowing a soft, golden light to fall onto the ground.

Without a second thought and with inhuman skill, the figure scaled the back of the ship and perched at the ledge of the window. Glancing round the darkened room, they concluded that there was only one person there. Walking silently over to the bed, the figure looked over the small body of the siren.

Dipper’s breathing was even and slow, showing that he was deep in the confines of sleep. He was so tightly wrapped in the blankets; the only thing that could have identified that it was him was the mess of curls that lived on top of his head. The figure sighed and began muttering a spell:

W PWEH BKN HAC,
SDAJ PDA KJA SEHHO.
PK XA SEPD SDK DA ZAOENAO,
NAIKRA DEO CEHHO.

The small pine tree necklace that rested around the young sirens neck began to glow light blue, Lighting up the features of the other in the room. White-blond hair, shockingly blue eyes, metal ring clasped round their ear. Then the light faded, leaving the candles the only thing lighting the room.

The other climbed out of the window again and climbed up to the deck, intent of reaching the crow’s nest when a shout stopped him, “HERO!”

Hero internally cursed and turned to face the Demon captain, “yep cap?”
Bill frowned, “where have you been?”

Hero grinned, “I was getting some information, facts, clues, et cetera,”

“Did you find what you want?”

“Nah, but I’ll find what I want soon. Don’t worry,”

Bill’s frown deepened, obviously not too pleased with the brief answer. He just nodded and turned, heading back to his cabin. When he was gone, Hero let his facade drop and breathed a sigh of relief. He climbed up the rigging and jumped into the crow’s nest, fiddling with the glowing red orb resting round his neck, connected to a chain.

“Sorry Bill,” He whispered, although he wasn’t sure what he was apologising for. After all, the spell wouldn’t work if Dipper didn’t want it to. He just hoped Bill wouldn’t hate him too much.

Dipper woke feeling immensely warm. He snuggled into the warmth more, willing himself to fall asleep once again. It didn’t work and he was soon wide awake, much to his chagrin. He sighed into the pillow. Wait… pillow… warm… I’m in someone’s bed?! His head shot up straight away and he saw Bill’s back. Hearing the shuffle of fabric, Bill turned from whatever he was writing on the desk and smiled a kind smile to the siren, “Morning Sleeping Beauty! Sleep well?”

Dipper blinked at him with a blank expression, before he flopped down onto the bed with a quiet ‘oof’ and rolled over. He then squeaked when he rolled onto the floor and groaned his exasperation when he heard Bill laughing. He began attempting to escape the covers, becoming more tangled and causing Bill to double over in laughter, tears staining his eyes.

Dipper grunted and flicked his tail in irritation. That caused Bill’s laughter to cease immediately. He stared at Dippers lower half with a confused expression. Dipper tilted his head in question. Then Bill was crouching in front of him, pushing his hair away to look at his ear fins… which were no longer fins.

“What the…?” Bill murmured. He then picked Dipper up bridal style and placed him on the bed with his lower half hanging off the bed, “kick your tail,” Bill instructed. Dipper frowned but complied. Everything seemed normal. Bill thought for a moment. “Kick the left side of your tail,” he instructed again. Dipper raised an eyebrow with an amused expression. Bill sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, closing his eyes, “just do it.” Dipper rolled his eyes but kicked the left side of his tail, watching as he did.

Dippers eyes widened in fear as the left side of his tail moved on its own! Bill sucked in a breath of shock as Dipper reached down and grasped the covers. Throwing them off, Dipper let out a scream of shock. He had legs. HE HAD LEGS! Bill muttered, “Shit, How the hell did this happen?” under his breath.

Dipper could feel his breath becoming fast and erratic. He was hyperventilating, panic seeping into every inch of his body and he could feel tears of fear prickle at his eyes. Bill sat down in an instant and enveloped the boy in his arms, carding his fingers through his curls and whispering sweet nothings in his ear to calm him down.

Dippers erratic breathing soon stilled and he was breathing some what normally. After making sure the boy wouldn’t freak out on him, Bill stood slowly and made his way over to a set of drawers near the front of his room. After digging around for a bit, Bill pulled out a pair of charcoal trousers and a crisp, white button up shirt. As he turned back round, he got a good look at Dipper.
All of the scales that once littered his skin were gone and Bill was amazed to see that the boy was actually quite pale skinned. He also noticed how Dipper was skinny enough that you could see his ribs poking out. He would need to deal with that soon. Dippers eyes had gained a ring of sea green round the edge of the brown and little flecks of blue littered the brown orbs.

Bill walked over and helped Dipper into the trousers, but he refused to wear the shirt. Bill noticed slight scars decorating Dippers arms and a few on his newly acquired legs. Dipper had taken to hugging his torso with his arms in a form of protection. Bill sighed and smiled softly at the frightened other, “why don’t you sing, it might help,” He offered.

Dipper glanced at him through his bangs and bit his lip, thinking. Then he took a deep breath.

This is Gospel for the fallen ones,

Locked away in permanent slumber.

Assembling their philosophies,

From pieces of broken memories.

Ohhhh, ohh, ohhhh, ohh.

Ohhhh, ohh, ohhhh, ohh.

Their gnashing teeth and criminal tongues,

Conspire against the odds,

But they haven’t seen the best of us yet...

If you love me, let me go!

If you love me, let me go!

Cause these words are knives and often leave scars,

The fear of falling apart.

And truth be told, I never was yours,

The fear, the fear of falling apart.

Bill had closed his eyes sometime during the song and only opened them when Dipper stopped singing, “well,” Bill chuckled, “you can still sing,” Dipper laughed quietly at that, but avoided eye contact. Bill frowned, “you okay Pine Tree? You sad about being human?”

Dipper bit his lip then whispered, “N-no, I…I-I don’t know how to explain it,” He was stopped from telling by three sharp raps on the wooden door. Bill sighed for the nth time and then straightened up and called, “enter,”

Tad waltzed in and spotted Dipper. His features scrunched up in confusion when he noticed that Dipper had legs. Bill just shrugged, “what’s up Tad?”

“Um…” Tad blinked, “why is he…” He pointed a vague finger towards Dipper, who had lost interest and started swinging his legs in a strange pattern and was watching them with, in Bill's opinion, adorable fascination. Bill just shrugged again, “no clue,”
Tad sighed and ran a hand down his face, “guess this means we need to get him some clothes,” Bill frowned.

“Why doesn’t he just use my clothes?” for some reason, Bill like the idea of that. Maybe it was because it sort of displayed the fact Dipper was his.

Tad gave Bill a pointed look, “because your clothes won’t fit him, simple as,” Bill had to agree with that, “On the bright side, we’ll be in port tomorrow. In the meantime, now he has legs, why don’t you introduce him to the crew,” With that, he marched out of the room, slamming the door closed.

Dipper had perked up at the prospect of meeting the crew and looked at Bill with pleading eyes. Bill couldn’t deny him, he was just too cute! Bill thought for a moment, *I could always get a favour back afterwards… okay, we’ll do that!* Bill sighed once again and smiled gently at the other, “come on goober.”

Dipper grinned and hopped to his feet, only to tilt forward and land in Bills arms with a quiet squeak. Bill chuckled lightly and got a muffled, “Shut up,” from the other, face in his chest. After a moment of trying to regain his feet (and failing) Dipper whined and gave in, flopping against Bills chest. Bill chuckled again and picked the boy up bridal style, carrying him out of the cabin.

Dipper rested his head on Bills shoulder and closed his eyes slightly. He felt so weak, stupid and… pathetic…, I guess Stan was right, Dipper thought bitterly, tears beginning to form in his eyes. A gentle hand wiped the tears away and he blinked rapidly. Bill had placed him down again and had his arms round Dippers waist to support him.


“Nope,” he looked at the boy fondly, before he added an insane grin to his face and turned to his crew, “ALRIGHT YOU LAND LUBBERS!” he yelled across the deck, catching the attention of the entire crew. Bill smirked, “we’ll be in port tomorrow,” he was interrupted by yells of glee and chuckled, “but we also have other news!” The crew finally seemed to notice the young boy at their captain’s side.

“Who’s the kid cipher?” a women with a shock of pink hair called out, “a new plaything?” Dipper stiffened slightly at that. Bill laughed at that, seemingly oblivious to the others ridged form.

“Nope,” He called out, popping the p. Most of the others looked confused. Bill didn’t keep people on board unless they were part of the crew or a new toy to break. Hero was hanging in the rigging, keeping a straight face. He studied the ex-siren, noting how the spell had worked perfectly. He grinned inside, but added a look of disbelief on his features. Leaning forward, with one hand securely on one of the ropes, he called out, “is that the siren?”

Bill grinned. Shouts of disbelief and shock rung out across the deck, ricocheting off the wooden planks. He took at breath and yelled over the others, “OY!” They were silenced within a second, “I did bring him out here for a reason, you know!”

The next hours were spent introducing Dipper to the crew members and getting to know them. The woman was called Pyronica and, as her name suggested, she loved setting things on fire. This ranged from the ships they fought, to the crews they encountered. Then there was Kryptos, a man dressed in teal with blueish-black hair. 8-ball was strange; he dressed in green, with a Mohawk, and his eyes revolved in their sockets. Teeth lived up to his nickname; his teeth were like round pearls as strong as metal. It was unnerving to Dipper. Keyhole had a large, well, Key hole tattooed on his temple and was bald. Paci-fire wasn’t there but was the ships cook with two different personalities? Whatever that meant.
Amorphous shape was extremely flexible, it was unnatural. Hectorgon looked like he belonged in some overly fancy restaurant with his crimson jacket. Xanther was absolutely terrifying in Dipper’s opinion. He was a muscular man wearing a purple top with ripped off sleeves. He looked as though he could rip Dipper apart within seconds. The last two were xyler and craz and they just seemed… a bit thick. They just… there wasn’t really a way to explain how they were...

At the end of all the introductions, Dipper felt a bit overwhlemed. He was shaking slightly and was terrified. He clutched to Bill, begging him silently to take him away. He hated how everyone’s attention was on him. He felt himself slipping into panic again. Bill seemed to pick up on this and excused them; picking Dipper up again and taking him back to the cabin.

“You okay Pine Tree?” Bill asked, concern laced in his tone. Dipper hummed and nodded showing he was okay. Bill set him on the bed and soon two people ran into the room. Tad and Hero.

“Hey Dip!” Hero called out, placing himself next to Dipper, “so… why are you human?” Dipper just shrugged at that.

“That’s why you’re here Hero,” Tad explained. Hero frowned. He ran his gaze over Dipper for a moment, eyes flashing briefly, “There’s… There’s no magical influence on him…” Bill and tad gaped at him.

“But… then how is he Human,” Hero just shrugged then grinned.

“What are you guys doing at the port?” Tad and Bill exchanged a look of amusement. Hero tended to change the topics like this.

“I’m going to the Taverns after walking round town and selling some of our loot,” Tad explained, “you hero?”

Hero grinned, “Typical Tad,” He laughed at the glare he got after that, “I’ll be looking for information on someone I promised to find,”

Bill frowned, “was that the job you were doing on Gideon’s ship?” Dipper shuddered at the mention of the creep’s name, the image of his lust filled eyes flashing through his mind. Hero nodded.

“What are you doing, Billy?” Bill growled at the name, causing Dipper to laugh and have a glare sent his way, “I’ll be taking the trouble maker to get some clothes tailored for him, brat,” the insult at the end was half-hearted and held no bite. Hero chuckled.

“Welp, I’m going on look out,” He claimed, launching himself off the bed and racing to the door. He opened it and was half way out before he stopped and turned round, “hey cipher!” he called. Bill looked over at him, “Don’t use Dips new form to your… advantage,” he grinned at the end, slamming the door closed as a book was thrown at him. Tad chuckled and headed out the door himself, before pausing.


“What?”

Tad sighed, glancing at the siren, “don’t do anything like… that to him, okay?” Realisation dawned on Bills face and he chuckled.

“Don’t worry, Taddy!” Tad rolled his eyes and stalked out of the room.

“Night Cuz,” he called as he exited the room. Bill turned around, surprised to see a half asleep
Dipper lying on the bed. Adorable! He chuckled and placed Dipper underneath the covers, Dipper murmuring something incoherently. Bill grinned and began getting ready for bed.

Once he was ready, he climbed into the bed and blew out the candle at the bed side. He then turned over and wrapped his arms around Dippers waist, pulling the other flush against him. Dipper stiffened slightly at the contact of a bare chest against his back.

“Bill?” he whispered, starting to fall over the edge of sleep.

“Hm?” Bill hummed in response. Dipper took in a sharp breath as he felt the air blow against the nape of his neck.

“Can you stop please?” Dippers voice was growing weaker and the words were slightly slurred together. Bill hummed in mock thought.

“I could,” he replied, drawing out the ‘could’, “but I don’t wanna,” Dipper sighed in defeat and relaxed in the others hold, thinking, why me? He closed his eyes and fell over the edge of sleep.

Before he did, however, he swore he heard a chuckle and a voice whispering, “Because, Pine tree, I own you now and you're mine,”

MINE…

Chapter End Notes

... 
Did i fail again?
I have mixed feelings about what will happen later between Dip and Bill.
Point out mistakes if you find any and please comment and tell me what you think.
WHAT AM I DOING WITH MY LIFE?!?!?!
*Falls asleep on desk covered with paper*
A Tale of Tails: Chapter 9.

Bill blinked the sleep out of his eyes and groaned softly. He silently wished he could go to sleep again, not feeling ready for the day. Blinking a few more times, his vision focused on a mess of curls lying on the pillow next to him. He smiled gently, looking at the peaceful expression adorning the boy’s face.

During the night, Dipper had turned to face the pirate captain. The sunlight framed his delicate features, adding a soft curve to his chin and nose and making his eyelashes shine. Bill carefully lifted his hand and gently stroked the boy’s cheek. Dipper unconsciously leaned into the touch; causing Bills smile to soften even more.

A brusque knock on the cabin door knocked Bill out of his trance. He glanced at the door with a bored expression, “Come in,” he called out, putting his attention back on the sleeping teen. Kryptos walked into the room and stopped in the middle, looking at his captain with an amused expression.

“What do you want, Kryptos?” Bill asked, bringing his attention to the crew member.

“We’re at port capt.” Kryptos replied, “thought you might want to help with watching the docking and the political bull we need to do,” Bill rolled his eye at this. The crew weren’t the best at lying to the royal navy or any other authority. Bill hummed for a moment, the hand still on Dippers cheek stilling for a moment. This caused the ex-siren to whine quietly and nudge the hand.

Bill laughed softly, “Isn’t he adorable,” It wasn’t a question. Kryptos rolled his eyes, used to Bill’s antics. But he hummed and looked at the teen thoughtfully for a moment. Bill caught his gaze and sat up slightly, resting his weight on his other arm, “What you thinking?”

“Well…” Kryptos began, but then seemed to second guess himself. He continued when he gained a sharp glare from Bill, “It’s just… some of the other captains may find him ‘adorable’ as well,” Bill narrowed his eyes, his hand going to card through the others hair.
“What you getting at?”

Kryptos sighed, “What I’m saying is, they may try to taking him off you. Just, I suggest you keep a tight grip on him, in a sense,” With that, he turned on his heel and walked swiftly out of the room. Bill dropped his weight with a huff, making the bed bounce slightly. He brought his hand to push the younger’s bangs out of his eyes.

He saw something on Dippers forehead and he frowned. He moved to see what it was, before stopping himself. *I’ll ask about it later, I’m sure he’ll tell me,* Bill hummed and climbed out of bed. As much as he hated leaving the ex-siren, he had a ship to watch over. Pulling on a shirt, his coat and his hat, he cast a glance at Dipper before marching out on deck.

After all, they still needed to get into port in one piece.

Gideon sat silently in his Cabin, the only sound penetrating the silence was his quill scratching across the parchment. He had managed to form a plan; he was just waiting for his main actor to arrive.

A single curt knock echoed throughout the darkened cabin, causing Gideon to look up as the door was thrown open. A man stood in the shadows before marching to the centre of the room. Gideon frowned, unable to see the man’s features.

“So,” The man began. His voice was musty and low, sending unpleasant chills down the Captains spine, “I think it’s safe to assume that you are Captain Gideon Gleeful,” the last word was punctuated with a mocking bow from the man. Gideon frowned.

“Yes and you are?”

“The names Diabolus and I’m here for the job you… advertised,” The man grinned.

“Yes. I suppose I should give the details…” Gideon questioned suspiciously. The air around this man was unsettling, causing Gideon to reach down for his gun hanging limply by his thigh; “You will need to find Cipher’s crew and convince them to allow you to join,” Diabolus frowned.

“You will then use your newly gained position to get close to the captain and find a young boy named Dipper. Once he is located, kidnap him and return him to me. Any questions?”

Diabolus hummed, averting his eyes to scan the ceiling for a moment, “Just one,” Gideon looked at him expectantly, “Why do you want this Dipper?”

Gideon frowned, wondering whether he should share the real reason he wanted Dipper to himself. There were many, but one main reason stood out in his mind, “All you need to know is, Dipper is mine and one way or the other, I will get him back,” Diabolus nodded and turned, striding back out of the room, before pausing. His hand was hovering over the door handle when he turned.

“I will return once I have found Dipper,” He told the captain, before exiting the cabin. Gideon released a sigh of relief he didn’t realise he had been holding.

Outside the cabin, Diabolus grinned to himself, *if I decide to come back,* he thought with dark glee. He would find Dipper, but if he liked the boy, he may just keep him to himself. The man suddenly stiffened, a scent hitting his nose. He growled lowly, *godling.*

Taking a deep breath, He realised that he recognised the smell. He laughed quietly, “Well, this is an interesting development. Oh well, that Traitor won’t stop me,” He chuckled, images flashing through his mind. He simply couldn’t wait to spill some Halfling blood…
Bill waltzed down the street, a large grin set on his features as he dragged a very disgruntled teen behind him. Dipper kept stopping and tugging at the collar of his shirt, cursing the Pirate Captain for forcing him to wear one. Bill eventually got tired of waiting for Dipper and grasped his hand, entwining their fingers, causing a light blush to cover Dippers cheeks.

The town was quiet, not many people were wandering round the port. It was surprisingly calming. Dipper examined the town, taking in the cobbled paths and the tall standing buildings. He was amazed, humans built this? And here I was thinking they were savages! But, then again... I have been proven wrong... Dipper cast a sideways glance at the Pirate Captain leading him along. For once, he felt like he belonged.

Bill veered off the street and pulled Dipper into a building. Dipper was able to catch a quick glance at the sign, which read, VALANTINO TAILORING. A Bell rung over head as Bill pushed the door open and ushered Dipper inside. The ambience in the small shop was welcoming, calm almost. The smell of fresh fabrics found its way into Dipper's nose, causing him to take a deeper breath. Bill watched with mild amusement, before knocking Dipper out of his calm trance with a startling loud yell, “Yo Stitch Heart! You in here?” Dipper shot him a frustrated glance, but alarm made its way onto his face by the sound of shuffling in one of the back rooms.

As a man walked out, Dipper instinctively hid behind Bill for protection, who chuckled lightly. The man had black hair that split to cover most of his face. He had two spots on his chin and a bored expression on his face. He wore a black long sleeved button up shirt and too tight trousers. To complete the look, he wore black dress shoes.

As soon as he saw Bill, he sighed, “Hello Cipher,” Bill grins and the man scowls.

“How has life been Stitch Heart?” Bill asked cheerfully. The man sighs again and replied in a bored tone.

“My life has been fine Cipher. Are you ever gonna use my real name?” Bill hummed in mock thought for a moment. Dipper idly noted that Bill seemed to do that a lot.

“Nah, don’t want to,” Bill replied, pulling a small face. ‘Stitch Heart’ growled. Dipper was suddenly curious.

“What is your real name?” he asked the man, finally making himself noticed. Bill jumped slightly, obviously forgetting about the ex-siren. The other man looked equally as surprised, but replied none the less, “The names Robbie Valantino. What’s your name?”

“Dipper, Dipper Pines,” Dipper replied happily, stepping out from behind Bill. Robbie hummed, eyes skimming over the younger, studying him with interest. Bill cleared his throat, successfully catching the others attention. He didn’t like anyone looking at his Pine Tree like that, “Pine Tree here needs some new clothes,” Bill stated, tone becoming cold. Robbie looked surprised, and then he asked;

“What is he to you? Is he just another ‘toy’?” Dipper stiffened at the name. Bill frowned and actually looked thoughtful, looking at the teen.

“Pine Tree’s… A special case, you could say,” Robbie nods at that, still looking quite confused, but simply said that he would be back in a moment before leaving the room.

Dipper watched the other leave before looking at the Pirate, “Why is he called Stitch Heart?” Bill
jumped lightly again, surprised. Then he looked at Dipper.

“He has a tattoo on his chest in the shape of a heart, with real stitches crossing through the middle. I saw it once and it stuck,” he then looked around the shop again, and Dipper dropped the subject, not wanting to be on the bad side of Bill. Robbie then poked his head out of the back room he had entered.

“Come on,” he beckoned, before disappearing from view once again. Bill grinned and dragged Dipper into the back room. The next two hours consisted of Robbie taking measurements and Dipper trying on as many outfits as Bill could find, that being what took up the most time. There was light conversation passed between Pirate and tailor, mostly about the tailor’s life. Dipper had blanked out part way through. They were talking about Robbie’s engagement to someone… Tambry he thinks… and how he has set a date blah, blah, blah. Dipper just hoped that this would end soon.

Not soon enough, Dipper was once again being dragged by Bill, but this time out of the tailors.

Dipper was exhausted and he just wanted to go back to the ship and sleep for a couple of years. But Bill pulled him to another building, bringing a sigh from the teen.

This place smelt musty and… what was that? There was the smell of sick, and… alcohol? That’s what Dipper thought any way. Bill dragged him over to a table, where Dipper was relieved to see people he recognised. Tad, Pyronica, Kryptos and 8-Ball were all sat there. They were all the people Dipper bonded with easily. They immediately started a conversation as Bill and Tad talked about what had been sold and what still needed to be traded while they were there.

A red head waltzed over to the table and leant against Bill, elbow on his shoulder. Bill grinned, “Red!” The red head grinned.

“Nice to see you back here Cipher! So, what did I miss?” They soon got lost in the conversation of what they had been doing over the last couple of months. Not once did Bill use the women’s real name. Dipper finally had enough of hearing ‘Red’ in every sentence instead of her name. Dipper groaned and shook his head onto the table. ‘Red’ winced and Bill looked over at him and blinked.

“You okay Pine Tree?” Dipper looked up at Bill through narrowed eyes

“I’m never going to learn any one’s real name, am I?” “Nope!” Bill replied happily, popping the P. Dipper groaned and hit his head again, albeit a bit more gently. Everyone laughed at that. The red head grinned at the younger and held out her hand.

“A red” waltzed over to the table and leant against Bill, elbow on his shoulder. Bill grinned, “Red!” The red head grinned.

“Nice to see you back here Cipher! So, what did I miss?” They soon got lost in the conversation of what they had been doing over the last couple of months. Not once did Bill use the women’s real name. Dipper finally had enough of hearing ‘Red’ in every sentence instead of her name. Dipper groaned and shook his head onto the table. ‘Red’ winced and Bill looked over at him and blinked.

“You okay Pine Tree?” Dipper looked up at Bill through narrowed eyes

“Right!” the clapping of hands startled everyone at the table, Dipper and Wendy releasing each other’s hands and turned to face the speaker. Bill grinned, “Red, would you be so kind as to get us some drinks?” Wendy grinned and got everyone’s orders. Bill ordered for Dipper despite the teen’s protests.

“Kid, if you’re staying with me, you need to learn how to hold your liquor,” Bill raised a hand as the other started to argue again, “If you don’t learn, you can get drunk and people will use you while in that state. You’ll thank me later,” Dipper huffed and crossed his arms, but didn’t argue anymore.

Wendy soon came back with everyone’s drinks. Bill watches him expectantly as Dipper just eyed his
drink, “Pine Tree,” He turned his head to Bill, “If you don’t drink that soon, I will force you to,”

Dipper paled slightly at that and grabbed the rum. He took a breath before swallowing a large amount. He spluttered and tried not to spit it out. He swallowed it down and erupted into a fit of coughs. Bill laughed light heartedly but patted Dipper on the back.

“You okay?” Dipper just glared at him for a moment, before sighing quietly, closing his eyes.

Why did he feel like this was going to be a long night…?

Chapter End Notes

I WASN’T TALKING GIBBERISH!!!!!!!!!!!

okay, i should explain. you remember the spell in the last chapter? and the bit in total rubbish in this chapter? I AM TALKING ENGLISH (sorta)

It's a code and here's the clue - take the English Alphabet, 4 letters forward.

TELL ME IF YOU CRACK THE CODE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! can i die now? ... okay *dies*

also, Pictures I drew (which are terrible!)

Bill - http://ab5ter001.deviantart.com/art/Pirate-Captain-Bill-Cipher-600414119?ga_submit_new=10%253A1459552171

And, FINAL thing (i promise), Put Diabolus into latin google translate. That's it!!!!!!!

hope you enjoyed and point out mistakes if you spot them k bye!
A Tale of Tails: Chapter 10.

Dipper sighed, leaning against one of the far walls of the tavern. Tad had convinced a band to start playing at some point during the night and the floor was now filled with mostly drunken dancers. Dipper glanced to his right, where Bill was surrounded by swooning girls attempting to flirt with him. They were failing more than miserably, but it was entertaining to see nonetheless. He felt a pang in his chest the more he watched Bill ‘returning’ their actions, but chose to ignore it.

The night had escalated quickly after the crew had a few drinks. They immediately added a party atmosphere to the place and most of the bar patrons were drunk out of their minds. Hero had appeared at one point and was off to the side-lines, playing pranks on the drunken crew. It was entertaining watching him avoid them as the attempted to catch him and repay his actions. But, they were drunk, so he didn’t get caught. Tad was slightly less drunk then the others, but had decided to jump onstage and grab an instrument. Kryptos followed soon afterwards and was now drunkenly singing. Bill was surprisingly sober, but had decided to entertain some of the women in the bar and started to flirt with them. After the first sip of his drink, Dipper decided that he hated alcohol and asked for some salt water. Wendy had looked confused but thankfully didn’t press.

Now, Dipper was at the edge of the crowd, sipping his water and watching everyone else. It soon got too loud for him and he downed his drink before walking to the entrance, set on going back to the ship. Bill wouldn’t mind right? He was almost to the door when he heard a voice next to his ear, laced with alcohol, “Hey there cutie, where you headin’?” Dipper scrunched his nose up at the smell, but decided to answer.

“Heading to the docks if you must know. Now, if you don’t mind, I’ll be-” He was cut off arms working their way around Dippers torso.

“Aww, don’t go. Why don’t you and me have some-” The man leaned in, breath ghosting Dipper’s cheek, “Fun,” Dipper stiffened when the man placed a kiss on his cheek. He squirmed and managed to pry the man’s arms off him.

“No, I’m going,” Dipper jogged to the door, hoping to get away from the creep. He was stopped,
again, when a hand grabbed his wrist and tugged him off course and into a warm chest, “You’re going nowhere kiddo,” and with that, Dipper was pulled into another corridor and the door slammed closed after them.

Bill looked up at the sound. He glanced to the side, jolting slightly when he didn’t spot Dipper. He then reasoned that the ex-siren must have just left for the ship. With that thought, he turned back to the flirting girls around him. But, no matter how hard he focused, he wasn’t able to rid himself of the feeling of dread that sank into his stomach.

Stan scanned the area, eyes picking out a blinding light. He blinked and spotted a cave lined with priceless gems. His inner con man urged him to grab the jewels and run, but he scolded himself, “No Stanley, you need to find Dipper,” He should have given up, like Ford did, but something just didn’t sit right with him. Dipper couldn’t just disappear, could he? Pushing against the currents, Stan frowned. Was that Dipper’s satchel? He noted the brown bag and grabbed it. So he was here! Stan remembered what he had caught Mabel doing a couple of days ago. She had been packing, ready for a trip to find Dipper. Stan had told her to go, guessing that she would find him soon. No siren could swim that fast or that far. He and Ford couldn’t find Dipper though when they went out of Gravity Bay. So where was he?

He swam through the cave, which was dimly lit as not much light could penetrate the tunnels even with the crystals. He emerged in a small cavern, switching to his lungs as he glanced around. Dust particles flitted through the air and a small journal lying on the stone floor caught Stan’s attention. Swimming over he gasped. Dippers journal! Stan frowned. Dipper very rarely left his journal lying around, unless he left in a hurry or…

Stan felt his breath pickup, his heart thudding in his chest. Diving back into the water with the journal stuffed back into the satchel, he scanned the tunnel walls. Rope marks. And on one rock, there was a small amount of blood. Taking a short breath Stan froze. Dipper’s blood! The pieces slotted into place in his head and he swore loudly. He swam as fast as he could out of the currents as his tail would allow. Because he had only just figured it out.

Dipper hadn’t run away, he had been taken. By humans! That would only lead to bad news. Stan silently wished that it didn’t end like last time…

Dipper let out a quiet ‘oof’ as he was thrown into the room/corridor. He only had a moment to catch his breath before he was thrown against the wall, hands pinning his arms next to his head. His legs were forced apart slightly and a knee was pushed between them. Dipper was confused and slightly disorientated. The knee began to move slowly, rubbing against him. Dipper’s breath hitched as a new sensation filled his body. He was unsure what was happening, still new to the whole ‘human sensations are slightly different to siren sensations’. Next thing Dipper knew, there was a mouth covering his.

Dipper squeaked out in shock, but the sound was swallowed down by the other. The man took this moment to slip his tongue into the Youngers mouth. Dipper froze, unsure how to react. He decided that he didn’t like this. Oh gods, he didn’t like this. He finally reacted, whipping his head to the side to suck in a few quick breaths. It was short lived, as the air was taken from his lungs when the man began to gently nip his neck. Dipper fought, “Let me go! Get off me! I don’t want this!” He yelped, trying to fight the hands holding his wrists. The man moved his mouth to Dippers ear, licking and nipping the shell.

“Don’t you? You sure you aren’t enjoying this? It feels like you are,” He punctuated his point by rubbing his knee harshly against Dipper, causing him to let out a small whine. Dipper felt tears pick
at his eyes. He knew that this was wrong, *Gods it was so wrong*, but his body was betraying him. He sucked in a quick breath.

“HELP!” he screamed, hoping beyond anything someone heard him, “PLEASE, SOMEONE HELP ME! HEL-” He was cut off when the man growled and caught Dipper’s lips in his own. Dipper sobbed and bit down on the man’s lips, hoping to unlatch him. He just retaliated by biting back, causing Dipper to yelp and allow the man to slip his tongue back into Dippers mouth. The tongue traced his teeth and explored Dippers mouth, trying to coax his tongue to join in. Dipper was now crying full blown tears, sobbing into the other man’s mouth. *Gods, please let this end, please, please let this end!* The kiss finally ended when they both need air.

Dipper tried to gasp in air while the man kissed and licked the boys tears away, “L-leave me ‘lone,” Dipper whispered hoarsely. The man hummed and moved so he was eye to eye with Dipper. “Where’s the fun in that?” He stoked Dippers cheek, causing him to flinch and whimper, “Don’t worry, I’ll look after you, you pretty little-’” He didn’t get to finish his sentence as a metallic clang filled the air. The man toppled backwards, unconscious, and Dipper slipped down to the floor crying and sobbing, hiccupping and attempting to control his breathing. He faintly noted another voice, arms wrapping around him in comfort. He clung to whoever was talking to him, focusing on their voice:

“It’s okay, Dude! You’re okay, shhh, you’re okay…” Dipper was crying into his chest as the other whispered to him, rubbing soothing circles along his back. His breathing was finally evening out, but the tears weren’t slowing. The man had a slightly chunky build, allowing Dipper to snuggle into his stomach more, seeking comfort. He felt the man’s stomach rumble with laughter and felt the other suck in a breath, “WENDY!” The man called out, making Dipper flinch, “Sorry dude!” Who even said that?

“What?” Dipper heard a voice approaching the room, until he heard the click of the door, “what do you want… Dipper!!” he heard someone rush over and he lifted a tear stained face to Wendy, who was looking at him in concern, “Shit, what happened kid?” she whispered. Dipper shook his head and buried his face back into the man’s stomach, “BILL! Get your ass in here now!” He heard the footsteps approaching at a leisurely pace.

“What’s up red?” Bill questioned before he rounded the corner. When he did, he grinned, obviously not noticing Dipper, “Hey there question mark, who’s that…?” he trailed off, finally recognising Dipper, “Pine Tree?” Dipper looked at him. Bill crouched next to Dipper reaching out for him, “Hey, you okay?” Dipper immediately launched himself at Bill, hiccupping sobs into his chest. Bill looked from the boy in his chest, wrapping his arms around his shivering figure carefully, to Wendy and Soos. He almost missed Dippers rambling, but he heard it. Dipper was explaining what happened. It was broken by sobs or hiccups, but Bill pieced together what happened. He was seething, anger flowing off his in waves and he glared daggers at the unconscious man.

He was shocked out of his death look by chuckles, giggling, until it turned hysterical laughter. He glanced, concerned, at the brunette in his arms. Between breathes, Dipper managed to say, “Humans are really fucked up, aren’t they?” After that he cascaded into laughter and sobs, a mix of all. Wendy and Soos were looking at Dipper, startled at the change. Bill had a solemn look on his face. He turned to Wendy and asked, “You have any spare rooms?”

Wendy blinked, knocked out of her daze and nodded mutely. She stood up and gestured for Soos to do the same. The larger man nodded and cast one final glance at the crazed boy before walking out behind Wendy, leaving Bill with Dipper. Bill looked at the ex-siren, who had quietened down. He was humming, rubbing his hand soothingly up and down Dipper back as the boy sniffled, “I’m
“sorry!” Dipper manged to choke out. Bill frowned.

“Why are you sorry?” Dipper sniffed again.

“I let him do… That, to me,” Bill chuckled softly and brought his head down to rest on Dippers.

“You have nothing to apologise for, okay? It wasn’t your fault. Was it your fault?” Bill fixed the boy with a hard stare and Dipper met his eyes.

“No… It wasn’t my fault,” Bill hummed and nodded. Then he smiled.

“So, do you have a tattoo on your forehead or something?” Dipper shot up immediately.

“You didn’t see did you?” Bill could see that he was panicked so pulled him onto his lap.

“No! No, no I didn’t see,” Then he paused, carding his fingers through Dippers curls, “What is it?” Dipper sucked in a breath, “It’s a birthmark.” He looked at Bill through his bangs, “Do you… do you want to see?” Bill nodded slowly.

“Only if you’re comfortable with showing me, of course,” Dipper took another deep breath and pulled up his bangs, revealing his birthmark. Bills eyes widened and Dipper squeezed his eyes shut, expecting laughter or insults or something. He jumped slightly when he felt something brush against it. He glanced at his captain and saw him kissing his birthmark. Dipper was shocked for a moment, before he leaned into the others lips, feeling a blush settling across his face.

Bill grinned against his skin, before pulling away, “Come on, how about we dance?” Dipper grinned and stood up, offering a hand to the captain. Bill took it and stood, entwining their fingers and causing Dippers blush to strengthen. He chuckled and led him out of the room. The band was playing an upbeat song, one that made Dipper laugh when he recognised it. That, and when he managed to decipher what Kryptos was singing.

What will we do with a drunken sailor?
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
Early in the morning!

People were dancing in time and out of time to the music. Bill dragged Dipper onto the floor and began spinning him around. He was spun too far at one point and Hero grabbed hold of his hand, righting him. His eyes flicked to Bill before a sly grin crossed his features and he linked arms with Dipper, spinning him away. Someone took Kryptos’ place on the stage and Tad jumped off as well. Hero connected eyes with Kryptos and gestured to Bill. Then he spun Dipper into Tads arms. Dipper was laughing and Hero whispered to Tad, “Let’s play keep away with the capt!” Tad grinned, understanding and began to dance with Dipper.

Kryptos caught Bill in a little jig and Dipper was passed through the crew with Bill chasing afterwards but getting caught up in dances. Dipper was smiling so much that his cheeks hurt but he didn’t care. He linked arms again and met the beaming face of Hero, “You ready Dip?” He asked. Dipper looked curious.

“Ready for what?” Hero grinned.
“This!” with that, Dipper was span out of Hero’s hold and was wrapped in someone’s arms. Glancing up, Dipper spotted Bill sending Hero, who was in stitches, a death glare. A laugh bubbled in Dippers throat and Bill looked down. Grabbing the Pirate’s hands, Dipper set the dance pace and they were soon laughing and spinning. They didn’t see Hero off at the side, a knowing smile on his face, “Any second now,” he murmured. The song ended and Bill and Dipper stopped spinning. As Dipper looked up, time seemed to freeze. Bills eye gleamed with happiness and looked like molten gold, his face almost glowed in the light, and his hair was of the sun. His face was angled, yet smooth. His nose was rounded and small and his lips, his lips looked so soft.

Without realising it, Dipper was leaning up until his lips brushed Bills. He looked at Bills bewildered expression and shrunk into himself slightly. He began to draw away until he felt a hand at the back of his neck. He met Bills eyes and saw them gleaming with something, it looked like… love? Bill leaned in, hand on the back of Dippers neck bringing his face forward and their lips collided. They barely noticed the cheering from Hero, which then led to cheering from everyone in the entire tavern! The only thing that existed was the moment they were sharing, their lips touching, each other.

No regret coursed through either person in that moment.

Chapter End Notes

A new connection is made? Do you get it? the connection of their lips? eh? no? okay, I'll go to the trash now *walk to the bin*

okay, this is the song and this is the tune everyone is dancing to because it's damn catchy! - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E_RWtdm81WU
Whose side are you on?

Chapter Summary

We begin to question Hero's motives. Whose side is he actually on?

Chapter Notes

SORRY! I haven't updated in a couple of... no idea, probably weeks lol.

So, this chapter may make you question everything about a certain OC of mine. Hope you enjoy!

Please point out any mistakes you find.

Finally note, two characters talk in code which can be worked out by taking 4 letters forward.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A Tale of Tails: Chapter 11

Darkness covered the streets in a veil of black mist, the only light being those from the street lamps. A figure weaved their way through the street lights, avoiding the brightly lit areas. They paused at the opening of one of the alleys. Their face was shrouded in darkness and the stretching shadows down the alley weren’t helping with identifying the strange figure.

A man was strolling down the street a little ways away. He paused by the other at the end of the alley. Silence settled between the two for a moment, until the man broke it.

“Bejh w iepwga?” He muttered in a different language not heard by human ears. The figure smiled lightly, before replying.

“Bet ep wjz bkhhks pda peiaheja,” The man nodded.

“Hero,”

“Luke,”

“How has the plan been going on your end? Your brother is getting… impatient,” Hero frowned at that.

“Tell him he needs to wait. The plan is coming together, but it will take time,” Luke nodded, not looking at Hero.

“Are you thinking of betraying us again?” Hero sighed, eyes looking downcast.

“I’m not sure Luke… I might, it depends on what happens,” He turned to face the older, “You can’t
force me to hurt them, so I could betray you,” he sighed again, “But Bryn would deserve it…” Luke finally turned to the younger.

“You’re still holding a grudge?” Hero whipped his head up, eyes glowing white in the darkness.

“Yes, I am, seeing as he tortured me!” He hissed the last bit out. He then closed his eyes and exhaled slowly, “Just go Luke, I’ll follow the plan. Unless it involves hurting them,” Luke frowned, then asked.

“Where’s Sam?” Hero narrowed his eyes.

“Don’t know, but I’m going to find him. You can’t stop me from doing that,” Luke nodded.

“Very well. Farewell Hero, I wish you luck,” and with that, he turned on his heel and walked off. Hero watched his back for a moment, before bitterly spitting out, “Yeah, and I wish you all burn in hell,” once he was out of ear shot. Hero then raced off in the opposite direction.

Towards the docks.

Hero arrived at the Mind Scapus within a couple of minutes. He then scaled the side of the ship, slipping on board. He could faintly hear xyler and Craz laughing about some stupid remark. Hero rolled his eyes. He glanced over to the wheel and spotted Keyhole. He looked half asleep, eyes drooping as he looked over the deck. Hero grinned and muttered a quiet spell that sent his tumbling over the edge of sleep.

Satisfied, Hero stood up and strolled over to the captain’s quarters. He flinched instinctually when the door squeaked, despite knowing the only other two on board (who were awake, at least) were too dumb to notice anything different. Hero breathed a silent breath of relief, before slipping into the cabin and closing the door.

He cast a quick glance around the room, noting nothing was missing or out of place, before walking over to Bill’s desk. He pulled a crumpled piece of parchment out of his pocket and straightened it out before laying it on the desk. He looked over it and smiled, looking at the title:

**GRAVITY BAY MAP.**

Hero then jogged out of the cabin and off the ship. He paused, breathing out and thanking whoever was listening for his powers. He then frowned, not looking forward to the next part of the plan.

Taking Dipper from Bill.

Hero paused outside the Tavern the crew had made their mark in. An idea struck his head and he cringed slightly, well it’s better than separating them. Besides, Bill will help him… I think, shrugging, Hero pushed his way into the tavern. Instantly, he whispered a spell that caused a group of young women to flock towards Bill and start flirting with him. He noticed Dipper roll his eyes and walk to the edge of the room. Good start so far.

Within a couple of minutes, Hero had ordered a round of drinks for the crew, so they were drunk off their rockers. He had also grabbed Dipper a cup of salt water. Now, for the hard part. Hero crept over to another patron loitering the tavern. The man was fairly drunk already, only making Hero’s job easier. Hero slipped a small vile out of his pocket and tipped a generous amount into the man’s glass. A lust potion.

Muttering another spell yet again, Hero made it so the man would be led over to Dipper when the boy attempted to leave back to the ship. Hero distanced himself and watched from the shadows as
the man talked to Dipper, before grabbing him and dragging him to the back room near the bar. Waiting a couple of minutes, Hero walked over the taverns handy man, smiling slightly at the older.

“Hey, Soos!” he called, jogging over. The man smiled over at Hero, waving.

“What’s up dawg?” Soos asked. Hero smiled, noting how Soos seemed to use modern slang. (How did he know that? You’ll just need to wait to find out) He then took a breath, silently steeling himself.

“I thought I heard something in the back room. It was probably nothing, but I thought I better mention it,” Soos nodded.

“Good idea! I’ll check it out. If I don’t come back, tell me story,” Soos took a soldier stance and Hero mock saluted him. Soos grabbed a frying pan and straightened his hat, face serious, “I’m going in,” he then narrowed his eyes and turned around. Hero chuckled silently at Soos’ actions.

Okay, now to find Wendy. Hero looked around and spotted an unclear table close to the back room. Perfect. Hero glanced round again and spotted Wendy. He ran over, “Hey Wendy, did you clear that table over there?” Hero asked, pointed out the table through the crowd. Wendy looked at it.

“Shoot, didn’t even see that! Thanks Hero!” Hero nodded as he watched Wendy walk over. He counted in his head until Wendy looked up and walked to the back room. Hero then ran over to Bill.

“Yo, Cipher!” he called. Bill looked at him and excused himself from the girls. He walked over to Hero, arms held behind his back.

“What’s up White Eyes?” Hero rolled his eyes at the nickname.

“Have you seen Dipper recently?” Bill furrowed his eyebrows and glanced around the dimly lit room.

“No,” he muttered, eyes narrowing dangerously as he continued to scan the area. Hero rolled his eyes again.

“Lucky for you, I think I saw him around the back room. You’re welcome!” Bill nodded and headed towards the back room. Hero watched as Bill got called into the other room. He only had a couple of minutes to get the rest of the plan set up. He jogged over to a very tipsy Kryptos and manged to convince him onto the stage. He talked to the band and they began to play ‘Drunken Sailor’. He walked over to the edge of the room, keeping an eye out for Dipper and Bill. They soon pushed their way over to the dance floor and Hero heard Dipper laugh when he recognised the song. Soon Bill was spinning dipper. Hero waited until Bill spun him too far and grabbed Dippers hand, dancing with him towards Tad. He made eye contact with Kryptos and gestured toward Bill. He then whispered, “Let’s play keep away with the capt!” Tad grinned and the game began.

The whole crew joined in and soon everyone was laughing and smiling. Hero waited until each member of the crew had danced with Dipper before linking arms with him. He beamed at the ex-siren, “You ready?” Dipper looked at him with a curious smile.

“Ready for what?” Hero grinned. “This!” and he span Dipper away, straight into the arms of the captain. Bill was sending Hero a death glare that broke him down into stitches. He watched the strange couple dance, “Any second now,” Dipper leaned up until his lips were brushing Bill’s. He then stopped and began to draw away, no! Hero thought with despair. His heart stopped beating when he noticed Bill gently grasping the back of Dippers neck, bringing the others face closer to his. Their lips collided within the next second and Hero cheered, throwing a fist into the air. The entire
Tavern then burst into cheers, the loudest ones noticeably being from the crew.

Hero smiled, before freezing up. He heard a dark chuckle in the wind, causing his blood to freeze in his veins. He turned and ran out of the tavern and glanced at the sky. The moon was out, high in the sky. It illuminated the street in a milky light, but, within seconds, the light was flushed out as black mist began surrounding the moon. As this happened, the wind picked up, whipping around Hero.

A bitter laughter rang out through the air, making Hero’s breath catch in his throat. A bright flash illuminated the sky and a crimson red shadow silhouetted the now black moon. Within seconds, however, the silhouette is gone and the wind dies down. Hero was left stood in the street, frozen. Images where whipping through his head, too fast to fully grasp. Screams, blood, pain, horror, fear and disgust are the only memories Hero can make out. But he remembers each one vividly.

However, he was only really capable of grasping one thought, which he voiced aloud, “…He’s back. Diabolus is back…”

Chapter End Notes

So anyone figure out what Luke and Hero said to each other?

also, if you can't be bothered to work it out tell me and I'll post the Cipher in the next notes so you can figure it our in case i add them again.

So... anyone confused by Hero yet? I KNOW I AM!!! where do his loyalty's lie?

so... I'm going to sleep now... BYE!
(Please point out any mistakes you find, it helps!)
A Tale of Tails: Chapter 12

Bill lay in the bad, staring across at the bot lying next to him. After the night filled with drama, Dipper and Bill had retired to one of the Inns rooms. As he looked at the boy in his arms, Bill couldn’t help but smile, Second time I’ve done this in a row, wonder what Dipper would think.

Bill thought back to what had happened the night before. After they had kissed, there was another round of drinks on Bill (Dipper tried some rum again, but decided to stick to the salt water) and he had been in an exceedingly good mood. He was honestly hoping to go a little further with the ex-siren, but Dipper had been bordering on exhausted and Bill decided to let him sleep.

Now though, Bill was happy to let the younger sleep. He liked watching Dipper like this, giving the illusion that he could be hurt at any second and was relying on Bill to keep him safe. That wasn’t the case but, hey, Bill can dream, can’t he?

Bill had one arm draped over Dipper’s waist and the boy had his face buried in the pirate’s chest. It was a relaxing position. Bill was gently brushing Dipper’s bangs out of his eyes. As he did this, he
noted the glimpse of the birthmark he had been shown the other day, I really want to see it again, but Dipper might not be comfortable with that. Maybe I could just…

Dipper shifted and groaned quietly, causing Bill to chuckle. Dipper half opened his eyes and glared at Bill half-heartedly, “Morning Pine Tree~” Bill sang softly. Dipper grunted and buried his face further into Bill’s chest.

“Morning,” he yawned out, finally sitting up and rubbing his eyes. Bill looked at him and then asked him quietly.

“So… your Birthmark… care to add some information you left out last night?” Dipper looked at him, before dropping face first down onto the pillows and rolling onto his side to face Bill properly.

“Well… when we were younger, Mabel decided to use it as a nickname. You see, I hate my real name and she knew this, so she called me Dipper. It was just as a joke to begin with, but it stuck. No one uses my real name now. I mean, my mum used to but…” Dipper frowned.

Bill furrowed his eyebrows, “You don’t need to tell me, if you don’t want…”

Dipper shook his head, “No, you can know,” he took a breath, “A fishing boat came to Gravity bay one time. Me and Mabel were only 12 and we had been visiting our Grunkles pod. Me and Mabel got curious and ventured too close to the boat. We were spotted and Mabel got hauled up in a fishing net. Our parents and Grunkles came and managed to free Mabel. But… our parents… they got harpooned. It hit my mum first, and then they got my dad. It was horrible, the blood and their eyes haunted my dreams for so long, I felt like they were blaming me for their deaths…”

Bill was quiet throughout Dipper’s explanation, but interrupted at the last section, pushing himself up, “Hey! That wasn’t your fault! Humans are disgusting creatures, we take what we want and never
give it back. We’re selfish and monsters. I have yet to meet a really decent human,” Dipper looked confused at that.

“What about Hero?” Bill barked out a laugh.

“Hero? He may be nice, but he’s killed several people. He has blood on his hands and quite a bit at that,” Dipper’s eyes widened almost comically. Bill sighed and decided to change the topic, “So, can I see your birthmark again, I was fairly tipsy last night and didn’t get a good look,” Dipper rolled his eyes, but pushed up his bangs, showing off his mark.

Bill ran a thumb over it, looking at it was intense interest. Then he murmured something that made Dipper blush, “Natus a quod stellae,” before kissing the mark gently. Dipper began blushing furiously, which Bill laughed at when he pulled away. A knock on the door tore the two’s attention away from each other.

The door was pushed open and Hero peered around the frame. He smiled at the two, “Hey Lovebirds! You two may want to make your way downstairs and out to the docks. I’m guessing you don’t want to miss the drama!” and with that, he darted out of the room, slamming the door closed and more than likely waking up the other patrons.

Dipper rolled his eyes and began to climb out of the bed, only to be stopped when he was pulled back by Bill. Said person then dropped all of their body weight onto the ex-siren. Dipper huffed out a pained groan, attempting to push Bill off him. He managed to push the older man off him slightly and yelled out in triumph. The next couple of minutes consisted of the two wrestling, Dipper trying to get up and Bill trying to force him to stay in the bed. The Dipper was finally able to roll out from under Bill and onto the floor, letting out a muffled shout of victory.

Bill whined and dropped face down onto the bed, shouting a muffled, “I refuse to move!” Dipper rolled his eyes and bit his lip, contemplating how to get Bill out of bed. He then smirked as a thought popped into his head and he leaned down to whisper in Bill’s ear. There were a few moments of silence that consisted of Dipper murmuring quiet things into Bill’s ear. Within the next couple of
second though, Bill shot up from the bed and began getting ready to leave, Dipper laughing in the background as he also got dressed.

They both walked down stairs, Dipper racing off at the bottom step to talk to the taverns handyman, who was sweeping the floor. He started to bombard the other with questions of how he knew where Dipper was and how he knocked the man out from last night. The other laughed and responded enthusiastically, making farfetched stories which made Dipper’s eyes go wide in wonder. Bill rolled his eyes fondly and turned to face Wendy, who was wiping down the bar.

She grinned when she spotted Bill, stopping what she was doing and leaning forward on crossed arms, “Hey Cipher! Anything… interesting happen last night?” She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively. Bill snorted.

“Why you so interested?” Wendy raised one eyebrow.

“I want to know before I handle your bedsheets,” Bill nodded.

“Seems logically. Alas Red,” He sighed dramatically, turning his head away, “Nothing happened between me and Dipper,” he faced her again with a disappointed pout. Wendy laughed and flicked Bill’s lip.

“Just give him time Bill. You never know what the future holds…” That’s where the conversation ended. Bill handed Wendy a couple of gold coins, thanked her for her hospitality and bid her a farewell. He then called over to Dipper, motioning him to follow. Dipper waved bye to Soos and bounded back over to Bill, grabbing their hands and lacing them together. Bill smiled fondly at the other and strolled out of the Tavern.

They walked towards the docks, sneaking quick glances at each other and squeezing their hands
together occasionally. They kept their hands out of view, but they still got strange glances at how close they were to each other. Bill paid them no mind, although kept a close eye on Dipper and his reactions. He didn’t seem to mind the stares either.

They reached the docks in no time, noticing a large crowd, of mostly their crew, cheering and hollering. Bill and Dipper both noticed two people fighting through the breaks in the crowd. Tad spotted them and waved, pushing a few people away so that the captain and the siren could see the fighting. Kryptos and 8-ball were locked in a surprisingly vicious fight. Bill raised an eyebrow.

He walked over to Hero who was watching from the side lines, sitting on a crate, “Why are they fighting?” Hero had been chuckling quietly, but he silenced himself to listen to Bill. He grinned.

“Kryptos stole 8-Ball’s 8 ball,” Bill laughed loudly at that, knowing how much the ball meant to 8-Ball; the obsession which had given him his nickname.

Meanwhile, Dipper was watching the fight, confused but intrigued. He never understood why humans fought so much. I mean, sure, Sirens do fight, but that’s mostly over territory or the best hunting grounds. It was very rarely petty squabbles, well, except for when I stole the crystal… Dipper had begun to walk forward slightly, wanting a closer look at the fight. He couldn’t feel Bill’s eyes on him anymore, guessing he was too busy laughing hysterically.

Dipper noticed how they were both throwing random punches, neither of them having any sort of technique. He guessed it was because they mostly relied on weapons they had to do most of the work. He was idly noting how they could improve their forms, where they could add more power to their punches, so on, so forth. He was so lost in thought, that he nearly jumped six feet into the air when a hand was placed onto his shoulder.

He spun around so fast it made his head spin slightly, easily tearing his attention away from the fight. He faced a man draped in a black coat with black hair. His eyes were a dark grey, but not dark enough to be black. He smiled a smile, showing rows of slightly crooked but white teeth and… two fangs. Dipper felt his heart freeze and swallowed, noticing how the others hungry gaze seemed
drawn to it. His eyes then flicked back up and he extended his hand.

“Diabolus,” Dipper reached his hand forward also.

“Dipper,” he grasped the others hand, expecting to shake, but was taken aback when the other bowed and kissed it. Dipper’s face burst into a crimson shade of red, mind dead. He was opening and closing his mouth like a fish out of water. Diabolus rose and smirked at the others reaction. He turned however when he heard the clearing of a throat. Bill was stood there with his arms behind his back, a pleasant smile on his face, but underlying anger in his eyes.

“Hello, can I help you?” he chirped in his normally playful tone, but it seemed strained. Diabolus smirked again, only helping to fuel Bill’s rage.

“Sorry, where are my manners! Are you the captain of this fine vessel?” he asked, gesturing in the general direction of Bill’s ship. Then he extended his hand once again, “Diabolus Dark,”

Bill nodded, “yes I am, what of it?” he also extended his hand, “Bill Cipher,” he shook it firmly, before pulling away before he could try any funny business. Diabolus smiled.

“Yes, I wish to join your crew,” there was a choking sound from behind Bill and the trio turned their attention to Hero, who had been momentarily forgotten. Bill frowned, “You okay White eyes?” Diabolus smirked at the nickname. Hero scowled, before biting out, “No, everything’s peachy,” then he jumped off the crate and pushed past the three and right through the fight, electing confused stares from the crew. Bill shrugged and turned back to Diabolus, restarting the conversation, but Dipper tuned them out. He was watching Hero as he swung his way up to the crow’s nest, occasionally sending heated glares Diabolus’ way.

He barely noticed how Bill announced a new crew member, or how the rest of the crew cheered and
began swarming around Diabolus. He did, however, notice when Hero scoffed and stared at the new addition distastefully. Dipper frowned, what does Hero have against Diabolus? He was extremely confused and sighed in defeat, before turning around to face the commotion.

He noticed Bill staring at him with a strange look. Dipper smirked and walked up onto the deck, making sure to sway his hips lightly. He watched Bill grit his teeth before he rushed forward and pulled Dipper toward his quarters. Through the sudden movement and shock that accompanied it, he heard Bill growl, “Now for you to keep your little promise,” Dipper winced slightly, but smiled.

Why did it feel like he would soon regret the promise he made to Bill?

Chapter End Notes

Okay, need to clarify a couple of things:

1. if you have any questions, ANY AT ALL, about the last chapter, PLEASE ASK! It was probably confusing and i will answer then as best as i can.
2. 'Natus a quod stella' is Latin for 'Born from the stars'
3. Please note my amazingness of name making 'Diabolus Dark' Bravo Abster!
4. Dipper actually only offered a make out session, nothing more, but Bill is a hopeful person and i feel like writing more sin... you all know what's happening next chapter.

Speaking of which, I will hopefully have the next chapter up soon, but i can't promise anything because i'm getting ready for GCSE stuff... Fun...

And Finally, PLEASE DON'T HATE ME! But I've a new plan. What's going to happen is I'm going to focus on The Tale of Tails. meaning, i won't be updating the other stories. I AM NOT LEAVING THEM, I am just choosing to focus on one at a time so i can put everything into the chapters.

Okay, I think that's everything. I'm going to stay up till 2:00 now and try to write the next chapter... I am literally torturing my body...
Some time alone

Chapter Summary

Dipper and Bill have some time alone~

Chapter Notes

This chapter is pretty much completely smut!

You don't need to read this chapter, but I would be happy if you did read through it and maybe gave me tips seeing as this is the second time I've written smut, so...

NO IDEA WHETHER I FAILED OR NOT! Enjoy~!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A Tale of Tails: Chapter 13.

Bill didn’t slow his fast paced walk until he was right outside the cabin. Even then, he flung it open with ungodly speed and raced in. All the while, he was pulling Dipper along behind him like some kind of pet. Bill released Dipper once they had entered the Cabin to close the door and Dipper stumbled before falling down onto his backside.

Bill turned around after closing and bolting the door, barking out a laugh when he spotted Dipper sprawled across the floor, “yeah, yeah, very funny Cipher,” Dipper huffed out, cheeks tinting a light pink from embarrassment. Bill stifled his laughter and pulled Dipper to his feet, before locking his arms around the younger’s waist and attacking his mouth with his own.

Dipper was startled and released a noise of shock before relaxing into the kiss and wrapping his arms around the others neck. He opened his mouth slightly and moaned when he felt the other’s tongue slip in. Bill pulled back and grinned, “Someone’s excited,” he punctuated his statement with rubbing his knee gently against Dipper’s crotch, electing a louder moan out of the ex-siren.

Dipper glared at him for a moment, until his face took a look of shock and alarm as he was pushed backwards onto a soft surface. The bed. Since when did they start moving backwards? Dipper
knocked away his thoughts as Bill crawled over him and began kissing his neck. Dipper sighed and closed his eyes before letting out a yelp as Bill bit down. It wasn’t enough to break the skin, but it was enough to send a new wave of pleasure rolling through Dipper.

Then Bill pulled back, half-lidded eye clouded with lust, and asked, “So Pine Tree, What do you know of Humans?” Dipper frowned and furrowed his brows slightly.

“Um… I was mainly taught about human history, countries, rulers and navigation,” he paused for a moment, “And I know a few things about the human body. Mainly about how it works,” Bill hummed, looking at the teen under him thoughtfully.

Then, he unexpectedly asked, “Do you know of Reproduction or sexual intercourse?” Then he proceeded to abuse Dipper’s neck. Again. Dipper stared at the ceiling, eyes wide, clearly taken aback by the question. Then his face began glowing a bright shade of red as he stuttered out, “M-maybe…”

Bill chuckled against his neck before raising his head again, meeting Dipper’s eyes, “You know what’s going to happen, right?” Dipper swallowed and nodded, slight fear and apprehension showing in his eyes. Bill brushed Dipper’s bangs out of the way and kissed his forehead, “Don’t worry, I’ll be careful,” Dipper exhaled.

“I’m okay, don’t worry,” Bill nodded and jumped off the bed for a moment. Dipper sat up on his elbows, watching the captain as he walked around the bed. Opening a draw on the bedside table, Bill pulled out a small jar before clambering onto the bed again. He left the jar on the pillow Dipper wasn’t lay on and straddled Dipper’s hips. He grinned at the 18 year old lying on the bed, “let’s get these clothes off shall we?” he asked with a sly grin, tugging on the collar of Dipper’s shirt. He then proceeded to unbutton the shirt. Dipper sat up more and shrugged the shirt off once it had been fully unbuttoned, before getting pushed back down into the mattress.

Bill leaned over him, a sinister grin crossing his features he leaned down and nibbled on Dipper’s ear, whispering, “I’m going to fuck you into this mattress,” Dipper’s eyes widened slightly, but he
forced himself to calm down, Bill won’t hurt me, he care, oh gods what will Mabel say? Dipper laughed out loud at that, shocking Bill who had moved to nibble his neck.

“What’s so funny?” He muttered against the others flesh, sending cool air over the damp skin and causing him to shiver. Dipper chuckled again. “Just imagining what my sister would say, she would probably freak out, and my Grunkles would definitely hate me-” He was cut off as he yelped when Bill dug his teeth into his neck. It was deep enough to bleed slightly. Then Bill growled, sounding fairly demonic.

“Your thoughts are only to be about me from now on, okay?” Dipper swallowed and nodded, not failing to notice how Bill’s gaze seemed to be drawn to his throat at that moment, a hungry look in his eyes. Dipper cleared his throat and decided to change the subject, “so, what’s in the jar?” Bill looked over at the jar.

“Oil,”

“Why?” Dipper asked.

“To make things a little bit easier. Now, enough stalling!” Bill then pulled Dipper’s trousers off and finally removed his underwear, leaving the younger bare to the captain. Dipper felt his face heat up as Bill licked his lips, taking in the sight in front of him, “Oh, this is going to be fun,” He mumbled, pulling off his trousers and underwear and catching Dipper in another kiss. Meanwhile, Bill’s other hand reached for the jar, pulling off the lid and dipping his fingers in. When they were coated, he pulled them away and pushed them against the others entrance.

Dipper made a noise of discomfort and tensed. Bill broke off the kiss to gently run his free hand along Dippers stomach, “Relax, or it’ll hurt more,” Dipper breathed out slowly and Bill eased his finger in. Dipper winced at the burn that accompanied, but focused on his breathing rather than the feeling. Bill hummed and kissed his neck. After moving the first finger around for a while, Bill added the second. It didn’t burn as much as the fist, but there was still enough pain for it to be uncomfortable. But Dipper focused on the feeling of the two fingers scissoring him.
Bill was careful, despite his urge to just thrust into the boy, not wanting to hurt the other. He moved the third and final finger into the boy, noticing how he didn’t wince for a change. Bill smiled. He finally took notice of the others growing arousal and felt a small sense of pride. Once he could move three fingers easily inside the 18 year old, Bill removed them, earning a whine out of the other.

“Hold on, I don’t want to hurt you,” Bill reached for the jar again and stuck his entire palm in. Then he quickly slicked himself up and pressed into the ex-siren. Dipper tensed slightly, making Bill moan when he clenched around his length. “Come on Pine Tree, relax…” Bill had his hands on either side of Dippers head and he had moved Dipper’s legs to wrap around his waist. Dipper calmed and mumbled.

“Sorry, it just… feels weird…” Dipper opened his eyes so that they were half lidded. Bill groaned and thrust the rest of the way in, making Dipper arch his back off the bed. “nhg… B-bill…” Dipper moaned. Bill growled and moved one hand to hold Dipper’s waist while the other was keeping him supported next to the ex-sirens head. Bill pulled his hips back before rolling them back, thrusting gently into the younger. Dipper moaned and keened with each thrust, hand fisting into the bed. Bill managed to keep his cool until Dipper made a particular loud moan as Bill found his sweet spot, “B-bill… oh gods,” Bill growled and gripped Dipper’s waist, thrusting harshly into the 18 year old. Dipper moaned loudly, arms wrapping around Bill’s shoulders as stars swept across his vision.

The cabin with filled with moans from both parties. Their pants became uneven and laboured, breath mixing together. Dipper was struggling to hold on, feeling a coil in his abdomen tighten on the verge of snapping. “B-bill, I-can’t hold on-for much longer,” he moaned out, words slurring together as he gave in fully to the pleasure coursing through his veins. Bill grunted his response. He was close as well, but he wanted Dipper to go first.

He didn’t have to wait long, because soon Dipper was moaning as he release over their chests and stomachs. Bill moaned when Dipper tightened around him, thrusting into him a couple of times before releasing with a quiet moan of Dipper’s name. Dipper blushed when he heard his name on the others tongue. They stayed in silence for a moment, until Dipper began feeling uncomfortable with the other inside of him. “H-hey Bill?” Bill hummed against his neck, “Do you think you could, um…” Dipper trailed off, but Bill must have understood what he was implying because he chuckled before pulling out and lying next to Dipper.
Bill sighed happily, “That was fun. You know,” he sat up on his elbows, looking at the younger, “that was probably the best I’ve ever had!” Dipper blushed again.

“R-really?” Bill grinned and nodded. Dipper let out a sigh of relief, followed by a sigh. He then hit Bill’s arm when he laughed, “Shut up!” he laughed light heartedly. He then closed his eyes, feeling the bed shift as Bill pulled the covers over them and settled next to the teen. The next thing he felt were arms wrapping around his middle and a head resting atop his.

“Good night Pine tree,” Bill mumbled. Dipper smiled.

“G’night Bill…” he paused for a moment, worrying on his lip for a moment before he whispered, “love you…” He felt Bill tighten his arms around him for a moment, and cursed himself.

In reality, Bill was looking at the younger fondly, tightening his arms protectively before sighing and whispering:

“Love you too…”

Chapter End Notes

I'm going to hell...
I failed...
where's the bin?

so, how did I do? I feel like not too many people are enjoying this, so if you could leave me a comment telling me what you think, I would greatly appreciate it.

If you need me, I'm in hell, slouching in the BillDip corner... yeeeeeah...

also, I fail at leading up to sex scenes and dirty talk... I never thought i would ever say that... wow.
Broken Memories

Chapter Summary

After effects, in more than one way.

Who is the real enemy? And who is telling the truth?

Chapter Notes

Sorry if my writing seems a bit... off.

Okay, so my sister is making me question my ship seeing how I wrote smut, and she's hating me for it.
Also, I lost an ENTIRE CHAPTER! I wrote chapter 14 and then, *poof* it was gone...

So yeah... also, sorry for not updating for a while, just wasn't feeling too motivated.

So if you find any mistakes, you know what to do. And, finally, the stars in indicate a memory, okay? Okay!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A Tale of Tails: Chapter 14.

Dipper awoke slowly, starting to stretch his limbs, but stopping when his hand came in contact with something soft. He turned on his side and chuckled at the sight of Bill sleeping peacefully, mouth hanging open slightly. His lower back ached slightly, but the memory of how it was caused made him blush and smile like a goof. Bill cared for him. It was strange in all honesty, the fact he had somehow developed feelings for a human. But, lying where he was now, he didn’t care for the details.

He curled up in the arms of his lover more, snuggling into his chest and just happy to be with him. He closed his eyes and thought over last night. He was honestly at a bit of a crossroads about what to do, the Stans will more than likely hate me and so will the rest of the pod, so going back is out. I could try to find Mabel, but she could hate me as well and leaving to find her would mean leaving Bill… he cut off his thoughts there and decided to, in a sense, relive last night. He blushed darkly as he remembered what had happened, but found that he didn’t mind. It was honestly the best feeling he had felt for a while.
He jumped violently when he felt Bill carding his fingers through his hair, effectively knocking him out of his thought and into the present day. Bill laughed at the boy’s reaction, smiling at the younger and tightening his arms around him. Dipper just smiled up at the captain. Bill chuckled.

“I take it you’re feeling okay then?” Dipper hummed and nuzzled into Bill’s chest.

“I’m sore, but it was worth it,” Bill hummed, rubbing at Dipper’s lower back and nuzzling into his hair. They lay like that for a few minutes before there was a short knock on the door and Tad entered. He grinned at the two lying in the bed and said;

“Te heri duas habent fun?” Dipper groaned and buried his face further into Bill’s chest. Bill smirked and raised an eyebrow towards Tad.

“You heard?” Tad laughed.

“You weren’t exactly trying to be quiet,” he rolled his eyes. Dipper yelled a muffled, “please can we change the subject!” causing both of the pirates to laugh. Bill then turned his attention to Tad.

“Was there a reason you came down here?” Tad nodded.

“Just to update you on the ships progress,” Bill nodded, indicating Tad to continue, “We’re making good time so far. If the winds are with us, we should be to our destination in…” Dipper zoned out at this point, choosing to focus on the fingers running through his curls, carefully untangling them. He zoned in a couple of minutes later, when he heard Tad talking about the new crew mate, “…And he’s managed to fix the leak in the mess hall. You know the one we had no idea how to fix?” Bill hummed at this point, “Well, it was that one. Oh, also, Hero refuses to leave the crow’s nest. Eight ball said that he left at one point during the night but he was back up after a couple of minutes. He’s also refusing to eat,” Dipper turned his attention to Bill during the explanation and saw a flurry of
emotions that shocked him.

Surprise, concern and confusion danced through Bill’s eyes. He muttered a few curses under his breath before untangling himself from Dipper and climbed out of bed, completely indifferent to the fact Tad was stood a few meters away. Tad smirked and rolled his eyes at the captain before leaving.

Bill stretched for a moment, grunting and humming when his back popped. Dipper watched him as he stretched and then attempted to climb out of bed, wincing slightly as he did. Bill was by his side in a second, gently pushing the ex-siren back onto the bed, “You should rest Pine Tree, I don’t want you to hurt yourself okay?” Bill whispered, concern colouring his tone. Dipper rolled his eyes at the pirate.

“I’m fine! Stop worrying too much,” Regardless of what he said though, Dipper lay back against the pillows, relaxing against them. He watched Bill as he flitted about the room, picking up the clothing they discarded the other day. He got dressed and pulled on his coat and hat. When he was finally ready, Bill walked over to Dipper.

“Sweet dreams, Pine tree,” he whispered as he kissed the 18 year old’s forehead and sent him to the dreamscape. Then, double checking to make sure he had everything, Bill left the room, casting a short glance back at Dipper and smiling to himself.

Bill and Tad walked out onto the deck and they both started to head towards the wheel. Bill cast a glance up towards the crow’s nest, spotting a mess of platinum blonde hair, and frowned. He took his place behind the wheel and stood there. He was listening to the creaking of the ship and watching the crew work around the deck while still keeping an eye on Hero.

Bill noticed, with a chuckle, that Hero appeared to be sulking. Not for the first time since his old
friend had come onto his ship, he wished he could read the younger’s mind. It would make everything so much more easily if Bill could just see what is bothering the troubled teen.

He soon found himself wondering what the boy could be thinking about and making a few guesses. After one extremely far fetched thought (Something about a Unicorn conspiracy), Bill snorted with laughter and pushed his worries to the back of his mind. Hero was fine, just probably being moody.

But why didn’t that reassure Bill?

Hero was staring off into the sea, lost deep inside his own thoughts. After staying in the crow’s nest for who knows how long, Hero found his thoughts drifting to what had happened last night, when everyone had gone to bed. When Diabolus decided to truly make his presence known.

**********

Hero was leaning against the mast while seated in the crow’s nest, watching as the ships docked at the port in the darkness. The lanterns around Mind Scapus cast broken shadows across the deck as they swung in the slight breeze.

He was seething. Despite his past warnings, Bill still allowed the Devil onto his ship. Yep, he was a devil, probably even worse than Bill himself. Hero sighed a defeated sigh, knowing his past memories were clouding his judgements. Bill knew what he was doing, hopefully. Then again, he is Bill Cipher so… They were probably all dead. Nothing against Bill, just he tended to get a bit… crazy if he’s betrayed or anyone he cares about is harmed. Hero smiled lightly at that.
The smile slipped from his face within seconds when he heard a bitter laughter float through the humid air. Hero glanced over the side of the nest and scowled at the sight of who he saw. Speak of the Devil, literally. Hero grabbed a hold of one of the ropes that weren’t attached to anything other than the mast. Steadying his grip, Hero threw himself off the edge of the Crow’s nest. He felt the wind whistle past his ears as he sped towards the deck.

He then released his grip and rolled to the floor. He stood a moment later and faced the Devil that had been welcomed to a place he was mostly unwelcome. Diabolus grinned the grin that would catch the stares of hundreds, but in the darkness, it gleamed something sinister.

“Well, if it isn’t Hero. How’s my little carving been?” Diabolus purred. Hero grimaced at the nickname, but met Diabolus’ stare levelly.

“Let me make something clear. You might think you’re safe to mess with me here, but you can be over powered within seconds,” Hero hissed back. Diabolus just chuckled.

“You really think these mortals can over-power me? You truly are foolish young Hero,” Hero growled at that, causing Diabolus to smile.

“Listen here, you aren’t allowed to practice magic on this ship; Trust me, I will know. You also aren’t allowed to mess with or harm any crew members, do you understand?” Hero came off as calm, maybe even collected, but inside, he was screaming at himself to run, run as fast as he can and never look back. But he wasn’t leaving.

Diabolus frowned, “Do you really think I would harm anyone?” I mean no harm, Hero,” Hero snorted at that, his obvious disbelief showing through. Diabolus’ eye flashed, “Although,
I’ll make an exception for you,” and that was all the warning he got before Hero was slammed into the mast with a hand around his throat, slowly choking him.

Diabolus leaned in, so close that Hero could smell his rotting breath and hear his laboured gasps for air. He felt slight pride, seeing as he was the cause for that small detail. It was soon wiped out of him when he was brought forward, only to be slammed back into the mast with a small cry of pain.

“You can’t hurt me, they’ll kick you off the ship,” Hero choked out. Diabolus chuckled, a hollow sound that held no warmth or amusement in it.

“And who would believe you carving?” Diabolus asked, “seeing as the truths you have are so shocking, they’ll be believed as lies. I’m afraid, you have no chance of beating me little Hero. I can hurt you in more ways than you know, in all of the ways even you don’t realise you fear. I can harm you without using my weapons. I own your soul, you’re my slave and if you try to disobey, your punishment will be worse than in our… past,” Diabolus smiled sinisterly and dropped Hero to the ground before stalking off.

Hero stared at his back for a moment, seemingly in shock, as Diabolus walked to the crew quarters. When the Devil had vanished, Hero let a sound of weakness escape him. A whimper. Followed by a sob as he scrambled up to the nest. He crouched than and cried, reliving his past. All the pain and Horror. He had escaped from the man who did it to him, and now that very man could do it all again within seconds.

Hero clutched his head, rocking back and forth and trying to reassure himself of his horrors called memories.

*He just wanted to feel safe…*
Hero blinked himself out of his memories, not realising he was crying until he felt something fall down his cheek. He rubbed his eyes angrily, willing the tears away. Then he looked around to see what knocked him out of his thoughts and spotted Bill looking up at him with poorly masked concern. Hero swung down to the deck and landed on Bill’s left side.

Bill frowned at the younger next to him, “There a reason you’re in a mood?” Hero rolled his eyes and groaned, pushing a hand through his hair roughly.

“’I’m absolutely fine,” Bill frowned, obviously unconvinced. It was silent for some moments, before Bill attempted to open his mouth to ask another question. Hero noticed him in his peripheral vision and threw his hands in the air and walked off while yelling, “Just drop it!” Bill watched after him, blinking owlishly. Hero sighed, his hand on the door to the mess hall. Everyone on deck was watching the scene unfold, crew member against captain.

Hero sighed through his noise and turned back to Bill, hand still on the handle. He took a shuddering breath, “You shouldn’t trust Diabolus. You have no idea what he’s done!” Hero yelled, forcing his voice not to waver, before turning back around and walking into the mess hall. The ship’s deck fell silent as all the crew turned and faced their captain. Said captain was staring in disbelief at the now closed door. He then blinked before making eye contact with a few crew members, which caused them to turn away and go back to their work.

Bill sighed and then groaned quietly, massaging his temple. He could definitely feel a head ache coming on now. It was silent for a moment, other than the creaking of the ship and the shouts from the crew. Bill was staring out at the sea, deep in thought. What had caused Hero to react so violently? I mean, sure, he obviously doesn’t like Diabolus, but that reaction was… unexpected. Bill sighed once again, deciding it was a lost cause.
He then jumped when he felt breath ghosting over his ear. He glanced around, yet didn’t see anyone near him. He was instantly on guard, but his tight form slacked and his eyes widened in confusion when he heard a quiet voice echo throughout his mind. Absentmindedly, he realised that the voice sounded strangely like Hero;

“WJ QJGJKSJ ZWNGJAOO NEOEJC,

BNEAJZO PQNJEJC PK BKAO.

DKHZ PDKOA ZAWN PK UKQ YHKOA YELDAN,

WO UKQ JARAN GJKS SDAJ PDAU IWU ZEOWLLAWN…”

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think?

Sorry if Hero's a bit confusing, he's easy to imagine, hard to write. If anyone has any questions about anything, I will reply as best as I can.

AND DON'T WORRY! Those people who want the Tabel, It will happen soon (Hopefully). Thank you all of being so patient with me and supporting. Every comment I get, every Kudos or bookmark, It just makes me feel better about myself.

So, could you maybe comment and tell me what you think? They are always appreciated and make me feel better. THANK YOU ALL!

Also, Tad says - "You two have fun yesterday?"
And the voice in Bill's head said - "An unknown darkness is rising, friends turning to foes. Hold those dear to you close Cipher, as you never know when they may disappear..."
Dipper is finally content with his new life and Mabel escapes the cove

But, is it too late?

I PROMISE I'M NOT DEAD!

god... it's been so long since I last updated (I think about 6 months... whoops?)

but here it is! the next chapter!

you're gonna hate me for this one XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A Tale of Tails: Chapter 15.

A week had passed since the new crewmate had boarded ship. Night had descended on the boat as it gently rocked from the waves pushing it from all sides. Dipper was currently alone in the cabin, lost in thought. His thoughts revolved around one subject in particular ‘Where his family still looking for him? Had they given up? Had they noticed that he was gone yet? Or had it still slipped their notice?’ They should know, it’d been months since his kidnapping. Dipper hadn’t realised until recently, when Bill mention the date to him. December 10th. Odd, it’d been 10 months since he’d been kidnapped by Gideon. Strange how the days had blurred together, ‘yeah, just a Tad strange’ He thought with a snicker.

Sighing, lost with his emotions, Dipper pulled himself from the bed and walked to the door of the cabin. Breathing in the salt tainted air, Dipper glanced to the right side of the ship. He took measured steps towards the railing and rested his forearms on it, gaze sweeping the ocean and horizon. Averting his gaze upwards, he stared at the stars, eyes finding the constellations they made. He left out a frustrated breathe of air and moved his gaze back towards the sea. Dipper jolted suddenly when arms wrapped around his torso from behind. He felt lips on the nape of his neck and a light hearted chuckled, air puffing softly against his skin. Spinning round in the arms, Dipper wrapped his around the other’s neck and captured his lover’s lips in a sweet, chaste kiss.
Bill grunted and pulled Dipper back in, changing the kiss into a slow, tender kiss. Dipper went a slight crimson colour across his cheeks and kissed back. Bill pulled back and chuckled at the look on his Pine Trees face. Dipper blushed a darker shade of red and hid his face in Bill's chest, "Aww, don't hide from me Pine Tree~" Bill cooed, pulling Dipper from his hiding place and rubbing their noses together. Dipper squeaked and giggled, "What are you doing on deck sapling?" The older inquired. Dipper shrugged.

"Looking at the stars mainly; being in the cabin alone wasn't helping my thought process. What about you, where are you heading?" Dipper asked, still holding onto Bill.

"Aw, Sapling" Bill hugged Dipper close, ruining a hand through his hair and feeling the boy relax against him, "I was heading to the mess hall for some drinking contest the crew's been talking about all day. But, I can stay with you if you want"

Dipper pulled back gently and smiled at Bill, "No, it's okay, go enjoy the competition; I'll be fine up here…" He paused for a moment, "as long as you promise that you don't come back too drunk" Bill chuckled at that and placed a gentle kiss on Dippers forehead, murmuring an almost inaudible 'I promise'. He kissed Dipper one more time, both savouring the contact, before he pulled away and walked towards the mess hall, waving good bye to Dipper over his shoulder. Dipper waved back a small smile on his face as he started to turn back to the sea. However, movement in the top corner of his eye made his glance up to see Hero, glancing down at him. He waved at the boy, smiling again. He saw Hero return the smiled and wave. Dipper then turned back to the sea. He didn't see Hero’s smile fall as he focused on something down deck.

The brunette watched the waves spill over each other and let out a strained sigh. Mabel would have been married off by now. He just hoped that she was happy and that she wasn’t restricted to the nesting grounds. Mabel had always enjoyed going near the entrance to the cove, a place where the shells gleamed with the most colour. She loved swimming there in the mornings, when the sun just rose and you could see the colours mixing with the water, filling the area with a rainbow of colour. He smiled, remembering when he first showed it to Mabel. She’d near screamed and refused to leave for several hours. It was only after saying that Stan might stop them from coming did Mabel leave with him.

He just hoped that his bubbly sister was safe, that’s all that mattered. He smiled again, feeling content. Then, he felt a sharp pain at the back of his head, as though it was in his brain. But before he
could truly question it, the world around him went black.

Mabel was swimming through the ocean, near the entrance to the cove. She was feeling sorry for herself as she wasn’t happy with her new husband. She surfaced and glanced at the barrier that stretched around the bay, protecting it thanks to her Grunkles. Glancing over to the other side of the bay, she noticed a figure with a distinct red tail. She smiled and waved at her friend. Lilieth waved back briefly before diving back into the water. Mabel watched after her sadly but knew that if either of them were caught, they’d be in trouble. The siren started to head back towards her new nesting area. She’s been married off to Mermando for a while, but she wasn’t happy.

Sure, Mermando was nice, but she felt out of place with the new pod. Unwanted and unwelcome. But, most of all, she missed Dipper with all her heart. She paused in her retreat, thinking about Dipper. He must be terrified, lost, more unwelcome then she felt. There was a possibility that she’d still be able to track him and catch up to whoever caught him. Growling under her breath, Mabel turned around and darted towards the barrier. Chirping echoed through the water, her name calling her back, but she ignored it and swam on, breaking through the barrier. She swam on and didn’t turn back once. There was no way she was stopping now, not when there was a chance to save her brother.

She’d been swimming for a while when she felt a sudden surge of emotions. She continued swimming as she tried to identify them, knowing that they didn’t belong to her. She pinpointed the main 4; Hopelessness, Sadness, Love and then Happiness. She paused, confused by the last 2 emotions. Who was Dipper feeling love towards? Why? What was making him so happy? She continued to swim, pushing through the waves as she tried to figure out this new mystery. She pushed to the surface for a moment and felt her heart jolt in her chest. A ship! Heading the same direction as the bay! She knew, just knew, that Dipper was aboard that ship!

That’s when she felt a sharp pain in the back of her head and she felt her consciousness slip out from under her. She drifted down to the sea bed sand billowing around her as she felt her own mind leave her and felt her brothers leave him.
Hero was sat in the crows’ nest, anger bubbling in his gut as he glared down at the deck. It was a wonder holes weren’t being burned into the wood. He watched as Diabolus picked Dipper up and threw him over his shoulder. Hero stood and walked to the edge of the crows’ nest and glared down at the demon. The devil glanced up, noticing Hero and grinning sinisterly at him. Hero yelled and slammed his fists at the edge of the crows’ nest; A barrier lit up underneath his fists, preventing his from leaving the crows’ nest. He could only watch helplessly as Diabolus laughed and yelled up to him, “PDEO SWO BQJ DWHBHEJC, SA DWRA PK ZK EP IKNA KBPAJ!” before teleporting away with Dipper. The barrier fell away with Hero’s hands as he stared at the spot the two once stood. One thought replayed over and over in his head, deafening any other which tried to push through;

*What in hell was he going to tell Bill?*

Chapter End Notes

so, what’s gonna happen to Dip?

Who’s Diabolus working for?

Will I update sooner?

EVEN I DON’T KNOW! (well... the last one anyways XD)

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

Comments and kudos are always welcome and appreciated!
A Tale of Tails: Chapter 16.

Dipper slowly felt his consciousness return to him. It was hard to wake up as his mind felt groggy and his eyes felt like they were glued closed. However, there was a plus side to this. And what was that? Well, it was that he could hear voices talking close to him, almost as though they were next to him, but they felt far away. But close enough for him to recognise them and put faces and names to them; Gideon and Diabolus. It was hard to make out what they were saying and Dipper strained his ears to make out if only a few words. It kept fading in and out, almost as though they were underwater and the currents were messing with the sound.

“What’s the point keeping him here?”

“…interesting in many ways… he can be useful to use”

“No I mean…”
“Where else?”

“… Can you do to him”

“Lots of things… inappropriate…”

The voices began to fade away more, the sound of a door opening and then shutting as the footstep walked off. Dipper was awake at this point, almost fully coherent, and managed to pry his eyes open. He stared at the ceiling for a bit, realisation hitting him like a freight train. He was on Gideon’s ship, in human form, in some unknown room, who know how far from Bill…

*Bill…*

Dippers mind began to drift to his… Lover? He was sure they were lovers at this point. After all, hadn’t they… just a week before… Dipper felt like he’d been punched and shot upright. Dipper had done that with Bill while he was human. That was seen as inappropriate. Gideon had said something about being inappropriate or doing something… what was going to happen to him? Gideon could hurt him in so many more ways when he was human… so many different ways…

When water hit his hand, Dipper jerked. He glanced down and realised he was crying. Why was he crying? He shouldn’t be crying, he wanted to be human, he needed to face what was going to happen. He could defend himself! He wanted to be human! But… not right now. Now he wished, gods, he wished he was a siren again, if only for a while… Dipper began crying again and covered his face, sobbing into his hands.
Feeling a sharp pain jolt through his legs, Dipper let out a hiss of pain and looked down at his legs. It felt like they were burning and it hurt, it really hurt. Pulling off his trousers, Dipper stared at his legs in wonder. Knitting along his skin were scales, sprouting out and overlapping each other as a tail began to form. It hurt like hell, but Dipper was too mesmerised in the moment to really notice the pain. It was more of a stinging. He watched as his feet stretched out and formed into a fin, slowly going a translucent blue. Within a few moments, Dipper was back to his birth form.

He sat there, stunned, staring at his legs with a partially open mouth as his eyes were near shining. He was so lost in his own mind that he jumped violently when the door opened with an exaggerated creak. Gideon stood in the door way, looking down at Dipper. The other faltered slightly when he noticed that Dipper was no longer human, but then he just sighed. “was wondering when that was gonna happen” he called something behind him, most likely to another crew member, before walking further into the room and shutting the door, walking over to Dipper and Crouching down in front of him. Dipper watched him warily, flinching when he tapped the side of his head, “ya ears changed” Dipper flicked his ears to knock away Gideon’s finger. The other just chuckled and clicked his tongue “ya a tough one to catch, ya know that?” Dipper continued to stare at him, distrust evident in his eyes. Gideon just shook his head with a smirk on his face.

“So, how’d things go with that pirate scum and betrayer?” Dipper let out a growl when he mentioned them in that way, pulling his lips back in a snarl at the mention of his lover and friend in that term. The sound continued until Gideon rolled his eyes and corrected himself “Fine, Bill and Hero” Dipper just stared at Gideon, stopping his growling. The other rolled his eyes and groaned “you seriously need to help me out here”

There was a curt knock on the door and a muffles voice calling out “It’s ready sir!” Gideon yelled back in conformation and turned back to Dipper. Dipper’s ear fins pricked up and he eyes Gideon warily. He then let out a squawk as the human picked him up bridal style. There was a bit of a struggle, where Dipper tried to claw at Gideon, but the captain just ignored him and walked out of the room. The siren gave up after a while with a huff. Gideon then set a course to his cabin.

Inside the cabin, there was a glass case seated next to the desk, filled with what looked like salt water. Walking over to the case, Gideon placed Dipper into the water, surprisingly gentle. He then straightened and took his seat behind the desk, beginning to look over some sheets of parchment.
Dipper regarded him for a moment before turning his attention to the room. From where he was positioned he could see the door easily. From that angle, he could see a map and a bookcase, the latter placed on the left wall closest to Dipper and the former placed on the right wall. Breaking off from the office was two separate doors. Dipper assumed that they lead to a bathroom and bedroom. He held back a shudder at the second idea. Twisting himself around, Dipper looked at the back of the room. There was a window spanning the full length of the back wall. Gideon’s desk was placed just in front of the window. It was a good light source.

He turned back to the front of the room when he heard the click of the door, watching Diabolus storm in. He didn’t look happy. In fact, he looked pissed, borderline furious. He let out an animalistic growl, eyes flicking toward Dipper before moving back to Gideon “Why is he in here?” Gideon looked up and made a questioning noise. Diabolus growled again “why is HE” he pointed towards Dipper, who shrank down into the tank “in here Gideon” It was more of a demand now.

Gideon stood up, hands placed on either ends of his desk as he stared Diabolus down – despite being a head shorter “Because the siren belongs to me. He’s my property and so I’d to keep an eye on him” there was a fire of determination in Gideon’s eyes.

“That’s not fair, I was the one who got him in the first place!” Diabolus spat “I should be the one with him!”

“And yet you got him for ME did you not?”

“You wouldn’t have him without me in the first place!”

“I would have gotten him in the end!”

Dipper had shrunk down more, partly submerged into the water. He could feel the tension in the air,
almost like a crackle of static. One of them where going to crack soon he knew it. He wasn’t wrong. A minute later, Diabolus cracked from the argument and launched his fist through there air. Gideon ducked away from the punched and leapt around his desk, knocking his fist into his jaw. They shared fists, knocking each other around until Diabolus grabbed Gideon by his Jacket and threw him against the desk. Gideon grunted as the wind was knocked out of him. He reached behind him in a blind fumble as the older man advanced.

He pulled a gun out of the desk draw. He pulled it in front of him, took aim in a mere second and fired. Dipper flinched at the sharp sound and covered his ear fins. Everything seemed to go silent, as though the world had frozen. No noise could be heard from the crew upon deck. There was a buzzing sound in the cabin. Diabolus was stood, shell-shocked, in front of the siren and the captain… with a bullet straight into his heart. Then, slowly but surely…

The bullet began to pop back out.

Time started again and Diabolus moved forward, completely unharmed. Gideon went pale from fear, but then moved himself in front of Dipper as a barrier to protect the siren. Dippers ears pricked up and his eyes widened. His knuckles had gone white from the way he was gripping the edge of the tank. This was it. He and Gideon were so screwed.

Diabolus swiped his hand in front of him and to the side and threw Gideon towards the wall. The captain gasped as he hit the wooden plank before flopping down and landing in a heap on the ground. Dipper watched Gideon crumple in horror before turning to look at Diabolus. He pulled back and whimpered ears flat against his head. Diabolus reached out towards the siren, which resulted in a hiss and a claw to his arm. He pulled back and growled, his head flashing black which caused Dipper to freeze. The… demon? Then grabbed Dipper again and threw him over his shoulder.

Stomping over to the door of the cabin, he kicked it open to see the startled crew mates. He then grinned darkly and yelled out across the deck “This ship now has a new captain!” Dipper cringed at the announcement and gulped sharply. He was struck with an obvious realisation;
This was very, very bad…

Chapter End Notes

yes, this did kill me and yes I may have died on the inside, BUT! it didn't take me as long to write!
but it's short and bad and you're gonna hate me soon XD

so! I have a request; I need someone to be my beta for this work so if you could please send me a message over my Tumblr (http://ab5ter.tumblr.com) That's be great!

an~y~ways~ if you noticed any mistakes, please point them out!

Comments and Kudos are always appreciated!
Lost and Found

Chapter Summary

Mabel finally finds Bill's ship, but something definitely seems wrong

Chapter Notes

HAHAHAHHA!
I'M BACK! WASN'T GONE TOO LONG! AND BOOM!

have this chapter, before I'm gone for several years again XD
HOPE YOU ENJOY~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A Tale of Tails: Chapter 17.

When Mabel woke up, she was half buried in sand along the bottom of the sea floor. She sat up, head spinning and disorientated. She glanced up towards the surface, watching the light flit through the water. She spotted the underside of a boat, a few meters away and her heart jumped. Pricking up her ear funs, she pushed her way out of the sand and approached it carefully. Breaking the surface silently, she could hear curses and the smashing of wood. She wondered who was in such a bad mood, and what had caused them to be so angry.

What happened?

2 HOURS AGO

Bill stumbled up from the mess hall, smiling brightly and taking a breath of the sea air. He wouldn’t deny it, he was slightly tipsy from all the rum he’d consumed, but he was still coherent. Glancing
around the deck and up at the sky, he could tell dawn was very much here, meaning he’d spent most of the night below deck drinking. The thought caused him to chuckle.

Glancing round again, he spotted a glare of white-blond hair against the slight darkness rising into dawn. It was moving slightly with the wind and the person looked lost in their own thoughts. Deciding to ruin that – because let’s face it, this is Bill we’re talking about – Bill called out to them

“Hey Hero!” That jolted the boy out of his daze and he glanced back at Bill, before turning to face him completely. He waved with a strained look. He almost flinched when Bill beckoned him over. He walked over slowly, seemingly stalling. Of course, this caused Bill to become suspicious. Why would Hero be stalling?

Bill almost immediately snapped out of his somewhat drunken haze and set Hero with a hard look, bordering on glare. And, then came the demands,

“What’s wrong Hero?”

Hero started to tumble over his words, obviously trying to find a way to change the subject,

“Well, you know, there’s nothing really, nothing at all, absolutely fine, nothing bad here! So how have you been captain? It's a great night isn’t it?”

Bill gradually began to look more and more frustrated by each word Hero spoke. Hero’s voice eventually died down and he swallowed harshly, finally cracking and sighing, turning his gaze downwards and near whispering, “can we please take this to your office?” Bill nodded and turned to lead the way, curious as to what was bothering the younger crewmate. The entered his office and Bill waited, facing Hero.
The younger took a breath and explained what happened “Dipper’s been kidnapped… by Diabolus. I saw it, but I couldn’t do anything… and I also think he may or may not be working with Gideon… so he may be on his ship” Hero ended the short explanation and stared at Bill, waiting for his reaction.

There was silence for a moment, before Bill exploded.

He grabbed a bottle that’d been lying on his desk and smashed it against the wall, swearing and yelling. It was too difficult to understand what He was saying, as it was in a mix of different languages, most of which Hero didn’t even recognise. He just stood back and waited for the captain to let out enough steam, hiding in a corner when his power spiked up, a threatening aura beginning to surround him. Hero mainly hoped he would calm down soon.

Mabel stared up at the boat, listening to the muffled turmoil and feeling the livid power spike in the air. She stared at the deck with a strange luck, trying to make out whatever was being said. She wasn’t having any luck, but there was no harm in trying. She sank down into the water at some point, half in and half out, her hair spreading around her like seaweed waving in the water. Her ear fins pricked up again at the sound of rushed steps marching across the deck towards the shouting. The boots clicked against the wood in measured steps, but with a slight sense of urgency behind them. The door opened yet again before being slammed shut. More yelling continued for a moment and another foreign power spiked in the air. Everything fell silent but the power stayed until one crumbled and disappeared, the other following shortly afterwards.

Again. Mabel waited.
Tad stormed across the deck, making a beeline towards Bill’s office. He’d felt the power spike even from below deck and had immediately noticed something was wrong. The way the crew were frozen on deck and the yelling coming from his cousin’s room solidified his thoughts; Bill was pissed. But there was an underlying fear and sadness in his power, which honestly scared Tad. What’d happened to Bill? And why was he acting so rash. He hadn’t acted like this in a very long time.

So, that’s why he was storming across deck, hurrying towards his cousin before he hurt someone or himself. Kicking the door open, he ducked to avoid a book getting thrown over his head. Bill was stood in the centre of the room, items floating around him and his eye patch gone, a pure golden eye which glowed was in its place. Tad then slammed the door shut behind him and yelled out to Bill.

“Bill, you need to calm down!” His cousin turned on his then and snarled, power growing. In retaliation, Tad allowed his own power to spike, his hidden eye glowing beneath his eye patch. He took a threatening stance and let it drift around the room. Battling against his cousin’s power. He knew one of them would fall eventually, and he had a good idea who it’d be. Bill had already worn himself out quite a lot, so there was a high chance he’d collapse first. He could tell Hero was in the room, despite not noticing him at the start seeing as the boy was stood pressed back into a corner. He was obviously trying to avoid Bills wrath as much as he could.

He’d need to have a word with him in a bit.

Tad felt Bills power waver slightly as his emotions started to push to the surface, a side effect of using too much of his power in a short amount of time. Sure enough, a moment later, Bill’s power fell and he pulled a pained face. He crumbled to the ground and let out an uncharacteristic wail. Tad was shell-shocked for a moment before he fell down next to his cousin and pulled him into a tight hug. Bill began sobbing into his shoulder, wrapping his arms around Tad and fisting his hands in the back of his shirt, soaking the fabric with his tears. Hero stepped forward and placed a gentle hand upon his shoulder, looked down at Bill sadly.

Tad turned his attention back to the younger boy, pulling a confused face as he asked, “So what prompted this lovely reaction?” Hero sucked in a sharp breath and let out a strained laugh.
“I was hoping you weren’t gonna ask that” He then sighed and shook his head “But I guess you need to know…” and with that, he explained what he’d explained not too long ago to Bill. Tad shook his head when he was done as Bill let out a choked noise. Tad looked down at him as he heard the muffled wail.

“Pine Tree’s gone! And I have no idea where he could be! I can’t follow any trail, because there’s nothing! There’s absolutely nothing!” He continued to cry onto his Cousin. It honestly unnerved Tad to see Bill like this, so broken down. He’d really gotten attached to Dipper hadn’t he? Tad let out a sigh and turned a tired eye to Hero.

“Keep an eye on him okay? Get him to sit down and calm down while I think up a plan” Hero nodded and placed a hand on Bill’s arm. Tad gently let go of Bill and convinced him to stay with hero as he exited the cabin. He let out a huff of air as he got outside and rubbed his eyes with the heel of his hand.

They were going to get into some deep shit, he knew.

Mabel watched as the door reopened and a man with pitch black hair stepped out. He looked stressed and just plain exhausted. But yet… he also looked so familiar. She swam closer to the boat, eyes wide with curiosity before her brows furrowed. Where had she seen him before? It was starting to annoy her now because he looked so familiar. Then, it hit her and her eyes widened again, pulling herself further out of the water as she gazed at him.

Then, there was a shout and she realised she was screwed.
“Siren!”

A net was thrown down into the water, landing over her head and she yelped, aiming to swim out before they closed the bottom of the net. She wasn’t quick enough and it closed around her. Feeling herself getting pulled up and out of the water was strange to say the least, especially seeing as she was almost upside down. However, being thrown down onto the deck as violently as they did was very rude. She huffed at the humans surrounding her and bared her teeth at them, causing a few to step back.

Glancing up, she saw a very familiar purple, perplexed eye staring down at her. Almost instantly, recognition flashed in his orb for a moment before it faded. But Mabel saw it. She grinned up at the pirate, showing off her teeth which didn’t seem to faze him at all. Then, as politely as she could, she greeted the pirate with a simple sentence.

“Hello there, have you seen my brother?”

Tad was once again shell-shocked as he stared down at the all too familiar siren. He knew he’d seen her before. His dreams. Now, this wasn’t too odd, he’d seen plenty of people in his dreams before, but never anyone from reality. Well, not anyone alive in reality. So, this was a kick to his gut, to suddenly see the girl he’d been talking to in his nightly visits. He shook himself out of his daze soon enough and clicked in just in time to hear her question;

“Have you seen my brother?”

Ah yes, that would make sense. After all, she was Mabel Pines, twin sister to Dipper Pines. He only knew this because, well, she’d told him so. Which is why this situation was quite awkward for Tad. He knew he’d have to deal with the siren, but he couldn’t right now. He had his cousin to worry
about and a plan to make. But, perhaps she could help with that?

Turning to the closest crew member, he made a simple order;

“Get the old bucket we used for Dipper and place her in it. I expect to see her in my cabin in 30 minutes”

And with that, he walked off, not acknowledging the smug, knowing look on the sirens face. He’d ask her for help, sort out Bill and then find out what the hell was going on with all of this. But, for now, he really needed some rum.

Chapter End Notes

*jazz hands*

So, Mabel and Tad know each other XD How is their interaction gonna go?

I would like to thank magpiemodmasterpieces (on Tumblr) for being the beta on this work!

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter, and I'll get the next one out as soon as I can~

Comments and Kudos are ALWAYS appreciated

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the first writing i have done. point out mistakes if you find any and tell me if i over explained it, i tend to do that! Thanks for reading and i will upload a second chapter once i fight through the writers block... YAY! i also fail at titles and chapter names, please don't hate me too much, all the good names are taken.

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