Catch You On The Reverse

by Deadlyflames

Summary

'As he stared back at them, the twins gave Gideon sparkling white smiles, that might have been charming were it not for the sharp edges and cold viper eyes.'

Gideon Gleeful and Pacifica Northwest had been hoping for a fun and care free summer. Unfortunately, most of their summer is dedicated to keeping a creepy journal out of the clutches of an infinitely creepier pair of twins.

A collection of Reverse Pines one shots based on my own head canons for the AU.
The entire room was as quiet as a graveyard and not a thing stirred. Not even the boy sitting at his
desk. Sharp sea green eyes scanned the pages of the leather bound journal under the dim light of a
reading lamp. The reader's elbow was propped on the desk beside the journal and his cheek was
leaning heavily into his gloved palm.

Dipper would normally read the pages with passion for their knowledge thrumming in his chest, but
now he read with half interest. He had went through the book so many times, he practically
memorized every detail of every page. At this point there was nothing new to be found within it, no
information that he hadn't already absorbed, and he was infected with an irreversible boredom and
frustration.

He needed more answers. He needed the first journal. But since his journal gave no indication of
where he might find the other, he had no way getting his hands on it. Dipper supposed he could ask
Cipher for some idea of where to find it, but his answers were always cryptic and open ended.

Dipper Pines was stuck. Stuck with the same power he had gained when he was seven years old.
Stuck with the same amulet he got when he was eleven. Stuck with the same journal. Stuck in the
same boring routine of constantly looking over the same spells he had already perfected and
expecting different results. He was quite literally on the brink of insanity.

That was until fate threw him a curve ball, that sent him spiraling into the unknown.

He had been skimming over an enchantment that could turn a man to stone, when the slightest
rustling of leaves caught his ear. He had left his window open to let in a breeze and to hear the
sounds of the forest night life. He found it soothing to listen to when he was suffering through
another bout of insomnia. But this time instead of just the sound of animals, the rustling was
accompanied by voices. Hushed and panicked voices that barely carried over the sound of the wind.
But Dipper was sure that he heard them. He was quick to stand from his desk and stride over to his
bedroom window.

Beyond the fence that surrounded the estate and blocked the garden from the forest, he could just
make out two figures. One was slightly more stunted, and the other seem feminine. He watched in
mild interest as they snuck along the path that lead from the Tent of Telepathy to the Mystery
Museum. He had to wonder if these two were moronic enough to break into his Great Uncle's shop.
Though his security system wasn't the best, there was nothing of real value in there. Stan never left
the money within the cash register at night; he was far too paranoid to do that.

Dipper normally wouldn't care about two lone figures wandering the forest at night, but his sheer
boredom made him cling to the feeling of curiosity. He was bored out of his skull and nothing was
keeping him around here. So he left his large and lavished bedroom, and strode down the hall
towards the stairway. The mansion was dark and lifeless at this time of night. Ramirez had gone
home, and Stan and Mabel were undoubtedly fast asleep. Dipper preferred things like this, quiet and
sullen. It made his insomnia easier when he wasn't constantly pestered by his sister and Great Uncle
when he read and wandered about. Nothing stopped or bothered him on his way down the stairs and
out the back door.

The tree tops swayed to the command of the night breeze, the leaves rustled and the wind whistled
softly. An owl hooting in the distance, was silenced when the boy passed by the trees. In fact all the
sounds of the forest went quiet when Dipper Pines walked along the path to the Mystery Museum.
He couldn't see the figures anymore, though he assumed that they had already gotten inside. And judging by the busted lock on the side door, he was correct in his assumption.

Dipper pushed the door open and its hinges creaked loudly in the quiet night. His shoes clicked on the hardwood floor as he observed the gift shop where his great uncle would sell overpriced merchandise. There was no sign of the two, and everything was in perfect place. Everything except for one thing. The pyramid of plushy replicas of himself and his sister had been disturbed. One of the Mabel dolls was dropped onto the floor.

Dipper kicked the doll to the side as he walked past.

He searched the rooms of the museum with a slowly dying interest. He was beginning to think that this was some poor burglary attempt and not something of actual substance. The thought made his footsteps heavier and his mood soured even more, if that was really possible. But he kept on looking for the two unknown thieves. Searching for them, disheartening as it was, still proved to be more entertaining than reading through his old leather journal once again.

He wandered aimlessly about the museum until he heard an earth shaking crash that stopped the boy in his tracks. There were several voices, far more than just two, sounding at the end of the hallway. Shouting, screaming and the sound of metal clashing with metal. Dipper's heart flared with excitement against his rib cage. The slashed grin that split his face couldn't have been stopped if he tried. He strode forward with new purpose until he found the source of the sound. He reached the parlor that displayed the skeletons of several fake and real attractions.

The fireplace was crackling with life to Dipper's surprise, but the most shocking thing in that room was the battle between a blonde girl, around his age, and the wax figure of Sherlock Holmes that Stanford had been so proud of.

Dipper had long known about the living wax figures that were put on display on the top floor of the museum. After all, he was the one who cursed them with life.

Mabel had created them all with artistic detail and care during her sculpture phase. Dipper had been dying to try a spell in his journal that could bring life to inanimate objects. In a bout of boredom, he decided to experiment with the wax sculptures. It had required a few drops of blood and a human finger, but he had been able to acquire those ingredients easily. And like every spell in his journal, it worked. He had seen the wax figures come to life during the waxing faze of the moon (a horrible pun he had honestly not intended). He tested their limits, their durability and strength, what killed them and what didn't and how much control he had over them. Since their newfound life gave them a mind, he had a grip on them that they couldn't break free of. He found them relatively useless, since they had a very big weakness in the sunlight and under hot temperatures. So he didn't particularly care when his great uncle started to use them as a sideshow attraction until he found a better job for them.

Usually he was good at keeping them in line, but there were times when the wax replicas rebelled against his wishes and wandered about in the night. But since they were locked in the museum and Great Uncle Stan had melted the last wax figure that was out of place, those nights were few and far between. Though it seemed tonight was one of those nights.

Their fight was currently taking place on the large staircase that led to the show room on the second floor. The large display sword, that used to be hanging on the wall upstairs, struck down on the blade of the axe that the girl held. She was clearly struggling against the weight of the sword and the strength of the wax man that was trying to kill her. Impressively enough, she braced herself on her back foot and managed to shove the wax figure down the flight of stairs. The girl scurried down the steps and ran in front of the fireplace, narrowly avoiding getting her ankles grabbed. As the wax
Sherlock Holmes stood from the ground, his expertly carved features formed a vicious snarl. The blonde adjusted her feet into a proper fighting stance, and held the axe out threateningly. Dipper couldn't see her face properly, it was far too obscured by the darkness, but he could tell by her heavy breathing and the tension in her form that she was filled to the brim with ferocity.

Dipper slipped under the cover of the shadows, unnoticed, making the decision to observe in silence rather than interfere. It would be nearly impossible for either of them to see him in the darkened corner, which suited him just fine. He was eager to see what became of this battle, even if either way it ended would create a mess.

The pristine British accent of the wax Sherlock boomed across the room, "Once we get rid of you and the Pines family, we can finally escape this wretched household and be free!"

The blonde looked to the fireplace to her side before offering a retort. "Yeah, I think you actually need to defeat me before you start gloating," the blonde sneered. Dipper couldn't see her face but he could guess she was smirking, which was perplexing. "So far all you've done is beat up a robot. That's not exactly a master plan."

"Why you little brat!" Wax Sherlock hissed. Without a moment of hesitation, the wax figure launched himself at the girl, sword at the ready to strike her dead.

With a side step that put the girl a few paces to the side of the fireplace, Sherlock was sent hurdling towards the flames. He regained his footing just in time to stop himself from burning. But his closeness to the fire was making the wax on his face melt away. He turned to face the girl, who was facing away from Dipper, with a grotesque look of fury.

"You really thought you could outwit me girl?" Wax Sherlock growled, though his words were garbled by his half melted mouth. "I'm Sherlock Bleeding Holm- ack!"

The blonde moved faster than Dipper thought she would have been able to. With a clean swing of her axe, she sliced off the sculpture's legs and sent him toppling to the floor. His half melted body splattered on the ground like ice cream on a hot day.

"You talk too much," Dipper heard the girl mutter to the puddle of melted wax. Her blonde hair seemed to gleam golden under the light of the fire.

Without a second of doubt, Dipper brought his hands together in a slow deliberate clap. The sound of slow applause caused the girl to whip around to face Dipper in his corner, though it was doubtful she could even see him. However, Dipper could now see her perfectly.

She was pretty, that much was easy to see, even in those ridiculous baggy overalls she was wearing. She had a small upturned nose and a heart shaped curve to her face. Light blonde hair was pulled back into a messy ponytail, held together by an elastic adorned with blue beads that were shaped like pine trees. Well trimmed bangs hung off her forehead, though they were slightly parted and disheveled from the fight. The firelight cast just enough color to highlight her eyes. The eyes that were no doubt her most enticing feature. They were a pale blue with clouds of violet, and the fire brightened them like the sunrise brightens a morning sky.

Dipper stepped out of the shadowed corner, slowing his clap to a stop when he was in her line of sight. Her eyes widened in shock when he sauntered over to her. There was a flash of fear in her eyes, fear of being caught. But she could only stand stock still, in stunned silence as Dipper came up only a few paces away from her.

Dipper's face split into a sharp half grin, and he couldn't help the sinister edge to his voice as he
spoke. "Well, that was certainly entertaining. You were absolutely tremendous."

The girl looked him over with suspicion and uncertainty. "How long have you been standing there?" she asked, her voice laced with sharp distrust.

"Long enough," Dipper replied, his grin staying in place despite her rude tone. The blonde didn't look away from him, giving him just the opening he needed to reach her mind. Certain occasions made him envy Mabel and her ability to read the mind of anyone she could look at. But where was the need for that when he could just force a person to tell him whatever he wanted to know. "Tell me what you're doing here."

He doesn't actually need to say anything to her in order to get answers. All he has to do is grip her mind and the words will tumble out of her mouth. But he might as well give her the illusion that she has some control over what she's doing. It will make her less suspicious.

"I came here with my cousin to find out who destroyed Mr. McGucket's robot," the blonde answered automatically. "We thought it was Stan Pines."

The name McGucket rang a few bells. He was the mentally unstable scientist who built all the robots and animatronics for that roadside attraction labeled the Mystery Shack. Stan considered the place competition for the Tent and the Museum. Dipper considered it a cheep, rundown hovel that only succeeded based on how stupid the rest of the town was.

"Interesting," Dipper commented, stepping towards her and examining her more closely with calculating eyes. The girl didn't move from her spot. She couldn't, not with the firm grip Dipper had on her mind. The blonde had an air of familiarity, but he couldn't quite place where he had seen her before. He dug a bit deeper. "What's your name."

The girl paused, and struggled to keep her mouth closed. No one had ever been able to resist his commands once he had a strong hold on them. It was impressive that this girl was putting up such effort, though a bit frustrating. He gripped her mind in an almost painfully tight hold. The blonde flinched as she was hit with a sudden headache. "Pacifica Elise Northwest," she was forced to say.

Northwest. Now that name is one of significance. That was where he remembered her from. Dipper recalled seeing the Northwest daughter once or twice, but with her father being the wealthiest man in the state and her mother being the Mayor of Gravity Falls, it was no wonder she had faded into obscurity. Under such imposing shadows, it was difficult to be noticed or remembered. Though, Dipper was going to have no trouble remembering her now.

The pounding of footsteps on the stairs caused Dipper to look away from Pacifica and break the hold. When her mind was released, a sharp breath of shocked relief pushed through her lips. She turned her head to the intruder.

"Gideon," she said, concern sweeping over her voice. A twinge of irritation ticked at Dippers chest when she dismissed him to pay attention to the chubby boy that was running down the stairs. "Are you okay?"

Gideon was repulsive for Dipper to look at. His pasty skin was slick with sweat and he had the nose of a pig. His hair was wild curly and stark white and tucked under a bedazzled baseball cap. The multicolored rhinestones formed a strawberry image on the front of his hat. His hideous clothes were mismatched, neon colored, and an eyesore to say the least. Pacifica and him apparently shared the same appalling sense of fashion. His entire form was covered in splashes of melted wax.

"I destroyed the rest of the wax figures," the boy whispered when he reached the bottom of the stairs,
too shellshocked to notice Dipper's presence. "And I decapitated Larry King."

Gideon met Dipper's eyes for a split second, but the contact was broken quickly when another unwelcome presence decided to barge in on the scene. His great uncle entered the museum in a state of fury and panic. He was absolutely livid when he found out all the wax figures were destroyed. Interestingly enough, he seemed to recognize the two children.

Dipper barely paid attention to Stan as he fumed about the price of the wax figurines (even though they cost him nothing). His eyes were trained on Pacifica, though she was no longer looking in his direction. She was staring at Stan with a look of annoyance and exasperation. Her eyes were narrowed, and her lips were pressed in a thin line.

As Stan kept ranting, Dipper felt his lips form another smile. This girl was proving to be very interesting. She defeated Sherlock Holmes -albeit in wax form- and barely reacted to it. Any other citizen of Gravity Falls would be shocked at such a supernatural phenomenon. It was almost as if she knew about the supernatural already. As if she already knew of the secrets hidden in this sleepy Oregon town.

Perhaps he should invite her to his next show. See how much she knew, and more importantly where she acquired her knowledge.

Dipper felt his interest in the unknown rekindling, and new passion for answers thrummed in his chest. He was certainly glad that he had met Pacifica Northwest.
The familiar chime of the bell at the entrance caused Pacifica's head to snap to snap to attention. Freshly polished designer shoes clicked against hardwood floor and a black cape of fine silk fluttered in the wind. Upon seeing the boy who had entered the shack, the blonde rolled her eyes. It figures he would pick a day when she was working the cash register on her own. Gideon was out with his friends, Robbie didn't work Sunday's, Granny Carla was out giving a tour of the creepy part of the forest, and who knew where Melody was. So now she was forced to be all alone with the magician, aside from the guy browsing quietly in the far corner of the gift shop.

"I'm afraid we're fresh out of hair gel sir," she said with mock politeness. She leaned heavily over the counter to flash the boy a cheeky grin. "You'll have to come back another time."

Sharp sea green eyes shot her a look of irritation. Dipper Pines fluffed the edges of his flourished cape as he approached the cash register counter.

"Can I be spared the banter Pacifica," Dipper replied, his tone bored and expression uninterested as he examined the card rack to the side of the register. "I have a serious matter to discuss."

"Oh joy."

Dipper continued as if he hadn't heard her. "I've encountered something odd in the town and I need your help to capture it."

Pacifica let out an overdramatic gasp. "Something odd? In this town?" Her tone flipped from enthusiastic to deadpan. "What a novel discovery."

Dipper glared at her before motioning to the quiet man in the back of the shop. "It's that guy."

She glanced over his shoulder. "You mean the guy who works at the bowling alley?" she asked.

He nodded. "There's something strange about him," Dipper whispered, his eyes flashing in the sunlight that shined through the window.

Pacifica nodded as the man idly picked up a Gravity Falls snow globe. "I'm sure he says the same thing about you," she stated. "Though I think lots of people probably say that about you."

He let out a forlorn sigh and rubbed his temples in agitation. "He looks normal but he's not," Dipper stated without a beat of doubt. "Wherever he goes he's always facing left."

Pacifica looked over at the man again and saw that he was indeed facing left. "Uh huh," she nodded again slowly, unable to keep a smirk from splitting her face. "You've got a few screws loose huh?"

His scowl stayed in place, deepening ever so slightly as he turned his head away from her to look at the man again. He reached up to touch his amulet with the tips of his fingers, but it's paranormal glow was absent and it lay useless at his throat. He knew it wouldn't work while inside the shack, but
that didn't stop the subconscious impulse at his fingers, begging him to use his magic.

This sort of thing was a bit ridiculous for Dipper Pines. Usually he shot a little higher when investigating the supernatural. He thought himself above the regular conspiracy theories of the average joe. So a guy that preferred his left side was a bit of a step down from his usual stuff, which mostly consisted of hunting down big terrible monsters and then using their organs for blood rituals or whatever.

She was starting to wonder if this was some sort of distraction. Pacifica absentmindedly reached underneath the countertop. She felt the familiar rough texture of her journal's spine with a breath of relief. It was still there in her sight and out of his clutches. He didn't seem to concerned with finding it either. His eyes didn't scan the shop with that calculating gaze, they were fixed on the man across the room and occasionally darting towards her. So if he wasn't here for her journal, she would have to assume he was here for the second reason he would come around to the shack.

"This isn't just some lame excuse to come creeping around me is it?" Pacifica asked with her arms crossed and her eyes narrowed. "Because I'd rather not deal with that right now."

"Don't flatter yourself," he sneered, looking at her from the corner of his eye as he continued to speak flippantly. Though, Pacifica could see the nervous flex in his hands and the tension between his shoulder blades. "Despite what you may think, I have a life outside of you."

Pacifica rose a skeptical eyebrow as a corner of his lips twitched upwards and revealed a set of white teeth. The sharp edges of his smiles had always reminded her of a shark. But this smile looked more vampiric and suggestive than predatorial.

"But perhaps that's what you were hoping for," he said, green eyes flashing as he glanced back at her. "I think you're starting to like the attention Northwest."

Pacifica scoffed loudly. "As if."

"Well God knows you need the company," Dipper stated with a nonchalant shrug. "I believe you're here by yourself for the next three hours until Carla returns."

"Memorized my schedule huh? That's not obscenely creepy at all," Pacifica commented sarcastically, leaning away from Dipper so she wasn't in such close radius. "I thought it was a little suspicious when you came here just after Granny Carla left with the tourists."

"I simply waited till the place was mostly deserted so I could confront him out of the public's eye," Dipper admitted. "Being partially alone with you is more or less a somewhat happy coincidence."

Despite what he seemed to think, Dipper wasn't the least bit charming off the stage.

"Now, I'm going to use my amulet in order to force him to turn to his right side," he explained. "So I need you to remove your hex bags from the shack."

A big fat red flag shot up in her mind. God, did he really think he could fool her with such an obvious trick.

"Yeah, that's gonna happen never," Pacifica snapped, her glare fixing onto his placid face. "I'm not an idiot Dipper. Do you think I'm just going to let you have free reign on this place for any length of time after everything you've done."

Judging by the way he was turned completely away from her now, he wasn't listening to her. Apparently he stopped paying attention to what she said when she denied him what he wanted,
which was Dipper's usual response. She tells him she won't give up her journal until she's dead, he keeps trying to take it. She tells him she doesn't want to date him, he keeps asking. She returns a bouquet of flowers that he sends her, he sends the biggest freaking bouquet that he can buy.

He sauntered over to the man with a passive expression. The guy didn't turn to face him. He kept facing left and looked at Dipper from the corner of his eye. Pacifica had to admit that was a little strange.

"Hello good sir," Dipper greeted with the bravado and eccentricity reserved for shows and public occasions. "I was wondering if you could reach the shirts on that top shelf. The one to your right side."

"I'm sorry I don't work here," the man stated before going back to examining the snow globes.

Dipper let out an embarrassed laugh that almost sounded real. Years of stage productions and magic acts with Mabel had perfected his acting technique. Pacifica noticed him pull out a small jar from his pocket as he continued to converse with the man. She had to wonder what the heck that was for.

"Yes of course. It's just I can't reach them on my own and the cashier girl is no help at all." Pacifica crossed her arms and scowled as Dipper sent her a smirk. "I'm just wondering if you could help me out."

After a moment the man shrugged and replied. "I don't see why not." He started walking backwards towards the shelf instead of just turning to face it. As he was reaching for the shirts on the top shelf, Dipper shoved him hard so that his right side was in full view.

Pacifica was not prepared for what she saw. It was like someone had sawed a robot in half and said robot was controlled by a bunch of creepy little green blobs that wore belts for some reason. Seriously what the hell was she looking at?

The green blobs looked towards her and Dipper with expressions of shock and horror. Then without warning they all started pulling out these glowing red balls and yelling out "the time has come" before swallowing them. They vanished in a small flash of white light. Before the last one had the chance to swallow his pill, Dipper swiped it from inside the half robot and stuffed int into the jar.

The robot crumbled to the ground in a pile of metal bits and screws. A fire ignited when it crashed to the ground setting off all the sprinklers in the shop. Pacifica could only gawk at the sight in front of her as Dipper straightened his cape and adjusted the amulet around his neck.

"Apologies," he said. "I needed one of them for a spell. I've tried to capture them about three times now."

Pacifica looked at the mess of burning robot bits and felt the water from the sprinklers soaking into her hair and clothes. She shouldn't have been the least bit surprised at this point. After everything she had seen while in Gravity Falls, this didn't even crack the top five. But she was sure as hell pissed at the fact that this guy was messing up her clothes and work space for another one of his damn spells.

She glowered at Dipper Pines and he simply smiled that shark smile in triumph at the creature he had captured.

"Get out!"

He turned to face her with the slightest bit of curiosity on his face, his grin still in place. "Yes of course," he agreed with her order, which was a shocker in itself. "You have quite the mess to clean up here. So I'll leave you to it."
With that said he turned to the exit, that damn cape waving behind him, leaving with his same elegant stride.

"Jackass," she muttered under her breath.
Chapter Summary

Stan sees Carla Mccorkle walking down the street and he can't help getting a little nostalgic.

Agreeing to going down to main street with Mabel to pick up materials for her new costume designs was a bad idea. He could have easily asked Soos to escort her instead. And now he was kicking himself for not doing just that. But he couldn't resist her plea for more expensive silk, even though he knew she was playing him like a violin.

So now here he was, leaning on his silver and black cane as Mabel gleefully signed the pictures and posters people asked her to sign as soon as she stepped from her car. When a town full of the dumbest people on earth had only two real celebrities, the rabble swarmed them like flies. Mabel loved the attention and would pose for pictures and accept praise for hours on end. If Dipper were here it would be a quick in quick out. But Mabel had been basking in the worship for about 15 minuets. They hadn't even entered the store yet.

Stan checked his watch again to check how much time they had wasted out there. He sighed in irritation as it turned out that it had now been 18 minutes. When he glanced back up he caught sight of a familiar figure walking on the opposite end of the street.

Carla Mccorkle strut down the sidewalk with her two fair haired grandkids in tow. The short one was chatting up a storm and the girl simply smirked as the three walked on in their own little world. Carla walked like she owned the road and people immediately swerved around her in order to get out of her path. No one dared to invoke the wrath of Hotpants Mccorkle.

Speaking of hotpants, she was wearing them today, with that same stained baggy shirt that she seemed to wear everywhere. It was her signature outfit, besides her work suit. Stan had seen her wear it all the time but it still shocked him that she had switched back to wearing those things at her age.

Stan's eyes strayed a little too long on Mccorkle's legs. Her dark tanned skin seemed to glow under the warm summer sun. Those limbs were still smooth and strong like the legs of a true dancer, like they had been all those years ago. The memories come back in splash of colour and light that makes his eyes hurt. Of course her legs weren't free of blemishes, and he tried to focus on those imperfections. But instead he couldn't help thinking how damn good she still looked in hotpants despite pushing 65.

He's eyes dart up to her face when he hears the soft sound of her chuckles. She throws her head back in full out laughter at some snarky comment the young blonde beside her made. He watches the way her grey hair bounces as she flings her head back. The way her face splits into a sparkling smile.

Stan's heart skips a beat when she lowers her head and her eyes meet his.

"Hey Pines!" Carla shouted from the other side of the sidewalk, her cheeky grin was still in place.
"You enjoying the view?"
Stan couldn't help the heat that flowed up his face, and he prayed that she associates the redness with the heat of the sun. Or maybe that she can't even see his face from that far away.

Yeah, she couldn't see him, he was fine.

Stan forced a sharp laugh from the back of his throat. It wavered slightly when it exited his mouth.

"You wish Mccorkle!" he yelled back with a smirk. "I was just wondering how your butt can still fit into those pants."

"Don't strain your gut too much Pines!" Mccorkle snapped at him, stopping in her tracks to keep her verbal spat with him going. Her Grandkids tried to pull her forward, but she kept her stance. "Your girdle might snap!"

By now, all the mouth breathing hicks that weren't drooling over Mabel, were watching the shouting match with expressions of curiosity. It wouldn't be the first time their rivalry had been used as a source of entertainment to the town.

"At least I don't walk around ancient neon short shorts," Stan hollered back.

Carla barked out a laugh. "Sorry Pines! Forgot you were a prudish old geezer!"

"I didn't forget you were a bitter old crone without shame!"

"Damn straight! Just remember to keep your eyes up!" Carla shouted back before turning away from him, her hips swayed ever so slightly as she walked. His eyes were drawn downwards. "Wouldn't want to give an old man a heart attack!"

She let herself get pulled off by her Grandbrats, smirking to herself in triumph.

Stan glared after her with a look of annoyance, his eye twitching. He tried not to notice the sway of her hips or the way she tossed her soft hair over her shoulder.

"Grunkle Stan!" Mabel called out as she opened the door to the fabric store, her heels snapped impatiently against the pavement. "Hurry up, I don't have all day."

Stan Pines sighed in irritation as he turned away from Mccorkle's retreating form.

But even when she was out of sight, she still lingered in the back of his mind. He kept seeing her bright smile, her smooth dark skin, and those damn good looking legs.

"Stupid sexy Hotpants."
Masquerade

Chapter Summary

Loose ties to the episode Summerween. Pacifica crashes the Pines twins' party and Dipper is not happy about it.

If Pacifica hadn't been accustomed to extravagance and splendour, the sight of the ballroom before her would have taken her breath away. A grand crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling. The lights adorning it were set dim and covered in a sheen of red glass, to help people remember which holiday they were celebrating. The tile floors were bathed in a deep crimson red, along with the dark walls. The room was like something out of a gothic Victorian castle. Rich velvet curtains covered the windows, allowing no outside light to filter in. Bodies, draped in fine silks of dark reds, blues, greens and blacks, spun around the room in a graceful waltz. Everyone wore a mask, but Pacifica could tell they were all around her age. It was a shock to the system, since she couldn't imagine why kids her age would want to be at a ballroom dance instead of going to an actual fun party. Though it definitely wasn't surprising that the Pines Twins would throw something like this.

Pacifica wandered around the edges of the ballroom, scanning for any kind of buffet table. There had to be a place where they would put the candy. It would be stupid to have a Summerween party without candy. Even if this was more of a 18th century Ball than a party.

"Looking for something Northwest?" a silvery voice asked from behind her, in his usual bored drawl.

Pacifica suppressed the urge to groan in frustration, as she slowly turned to face one of the hosts of the party. It wasn't at all shocking that he managed to find her. She stood before him in a snow white angel costume that made her stand out like a sore thumb. The dress was floor length and shimmering in the little light that the ball room had. If she had known that everyone would be wearing such dark colours, she wouldn't have worn white.

Dipper was wearing red. Which was super weird because Pacifica had only ever seen him in blue, black or green. His costume wasn't actually that different from his usual stage attire. He still had his silky black dress shirt and black slacks. Only now his floor length cape and button down Victorian style vest were a deep crimson instead of turquoise or blue. His amulet gleamed at the apex of his collar, the sea green contrasting horribly with the red. Though it was doubtful Dipper even cared about that. He would rather flay his own skin than be parted from that amulet. The mask he wore was red and decorated with black glittering flames on the surface. The top corners of the mask were shaped into curled demon horns.

"The Devil huh," Pacifica said as soon as she took in his appearance. "How fitting."

"And an angel costume," Dipper answered back with a snarl. "How pretentious."

Pacifica couldn't help the flare of anger that sparked in her eyes. Nor could she control the down turn of her lips.

"Do you usually insult your guests?" Pacifica asked with her arms crossed. "No wonder the turnout is so low."
"Only the most tolerable of our so called peers were invited to this party," Dipper shot back, his cool voice traced with petulance. "And I believe you weren't on that list."

Pacifica offered him the most mocking pout and shrug she could muster. A thin scowl appeared on his lips and she could see his eyes narrowing beneath his mask. She smiled to herself, for being capable of shifting his carefully crafted mask of indifference into a look with echoes of fury.

"Gideon sends his regrets for being unable to attend," Pacifica stated in her stuck up formal tone that took years to perfect.

Dipper's nostrils flared as he took a deep breath through his nose. It was no secret that he loathed his sister's affection towards Gideon. He genuinely despised Gideon (along with everyone else at the Mystery Shack) and hated that his own flesh and blood would willingly associate with them. Not only that, but Mabel's infatuation always ended up restraining his hand when he had a plan to steal the journal. He was quick to hide his rage and replace it with his usual placid and bored expression. God forbid he actually showed hints of emotion.

"Mabel invited Gideon," he sighed with a frown of his lips. Clearly he hadn't been aware that his twin had sent Gidy an invitation to their Summerween masque. Not until then at least. Annoyance at his sister's antics flickered across his face as he clasped his hands behind his back. "Of course she did."

"He wasn't feeling up to it," Pacifica explained with a shrug. "So I took the invite in his place."

"And why is that, I wonder?" Dipper asked as he took a threatening step towards her. She stopped herself from flinching backwards and strengthened her stance. As he circled her like a vulture, invading precious personal space, she made sure to cast him a deadly glare through her lace mask. "Why would you enter the dwelling of your enemies, when you know how dangerous it would be. Unless you have a death wish."

"Nobody says 'dwelling' anymore Pines," Pacifica stated with an eye roll. She locked eyes with him and glared "And it's none of your business why I'm here. So you can go terrorize your other guests."

She turned away from him with a huff, determined to look for that stupid candy. No need to waste her time engaging in a verbal battle of barbs and insults when her life was on the line. Just as she started walking away as quickly as her heels would allow, Dipper glided in front of her. His arm was outstretched and he offered her his open palm. Two of his fingers beckoned her forward in one sharp movement, that seemed more like a demand that a request.

"Dance with me."

Pacifica stared at him in shock for a few fleeting seconds. She blinked a few times to make sure she wasn't hallucinating. What on earth had possessed him to say that? Dipper wasn't the type to ask his sworn enemies to dance. In fact she couldn't imagine him asking anyone to dance. Did the guy even know how to dance? Didn't he only know how to skulk in dark corners?

"As fun as that sounds," she said with an intentional lack of enthusiasm. She smiled at him with her most sickeningly sweet smile, which would hopefully drive him away. "My dance card is full."

The magician didn't seem deterred. His green eyes flashed in the light and the vicious grin of a blood thirsty wolf curled at his lips. That alone was enough to send her heart pounding like a jackhammer in fear. But his next words made her throat close, terror burning in her lungs. "How long do you think it would take for me to crush a man's skull with my amulet?" he asked casually, pulling his hand back to examine the shape of his perfectly manicured nails. "I'm thinking 45 seconds."
Pacifica knew Dipper Pines well enough to know that it wasn't an actual question. It was without a doubt a threat. He never took no as answer, no matter the demand. Of course he would resort to threatening her, even if it was the dumbest request she had heard him make in a while. She clenched her fists at her sides, and jutted her chin out defiantly. "You wouldn't."

"It is my party," he shrugged in response, that arrogant smirk still on his stupid face. "And it's not as if you're willing to take the chance."

Pacifica wanted nothing more in that moment than to break his nose. Her fingers twitched with anticipation at her side, and she had to grip the silk of her dress in order to stop herself from lunging at him. If she didn't want anyone to get hurt, she was going to have to keep her temper in check. Why couldn't he just be a normal pompous jerk instead of a pompous jerk with mystical powers? She gnashed her teeth together and begrudgingly accepted his offer with a sneer.

"Excellent," Dipper said, his voice betraying none of the smugness that she knew he was feeling. Without another word, he strode across the dance floor, winding his way through the maze of twirling bodies with ease. Pacifica debated on just leaving him to dance by himself and continue on her search. But the backlash of that decision might be a bit bloody. So for the sake of everyone in that room, she followed him. It would be easier to make sure he wasn't causing any trouble if she was there to distract him. Marching through the crowd of waltzing teenagers, who were strangely coordinated, was more difficult than Dipper made it seem. She almost knocked someone over three times before she caught up with him. But none of them stopped in their effortless dance, all of them keeping perfectly in time with the music and each other. Which was super sketchy.

She was just able to make it in front of Dipper as the music reached its final notes. The waltz that had continued without pause around them slowed and ended with a low dip. Every single person moving at matching speed at matching times. Pacifica stared at all of the dancers suspiciously. Dipper had to have something to do with the people at this party acting strangely.

Another song began only seconds after the last song had stopped, giving Pacifica barely enough time to gather her thoughts before every male partner in the room fell forward into a deep bow. Dipper was included in this, bending in perfect match with the other boys in the room, but he didn't bend down nearly as low and kept his eye contact with her. It might have been the heavy conditioning she had received during her ballroom dancing lessons, or it could have simply been the desire to not look stupid in front of so many people, but she did end up lowering into a curtsy. Every other girl in the room followed exactly half a second behind her. Pacifica shot Dipper a furious scowl, knowing now for certain that something was going on here.

He didn't respond with anything but a wry smile as he stepped towards her.

With one fluid motion, Dipper slipped his hand into hers and placed the other on her waist, catching her off guard. She forced herself not to shiver under the chill of his touch. It was like he was made of ice. It took all her concentration to stop from stumbling as he started pushing her backwards with quick, graceful steps. She allowed him to lead her in the dance as he kept in step with everyone else's waltz.

Though Pacifica didn't recognize the steps, she did her best to keep up with Dipper's pace, watching her feet intently. They spun around the room, in precise synchronization with all the other guests. The hand on her waist dropped and she was twirled three times with the fluctuations of the melody, the ends of her dress fluttering at her feet. A squeak of breath escaped her throat when she was guided back into Dipper's grasp.

"Having trouble keeping up Northwest?" His smooth voice didn't even break as they floated across
the floor. Well he floated, Pacifica was more or less dragged.

"No," she snapped back without looking up at him. If she did, she would lose her place. "How is everyone doing this? Was there a rehearsal ball or something?"

Right in time with the music again, Dipper let go of her hand and gripped her hips with both hands. He lifted her up of the ground and did a half spin. She gasped in surprise and again when the movement was repeated. One wouldn't think he had it in him, considering his arms were basically noodles. Pacifica looked up into his eyes in astonishment to find him smirking down at her. She wasn't sure what caused her to notice it, but she could see speckles of brown within the sea green of his irises.

"I will tell you my secret if you tell me yours," Dipper stated with a tilt of his head. The hand on the small of her back pushed her flush against him. "It would be a shame if you were left in the dark."

Pacifica bit her lip as she realized their proximity. With any other boy, her face would be on fire and the colour of tomatoes. But since this was Dipper Pines, she was thoroughly repulsed. Her eyes didn't dart back to the floor in order to avoid his, they stayed on him. Sure it took all her will power, but she managed to keep looking at him with the same pissed off expression.

"Do you want the long story or the short one?" she asked breathlessly as he picked up the speed and spun them around faster and faster. She was staring to get dizzy from all this twirling. At this rate she would definitely lose what was left of her footing. It would be mortifying to be knocked off her feet in front of Pines; she would never hear the end of it.

"Let's start with the short story," Dipper replied casually, completely unaffected by their constant movement. He even had the nerve to look down at her in condescending amusement.

"I need five hundred pieces of candy," she said curtly, no longer willing to put up with him anymore. It wasn't as if she hadn't been forced to converse with people she didn't like before. But at least she didn't have to stay trapped in a seemingly endless waltz with them. What made it worse was that he was clearly much better at this than her. Even with the sophisticated lessons she had taken since she was a child, along with the dancing Granny Carla had been teaching her as of late, she was still struggling.

Dipper went silent, which was a nice relief, and his lips tipped into a slight frown. He stared at her expectantly as they continued to move. Their steps were a bit slower now and much easier for Pacifica to keep track of.

"Five hundred pieces of candy," he repeated.

"Yep."

He let out an indignant scoff and gazed at her with a look that was the closest to disbelief he could probably get to. "Why on earth would you need five hundred pieces of candy?"

"That's part of the long story," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

"Then tell me the long story," Dipper demanded, speaking like he was dealing with a child. Well good. She hoped she was giving him a hard time. The jerk deserved it.

"I pissed off the Summerween trickster because I didn't give him any candy," she explained rapidly, taking a brief pause when he swiftly twirled her several times. "He said that if I didn't get him five hundred pieces of candy, he was going to eat me, along with Melody, Gideon, long hair, and puppet hands."
"Couldn't you just go to a store," Dipper suggested in a dry tone, raising a perfectly sculpted eyebrow.

"Gee Pines, I didn't think of that," Pacifica said as sarcastically as possible. "None of the stores are open, genius. The town takes this holiday way too seriously."

Dipper nodded as if he was contemplating what she said with great thought. "So you came here in hopes that we would have free candy on display, so that you can pay off the monster who is threatening you," he concluded. He regarded her curiously for a moment. "Do you know what type of creature this Summerween Trickster is?"

"It's not anywhere in the journal," she answered, a bit uneasy. If Dipper didn't know about this thing then it wasn't in his journal either. He knew all the details of that book from front to back.

"You mean it's not in your journal," he corrected, with the simple objective of getting under her skin.

"Oh I'm sorry, all knowing one," she sneered in response. "Does your journal say anything about it?"

"Perhaps the first journal has the information," Dipper purposefully avoided her question, calmly lifting her from the ground again.

Pacifica snorted in derision. "Lot of good that's going to do me," she muttered. Regaining her focus, she glared back up at him. "Now tell me what you did to these people."

"It's just a spell," Dipper drawled, as if it was the least interesting thing in the world. "Keeps the locals from causing disorder."

Pacifica's eyes widened into saucers and she gaped at him. Though she knew she shouldn't be shocked at his horrible lack of morality. "You cast a spell on everyone here!" she hissed.

"Technically no," he clarified. "I cast a spell on the room. Anyone who steps onto the dance floor will be forced to participate in the choreography that Mabel created for each song. Since my sister and I cast the spell, we're not affected. We are simply well versed in the steps." He paused before looking her over with a cool gaze. "You're obviously immune as well."

His hand slowly ran up her arm to her collar bone, leaving behind a cold trail. His long fingers idly plucked at the string around her neck that held the red and black crystal tucked under her dress. The bloodstone that served as her only protection. The only thing that kept him from controlling her, mentally and physically. And apparently, the reason she was the only one who was completely lost in this stupid waltz.

"How long will they be forced to be like this?" Pacifica asked in concern. It was horrible that the Pines Twins were making these kids to dance for hours on end. Her mind automatically filtered to a fairytale where a girl wore a pair of shoes that had forced her to dance until her feet bled. She shivered at the thought.

Dipper didn't look up from the necklace and he didn't answer her question either. She could practically see that computer brain processing and calculating, though she could only guess what he was thinking about. Icy fingers whispered across the skin of her arm, causing her breath to hitch. His stare didn't leave her neck until their hands were rejoined. Only then did he look back up at her. His face was vacant, but his eyes were searching, as if he was picking her apart.

"The spell fades away at midnight," he finally answered. "Everyone will leave the party unscathed. On my part. I'm not sure what Mabel is up to."
Pacifica didn't have any other choice than to trust him at that moment. She could figure out how to stop the spell after she took care of the trickster. Gideon was counting on her to get that candy. She couldn't afford to disappoint him twice in the same night.

"So, candy," she started, with a new determination. To save her loved ones and everyone that surrounded her. "Yay or nay?"

"I suppose I could help you," he hummed, his voice lowering. "For a price."

Pacifica already knew what he would want from her, and gave him the answer before he could ask. "I don't have the journal on me," she stated with a deadpan stare. "And my friends are watching it."

"You don't need to keep staring at the book when you're holding it Melody."

"I'm like a hawk."

"Your bloodstone then," Dipper suggested, his eyes darting down to her neck and lingering there for a moment before looking back up at her with a smirk. "I'm willing to settle for it."

"Even if I did give you the stone," Pacifica said with a roll of her blue-lilac eyes. "I still have others hidden throughout the shack."

"Well I could simply force you to get rid of them, along with your hex bags." He twirled her away from him and then back into his arms.

"Gideon has his own bloodstones and his own hex bags hidden in the Shack," she smirked back at him, knowing that there was no way for him to win this one. "Not even I know where he put them. So you're out of luck there."

Dipper smiles something that is disturbingly close to genuine fondness. "Clever girl."

The praise throws her off and causes hints of warning to rise up from the depths of her stomach. But she crushes her discomfort down by focusing on being furious that he called her girl like she was a child or a dog. Before she could express her anger, the music picked up in volume and speed. They waltzed across the ballroom at a pace that was so fast that it forced her to concentrate on the movements. Twirl, step, step, step, lift, step, step, twirl out. She was getting a good hang of the music and the dancing now, if anything good came from this dance. As the song drew to an uproarious close, every male in the room dropped their partner into a low dip.

Dipper leaned heavily over her, the expression on his face wasn't placid, nor was it readable. His arm, wrapped solidly around her waist, was the only thing that kept her from falling to the ground. The fabric at the ends of her dress were splayed on the crimson tile. Pacifica wasn't sure where to put her hands, so she placed them on Dipper's shoulders to give her a sense of balance. Looking up at his eyes, she stared at those warm flecks of brown, drowning in eerie sea green.

"God," he sighed in irritation, as if he had been given the wrong dish at a five star restaurant. His voice was so soft and quiet, it almost threw her off. "That is so inconvenient."

"What is," she whispered, unable to comprehend what he meant by that. He kind of said it out of nowhere.
His lost expression shifted to a face stone in the blink of an eye. He quickly pulled her up from her position and pulled his hands away and clasped them behind his back.

"Nothing," he asserted indifferently. His face was back to his usual look of disinterest. He stared at the spot above her head as he continued to speak. "We may not have five hundred pieces of candy. But I suppose if you're desperate, you can count them yourself."

Pacifica rose a questioning eyebrow. Was he just going to give her the candy that could save her life? It seemed uncharacteristically generous. He turned from her sharply walked away from her with long strides, forcing her to run to catch up with him. These weird traces of actual emotion in Pines were starting to get creepy. She was regretting coming to this party.

"What about the price?" Pacifica panted when she ran up beside him. "You don't want one of my fingers or my blood or any other freaky thing."

He turned his head ever so slightly to give her a small but wicked smile. At least that was more like Dipper. "I'll think something up."
Calm After the Storm

Chapter Summary

Reverse falls dipifica for the ending of the series. I had to make something after the finale cause I have a lot of feelings. Takes place after the saving of the world and stuff. Things are kept incredibly vague.

The bite of the cool air didn't bother him, neither did the lack of moonlight. In fact he rather liked it better when it was dark outside, with only the faded glow of starlight in the distance. The final days of August were rolling past and leaving a wake for the chill of fall. But Dipper had always preferred the cold, and he was quite happy to leave this summer and every burden it had brought with it behind.

Though he couldn't really say that about every burden.

"Why am I not surprised?" a voice chimed from behind him. It took every inch of his power not to smile. Her voice sounded just as fiery as it had been when he first heard it, though now there was a sparkling joy that hadn't been there before. "Lurking in the dark, as per usual Pines."

Speak of the devil and he shall appear. He had thought she wouldn't wander from the party going on inside the mystery shack. After all, she did have a lot of catching up to do with all her friends and family. But he had also guessed that she would come looking for him. She usually did.

"Old habits die hard, Northwest," he replied with a shrug. "You should know that better than anyone."

She gave a light snort of laughter at the comment. This time he couldn't suppress a smile. Pacifica never did have twinkling giggles or elegant chuckles when she really allowed herself to feel joy. But he wouldn't trade the sound of her chortle for any other sound in the world.

The blonde sat down beside him on the porch, the scraped skin of her bare knee brushing against his leg. Even through the fabric of his pant leg, he can feel the jolt of electricity ignite in his veins at the contact. Looking over at her he could see she was in the same cut off shorts and neon green tee shirt she had been wearing when the world almost came to an end. Her hair had been taken out of its high pony tail and left to drape down her shoulders in its natural curl. Those big lilac eyes were staring up at the stars with such intense reverence, as if she was afraid they would vanish from the sky again if she didn't. She was no doubt thinking about the events that had transpired over the last few weeks. How could she not?

Given her state of concentration, it was a bit of a surprise to hear her speak again.

"It's going to be strange," she whispered, not looking away from the lights above her. "To see you walking around without that cape."

Dipper could only sigh in response. He knew she was going to comment on the absence of the cloak on his shoulders. It's not as if he could get it back now, after what Cipher had done to it. "I think I've out grown it at this point. And besides its not as if I need it when I won't be performing anymore."
Pacifica shot him a disbelieving stare. "You're giving up the magic act?" she asked with a raised eyebrow. "What, you mean in all your years of performing you never picked up any actual magic tricks?"

"Well, there wasn't any need for that when I had access to actual magic," Dipper scoffed. In a subconscious need for confirmation, he reached up to touch his throat. Finding the space at the centre of his collar bare, he was again left with a strange hollowness at the pit of his stomach. He shook his head and tried to cover his discomfort. "Mabel wants to move on from the twin psychic act anyway. I can't be around her with out getting assaulted by rants on Broadway and runway."

Not hearing the laughter that he was expecting, he turned to look at her, only to see the softest of smiles on her face. Even in the dark of the night, she glowed with the warmth of sunlight. Seeing her like this would always send his heart fluttering like a butterfly, one that was impossible to catch and keep still.

"You did good today," she encouraged, nudging him with her elbow. "I know it was hard for you to do it, and none of us would have survived if you hadn't."

She added a soft sympathy to her words, as if she knew of the emotional turmoil he had been fighting down. But of course she knew. Pacifica Northwest always knew.

Dipper only noticed that she was leaning towards him when her shoulder touched his. Her fingers reached up and lightly brushed at the loose strands of hair hanging above the birthmark on his forehead. He had to keep himself from flinching when he felt for how warm her hands were. She traced the constellation with her forefinger, humming a jumpy tune to herself as she did it.

Dipper didn't dare to disturb her as she traced and retraced the sign of Ursa Major. Merely a few hours ago, he would have never believed he could encounter a moment that was this peaceful. It was a miracle she was even there.

A memory filtered into his mind and splattered across his vision like the splatter of blood. A momentary panic seized him and he couldn't control the rapid pounding of his heartbeat. He couldn't stop himself from reaching up to cradle her face in his hands, making sure she was truly there beside him. Their eyes met and for a moment she looked at him in complete confusion. But then in a flash of a second, he could tell she understood what he was feeling. Despite his perfect mask of indifference, despite every effort he put into hiding the truth from her, she could always read him effortlessly like he was one of her books.

In true Pacifica fashion, she did something that shocked him out of his skull. Her hands slipped into his and pulled them down to his sides, but she didn't let them go. All she did was lean her forehead against his, close her eyes, and let out a deep breath of relief. Dipper did the same, letting all the tension, fear, and anger out in one exhale.

To an observer, nothing happened between them that night. They didn't speak, they didn't kiss, and neither of them moved until the sun started to peek over the trees. The two simply stayed together breathing in time with their fingers entwined, as the celebration of victory played out behind them. They had reached the calm after one hell of a storm.

It was over.
Prompt I got from tumblr on Pacifica and Dipper when they first start dating.

Wearing a tie was strange. It seemed to cling to his throat more tightly than his amulet ever did, strangling him so that barely enough air filtered into his lungs. Or perhaps that was due to his current situation. It certainly wasn't because of the cliche horror film playing out in front of him. He could spot the random deaths and plot twists a mile away.

No, the lack of air in his lungs was definitely a result of the warm hands that were wrapped tightly around his arm.

Pacifica was curled up on the couch beside him, her knees tucked under the baggy sweeter she was wearing. Big lilac eyes were glued to the television screen, enraptured by the one dimensional characters and their struggle with the zombies that were chasing them down. She clutched at his arm like it was a life line, rocking back and forth in her seat and constantly gasping when something happened. It was fascinating really, to see how frightened and enthralled she was by these plasticine creations, especially after watching her smash the head of a real zombie in with a portable karaoke machine.

Dipper, in contrast, was stif as a rod. His back was straight and his shoulders were squared. He allowed his head to tip slightly to the side, away from the TV and towards the blonde beside him. The hand that wasn't trapped by the girl in question was gripping the fabric of his dress pants. He wasn't paying particular attention to the story anymore. He had lost interest a while ago. All he wanted to pay attention to was the shadows that were being cast on Pacifica's face by the TV light.

The two of them hadn't actually been on a date before; if you didn't count ghost hunts or their 'information exchanges' at Yumber Jacks as dates. They had danced around the issue for months after the near end of the world. They were frequently around each other these days, speaking of past and current events with new ease to their words. Dipper, previously taking every opportunity to offer her the chance to be on his arm, had avoided the topic like the plague after the summer had ended. He didn't dare ruin their newfound kinship by pestering her with a relationship. If he did, he believed they would fall back into the awkward one sided romance that had left him breathless each time he saw her.

Which was why it was shocking that Pacifica was the one to make the first advance.

It had been an odd but pleasant surprise when she had asked him if he wanted to see the newest 'Nearly Almost Dead but Not Quite' film with her. The idea of watching the movie itself was not a particular appealing one. Neither was the idea of seeing the film in the mystery shack, under the watchful eye of Pacifica's distrustful and overprotective family. But Pacifica had been so adamant and her smile had been so bright. It wasn't as if he would have been able to refuse.

So now here he was, sitting awkwardly on the bright yellow couch, watching Pacifica as she in turn watched the movie. He wasn't sure what he was supposed to do in this situation. Should he put his arm around her? Well, he couldn't because she had it in a death trap. But still, was he supposed to do something? Should he make commentary on the film, start a conversation? Would that ruin the film
for her and make her angry? Was it even a real date? Was it just an offer to watch a movie with a friend? Her body language suggested not, considering her cheek was now pressed to his shoulder. But perhaps she did this with every friend she watched horror films with. The thought of her doing this with someone like the cashier boy made his insides twist. He grimaced.

"You okay tough guy?"

His gazed snapped down from the top of her head to meet her eyes. She was looking up at him expectantly. A slow moment was finally playing on screen, allowing her to actually look away.

"Hm?" he mumbled in response, too lost in his own thoughts to actually know what she was talking about.

"You look like you're about to throw up," she stated with a smirk on her lips. "Are you getting scared, Pines?"

Dipper rolled his eyes. "Hardly," he replied. "I'm just disgusted by the atrocious graphics."

"Zombie movies aren't your cup of tea, huh?" she asked with an anxious smile. "Sorry about that. I wasn't sure of what movies you actually liked." Her face screwed up for a moment in thought. "Do you even like movies at all?"

Dipper shrugged to himself. He didn't mind documentaries, but he doubted Pacifica would enjoy that. As for fictional works, he would prefer a book. "Some," he answered, choosing to keep his answer vague. He didn't want to upset her with the knowledge that he really wasn't enjoying himself. "Movies like this do make me wonder about the state of Hollywood though."

A bright grin lit up her face and he could hear the laughter down in her throat that she was holding back. "You gotta enjoy the cheese and predictability in these movies," she said. "It makes the experience a hundred percent better."

"It is certainly predictable. I can already tell that the blonde girl is the next one to die," he stated casually.

"What?" Pacifica gaped at him in astonishment. "No way, she's got way too much personality! Plus she's the main love interest. The guy with the eyebrows is gonna die next."

"They all have eyebrows."

"The guy with the really thick eyebrows," she asserted, giving him a deadpan stare. "He's always doing stupid stuff and questioning the leader. He has to die."

"Maybe at the end," Dipper agreed. "But he's the central antagonist. They have to keep him around."

"The zombies are the central antagonists," Pacifica argued passionately. The slow moment was over and the group was back to running from the undead. But she was far too engrossed in the conversation. She sat up on her knees to face him fully her eyes narrowed in determination to win the debate. It was incredible how competitive she got about every little thing. "You don't need another bad guy in a movie when you already have zombies."

Dipper wasn't as focused on the argument anymore. He was more focused on the fact the her face was a mere inches from him. He could feel her breath on his face and could clearly see her bright eyes, even in the dark room. Without thinking, he reached up to touch her face. His cold fingers traced her jawline gently, and Pacifica's expression shot from determination to shock to searching. Her right hand trailed down his arm until it interlocked with his and her left reached up to grasp the
side of his neck. As their faces got closer, her eyes fluttered shut and Dipper could now take his eyes off them and watch as her mouth got closer to his. He only dated to close his eyes when she was just close enough that he could feel the warmth of her lips graze his cool ones. Her fingers curled around the back of his neck and brought him closer. Just as the world started to melt away, the illusion was abruptly shattered by a typical unwanted annoyance.

"Hey guys!" Gideon yelled from the door way. The light from the kitchen temporarily blinded Dipper as the white haired twerp decided to make himself at home. Though this was technically his home. "I made popcorn!"

Gideon shoved himself in between Dipper and Pacifica, being sure to shoot Dipper a glare from the corner of his eye. A large bowl of popcorn was placed squarely on his lap. The kid dunked his hand in the bowl and stuffed a handful of popcorn into his mouth. He watched the characters on the screen intently.

"Wow, you were right Paz," Gideon said eagerly. Pieces of popcorn in his mouth muffled his response. Dipper sneered in disgust and scooted away from the boy and by extension Pacifica. That was probably the little insect's plan. "The guy with the eyebrows was the next one to get eaten."

Pacifica looked at Gideon aghast. "I knew it!" she fumed. "You were watching us the whole time!"

"Yep."

"Ugh! I told you a hundred times Gideon! It's none of you're business who I'm dating. You're not allowed to spy on us!"

"It's my house. I'm allowed to watch the people in this living room through a keyhole whenever I want."

"Like hell you are!"

As the fight between cousins got more heated, Dipper turned his attention back to the TV. He watched as the guy with thick eyebrows got his neck chewed off by a zombie with a wry smile. It was only then that he realized Pacifica had just confirmed that they were dating. Unconsciously, his smile grew.
Hostility

Chapter Summary

Pacifica is more than a little pissed off in this one because Dipper pulled some messed up shit a few episodes back. Will get into more detail when I write the multi chapter.

Pacifica was pissed off. And she was rightly pissed off. She had told her mother that she could handle the ghost problem by herself. But of course Priscilla Northwest could never have any real faith in her daughter's abilities. Of course she would hire a certain slimy magician behind her back and then expect her to show him around like a freaking tour guide. And of course he would accept even though he knew that he was the last person in the world she wanted to see right now. She grit her teeth together as she adjusted her dark teal gloves. The maid, Christina, had finished zipping up her dress and had offered her an encouraging smile. Pacifica did her best to return it but she couldn't really make it convincing when she was so enraged inside. Christina left through the dressing room curtain. Pacifica heard the door close quietly, and she knew that she was now alone with the boy on the other side of the curtain. He hadn't said a word as she was getting changed, which was great. But as she had suspected, he was waiting for Christina to leave before speaking to her.

"Does your father ever speak?" he asked casually from the other side of the curtain. As if they were friends having a normal conversation. And as if he hadn't stayed as silent as the grave when another person was in the show room. "I don't think I've ever heard him say a word. Did your mother cut his tongue out?"

His poor attempt at humour was ignored by her. She wasn't going to acknowledge his existence if she didn't have to. He was kidding himself if he thought she would actually speak to him. Instead of answering, she brushed out the wrinkles in her skirt and fixed the sash around her waist for the hundredth time. She would rather stall than step out from behind the curtain to face him.

Pacifica looked over her reflection in the full length mirror to see if there were any imperfections she could remedy before leaving. The creamy lake foam green dress flared out at her waist like a ball gown for a princess. She had actually been excited to wear it when her mother first made her try it on. She was even allowed to keep her hair in its natural beach curls instead of straightening it. But all of it was ruined by him. This entire evening was ruined by him.

"What other signs has the ghost been showing?" Dipper tried again. He knew now that he wasn't going to be able to lure her into a banter so he was trying to bait her with questions on the supernatural. Well that wasn't going to work either. "Usually moving plates are a sign of a category one ghost. But if that was the case then you would have already taken care of it. Unless you've grown completely incompetent since you stopped speaking to me."

She forced herself not to snap a retort. He wanted to get her rilled up. He wanted her anger and he would resort to insulting her to get it. It was interesting how a guy who ignored everyone around him half the time, was so desperate for attention.

She reached up to touch the diamond choker she wore and then tucked the bloodstone on the chain around her neck under the dress. Her matching earrings were in perfect condition and not a hair was out of place. If her mother could see her now she would be ecstatic to see that her daughter was actually putting effort into her appearance.
Pacifica had nothing else to do besides wait there and hope that he would go away. But that would waste valuable time that would be better spent hunting a ghost. With a heavy sigh Pacifica pulled the curtain open. Dipper had been lounging on the lavished red velvet couch, examining his perfectly formed nails. When the curtain slid open, his eyes snapped up to her and he immediately stood to attention like he was from the nineteenth century or something. Thankfully, he didn't say anything to her, his mouth remaining closed in a thin line. He stared at her for a moment that seemed to drag on for hours. His face was expressionless but his form was tense, as if he was having trouble keeping himself in place. Sea green eyes roamed over her form with calculating precision, examining her like she was a new species on a cold metal table.

Growing uncomfortable under his gaze, Pacifica decided to break the silence. "What?" she snapped irritably.

Dipper wasn't phased by her sharp tone, his eyes remaining glazed as her looked at her.

"You're so beautiful," he said with the slightest hint of emotion in his normally cool and collected voice.

Pacifica flinched back as if he had slapped her. A warmth flooded to her face, turning her already pink cheeks a rosy red. It could have been from the rage that was burning through her veins, or it could have been from something else. But regardless of what caused it, she wasn't going to let Dipper Pines think that a simple compliment could affect her so much.

Without a word in response, she trained her eyes on the door behind him and swiftly walked towards the exit. She refused to make eye contact with him as she strode past him, her high heels clicking against marble tile on the way.

"Pacifica," Dipper sighed in irritation when he was out of her eyesight. "Stop this. You're acting childish."

Her steps stopped sharply at his words. Instinctively, her hands curled into tight fists. She wanted so desperately to keep on ignoring him, but it was impossible to keep her blood from boiling or stop her vision from staining red with hatred. All the events of the past week played across her mind and her anger was maximized.

Whatever self control she might have had failed her and she decided to give him the attention he was craving. Animosity poured into her every movement as she whipped around to face him with a livid expression on her face.

"I don't owe you anything Pines," she hissed, taking purposeful and threatening steps towards him until they were toe to toe. Dipper stood up straighter and stuck out his chin, accepting her challenging stance with his usual frigid disposition. "You're the one in the wrong here. If you expect me to just sit back and take your shit when you haven't even apologized to me, then you are in for a massive disappointment. Now, I've got a ghost to hunt, with or without your help. Either go enjoy the party downstairs, or shut up and follow me."

Pacifica turned on her heel and marched out of the room with a new vigour in her steps, the fabric of her dress whispering across the floor as she moved. She could hear Dipper let out an annoyed sigh as she left. Not wasting any time on thought, he took the second option and quickly followed after her.

"I'm only following you to ensure your survival. It's not as if you can handle this by yourself anyway," he commented with a barely contained sneer. "Or you wouldn't have waited this long to get rid of your poltergeist."
Pacifica kept walking without offering him another waste of her breath. She would have punched him in his perfect teeth if she hadn't been more concerned about the fit her mother would throw at her for getting blood on her gloves. Red did not go well with the teal.
Mr Brightside

Chapter Summary

Takes place during the deep end. Tumblr prompt was asking for jealous dipper so here you go.

Cold stoney eyes glared hatefully at the young cashier turned lifeguard from the other end of the pool. The blonde standing below the guard chair was giggling hysterically at something that he had said, and her laugh dragged on for an uncomfortably long time before she managed to get a hold of herself.

Dipper didn't bother hiding the fact that he hated being there. He disliked swimming (and no, it wasn't just because he was bad at it), and he disliked the majority of the townsfolk, so sharing a cramped pool with these drooling idiots was like being in his own personal hell. But of course, Mabel and Stan dragged him to the Gravity Falls public pool to fulfil their own goals.

Stan had been grumbling the whole way there about finally snagging the perfect lawn chair away from Carla Mccorkle. He was currently in a heated battle with the Mystery Shack owner over the patio chair, which didn't seem particularly special aside from the fact that it was in a somewhat decent place. They were screaming at each other, as usual, attracting a lot of attention to themselves.

Mabel was always insistent on finding a reason to bask in the admiration of the locals, plus she wanted to work on her already perfect tan. He couldn't understand how Mabel could stomach being surrounded by them as she soaked in the sun's warmth. She sat in the chair closest to the pool, chatting and laughing with her two cronies and flirting with anyone that dared to approach her.

After being forced to come to this horrid outdoor tub, Dipper refused on principle to wear his swimsuit and mingle with the morons around him. He sat in the most remote patio chair, dressed in his usual attire. The summer heat had stripped him of his vest and cloak but he wouldn't shed any more clothes, even while under the beating sun. He would rather not be separated from his amulet or shirt for any length of time. A book on ghostly possession was placed on his lap and it was the only thing that held any interest to him. That was until he noticed Pacifica's obnoxious laughter. His heart pounded like a jack hammer when the sound hit his ears and his breath hitched against his will. On demand, his eyes darted up to find her.

That's when he saw that she was actually laughing at something the cashier from the Mystery Shack (what was his name? Randy? Rupert? Ron?) had said. The boy was wearing red swim trunks that suggested his new profession as a lifeguard. He was rubbing the back of his neck in embarrassment as he hesitantly laughed along with her.

Dipper's hands clenched and his nails scrapped the side of the lawn chair. The way she looked up at him, eyes wide with admiration and cheeks coloured a deeper red than the sun could cause, made his insides roil.

He hated the effect she had on him. He hated that he wanted her to look at him that way. Every time he saw her and felt the rapid beat of his heart and the fluttering in his stomach, he wanted to slit his wrists open. Anything to stop feeling like some helpless fool, drowning in a vast and treacherous sea.
He chose not to focus on Pacifica and the way she twirled her golden hair between her finger tips. Instead he focused his attention on the lifeguard (Rudolph?). Dipper never paid the bespectacled pale teenager any mind before. He was more part of the backdrop than an actual threat. The boy hung around Pacifica and Gideon a lot, though not as much as the older girl, Melody. He seemed relatively gullible and spineless, the type of person he would expect Pacifica to be friends but not the type he would expect her to flirt with. He wasn't especially attractive in any way, he had a long nose that hooked downwards and an angular face that made him look like death. But Dipper supposed that his appeal came from the fact that he was older and deemed more mature. And possibly his neatly combed jet black hair.

The way that Pacifica looked up at him with large starry eyes suggested that she found something about the dull and spindly bookworm attractive.

Dipper idly wondered if she would still like him if his face was smashed into the pavement. The idea was tempting but they were in a very public area, and he didn't need the local twits gaping at his telekinetic abilities outside the tent. And he didn't need Pacifica disliking him anymore than she already did. So instead of causing a scene, Dipper glared from a distance in silence, imagining all the different ways he could gouge the boys eyeballs out. His fist slowly curled tighter around the chair arm until his knuckles turned white. The longer he watched the exchange, the more infuriated he became.

"Hey hey, Dipping Sauce!" Mabel's high pitch voice pierced through his concentration, catching him off guard. "Whatcha doing?"

Dipper didn't tear his eyes away from the cashier boy (Robert? No, that wasn't it), determined to burn a hole into his skull. His fingers itched to grab hold of his amulet and knock the guard chair to the ground, hopefully breaking the boy's bones.

"Go away, Mabel," he ordered shortly.

"Oh, I get it," Mabel said with a nod. "You're all sour because Blondie's flirting with tall pale and nerdy over there." Pacifica was starting to lean heavily against the guard chair pole and was smiling far too brightly as she spoke. "Well I hate to break it to you bro bro, but she's been infatuated with that weirdo for a while now."

"I'm simply watching out of morbid curiosity," he stated in a indignant tone, turning his nose upwards. Pacifica had leaned so heavily on the post that her hand had slipped, sending her toppling to the ground. Cashier boy rushed down the ladder of the chair in order to help her up. Dipper sneered. "Watching Northwest try to flirt is like watching a train wreck. It's pathetic."

"Yeah, it is pretty pathetic when someone has a crush but all they do is stare at the girl from a distance like a stalker and insult her whenever she's nearby," Mabel observed in a pleasant voice. "Oh wait, that's not Pacifica. I must be thinking of someone else."

Dipper tore his eyes from the other side of the pool and looked up at where Mabel was standing beside him.

"What are you implying?" he snarled.

"I'm not implying anything," she said with a roll of her eyes. "Honestly Dipper, you're so transparent. I don't need to read your mind to know that you like her."

Dipper didn't bother denying it. There was no point in lying to Mabel. She might not be able to read his mind the way she could read everyone else's, but she could always tell when he was lying.
"I wouldn't be judging," he shot back, glancing at the chubby white haired boy in the pool, who was currently chatting happily with a young Latino girl he didn't recognize. "Considering your taste in boys."

"Not judging," Mabel amended with a smirk. "I totally get why you like her. She's almost as big a dork as you are. And I guess she's charming, in an obnoxious crow pecking at your eyes sort of way."

Dipper was growing weary of the conversation. He took the opportunity to turn Mabel's attention away from his love life and onto her own. "Looks like Gideon is getting friendly with that girl in the pool," he pointed out dryly. "She's quite pretty."

Mabel turned to the two and her eyes flashed a bit brighter in the sun. She nodded in agreement. "Yes, she is," she said, her voice strained. "Excuse me dear brother while I go rip her hair out. Hope you don't mind if I cut this conversation short."

"Not at all, sister," Dipper smirked as Mabel marched away towards the pool.

He turned his attention back to Pacifica, who was now speaking with someone who must have been the pool manager. She had certainly changed positions quickly. He looked towards the lifeguard who was scanning the edge of the pool. Dipper's eye twitched as the feeling that he refused to officially label as jealousy filtered through his veins and froze him to the very core. To calm his rage, he imagined taking a page from Mabel's book, and ripping his hair out.

It helped calm him, a bit.
"Those guys were hella sketch," Pacifica said as soon as they left the tent. Melody had to leave right away in order to get home on time now that it was dark out. Pacifica had told her that she would walk Gideon home, not liking the idea of him walking alone in this monster infested town. But more than living wax sculptures and gnomes, the thing that disturbed her the most were the Pines Twins. She was relieved they were gaining more and more distance from the tent. "I'm not surprised Granny Carla doesn't trust them."

"You had to be a little impressed," Gideon nudged her with his elbow. "I know we didn't exactly get off on the right foot with the Pines', you know after we broke into the Mystery Museum and then destroyed all the wax figures. But I don't think they were too upset, plus Dipper gave us free tickets."

Pacifica glanced around before speaking, as if she was afraid the Pines twins would pop up around any corner. "You remember what I told you about that night in the Mystery Museum, right?" she whispered as they walked further and further away from the tent. She was way too serious about this. He didn't like it when Paz was so focused on all her conspiracy theories, she wasn't nearly as fun.

"When I ran into Dipper he was able to control my actions. I don't know how, but it was like he was in my head telling me what to do."

"Well he is a hypnotist, maybe he was just hypnotizing you. Oooooooh," Gideon suggested dramatically, making ghost sounds as he finished his sentence. He managed to get a breath of easy laughter and a soft smile.

Paz ruffled the mop of white hair on the top of his head, shoving him off to the side. Gideon giggled to himself as her reached up to readjust his bright Aqua green cap, only to discover that he wasn't wearing it.

"My hat!" Gideon cried out in alarm, his hands rapidly searching the top of his head. He looked up at the blonde beside him with big shining eyes. "I left it in the tent."

Pacifica looked down at the puppy face he was giving her and met his pleading look with a dry one. She skewered her mouth and rolled her eyes in exasperation. Without a moment of hesitation, she turned on her heel and started walking back to the Tent of Telepathy, her cousin running up behind her to catch up with her. She desperately wanted to avoid the place like the plague, but Gideon would throw a fit if they didn't get it back right away.

"Since when do you even take off your hat?" she asked as they walked through the thinning parking lot. Some of the patrons were still milling about the outside of the tent. Some discussing with each other the events that they had witnessed. Others waiting to catch a glimpse of the Pines twins. Most going off to their cars, heading home now that it was night time.
Gideon snuck into the tent through the front entrance, though the guard who had been there before the show started was gone now. Still, Gideon tiptoed into the tent and ducked behind a pillar when he entered, scanning the room from his hiding spot like a secret agent on a mission. Paz followed his lead and hid behind another pillar, suspiciously staring out at the now empty tent. The two made eye contact for a moment and the look of over the top seriousness on the others face made them both burst into a series of barely stifled giggles. Neither of them could spot the twins or Stan Pines in the theatre, so they left their hiding spot and went back to their seats from before and searched the area. Within the plush blue velvet seats, Gideon couldn't see any trace of his bright Aqua hat. Nor was it anywhere on the floor. Pacifica started to search the seats behind them.

"I don't understand," Gideon said as he stood up on one of the seats to get a better view. Nothing. "I left it here."

"Oh I'm sorry," a cheerful voice chimed from the stage. Gideon whipped around to see who it was and was stunned to find Mabel Pines standing right in the centre of the stage. He hadn't even heard her come in. "Were you looking for this?"

Mabel was still dressed in her costume from the performance, the aquamarine blazer was in crisp condition even after all the acrobatics she had just done. The strange sea green jewel sitting upon her black lace headband glowed like a neon sign, drawing Gideon's attention like a flame draws a moth's. Her hand was outstretched, and dangling from her fingers was Gideon's bright Aqua green cap.

"My hat!" Gideon exclaimed when he saw her holding it out to him. He immediately raced out from between the pews and ran up to the stage. He wasn't sure how to get up on the platform since he didn't see a staircase or anything nearby, so he simply stood in front of the first row of seats. Mabel extended the hat towards him with a curtsy, so that he could actually reach her with the current height difference between them. Gideon grasped the hat gratefully. Shoving it back onto his head, he offered her a large toothy grin. "Thanks for finding it!"

Mabel gave him a sweet smile in return and her sea green eyes seemed to glitter under the spotlight of the stage. Gideon couldn't help but notice how pretty she was up close, even more so than the illustrious look she had during the show. With her thick chestnut hair and seemingly flawless skin, she looked just like an angel.

"Aww," Mabel cooed as soon as the description popped into his head. She beamed at him and her dark eyelashes fluttered like the wings of a butterfly. "That is so sweet of you to think that."

Gideon's eyes would have popped out of his head if they had gotten any wider. His mouth dropped open in shock as he reeled backwards. "H-how did you know what I was thinkin'?"

Mabel let out a giggle that sounded more like tinkling bells than an actual human sound. "You're in the Tent of Telepathy, Gideon," she said, motioning to the theatre around them. "Reading minds is one of my many talents."

Gideon stared up at her in awe. He couldn't deny that she was stunning. But he could see a danger in the centre of her unnaturally bright eyes; a sharpness in the corner of her smile. Looking at Mabel Pines was equal parts enrapturing and terrifying.

"Speaking of talents," Mabel continued, bringing her hand up to touch her cheek thoughtfully. "I love the hat you designed. It's so hard to find boys that appreciate the sparkly things in life."

Gideon reached up to touch the hat she complimented, rainbow coloured rhinestones spelled out his name in a nice cursive script on the front. He smiled up at Mabel, shaking off his previous
nervousness, convincing himself that Paz's paranoia was getting to him.

"Yeah, I bedazzle all my hats," Gideon replied joyfully. It was nice to find someone who liked sparkly things as much as he did. Mabel seemed like a kindred spirit, with her love of sparkles and dramatic flare. Sure the whole telepathy thing was a bit creepy, but overall Mabel seemed really nice. He shook off all previous reservations. "Lots of people think they're dumb."

"Nonsense," Mabel stated, waving his reply off with her hand. "They're adorable. And they match your cute little face perfectly."

Gideon's face went beet red. Before he could stammer out a thank you, Pacifica decided to clomp down the stairs and stand protectively between him and the magician girl. As soon as his cousin slid in front of him, Mabel's eyes went from being as soft and sweet as cotton candy to being as sharp and deadly as knives. Paz crossed her arms over her chest and met the sharp gaze with a look that was colder than ice.

"Well, thanks for giving him the hat back, Mabel," Pacifica said, being as civil as her distrustful nature would allow. "We have to be getting home now. My Grandma would be pissed if I kept the little cuz out any later than this."

Gideon felt her warm hand wrap itself tightly around his wrist. She started pulling him away from the stage and towards the closest isle to them.

"Are you sure you can't stay a little longer?" Mabel asked as Paz marched up down the isle that led towards the exit. "I'd love to know how you're enjoying your summer back in Gravity Falls, Miss Northwest."

Pacifica's steps faltered, but she didn't stop walking. Even as Mabel continued to speak to her. "After spending months at that stuffy all girls boarding school, it must be nice to come back home. Even though you aren't stuck in the mansion anymore. Mommy finally gave you some running room after fourteen years of oppression. I bet that's a relief."

Gideon could practically hear the grin in Mabel's voice as she spoke. This time, Pacifica did stop walking. She turned back to Mabel with a narrowed gaze, tucking Gideon back behind her. The girl on the stage smiled an innocent smile. "It would be great to have a proper chat with you."

Pacifica didn't ask how Mabel knew all that stuff about her. Instead she gave Mabel a courteous smile that left her eyes cold and hard.

"Maybe another time," she replied, her voice sharp and unfriendly as she turned away and continued towards the door.

Gideon offered Mabel a final wave of farewell as he got dragged away, hopefully being pleasant enough to make up for Paz's rude exit. Just as they managed to make it halfway towards the opening in the tent, someone stepped in front of them from the corner of their vision. Gideon hadn't even seen any trace of Dipper Pines in the room until he had appeared right in front of them. The boy had the same bored yet slightly annoyed expression he had when Gideon first saw him in the Mystery Museum. There was no evidence that nearly twenty minutes ago, the boy had a mysterious smirk on his face and had addressed a crowd of screaming fans with such reverence.

Pacifica went stiff as a plank when her blue violet eyes met his sea green ones. Her grip on Gideon's wrist tightened and she pulled him so that he was directly behind her and mostly out of Dipper's sight. Though Dipper wasn't even acknowledging him. His eyes were trained solely on Pacifica.
"Did you enjoy the show," he asked curtly. He seemed to glide closer and closer to Pacifica until he was a mere inches away from her.

Pacifica leaned away from him in order to get some distance between them, but she wouldn't step back. Though she was clearly creeped out beyond all reason, Paz didn't let her discomfort show in her voice.

"Yes," she lied through her teeth. Gideon would know, he had to listen to her complain about how tacky the show was the whole time they were watching it. "Thank you for the tickets."

The slight smile Dipper gave her made Gideon's knees shake. There was some sort of shadow in that smile. A shadow that seemed to stretch and curl to the corners of his eyes. He didn't say anything in response to Pacifica's gratitude, and just stood before her, staring. He was much more unsettling to be around than Mabel.

Pacifica started to side step around him, keeping Gideon firmly behind her. "We really should get going," she stated again. "It's a bit late."

"Stay where you are."

Pacifica froze like a statue, and was unable to tear her eyes away from the cruel gaze of the magician that had ordered her to stay. Gideon could tell by the way her hand was shaking that she was terrified.

"I was hoping to ask you some questions," Dipper stated, tilting his head to the side like a lizard. He took a step closer to her, now being way too near for comfort. The ends of his cape fluttered behind him as he moved forward. This time Pacifica didn't move an inch.

Before the magician could say another word, Mabel came up beside him and leaned on his shoulder.

"Don't be rude bro bro," Mabel sighed in exasperation. "If the lady wishes to leave then the chivalrous thing to do is to let her go."

Mabel grabbed a hold of Pacifica's chin and simultaneously nudged her brother off to the side. She forced Pacifica to look over at her and offered her an apologetic grin.

"I'm sorry about Dipstick," she said. Gideon rose an eyebrow at the nickname she used. She let go of Paz's chin and waved her off with a dismissive hand. "You're free to leave Pacifica."

Without a moment of deliberation, Paz continued on her path to the exit. She didn't loosen her grip as she continued to drag him as far away from the Pines twins as she could get. Gideon was now completely ready to escape this tent and the creepiness within it, and he eagerly looked at the opening.

"Bye Gideon!" he heard Mabel call out cheerily from behind him. Pacifica didn't stop pulling him and instead picked up her pace.

"Don't you dare look back," she hissed as quietly as possible as they got closer and closer to the exit of the tent.

Gideon disobeyed her order and looked over his shoulder.

They were still standing side by side in the isle, watching closely as the two cousins left. As he stared back at them, the twins gave Gideon sparkling white smiles, that might have been charming were it not for the sharp edges and the cold viper eyes.
He turned away from the sight quickly, ignoring the shiver that crawled up his spine.

Chapter End Notes

For those of you who don't know Mabel and Dipper have different powers. They still have their amulets but Bill gave them their own physical powers when they first dealt with him. Dipper has the ability to control minds and Mabel has the ability to read them. Though they can read/control the mind of anyone they make eye contact with Mabel is still able to read a person's mind after they look away from her. It is only when she stops looking at them that she can no longer read them. Dipper loses his ability to control a person as soon as either he or they look away. The twins cannot use their powers on each other.
Friendship

Chapter Summary

Melody helps comfort Gideon when he's nervous. From a prompt I got on tumblr

Melody always knew when Gideon's nerves were getting to him. He could be a little firecracker on some days and a ray of sunshine on others, but he did have moments where he was too nervous to be either. And whenever that happened, Melody would always find him down in the basement of the shack, stationed in front of the same pinball machine. He would sit in front of that machine for hours until he forgot about his worries or they simply filtered into the background of his mind. Usually they were little worries that only got to the guy because he was a ball of emotions. Something like an upcoming test or a bully pointing out his white hair and colourful clothes. Usually either Carla or Melody would go down there to cheer him up.

However, it was strange for Melody to see him down in front of the old pinball machine right at the start of summer. There was no school to worry about or bullies picking on him. Usually the kid was bouncing off the walls in excitement at this time of year. But there he was instead.

She flopped herself down in the bean bag chair that was off to the side of the pinball machine. Even though Gid didn't turn to look at her, she knew he was aware she was there by the way he started shuffling in his spot. The pinball fell through the opening at the bottom and the western skeleton in the machine mocked Gideon for his loss. The white haired boy let out a defeated sigh.

"What's the worry G Man?" Melody asked in concern. She leaned forward in her chair, though it was a bit awkward in the old bean bag chair. "You haven't pin balled this long since you broke Granny Carla's hair straightener."

Gideon reached up to touch his thick head of curls that he had once tried to straighten on his own. Melody remembered how upset he had been when one of the hinges came loose and the straightener came apart in his hands. He had been so frightened about how Carla would react. But Melody had managed to fix it for him once he had gotten into his third hour of pinball.

"I'm just nervous about something," Gideon mumbled, looking down at his scuffing feet. "That's all."

"Too nervous to tell me?" Melody asked with a reassuring smile, tilting her head to get in his line of vision. "Come on dude, give me the scoop."

Gideon huffed out a sigh and slumped down onto the old carpet floor. "Granny Carla told me my cousin was going to be working here for the summer. She's showing up tomorrow."

"What's the worry G Man?" Melody asked in concern. She leaned forward in her chair, though it was a bit awkward in the old bean bag chair. "You haven't pin balled this long since you broke Granny Carla's hair straightener."

"Soooo," Melody trailed off trying to figure out what was wrong in the situation. "Where's the badness?"

"I haven't seen her since my parents funeral," Gideon replied, stuffing his face into his hands. "It wasn't exactly a fun time. It was actually a really awkward time."

"Well, it's not like you could help that," Melody reassured him. "You kids will get the chance lots of
chances for fun times! You know, because it's summer. And summer is all about the fun times.

"You don't get it, Mel. The last time I saw Pacifica was six years ago," Gideon groaned. "What if we have nothing in common? What if she doesn't like me? I'm gonna have to spend the entirety of the summer with a teenage girl who despises me. That's the worst kind of person to invoke the scorn of, ya know? Post adolescent girls always say something sweet to your face and then they say something malicious behind your back. It would be just like the movie Mean Girls! I don't wanna live through that!"

The little freak out he was having was nothing new. Gideon's vocabulary could be pretty intense. Even more so when he was upset about something. Melody couldn't understand half the words that came out of his mouth. And he also went off on some weird tangents. Luckily, she was a Gideon freak out expert.

Melody leaned back in her chair and looked at the white haired kid with a playful look. "First thing, you probably shouldn't use Mean Girls as your guide for how the teens act," she told him with a smirk. She nudged his foot with her own and grinned. "She's not gonna hate you. I don't think anyone who knows you can ever hate you. Don't get so freaked, dude."

Gideon looked up at her with big blue violet eyes and she gave him a caring smile.

"And besides," Melody continued, she reached out and ruffled the kids curls. "If she somehow doesn't like you, you don't have to spend time with her. You've always got me on the home team, dude. No matter what."

Gideon beamed at her hopefully, making her heart swell. "Thanks Mel! Together, we can endure. No matter the horrid teenage hormones and secret hostility concealed with charm impedes us. Oh wait! Do you think she has a burn book! Do girls make those?"

She snorted out a laugh that made Gideon start smiling again. Nothing could make him feel better like making someone laugh. "You really need to start hanging around actual girls, G Man." She shoved him lightly with her foot, but he dramatically toppled over, giggling from his new lying position on the floor. He angled his head so that he was looking at her upside down and flashed her a grin. Melody returned the smile.

She did seriously doubt anyone could hate the little bouncy ball of energy. Even if he could be a bit clueless, a joker, and a huge drama queen, the kid had a big heart and a love for laughter that couldn't be matched. And if this Pacifica girl dared to pick a fight with him, you could bet she would be hearing from Melody. And not in a good way.

Xxx
Denial

Chapter Summary

Pacifica sees Dipper with another girl. But she is definitely not jealous.

The girl had pigtails tied up with scrunchies (Scrunchies? For Real? Pretty sure the eighties are over.) and a bright smile. She inserted an insufferable giggle in between every few words that she said and batted her long eyelashes as she did so. The boy she was blatantly flirting with didn't smile. He never did. But he did respond to her when she spoke to him and his eyes lacked the usual hostility and condescension. He looked at the girl softly and leaned leisurely against the diner counter as she gleefully spoke to him.

Dipper Pines would always treat any girl that approached him with disdain, but he didn't seem to mind this girl's presence in the slightest. It was suspicious and a bit concerning. What if he was planning on luring her into a trap? And then use her as some sort of demon sacrifice? He was definitely the type to pull a stunt like that. And it would explain why he wasn't resorting to his usual nature and acting like a prick.

That's why Pacifica made sure not to tear her eyes away for a second. She glared at the two suspiciously from her booth. Dipper was currently drawling about something that was probably snobby, while the girl hung off of his every word. Pacifica wanted to roll her eyes. How could someone even pretend to be interested in the boring things he talked about? The guy was a stiff, and very bad at relating to normal people. What were they even talking about? How was Dipper even capable of carrying on a normal conversation? Was he talking about the weather? The food? Hair gel?

"Are you okay Paz?" Melody asked, shifting to the side in order to get in Pacifica's line of vision.

The blonde was snapped out of her musings by the question. Looking over at Melody like a startled deer, she said the first thing that came to mind. "Huh? I wasn't staring."

Both Gideon and Melody gave her a weird look from their side of the booth. Gideon made a quick glance over his shoulder to see what Pacifica was looking at. When he turned back around he had a teasing smirk on his face.

"Ah, now I understand. I was wonderin' why ya were stabbin' you're pie to death," Gideon snickered, barely holding back his grin.

It was then that Pacifica noticed her hand was gripping her fork so tightly that her knuckles were white. The piece of pie in front of her was no more than a plate of mush after she had been repeatedly stabbing it for the past five minutes. She hadn't even noticed that when she had been watching Pines and the other girl so intensely.

Pacifica tried to come up with a good excuse before Gideon started jumping to conclusions. "I'm just making it softer," she said, dropping the fork onto the plate. "You know how Manly Dan always burns the pie."

Melody looked between her, Gideon, and the crushed pie in confusion. "What was she looking at?"
she whispered to Gideon, hopping to wrangle out an answer from him.

"She was starin' at Dipper and this pretty girl he was talkin' to," Gideon whispered back with a too wide smile, like it was some big conspiracy.

Melody looked over her shoulder and and turned back with a look of understanding. "Ah, I get you girl."

"Get what?" Pacifica asked, suddenly feeling defensive. "There's nothing to get. I was just looking around the diner and softening up my pie."

Gideon gave her a skeptical look, tilting his head all the way to the side. "Are ya sure that ya weren't watching Pines and the girl because ya were," he paused and his eyes bulged out and his lips twisted into a scrunched up smile. "Jealous?"

Pacifica sneered at the stupid face he was making. "You know what," she said haughtily. "That statement doesn't even deserve a scoff. It was that stupid. In fact, all you get is an indifferent eye roll."

To show her point, she rolled her eyes half heartedly before beginning to pick at her mush pile. She hoped that the conversation would be dropped if she just stopped

"So ya ain't bothered at all by the fact that Pines is philanderin' with a cute strawberry blonde while you're in the same buildin'?" Gideon pestered her. He stood up on the leather seat and leaned over the table to give Pacifica an even more intense stare. "Maybe you're jealous 'cause he's payin' attention to someone else instead of creeping around you."

She refused to make eye contact on principle. Why was Gideon even making such a big deal about this? He hated the Dipper Pines more than she did, and he never liked it when the magician started hitting on her. Though it was probably due to the fact that she would relentlessly tease him when it came to Mabel and any other crush he had on a girl.

But it wasn't like she was actually jealous. No way. Not when it came to Dipper Pines. She knew what jealousy felt like when it came to a guy. While she pined for Robbie before, she had been extremely jealous whenever Wendy was in the same room. This wasn't even remotely the same. She wasn't glaring at the girl or silently judging her on every flaw she could make out or restraining her rage by biting her nails or hitting something.

Wait...

Pacifica looked down at her mushed up pie and felt bile rise from the back of her throat as her mind grasped the horror of the situation. But, no way was that possible. She wasn't jealous of anything. In fact there wasn't anything to be jealous of. Dipper wasn't even responding to the girl's flirtations, and the only reason he wasn't brushing her off was because he liked attention. That or for some nefarious reason that would match a cartoonish super villain.

"I'm just worried about the girl," Pacifica said aloud, affirming her feelings for herself and for her friends. She stood from her seat with a look of determination. "In fact, I'm gonna go split them off so he doesn't sneak her off to the Skeletor lair."

Gideon's smile dropped in the blink of an eye and his eyes widened in alarm. "Wait, Paz!" he whispered urgently, as if he thought Dipper was suddenly able to overhear them. "Don't let him know you're jealous. If ya do then we'll never be able to get rid of him."

Pacifica gave him her sharpest glare, making him slump back down in his seat. "I'm not jealous," she
snapped. "And I'll prove it."

"Paz!" Gideon hissed, apparently fearful of another Dipper and Pacifica confrontation. "Come back! I was only kiddin'! Don't go over there!"

She ignored his plea to stop her and continued marching over to where the two spoke. Pines was continuing to get a firm ego stroke as the girl listened to him like his voice was God's gift to humanity. Pacifica resisted the urge to roll her eyes, she was sure Dipper was just eating this girl's desperation up.

"Hey, Pines," Pacifica greeted the magician with a bitterness in her tone. "Creeping on random tourists huh?"

Pacifica's presence halted whatever he had been saying at that moment, and he stared at her with a perplexed look on his face as she inserted herself between the two of them. She faced the girl and gave her a tight smile, trying her best to make it genuine.

"Hi," she said, sticking out her hand to the startled girl. With her mouth hanging open slightly, she hesitantly took the offered hand. Pacifica noticed that she had an overbite and two large front teeth, but she wasn't jealous so that didn't matter to her. "Pacifica Northwest, nice to meet you."

"Um, Emma Sue," Emma answered back, looking more than a little confused. Dipper's expression shifted from perplexed to detached interest and musing, as if he was in a mildly interesting lecture. "What-"

"Emma Sue, huh?" she interrupted with a smile. "That's a pretty name. It suits you."

Emma's cheeks went a little red and she tried her best to get in a friendly smile. "Thanks-

"Anyway," Pacifica cut her off before she could finish her uneasy thanks. "Sorry to cut your fascinating convo short, but I've gotta talk to the psychic. Make sure he's not planning on destroying the town again. Don't want to repeat that fiasco."

With that Pacifica let out joyous laughter that dragged on for an uncomfortable amount of time, as if her last statement was a hilarious inside joke. At this point, Emma was extremely perturbed and was begging to put a distance between herself and the blonde. But she still wasn't leaving. Pacifica was dropping all the stops to drive this girl off but she wasn't budging. Pacifica's face shifted from happy to hard as a rock.

"In all seriousness though," Pacifica continued, a sharp glint in her eye. "Need to discuss some things. In private. If you don't mind."

"Oh," Emma breathed out, eyes wide from how quickly everything was going. "Yeah, sure."

She seemed a bit relieved to be leaving the awkward confrontation and quickly walked towards a booth holding a couple that must have been her parents.

Pacifica turned to face Dipper with a look cold disdain, keeping her eyes indifferent so she didn't give the impression that she was jealous, which she wasn't. But when she saw the bemused smirk he was wearing, she knew that he was already making assumptions.

"Care to explain what that was about, Northwest?" he inquired with a curious tilt of his head. She noticed that his bright sea green eyes sparkled in the fluorescent lighting of the room. "It's a tad uncharacteristic for you to actively seek my attention."
"Just making sure you weren't planning on cutting off any fingers or sacrificing random girls to your triangle sidekick," she replied with a shrug.

Dipper rolled his eyes at the accusation, crossing his arms over his chest and straightening out so that he was at his full height. He always seemed to tower over her when he did that, even though there wasn't much of a height difference between the two of them.

"I don't sacrifice people to Cipher. If he even needs human sacrifices, I'm not aware of it. Besides, he doesn't need my assistance to control people; he is quite capable of that on his own," he explained with a lecturing tone, making him sound like a teacher explaining a simple subject to a rather dense child. "And I wasn't planning on using her for a spell either. I was merely speaking casually about the Telepathy show because she asked."

Pacifica let out an indignant bark of laughter, "Since when do you even speak to girls that aren't me?''

'Damn it' she cursed internally. 'That came out wrong.'

As expected, Dipper paid way too close attention to the way she phrased that sentence. His eyes widened a fraction in mild surprise. Immediately, the smirk on his face widened into a self satisfied grin that made her skin crawl.

"My apologies, Northwest," Dipper hummed, taking a few too many steps towards her. Pacifica in turn took several steps backwards until she hit a seat that was placed in front of the counter behind her. "I didn't realize you were so insecure about our relationship."

Pacifica's face morphed into a scowl. "You think I'm insecure because I'm constantly stalking me and trying to steal my things?" she asked in sardonic tone. "Cause God knows I would be devastated if I stopped having that in my life."

"No, I think you're insecure because I'm showing an interest in pretty girl," Dipper commented, his smile never diminishing. It was all too clear that he was enjoying this. He took a few more steps towards her, and the chair behind her kept her from gaining anymore distance. "You seemed more crude than usual when you were speaking to her, perhaps out of jealousy."

She stopped herself from becoming annoyed when he expressed that he did in fact find the girl pretty. Nope, that definitely did not bother her.

"Keep dreaming, Pines," she scoffed, glaring at him viciously. "I'm only acting out of concern for other people. You know, cause I actually give a damn about people that aren't myself."

"Oh," he cooed affectionately, ignoring the jab she just made at his egotism. He kept walking towards her until they were less than an inch away. His gloved hand reached out and took a loose strand of her blonde hair. Pacifica resisted her need to squirm as he curled the lock between his fingers. "There's no need to feel jealous Pacifica. You know that it's always been about you."

His face far beyond her personal space bubble and she could feel the chill of his breath on her skin. How in gods name was his breath cold? Pacifica was assaulted by the scent of freshly printed ink on aged paper and earl grey tea. And it was the farthest thing from unpleasant.

Pacifica froze when the thought reached her head and she scrambled to stop herself from over analyzing it. She would have to file for insanity, because there was no way any sane version of her would believe Dipper Pines smelled nice.

The blonde shook her head vigorously to clear her thoughts and shoved Pines as hard as she could.
She only managed to push him about two steps back, but there was now enough space to escape. Pacifica stormed off towards the exit of the diner, fuming to herself in her mind. She marched out the door with a purposeful stride, relieved to notice Dipper wasn't following her.

Pacifica didn't bother going back to her booth and her mushed up pie. She didn't want her cousin to think that the redness of her cheeks was due to her being flustered.

Cause she definitely wasn't.
Chapter Summary

For a request that I got from @aquaburst07

Gideon and Pacifica meeting after 6 years of not seeing each other. This is gonna be a two parter. The second part of it will focus on Gid and Paz a bit more.

Robbie wasn't too surprised to find Gideon and Melody crouching in front of the window of the Mystery Shack, looking outside. The two of them had done stranger things. At that point they were peaking over the frame so that only the tops of their heads would be visible from the other side of the glass.

"Wow," Melody whispered in astonishment. "Look at the driver. He's wearing a suit. And his face looks so fancy."

"And check out that car," Gideon whispered. "That's a 1941 Cadillac series 60 special Sedan. That is one distinguished and classical automobile right there."

Melody let out a gasp of amazement. being a amateur mechanic, she had an intense passion for automobiles and machines. Robbie himself had no clue what Gideon was talking about, but the car he was talking about sounded a lot nicer than his current van.

Robbie leaned against the wall beside them. "What's going on squirt?" Robbie asked. Gideon glanced up at him with wide eyes and his usual adorable smile. "There invaders on the front lawn?"

"Kinda," Gideon replied with a shrug, he looked back out the window. Interest in whatever was outside kept him from looking away too long. "My cousin Pacifica just arrived."

Robbie tilted his head to take a glance out the window. There was an old fashioned car parked in front of the Mystery Shack, it looked like the kinda thing you would see at a car show. Considering how well kept and shiny it was, Robbie had to wonder if the car was ever used that often.

A man in a black suit was unloading a suitcase from the trunk, just as the back door of the car opened.

Gideon pointed at the open door with a squeak before ducking completely out of sight. He let out a jittery whisper. "There she is!"

Stepping out from the sedan, was a young blonde, wearing an outfit that did not match the sleek car she had been in. She was wearing a grey baggy GAP hoody that hung down to her thighs and ratty jeans that had a few too many holes to be deemed fashionable. On her feet was a pair of clunky hiking boots. She looked over the shack with a skeptical expression, crossing her arms over her chest.

The man in the suit walked over to her with a dour scowl, occasionally casting the shack looks of disgust. The two had a quiet exchange before the man begrudgingly handed her the large black suitcase he had gotten from the back.
Seeing that she had a well kept classic car some sort of butler fetching her stuff, Robbie had to guess that this girl was loaded. Either that or she had her grandfather drive her around in his old ride.

"Is she a Northwest or something?" Robbie asked with a snort.

"Yeah," Gideon replied.

The teen wasn't expecting an affirmation to that question. He had just said it as a joke, but finding out that the girl was in fact part of the richest family in Oregon was a bit of a shocker.

"Wait," Robbie sputtered. "You're related to the Northwests?"

"Yep," Gideon replied, bug eyes never leaving the window. "My aunt's Priscilla Northwest. She and my mom were sisters."

"Priscilla Northwest is your aunt?" Robbie gaped in shock. Everyone knew the name, considering the woman had been the mayor of Gravity Falls for fifteen years now. He had no idea that Gideon was her nephew, or that Carla was her mother for that matter. She seemed too sophisticated to have a mother like his eccentric boss.

As if on cue, Carla kicked open the door that led into the house part of the Mystery Shack with a wide smile.

"What's the verdict Gideon?" she asked as she marched into the room and observed the shape of the gift shop. "Robbie! Melody! Get back to your posts! I'm not gonna let Pris think I've been hiring a bunch of loafs."

"Yes ma'am," Robbie and Melody responded in unison. Robbie quickly hopped behind the counter and pretended to fiddle with the cash register, while Melody started fixing a shelf that didn't really need to be fixed.

"False alarm, Granny Carla," Gideon turned to her with a toothy grin. "Aunt Priscilla ain't here. Pacifica just showed up with her butler."

Carla's eyes bulged, and her face contorted with rage. She threw her hands up in exasperation. "Typical!" she shouted. "What else could I possibly expect from that no good, family avoiding, spoiled, selfish- Pacifica!"

Robbie was still pretty astounded by how quickly Carla's moods seemed to switch. The boss' grin was back in place as soon as the blonde stepped into the shack with a prada back pack slung onto her shoulder and a large black suitcase dragging behind her. The butler was already speeding off down the dirt road, leaving the young heiress to fend for herself in the land of the peasants. The blonde had a tentative smile on her face when she was addressed by her Grandmother. Without missing a beat, Carla swooped in and caught the girl in a strangling hug. Pacifica seemed more than a little shocked by the sudden affection and was too stiff to return the gesture.

Carla pulled back from the embrace and looked Pacifica up and down. She put her hands on her hips as she took in her granddaughters appearance.

"Well aren't you a pretty little thing," Carla observed with a laugh. "I had my doubts when I saw that you had your grandfather's hair, but it definitely suits you. Man I remember when you were just a cute and chubby little baby. How the time flys. What are you, fourteen now?"

Pacifica, who hadn't said a word yet, blushed furiously at the compliment. She remained completely still when she spoke, keeping her back straight and poised and her chin held high. "Yes," she
confirmed her age, her tone very dignified when she spoke. Robbie would swear that she was acting like she was in the presence of a queen. "I just turned fourteen in the spring."

"Good timing," Carla said with a nod. "You'll still be the youngest one working here, but at least you're not a thirteen year old."

Pacifica's face skewered in confusion. "What's the difference?"

"Oh about a year," Carla answered before letting out a bark of laughter at her own joke. Noticing that no one in the shack laughed with her, she rolled her eyes. "Kids these days. Anyway, meet the hearty crew. This is Mr. Robbie, our angsty teen of the group."

She motioned to Robbie in his place behind the counter, he had long since given up trying to look professional and was now reading over his sheet music. He was a little miffed by the angsty teen comment. But it wasn't like he wasn't used to Carla's comments. He didn't look up from his music as he offered Pacifica a two fingered salute. And because of this he didn't notice the slight blush on her cheeks when she saw him. "Sup," he said.

"Hello," Pacifica replied with a slight squeak in her voice.

"And Melody, she's our handy lady and the nicest person who's ever stepped into this place," Carla continued, pointing to where Melody was fiddling with her box of tools.

Melody looked up and a bright smile came to her face and she waved excitedly at the newcomer. "Hey girl! Good to meet another member of the McCorckle brigade!" she called out. As she waved her hand, she accidentally knocked her box of tools from the shelf and clattered onto the floor. "Uh oh."

"Keep your head in the game Mel," Carla ordered before turning to the final person in the room. She finally motioned to Gideon with a dramatic flourish. "And you remember your cousin."

Pacifica's soft smile when she turned to face her younger cousin was enough to ease his nerves. He flashed her a bright grin in response and waved enthusiastically.

"Hey Pazy!" Gideon yelled happily. "D'ya remember me? We used to catch frogs together when my family came up here for Thanksgiving!"

Pacifica tucked her hands behind her back and smiled politely at the younger cousin. "Yes Gideon, I remember. I see that you've gotten taller."

This statement alone caused Gideon to light up like a Christmas tree. "Thanks Paz" he chirped excitedly. "Yep, I'm eleven now and I've already been growin' a little every year. It's all addin' up real fast. I'm gonna to be as tall as my dad was once I hit my growth spurt."

Pacifica looked like she was holding back laughter as the white haired boy chatted excitedly about his height. She definitely had a personality concealed under the pomp and circumstances. "Yeah, I bet."

"So Pacifica, we've got your bed all set up," Carla started to explain. "You're gonna have to share Gideon's room with him. We don't have enough space for your own room."

"But this shack is huge," Pacifica argued. Robbie was a little surprised to see the girl showing her first spark of individuality since she stepped in. "You don't have one spare room?"

"Those spare rooms are reserved for attractions," Carla stated with a firm tone. "Business over
"Don't worry about it Paz!" Gideon said, with an easy smile. The kid was doing his very best to make this visit as comfortable as possible. "It'll be great! We can stay up late! And swap ghost stories! And in the mornin', we can make waffles!"

"Alright alright, enough with the introductions," Carla interrupted, already moving on from the buzz of adding another member to the work team. "Tourist hour is over so Robbie, you clean up the gift shop. Mel, you make sure nothing is out of place in the museum."

Mel immediately ran off to go to the tour part of the shack. She quickly turned back and gathered up all her tools before going back to her assignment. Robbie himself set to work on resorting the shelves so that everything was in its proper place. Carla was lucky he was such a stickler for organization or else he wouldn't have bothered to be thorough at this time in the evening.


Pacifica's face twisted a bit at being addressed as blondie, but she didn't say anything. The two cousins climbed the stairs towards the attic. Robbie watched them retreat, Pacifica's large suitcase clunking loudly on the steps as it was dragged behind them. He could hear Gideon talking rapidly about castles or something. He wasn't too sure.

"I hope they get along," Robbie stated as he started sweeping the floor. "She doesn't seem like the type that'll mesh well with Gideon."

"Please, Gideon would mesh well with a squirrel," Carla said as she counted the money from the cash register. "Those two are gonna be two peas in a pod within days. Pacifica has been conditioned to act like a stiff for her entire life. She just needs some breathing room and she'll ease up."

"Huh," Robbie mumbled to himself, thinking over what his boss said. "Are you sure that's how it will pan out?"

"Course it will. Have I ever been wrong?" When Carla turned to see the skeptical expression on his face, she glared at him sternly. "Don't get smart kid. Now get cleaning. Chop chop."

"Yes ma'am," Robbie said, quickly going back to sorting the shelves. He had too much work to do right now to worry about the new girl.
Compelled

Chapter Summary

For a tumblr prompt I got. Dipper using a love spell on Pacifica in order to get her journal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dipper stared down at the third journal in a moment of euphoria, grinning wildly as he traced his fingers over the worn pages that he had been desperate to read for years. He wanted to lock himself away in the room, learning as much as he possibly could from those pages. He wanted to absorb all the knowledge that could be found inside as fast as he could. He wanted to focus all his attention on journal number three.

However, that was a bit difficult considering the distraction currently sitting on his lap.

"It's really not that interesting," Pacifica mumbled into his ear, before delicately scraping her teeth on his earlobe. He repressed the urge to moan but couldn't stop the shaky breath that passed through his lips. He could hear Pacifica laugh to herself when she heard it. "All the spells are in your journal, champ. This book is just monster info."

Dipper was sitting at the lush armchair in front of his desk, while Pacifica sat between his knees with her legs draped over to the side on the arm of the chair. His arm at her side held her by the waist so that she stayed stable. The journal was propped on the desk before him, open to the first page, but remaining untouched and unread. It wasn't as if he could read the words, not when he was completely overwhelmed by the blonde's affection and closiness.

This was all happening too fast, allowing Dipper barely enough time to grasp everything and adjust to the situation. When he used the love potion he stole from Cupid on his long time rival and unrequited love, he hadn't expected such a vast change in behaviour to happen so quickly. Just that morning she had been sneering at him in the Yumber Jacks diner, and now she had a sunny smile on her face as she watched him look over the journal she had been determined to keep out of his reach. He couldn't say he wasn't enjoying every breathtaking moment, but the staggering difference between how she was before and how she was now was enough to make his focusing ability a bit hazy.

"There's enough to catch my interest," he replied, trying to keep his voice indifferent as Pacifica started playing with his hair. She was methodically running her fingers through the brown curls as he did his best to actually read. But she was making it impossible. "If you don't mind, I would actually like the chance to get through the first page."

"What's wrong Pines?" she asked playfully, her lips grazed the spot between his neck and jaw. "Am I distracting you?"

Dipper resisted every urge he had in that moment, but he couldn't control the way his arm coiled around her waist a bit more tightly. He leveled out his voice a bit, but even then his words were shaky. "You are being a bit of a hindrance," he admitted, almost wanting to laugh at his
circumstance.

How long had he dreamed of being in such a position. The third journal and every piece of information with it was in his possession. Pacifica was quite literally on his lap, begging for his attention. And he was frustrated about being unable to read the damn book at the same time. It did sound a bit ridiculous when he thought about it. This shouldn't be such a difficult thing. Really, he should be enjoying himself and all the good fortune that was being handed to him. Rather than stressing over how fast things were going or how he had too many gifts to focus on them all at once. It was like a spoiled child having two long sought after toys and being angry that he couldn't play with them both at once. All he had to do was prioritize and decide which toy to play with first.

The book or the girl.

Dipper began thinking things over with calculating precision. The journal was full of endless knowledge, but in order to truly absorb it all, he would need to tell Pacifica to go somewhere else. But that could work against him. If she went back to the shack, her lackeys might find a way to reverse the potion's affects. And further more, he didn't even know if the love potion was permanent. No, he definitely needed to keep her in his sights. And even under the sway of a love potion, Pacifica was still far too stubborn to actually leave him alone if he kept her in the room with him. Plus, he wasn't quite willing to let her go. The journal wasn't a ticking clock. It was his and he could read it at any time as long as he kept it locked away. Pacifica's situation was far less predictable. But perhaps when he had the time, he could figure out a way to make the affects of the potion permanent.

Silently solidifying his decision to himself, Dipper closed the journal and tucked it away into his desk drawer. Pacifica, probably astounded that he would ever put away the object of his obsession without properly divulging in it, regarded him in confusion. He tilted his head so they were face to face and smirked at her bewildered expression.

"What's up?" she asked curiously. "Thought you had been waiting to read that for years."

Dipper shrugged, already done with that inner conflict. "I would rather focus on you," he answered, bringing his hand up to run his fingers through her silky golden curls. He reached back to the base of her scalp and undid the hairband that kept her sloppy ponytail in place. He much preferred her hair down.

She smiled, so brightly that it made his insides ache. How he had yearned for her to smile at him like that. To look at him with those stardust kissed eyes, filled with such admiration. To see him the way he saw her. It jolted his heart like an electric shock and made his stomach burst into fluttering butterflies. It was uncomfortable, to have such an emotional dependence on someone. But it felt right to be so close to her. It felt right to want her beside him. She felt right. Dipper had never actively sought out a person that would be his match. And yet, here she was.

Never in his entire existence, had he ever felt so whole.

"I adore you," he whispered, barely loud enough for even himself to hear. He hadn't really meant to even say it, it just sort of slipped from his lips automatically. He was never one to act on impulse, but Pacifica tended to have an effect on him.

Pacifica's smile shifted to a full out grin when he made his declaration. Dipper couldn't have looked away if he tried. She moved closer to him so that he felt the warmth of her breath on his skin. Their noses were just barely touching, and Dipper had to stop himself from closing the rest of the distance.

"You'd better," she purred huskily, her soft voice wrapping him up in a dreamy mist. It was always surprising how unabashedly confident she was. In all honesty, it had only made him want her more.
Pacifica didn’t waste any time bringing her mouth to his. When he felt her lips make contact with his, his heart nearly stopped. He didn’t think he would ever get used to this kiss. This kiss was exceptionally more intimate than the one they had shared in the diner when she first tasted the love potion. This wasn’t simple lips against lips. Dipper could feel her tongue slipping through his slack lips and tracing his teeth. Her arms reached up and wrapped themselves tightly around his neck. He breathed in deeply through his nose and quickly moved his free hand to the back of her head. He tangled his long fingers within her soft hair and pulled her head down to him so she was as close as she possibly could be. The arm at her waist dragged her so that her chest was flush against his. All the contact that he had with her set his skin on fire, causing multiple shots of pleasure shoot through his nervous system. And it wasn’t nearly enough.

When Pacifica pulled her lips away from his, he didn’t allow her to move any further. If he lost any contact, he might just fall apart.

"I love you," Pacifica breathed out, a soft and breathless laugh filtering through her lips.

Dipper stared into her big violet and blue eyes in astonishment. More than the kiss, or her previous affection, those words shook him to the core. The hand that had been holding the back of her head in place, grazed through her hair and gently caressed the side of her face. The pad of his thumb rhythmically stroked the soft skin of her cheek.

"Do you really mean that?" he mumbled. He searched her eyes, and detected no trace of doubt or insincerity.

Pacifica in response to his question, nodded happily, her eyes sparkling in the dim lighting of the room. "Of course."

Hearing that filled his chest with an overwhelming warmth. Dipper couldn’t stop the wide smile that spread across his face. The tips of his fingers fondly brushed her bangs to the side, revelling in the glossy texture. Pacifica’s fingers tangle themselves in his hair, pulling his face even closer towards her so their lips were a mere centimetres apart. His heart pounded like a jackhammer after everything that had happened. Every fraction of time was utterly breathtaking. If paradise did exist, he was positive that this is what it would feel like.

Dipper stared deeply into her face, watching her smile at him so lovingly. "Tell me why," he sighed, loving every confirmation of love that spilled from her lips and longing to hear more. Bringing his lips to touch the corner of her mouth, he began kissing every inch of creamy skin. Her cheeks, her jawline, trailing down to her smooth neck. But immediately, Dipper stopped when he noticed Pacifica go stiff in his arms.

Pulling back ever so slightly, in order to gage her reaction, he saw the perplexed and disoriented expression on her face. He could practically see her mind whirling in those wide and confused eyes.

"What's wrong?" he asked in concern. She didn't answer for a moment, seeming lost in her own mind. "Pacifica?"

"I don't know why," she answered slowly. Her eyes seemed to look right through him. She blinked a few times, trying to clear her thoughts. "I don't... I don't understand."

For a moment, Dipper thought that the potion’s affects might have been fading. But a sudden clarity hit him when he remembered his previous question. A question that caught her off guard because of her complete lack of an answer. Pacifica didn’t know the cause of her sudden love for him. How could she? The reason she loved him at all was because a love potion made her feel that way.
Because her feelings weren't real.

The thought made his stomach churn. Doubts and fears began spreading in his mind like a crawling disease, tearing apart his previous happiness. In order suppress the thoughts and any other negative emotions that came with them, he focused on the way Pacifica's chest moved against his with every inhale and exhale.

"Shhhh, it's alright," he murmured, soothing her before she could let her mind wander too far. "It's alright. Forget I asked anything."

He pulled her face towards his once again, crushing his lips against hers with dizzying force. This kiss was much more fervent and desperate than it had been before. Dipper was determined to be engulfed in this kiss. Pacifica relaxed into the embrace and began moving against him in perfect time. She quickly shifted herself into a different position, never breaking the contact. Within seconds she was no longer sitting between his knees, instead straddling his hips. She brought herself as close as physically possible, her core pressed firmly against his. One arm went around his shoulders, and her free hand ran through his hair. Dipper wrapped both arms around her waist, holding her as tightly as he could without hurting her.

"Ahem."

Pacifica's broke away from him and looked to the side where the voice had come from. Dipper let out a deep sigh of frustration before looking to the side as well. Though, he already knew who stood in the now open doorway.

"Sister," Dipper addressed Mabel, who stood in the doorway with her arms crossed and a deep scowl on her lips. Pacifica seemed uncomfortable being in such a position while in Mabel's presence, however Dipper refused to release his hold around her waist. "I'm a bit busy at the moment."

"I can tell," she sneered back at him. The way Mabel's eyes flickered over to Pacifica with something akin to pity, told Dipper that her rage was directed at him. "But I wanna talk to you. Privately."

Dipper was tempted to telepathically slam the door in her face. But he knew better than to test Mabel's temper. It would be better to simply give her what she wanted and then move on as quickly as possible.

The arms around Pacifica's waist went slack and she immediately climbed off of him. Dipper stood up straight and faced his sister with a look of annoyance. She reciprocated with a look of anger.

Before leaving Dipper entwined his fingers with Pacifica's, giving her a reassuring smile.

"Stay here," he told her. "I'll be back in a second."

When Pacifica nodded eagerly to his order, Dipper turned away and walked towards his twin. His hand slipped out of hers.

Chapter End Notes

Oi, that was intense. Okay, so in case anyone wondered why Pacifica was so freaking pissed during 'Hostility' (the NWMM one shot I wrote). *Cough* Yeah there might have been some anti love potion sprayed in her face, and she might
have been a very unhappy camper after that.
Chapter Summary

Part 2 of the Gideon and Pacifica reunion that @aquaburst07 requested. Based loosely on the Dipper’s Guide to the Unexplained short, Candy Monster, along with the Creature in the Closet trailer for Gravity Falls.

"So Paz," Gideon started with another bright smile. "How was it goin' to boardin' school in California? Did you get cute uniforms? Did you live in a castle? Like the one in Harry Potter? I've always wanted to see a castle!"

Pacifica wasn't sure how so many questions and energy could be bottled up in one kid. She remembered him being a happy go lucky type back in the day, but she thought he would have grown out of it at this point. She was also surprised that he remembered her nickname back from when she was a child. Her parents (and by that she meant her mother) never approved of her referring to herself by a shortened version of her name. Apparently, it was undignified and disrespectful to her parents when she didn't use her full birth name. She was only ever referred to by Paz by her friends from school. Not that Pacifica minded her extended family using her nickname as well, it was a lot better than being addressed as blondie, which was the least original name in the history of ever. Seriously, it's not like she was unaware of her blonde hair. Every time some jerk called her blondie, she could tell they were labelling her as a stereotypical bleach blonde valley girl. Which she totally was not.

"No, it wasn't a castle," Pacifica answered through her puffing breaths. It was turning out to be a huge pain in the butt to drag a huge suitcase up the flight of stairs leading to the attic. "It was just an old mansion outside of Los Angeles."

"Woah!" Gideon awed in amazement. "A mansion. Was it haunted? Did you see any ghosts? You know I've seen a ghost. That there forest is haunted. There was this shadow that kept sneaking up behind me and making this weird hissing sound. It was mighty spooky."

"Really?" Pacifica inquired curiously.

She knew that Gravity Falls had a reputation for its supernatural local legends. That's why her Grandmother turned her house into a tourist trap that would cash in on the superstition surrounding the town. But that stuff was all dismissed by the general public as make believe. Sure, people would go to see cute little sideshows that advertised the supernatural for laughs and for the thrill, but no one actually believed in it.

"Yeah, but Granny Carla said it was just a snake," Gideon said dejectedly. "That's probably better though. If there were real monsters runnin' around, I'd be scared out of my wits."

"Yeah, I guess that's true," Pacifica replied, disappointment deflating her previous curiosity. It wasn't like she really expected there to be ancient spirits wandering the thick forests of the town, or swamp monsters to be lurking in the sludgy pond outside of her father's mudflap factory. But entertaining the thought of it made the actual summer that awaited her seem incredibly dull and depressing.

Pacifica herself had always been fascinated by the supernatural. There was just something about
folklore describing horrible monsters and creatures unknown to the modern world that sucked her in. The idea of an entire town being infested with creatures and ghosts was enticing. Bigfoot could be trudging through the woods, a vampire could be lurking in the alleys, anything was possible. It created a atmosphere that was both mystifying and ominous, plus it was just plain cool. A place like Gravity Falls, seemingly drenched in mystery, should be a dream come true. But of course it was nothing more than a gimmick to get more tourists to stop by the town.

Throughout her childhood, and every summer since she had started going to boarding school, her stay in Gravity Falls had been painfully unremarkable. She spent day after day lounging in the Northwest private pool or reading in her garden. Pacifica rarely went out to town on account of the fact that she didn't have very many friends within Gravity Falls, and when she did there was rarely anything of interest going on. All of this made her miss California horribly during the summer. If she had to live in the mediocre reality with no ghosts or monsters, she would prefer the busy streets and sunny beaches of LA rather than the backwoods of this sleepy town.

The whole point of getting a job was to have a wrench thrown into her dull summer routine. Though, when she had asked her mother to allow her to get a job, she had been imagining working part time in some coffee shop or something while spending the night in the comfort of her own room. A place where she might be able to make friends with some of her coworkers, on top of having something to do with her day. She had not expected to be sent to work in her estranged grandmother's tourist trap in the middle of nowhere, while living in her cousin's bedroom in the attic of said middle of nowhere shack. Suffice to say, Pacifica was not happy with that little detail. She was being forced to live people that she hardly knew. Hell the last time she saw her cousin and her grandmother was at a funeral six years ago. Why would her mother send her to live with family members that she hadn't had contact with for years? It was the equivalent of sending her to live with strangers.

And if the awkwardness of that situation wasn't bad enough, she had to stay in the attic of this rickety old cabin for the whole summer. With her excitable younger cousin, who didn't seem to have an off switch.

She would much rather have summer school in LA. If only that were an option.

When they finally made it to the top of the staircase, Pacifica had to lean against the wall while she got her breath back. She could feel the coarse grain of the wood rubbing against her back, the smallest of splinters scratching at her skin. The suitcase she had brought was heavier than she'd expected, though it shouldn't have been a surprise since she had packed for the whole summer. An ache pulsed in her arms from having to haul such a weight of the steep set of the stairs that lead to the attic, which turned out to be a lot larger than she thought it would be.

Pacifica glanced around the landing. The last rays of red tinted sunlight shined through the large stained glass window, displaying an odd triangle pattern. In the late days of June, the sun was still just peeking over the treetops, even at this late hour. There were half full cardboard boxes pushed off to the side of the staircase and a few in the opposite corner. She couldn't see much else in terms of storage. As she took a tentative step forward, the rough wood floorboards creaked beneath her foot. Each creak that came with each step caused her to wince at the echoing sound. The mansion was kept in such pristine condition, that there was never even a slightly squeaky piece of wood.

Everything that surrounded her was completely foreign. Every sound, sight, touch and odour was a shock to her senses. She was completely out of her element. Doubting herself, she began to wonder if it was too late to ask to go home. To spend another summer in the mansion. At least that was a familiar environment. Would she ever be able to adjust to surroundings like this? Would she be able
to spend the whole summer with extended family members that she hadn't seen in years? She was just so obviously out of place.

Gideon ran to a single door at the end of the hallway that she could only assume was his bedroom. The door was painted a bright blue, standing in stark contrast to the unpainted surrounding walls. He pushed the door open and held it for her with a cheery smile. Pacifica gripped the handle of her suitcase once again. The sound of clicking wheels followed her as she walked into the now open doorway. The action of walking into a room seemed so dreary and final. The more she thought on it the more she was convinced that she didn't want to spend three months here.

The first thing noticed was the shocking amount of colour in one place. The walls and ceiling were a baby blue and a flurry of yellow stars were painted atop it. The floor was covered in a thick green shag carpet, making Pacifica feel like she was walking on clouds. Below the triangular window was a bright yellow nightstand topped with a pink lamp and a dark blue desk lined with family pictures. To the left of the window was a wood bunkbed, the posts littered with stickers and stamps. The bottom bunk was covered in blue sheets while the top bunk was cream coloured.

Pacifica raised a skeptical brow at the childishness of her surroundings. A bookshelf that was ten percent books and 90 percent stuffed animals. A series of scribbly drawings taped up on the wall. Multicoloured beanbag chairs stuffed into the corner of the room. The only thing that had an air of maturity was the lining of old fashioned camera's lining the top of the dark brown dresser beside the bed.

She pushed her suitcase into the unoccupied corner before walking over to examine the camera's. There was a little photo album labeled 'Gideon's Scrapbook' propped up beside them.

"That's my scrapbook," Gideon chirped eagerly. He slid up next to her so fast that Pacifica nearly jumped out of her skin. "I'm gonna be a professional photographer like my mom, y'know? These were all her camera's from way back when. She was real good at takin pictures. And one day I'm gonna be just as good. I've already got tons of great pictures. You should look at them."

"Cool," Pacifica said softly, already a little weary from her cousin's enthusiasm.

"Anywho, do you mind takin' the top bunk. Last time I slept up there I rolled off the bed. You should have seen it, I nearly broke my leg. And then Granny Carla almost went to drive me to the hospital but I was fine. Just a little bruised. So that's why I can't sleep up there anymore. I just move so much in my sleep. I don't reckon what the use of that top bed is for. I've never needed it. But it's good I have it cause now we've got a bed for you."

The bottom bunk was covered in stuffed animals and the dark blue comforter was adorned with colourful cartoonish cats. Pacifica was perfectly fine with taking the less childish floral print of the top bunk.

"Sure," Pacifica answered Gideon's first question. She walked back to her suitcase with a sigh. She supposed she could start unpacking. Was it too late to call her mom? Would her pride be able to take it?

"So what kinda stuff do you like to do, Paz?" Gideon asked curiously. She had to wonder if this kid ever stopped talking. "Do you like arcade games? There's a great arcade joint in town. Oh, and we have a pinball machine downstairs! Or do you like DDD? That's my favourite game. Robbie sometimes plays it with me but it would be great to have another player. You should join us some time. I bet you'd love it."

The blonde resisted the urge to groan. She wasn't going to be able to think like this. "Look Gideon,"
Pacifica sighed in exasperation, her tone coming out much more clipped and serious than she had intended. "I'm tired. Id rather you be quiet while I unpack, okay?"

The cheerful mood flipped on a dime. Gideon seemed to deflate at her words. The sparkle in his eyes faded away and he shrunk back. He looked down to floor uneasily, his hand reaching up to play with his white curly hair. This didn't do anything to calm him down, since he also began to scuff his feet.

"A-alright," he said shakily, looking so much smaller than before. "Sorry, I just..." He didn't finish his sentence, and his eyes refused to meet hers. He simply slinked off towards the beanbag corner without looking back.

The blonde sighed, an awkward twitch in her chest at the sight of his hunched form. She hadn't meant to sound so harsh. But she really needed some quiet in order to think over how she was going to survive the summer. She just couldn't do that with someone chatting in her ear.

Pacifica had finally packed the last of her stuff into the empty drawers of the large dresser. Gideon didn't made a peep as she got herself set up. He just stayed curled up on his orange beanbag chair, looking towards the window. She kept looking back at where he sat from the corner of her eye. No smile traced his lips, and his gaze didn't once flicker her way. An uncomfortable weight settled in her gut when she thought of how snappy she had been in response to his cheerful demeanour. But it wasn't like she was giving him a go to keep talking. She wasn't exactly stoked about being there and she would just prefer to have some peace and quiet while she thought about her new situation.

The sound of nails scraping on wood caused her to snap out of her thoughts. She looked around the room in curiosity as the sound continued. It sounded as if some animal had gotten into the room and was now rummaging around behind the dresser. Cautiously, Pacifica stood to inspect the back of the dresser, expecting a wayward squirrel. Gideon stood from his spot on the bean chair, curious about the strange sound as well. He wandered towards the dresser as Pacifica looked to the side of the dresser.

Bulging, glowing, red eyes stared back at her.

The cousins shrieked in alarm when a gremlin creature jumped at Pacifica. A shrill screech escaped its too wide mouth. Pacifica scrambled away, narrowly avoiding getting scratched by razor sharp claws. Sharp fangs gnashed at her, foam flooding out of scarred lips. The creature stood atop the dresser and started crawling up the wall, leaving behind jagged claw marks. It growled and hissed as it climbed across the wall. She backed into Gideon, nearly causing them both to topple over. Her heart jumped in her throat. There wasn't time to think. She had to get both of them out before this monster tried to eat them. She grabbed the hood of Gideon's sweater and ran for the nearest exit. Which happened to be a closet. Flinging them both through the open door, Pacifica slammed it shut. The claws scratched relentlessly at the door. Another shrill scream could be heard from the other side of the door.

"What was that?" Pacifica yelped, shock clouding her head. Had that really just happened? Was there really a monster? Judging by the continuous clawing at the door, it was in fact really out there. But was it really a monster? It had horrible blood red eyes and prominent fangs, but it was no larger than a small child. And it looked like some sort of naked little humanoid. That kind of thing did not exist in real life.

Gideon had slumped back onto a pile of bedazzled ball caps in the corner of the closet. His breathing came in shaky pants. Clearly he was just as shocked as she was at the sight of whatever that thing was.
"I don't know," Gideon whispered in fear, jumping at the sound of claws scraping on the closet door once again.

"So you've never seen that thing before?" Pacifica asked. "Where the hell did it come from then? It couldn't have just appeared out of nowhere."

"I told you that I don't know!" Gideon snapped back. The volume of his voice seemed to anger the monster further, causing it to let out another terrible screech. He lowered his voice back to a whisper, but he continued to glare at her. "Anyway, I thought you wanted me to shut up."

Pacifica crossed her arms over her chest defensively. "I wasn't trying to tell you to shut up," she hissed back. "I just needed some time to think. I didn't need a soundtrack."

"Well I was only tryin' to be friendly," Gideon sniffed. "It's not like I was tryin' to be annoying."

He pouted as he looked off towards the side, arms crossed as he curled up in the mountain of hats. He seemed to take her indifference so personally. Seeing it from his side, she could understand why. He had to share his room with someone who couldn't bother to be friendly with him.

Pacifica felt a clenching of guilt in her chest as a moment of clarity hit her like a ton of bricks. Gideon hadn't been trying to make her feel worse about her new living condition. He was just trying to make an uncomfortable situation less awkward. Sure she was forced to stay in his room. But he was being forced to share his own private space with someone he hadn't seen since he was five. And yet he had tried his absolute best to start off on the right foot. And she just brushed him off.

Pacifica sighed as she slid down into a sitting position against the closet door. "I'm sorry Gideon," Pacifica said, trying to look into her cousin's eyes. He glanced up at her warily. She offered him a soft smile. She was never very good at making friends, but she was willing to try for Gideon. He had tried his best for her. "I'm just nervous about being here. All of this is really new to me."

"Well, I was nervous too," he grumbled in response, curling up into a tighter ball.

"I know," Pacifica replied, she boldly reached out and grasped the small boy's hand. "I'm sorry kiddo. I know you were only trying to be nice. Sometimes my temper gets the better of me, y'know. I just feel like a fish out of water."

Tentatively, Gideon's fingers curled around hers. His lips tipped upwards into a slight smile. "My temper gets to me too," Gideon replied. "One time I got so mad at Granny Carla that I smashed the big glass eyeball she used to keep. You should have seen her face, the vein on her forehead looked like it was gonna pop."

Pacifica snorted a bit, unable to stop herself from laughing at his description. "Really?"

Gideon giggled along with her, now grinning at the memory. "Even I was surprised by how fast I ran. I had to hide up on the roof for a few hours after that."

Pacifica allowed herself to grin, feeling the most relaxed she had been since stepping into Gravity Falls. "I can imagine," she snickered. There had been more than a few times that she had gotten her mother so mad that she had to hide out in the more remote corners of the garden so she could avoid her wrath. Of course when she did finally emerge from her hiding spot, her mother's lash out was that much worse.

"But you shouldn't feel bad," Gideon piped up, bouncing in his seat. "We're all happy to have you here. And if you feel out of place, I can help you out. I know this town like the back of my hand."
Pacifica offered a grateful smile. "Thanks Gideon," she said, silently marvelling at how easily this kid was able to make her comfortable. Her stay in the Mystery Shack couldn't be that bad, with someone like Gideon at her back. "I'm glad I can count on you. Maybe you could tell me about some of your friends in town. I don't really know anyone."

Gideon beamed at her. He was exactly the same as he used to be when they were children. Joyful, trusting, and ready to love you forever if you allowed him to. Pacifica was happy that the years hadn't changed him like they had changed her.

As the monster continued to pace outside the door, the cousins within the closet paid it no mind. Pacifica answered as many of Gideon's questions on her school and life in Los Angeles, while he in turn talked about his year at school, his friends, and what kind of things she could expect from a typical day at the mystery shack.

"Robbie works at the cash register, but he doesn't really like the whole working thing. He mostly just reads or plays his guitar. But he's really cool. And he has all these cool comic books. He let me borrow his ScorpionBoy collection once. Those are some of my favourite comics."

Pacifica remembered Robbie. The boy at the cash register who had been reading sheet music when she walked in. She remembered his chocolate brown eyes and his slick black hair. And apparently, he played the guitar. Imagining long fingers plucking at chords, creating a light rock sort of melody, Pacifica couldn't help the fluttering in her stomach. Her interest piqued at that and curiosity bubbled within her. She wasn't so interested in the comic books. There was a very specific question on her mind.

"So, how old is he?" Pacifica asked, trying to sound casual.

"Um," Gideon tried to think. "I'm pretty sure he's eighteen. Why?"

Pacifica shrugged and quickly replied, "No reason."

Eighteen. Older, but not too old to have a staggering age difference. Guys her age were impossibly immature and a pain to deal with. An older intellectual guy was more her type. Though he was technically an adult and she was still a teenager. But the age difference wasn't that big.

Claws raked against the wood of the closet door once again, interrupting her train of thought. Another shrill screech could be heard.

Pacifica groaned in exhaustion. "Why hasn't it left yet? We've been in this closet forever."

Gideon shuffled himself towards the door and looked through the keyhole. He looked back at Pacifica with a perplexed expression.

"It's eating my socks."

"What?" Pacifica gaped in surprise. Why the hell would a monster eat socks? She would have thought that the little gremlin wanted to eat them. That was why it kept clawing at the door. Why would it settle for socks?

"I think it's hungry or something," Gideon stated, looking back out the keyhole. "Probably can smell the candy stash in here. That's why it keeps trying to get in."

"That monster wants to eat us! Not your-" Pacifica froze mid sentence. "You've got a candy stash."

Gideon nodded, pulling out a small melon shaped bucket full of candy. "It's got some Christmas
candy, Easter candy, Halloween candy. You never know when you might need some candy. I always keep some candy for later."

Pacifica smirked as she looked over the bucket full of candy. "I've got a plan."

A few rolls of duct tape later, the two of them were strapped with protective stuffies that had been scattered within the closet. Gideon had armed himself with a broom, while Pacifica had taken the umbrella. She braced herself against the closet door, still hearing the scratching sounds of the monster. Getting ready to slam the door open, she looked back at Gideon.

"Do you have your chocolate bars ready?" she asked, clutching her single unwrapped chocolate bar in her hand.

Gideon looked down at the handful of unwrapped chocolate bars that he held with a forlorn expression. "It seems like such a waste of candy," he whispered, looking at the chocolate they were about to sacrifice.

"It's either get eaten, or have your chocolate get eaten," Pacifica stated with a deadpan stare. "You gotta pick and choose here."

"Yeah," Gideon sighed with one last sorrowful look as his chocolate bars. He looked up with a determined fire sparking in his big blue eyes. "Let's do this!"

Pacifica grinned and wrapped her hand around the doorknob. Slowly turning the handle, she noticed that she could no longer hear the monster clawing at the door. However, she could hear raspy guttural breaths from outside. It was waiting for them.

Pacifica shoved the door open. She barrelled towards the monster, her limbs shaking with ferocity. The pointed end of the umbrella was thrust into the gremlin's face. The thing hissed and scrambled back to avoid an attack. This gave Gideon the opportunity to run for the window. In quick practiced movements, he opened it wide.

Seeing this, Pacifica moved around the monster. Umbrella held out threateningly, she forced the creature back towards the window. With its enormous red eyes focused on her weapon, it didn't turn to see Gideon at the window. Pacifica's chocolate bar was thrown into the things face. It devoured the bar within seconds, licking its chops with its drooling tongue.

"Hey ugly!"

Red bulging eyes turned to where Gideon stood atop the desk. A large handful of the same chocolate in his grasp. He held it up before the monster's eyes.

"You want this?" Gideon taunted.

The creatures crazed gaze followed the chocolate in rapt hunger. The way it licked its scarred lips was the only answer Gideon needed.

"Then go get it!" He yelled, hurling the chocolate bars out the window. The gremlin let out an ear piercing screech, running towards the window. The thing crawled up the wall at a frightening speed and was out the window in the blink of an eye. Gideon immediately shut the window and locked it once the creature disappeared.

The room was incredibly silent after that. Neither Pacifica nor Gideon moved an inch or said a word. All they could do was soak in the still and peaceful environment that now surrounded them.
After the realization that they had indeed gotten rid of their little monster pest kicked in, Gideon turned to Pacifica with a wide grin. She, in turn, flashed him an ecstatic smile. The two automatically held their hands up and their palms came together in a triumphant high five.

"That was amazin'!" Gideon squealed in excitement. "That thing was down right terrified of you! It was like you were a knight defeating a dragon!"

"Are you kidding?" Pacifica exclaimed, getting wrapped up in the excitement of facing a real monster and actually winning. "You're the one who got him out of the room! I can't believe how calm you were!"

Gideon bounced on his toes with a giddy smile. "I can't believe it either," he giggled. "I've never done anything like that before!"

Pacifica smiled at his proud and joyful expression that lit him up like a Christmas tree from head to toe. She was glad that despite hurting his feelings before, she was able to make him smile again. The prospect of spending summer at the shack was brightening up. If Gideon was at her side, how bad could it be?

But with the adrenaline and shock of the moment wearing off, Pacifica's mind wandered back towards the monster. That thing definitely wasn't any natural animal one would normally find in Oregon. It wasn't a big stretch to say that thing was in the realm of the supernatural. But if things like that existed in Gravity Falls, did that mean that the legends behind the town were true? Were there really ghosts and monsters in the forest? Were her Grandmother's tourist attractions based on the truth? Pacifica didn't have enough information to say for sure, but she had a feeling that this town hiding something big.

And she wanted to find out what.
Fireflies

Chapter Summary

Tumblr Prompt:

Pacifica realizing she has feelings for Dipper.

The world around Pacifica was eerily still. There was no wind that night. The water of the lake didn't so much as ripple, making the surface seem more like a pristine glass mirror rather than liquid. There were no clouds in the sky and the stars glittered like diamonds, clear and bright. The glasslike surface of the water was only disrupted by the face of her paddle dipping into the inky blackness. Soft waves were created as the little canoe moved further out into the lake. It was the only sight that proved time was still moving. She couldn't help but admire the beauty of her surroundings. Everything was so calm, she found it hard to believe that anything supernatural would be happening that night.

"Remind me again, why I'm here," a cool voice requested from behind her, disrupting the serene atmosphere.

Pacifica rolled her eyes and she turned to look at the boy she had mistakingly brought along for her monster hunt. Instead of gripping his paddle like he was supposed to be doing, Dipper was leisurely leaning back in the tail end of the canoe. His paddle was suspended in midair, still dipping into the water and moving the boat forward. The paddle was drenched in a aqua green sheen, and the glow of his amulet was difficult to miss in the dark of the night.

"You're here for backup," Pacifica answered flippantly. She resumed in her paddling, keeping an eye out for any bubbles or islands. It was difficult to see anything at this time of night, even with her flashlight in hand. But hopefully she would still be able to get her video.

"Isn't the little Gleeful your backup?" Dipper drawled. Even though he was complaining about being here, she could hear the satisfaction in his voice. She knew he had been pleased when she offered to have him come with her on her monster hunt. He had kept his expression neutral as always, but she had seen the way his eyes glittered after she asked the question.

Pacifica snorted outright at his suggestion. "Gido's busy tonight, invited his friends over for a sleepover," Pacifica replied, shrugging her shoulders as she continued to paddle forwards. No sign of anything yet, but she was determined to find that island. "Plus I didn't want to risk his safety."

"But you're perfectly content to risk my safety?" Dipper asked, jokingly offended by her statement. She didn't need to turn around to know he was smirking at her, holding his hand over his heart in mock outrage.

"Well, you are disposable," Pacifica confirmed, flashing him a cheery smile over her shoulder.

She had been right in her previous guess on his expression. However, when their eyes met, the smile on his face shifted from smug to something else. Something that showed far too many traces of affection for her liking. She turned away from him quickly.

"Though, I am genuinely curious, Northwest," Dipper continued after their eye contact had been
broken. "Why did you ask me to tag along on your little trip? Were all your friends busy tonight, or are you simply desiring my company?"

"Not in a million years, Pines," Pacifica replied, rolling her eyes at the question. "I just needed another person to paddle with me. And I was all out of options. You happen to be my last resort."

So that last part was a bit of a lie. If she was perfectly honest with herself, she wasn't actually sure why she decided to bring Dipper along.

The main reason she even wanted to do this monster hunt in the first place was because she really didn't want to be hanging around the shack while Gideon was having a sleepover. She had warmed up to his unusual friends, but the three of them got a lot weirder and ten times more annoying when they had their little slumber parties. So she decided to go out to get some footage of the giant island head that was prone to eating people. That way she could come home late at night, by which time the boys would hopefully be asleep, and pass out in the parlour.

Unfortunately, paddling out onto the lake was a two person job, and Pacifica wasn't sure if she wanted to face the floating island head on her own. So finding herself short a partner, she had to turn to an outside source. Instead of asking Robbie or Melody like she should have, Pacifica made the mind boggling decision of going to Dipper Pines. The idea came out of nowhere and shockingly she went along with it, and she didn't even think of her friends until after she was at the Pines residence. Before she could even rethink her decision, the question had already escaped her lips and Dipper had already accepted.

She wasn't sure why her brain had jumped to him first and completely bypassed her friends. Sure, he could look after himself and he was very capable when it came to the supernatural, so she wouldn't need to worry about him the same way she would worry for her friends. He couldn't steal her journal, since she hadn't brought it. But what made her think she could stand being in a boat with him for any length of time? Any of her friends would be much better company, on top of the fact that they weren't creepy magicians constantly trying to hit on her.

"I'm surprised how deep your denial goes," Dipper pointed out, rather blasé in his tone. Either he was calling her bluff or simply trying to push her buttons. "Though, I suppose I shouldn't be. You always have been stubborn. Still playing hard to get."

Pacifica scoffed a little too loudly. "You're interpreting the constant rejection as just me but playing hard to get?" she asked in a cynical droll. "Delusional much."

Dipper merely shrugged half heartedly at her snappy remark. At this point in time, he'd grown accustomed to her bitter snark. And much to his dismay, he had even warmed up to the valley girl slang.

"You're not the type to flirt in the conventional sense," Dipper told her, looking past her towards the lake. "Neither am I. It's what makes us work."

Pacifica rolled her eyes and she turned to snap at him and shoot his advance down. Tell him that there was no 'us', and that there was no way in hell they would ever 'work'. But before the retort could make it to her throat, she was distracted by something on the lake.

Tiny orbs of gold floated across the lake, first only coming in small groups, but within a blink there were thousands. They dispersed across the area and danced over the lake, floating so gracefully that Pacifica couldn't look away. The tiny balls of light floated over to the canoe, flying around them and overhead. She stared in awe as the yellow orbs were reflected in the black water, making it look like the boat was floating within the starry sky.
It took a moment for her to realize what the gold orbs were, a delighted grin flashed at her lips when it came to her. "Fireflies." One of the more normal things to be found within Gravity Falls. But beautiful none the less.

She reached a tentative hand out to one of the glowing flies, and watched enraptured as it flew around her arm and over her. Several fireflies flew around her, making it look like she was surrounded by warm candlelight. A light giggle escaped her lips as the little glowing flies danced across the top of the water. The most normal thing in those woods, and yet it was the most magical thing she had seen that night. Fireflies never gave off much light, but with this many in one place, the entire lake was practically drenched in a golden glow.

Turning her head to the side, Pacifica's eyes flickered towards Dipper. She was immediately struck by the smile on his face. She had never seen him smile like that before. This wasn't his usual arrogant smirk drenched in shadows and secrets or the vicious grin of a hungry and dangerous shark. This smile went deeper and came from something softer. Bathed in the golden light of the fireflies along with the gentle light of that smile, Dipper seemed to glow. He had never looked more human.

Pacifica was never really been comfortable around Dipper. But after finding out that he had a thing for her, the awkwardness shot up like a rocket. It creeped her out to no end, knowing that her journal wasn't the only thing he wanted from her. Knowing when he looked at her, he saw something that he wished to own.

But the way he looked at her now wasn't possessive. The look on his face was pure admiration. It couldn't be mistaken for anything else. He saw her as an equal that he wanted on his side rather than a thing he wanted to have. She had never seen his eyes in such clear light, filled with real genuine emotion. They were so bright. There was no eerie glow in his eyes, like she had seen so many times before when he would use black magic late on a summer's eve. This was a natural, reflective light, that caused his eyes to shine like stars.

The moment that seemed to drag on for hours, in reality, lasted only a millisecond. They both watched each other. Fascinated. Enchanted. But they didn't realize that they were being watched. Neither of them grasped the fact that the other was seeing them in such a raw and vulnerable state. There wasn't enough real time for that. They were far to enraptured by the sight of the other.

A sudden rumble from deep beneath the water caused the clear surface to be disrupted by waves. The fireflies scattered, retreating from the lake and leaving Pacifica and Dipper in darkness.

Pacifica turned around towards the area where the sound had come from, only to notice that they were near a lone island. She hadn't even noticed their canoe drifting towards it. Realization of what the island could be and what kind of danger they were in came too late. They were never supposed to get this close. The island shook with unimaginable force as it was lifted from the water, nearly capsizing the canoe.

Pacifica scrabbled for her camera as the grotesque face made of roots and earth was lifted from the lake and suspended above the surface of the water. It's horrible glowing eyes stared directly at their canoe. A thundering and gravelly voice erupted from the things mouth, spewing gibberish that Pacifica couldn't understand. She gripped the tiny disposable camera and positioned the lens so she could snap a picture of the giant head. The thing was already too big that it didn't fit into the frame anymore.

"YNITSED RUOY RETNE! NERDLIHC THUOM YM RETNE! REBMULS YM NEKOWA EVAH UOY!"

The head floated across the lake, advancing on their tiny canoe at a frightening speed. Realization
and panic set in, just as she pushed the button and took the picture. The thing was too big for them to escape. It was too close to them. They didn't have time. It was moving too fast. This had been a really bad idea. She dropped the camera in alarm

"Pacifica!" Dipper's voice screamed at her, though the sound barely reached her ears. Her heart was pounding too loudly and the voice that was now above them was deafening.

The enormous, cavernous mouth came down on the canoe. Just before getting devoured in one monstrous bite, a lithe arm wrapped itself around her torso. She was flung off the canoe and dragged down into the lake.

Dipper pulled her deep down under the icy water, keeping them both just out of reach. Pacifica watched through the blur of the water as the canoe was ground into splinters by a huge set of teeth. Everything played out in slow motion. The island sinking deeper and clamping its jaws down once again, missing Pacifica's feet by an inch. A bright glow at Dipper's throat. A force propelling the two away. They moved through water so fast that she could feel the pressure against her skin. Wrapping her arms around Dipper's neck so that she wouldn't be let go and left behind. Watching as they got further and further away from the monstrous island head.

Time only returned to normal when they were lifted out of the water. The power of the amulet wrapped itself around Dipper, causing him to levitate just above the water's surface. The arms locked securely around her middle, along with her own arms around his neck, allowed her to be pulled up out of the water with him. She didn't dare to let him go. She was shaking too much and her nerves were far too shot. Neither of them said a word as they floated over to the shore. Once they were above dry land, they glided down to the sandy beach. Pacifica immediately let go of Dipper's neck, and he, somewhat reluctantly, released her waist. The two of them were sopping wet, and Pacifica had to shiver when a night breeze blew against her cold wet skin.

The thought that Dipper Pines had just saved her life came slowly. It was shocking that he would try to save anyone's life. Even with his attraction to her, she wouldn't have expected something like that from him. She looked over to where he stood, watching as he calmly swept his hair out of his face. As if this ordeal was all in a day for him.

"That was a horrible idea," Dipper stated plainly, irritation on the edge of his tongue. He looked back out at the lake. The giant head had disappeared into the water, all that remained was the island, that was in fact the top of the scalp. There was a sliver of rage in his voice when he spoke again. "You nearly got yourself killed taking that picture. Why did you even need it?"

Pacifica didn't have it in her to snap at him for scolding her. And seeing the hints of concern in the corner of his eye crushed any anger that had bubbled up in response to that lecturing tone. There was no point in letting her anger get away with her when she knew he was right. She had nearly gotten both of them killed. He was the reason they even survived.

"I didn't," She admitted, her voice tired and calm. Might as well tell the guy the truth after he risked his life to save her. "I only came here to avoid Gideon's sleepover."

It was a good thing she didn't really need that picture, because she was pretty positive her camera was either in the middle of the lake or somewhere in that island head's mouth. It was kinda disappointing to think on how she nearly died taking a picture that she ended up loosing anyway. She looked out at the lake with a forlorn expression.

The two of them were silent for a moment that felt a lot longer than it was. Neither every looking away from the lake. With the fireflies gone, it was back to being a pool of empty blackness. Even with the near death experience, this night was a lot better than being back at the shack. She nearly
laughed out loud at the thought.

"I'm sorry about nearly getting us killed," Pacifica said, the apology slipping out more easily than she thought it would. She couldn't help the grin that twitched at her lips as she looked over to him. "But almost getting eaten by a monster is still a lot better than spending the night at the shack."

Dipper regarded her with a critical and calculating gaze. The hints of anger still lingered as he looked her over. "You would rather be eaten by a giant disembodied head than stick around for your cousins sleepover? Must be an insufferable situation."

Pacifica looked at him with a dead serious stare. "You have no idea."

Dipper shrugged in acceptance, staring back at the lake. She could see his smirk returning, the last of his rage filtering away. For some reason, it made her happy to see it. He offered her and understanding smile. "Can't say I don't relate."

Pacifica could imagine that living with Mabel could be just as hectic as living with Gideon. She had to wonder if Mabel, Candy and Grenda had slumber parties, and what such a party would be like. The more she thought about it, the more she didn't want to know.

Dipper's fingers reached up to touch his amulet, the glow painted his hand a soft sea green. She watched in curious silence as the glow reached all the way across his torso, soon enveloping his entire body in the aqua green light. Thousands upon thousands of individual droplets of water were pulled from his clothes, hair and skin by the telekinetic power. The sheen enveloped droplets were soon after discarded on the ground. Soon, every fibre of moister had been lifted away from his clothes and flung to the ground.

Pacifica blew a few stray strands of hair out of her face, and looked over the now dry magician with an expression of exhausted disbelief. "Well, that's just ridiculous."

Sea green eyes gave her a critical once over. "I would help you with your situation," he offered, flashing her the same vampire smile that never failed to get her on edge. But she couldn't see that smirk as threatening, not when the image of a soft smile bathed in golden light was still fresh in her mind. "All you need to do is hand over the bloodstone."

Pacifica knew that this wasn't a serious offer. Dipper was smart enough to know that she would rather walk home drenched like a wet blanket than give up her bloodstone. She found it interesting, if not a bit concerning, that she was able to know when he was kidding and when he wasn't. There had been a time, when she was unable to see through the emotionless facade, that she wouldn't have known the difference.

Pacifica crossed her arms over her chest and gave Dipper a mockingly sunny smile. "I'd rather freeze to death," she replied with a slight laugh in her voice. "But thanks anyway."

Something soft and deep escaped from Dipper's lips. Something that came from deep within his chest and bubbled up like champagne. Something that managed to brighten his eyes like a light switch.

Was that laughter?

It couldn't be. Dipper Pines never laughed at anything. He never thought things were funny. He never felt honest joy. If he ever did laugh, it wasn't out of true mirth. It was a mocking and bitter sound that went hollow in her ears. It was a weapon that he used to unnerve her. The fact that he just chuckled with genuine humour, was probably the most disturbing thing she had ever encountered.

But then why did she desperately wanted to hear it again?
Pacifica watched in stunned fascination as nimble fingers reached up to unclasped the cloak from around his shoulders, careful not to disturb the amulet at his collar. The stars lining the inside of his cape shifted and twinkled as he removed it in a swift motion. Before her brain could catch up with what her eyes were seeing, she was enveloped in the ridiculous cape that she had constantly made fun of. Like a dry blanket, the cloak protected her from the chill of the night air and added a sense of security. Despite that, Pacifica knew the cloak wasn't the responsible for the warmth that rose to her cheeks and flooded down to her toes.

"I'd rather that didn't happen," he mumbled in response to her biting remark, the sound of his quiet deep voice causing a tingle to run up her spine. She stood motionless as he pulled the cloak tightly around her shoulders, never once looking away from her eyes.

"Thanks," she muttered, looking down at the ground. She really hoped it was too dark for him to see her face. She held the cloak tightly against herself and tried not to notice that his scent still clung to it.

"I'm going to need that back eventually," Dipper stated as he straightened his posture. And with that, he was back to the emotionless void. She was disappointed by that. He turned away from her and began walking towards the trees. "I should be getting back. I told Mabel I would return before midnight."

As Dipper walked away from her, realization hit her like a hurricane, nearly knocking the breath out of her. A feeling she didn't want to acknowledge fluttered in her stomach, causing her heart rate to quicken and her limbs to tremble. Every moment of that night played out in her mind and she could feel her knees becoming weak. She wanted to slap herself. She wanted to throw the cloak into the lake. She wanted to run far and fast. But she couldn't. She couldn't even move.

All she could do was think about how completely and utterly screwed she was.

"Oh, God, no," Pacifica whispered, watching as Dipper's form blended into the shadows and he disappeared from sight. But the sight of his bright eyes and heavenly smile was burned into the back of her mind. The sound of his laughter echoed in her ears until she couldn't hear anything else. She looked straight ahead, but was unable to focus on any particular sight. Desperation clawed at her furiously pounding heart, begging herself not to feel what she was feeling. "Please, no."
Long Time No See

Chapter Summary

Starla prompt from tumblr.

First fic is based on the episode 'Stanchurian Candidate'

Second bit is based back when Stan and the twins move to Gravity Falls and Carla and Stan meet after years of not seeing each other.

Okay I can't really give too much away about this episode in my reverse falls universe. So I'm gonna keep it super brief.

Xxx

Stan didn't really believe that running for Mayor was the best path for him to take. After everything that had happened these past few weeks, a mayoral election seemed like small potatoes. But while the world's impending doom was remaining stagnant, Stan thought now was a good opportunity to wrestle some power away from the Northwests. Plus, he had always thought this town of backwards idiots needed some strong leadership. Someone to wrangle all the hapless sheep together.

After literally throwing his hat into the ring, Stan was confident that he could make a good candidacy. No one else was volunteering to compete other than the current mayor herself. With some good old fashioned Pines charm and America's cutest twins at his back up, he had a pretty good chance. The people of Gravity Falls were easy fodder, and with a few well placed lies, this election was in the bag.

Stan's smug confidence deflated like a balloon when a dark red fez was thrown into the circle.

She couldn't have just left it alone.

Stan turned to see Carla McCorckle standing tall and proud in the middle of the isle, her two grandchildren seated to the side of her with eyes bulging out of their sockets. Every persons attention was turned to the woman in the centre of the room like she was the sun.

"Well, would ya look at that," Carla called out, a triumphant sparkle in her eyes and a mocking grin on her lips. "My aim is getting better."

Xxxx

Origin story time! I thought I'd add some more reverse Starla stuff that I've been working on. Hope y'all enjoy!

Xxx

Carla wasn't surprised that Stan had gotten a lot uglier after all these years. His face sagged with heavy wrinkles and his strange orange nose was dotted with spots and bumps.

The scowl on his face didn't help with his looks.
That aside, his hair looked a lot nicer when it was neatly combed back and trimmed at the nape of his neck. She shivered at the memory of the mullet, glad that those days were obviously behind him. He was wearing those thick rimmed glasses again, even though she hadn't seen him wearing them since the first year of high school. It almost made her smile to see him again. Almost.

When they entered the Yumberjacks diner, Gideon was quick to run off to the front counter and start ordering their food. Of course it would be a few more minuets than usual, since the kid liked to talk the ear off of whoever was working at the front counter that day. Carla meanwhile looked for a place to sit. When her eyes grazed over the hunched form of Stan Pines, she was taken aback. The breath was nearly knocked out of her when her gaze landed on the boy from her childhood, now in his sixties and looking so worn. He sat alone in his own booth, dressed in a blue powder suit and scowling down at the cup of coffee placed on the table in front of him.

It was a shock to see him in Gravity Falls of all places. She didn't think he would ever want to return. After thirty years of no contact, he just popped back into town without warning. It was jarring to say the least, but she ended up approaching him anyway. Getting a closer look at him, she was able to discern the tacky American flag pinned to the lapels of his suit. She rose an eyebrow at the little detail.

"You suddenly patriotic, Pines?" Carla asked as she leaned casually against the booth seat opposite to him. Not exactly a fond greeting from one old friend to another, but Carla couldn't say they were really friends anymore. Not after the rift that had been torn between them from the years of disconnection. Though the two of them were certainly old.

Stan's head snapped up at the sound of her voice, eyes widening when he saw her standing before him. He took a moment to size her up, taking in her current wardrobe and appearance the same way she did for him.

"You're still here," he remarked, his gravely voice was a lot more rough than it used to be. Did he suddenly become a chain smoker? "I would've thought you'd skip town by now."

"And I thought you'd never come back," Carla replied, raising a questioning eyebrow. She crossed her arms and regarded him. It felt strange to see him again after all these years. She felt like there was so much she needed to say to him. Explain what had happened since he left and convey all the emotions that had flushed through her in the last thirty years, but she found it impossible to form the words. She was a different women now, no longer the starving and desperate girl she had been when he'd last seen her. There was so much to say, yet there were no words that would do it justice. So she stayed silent.

"Wasn't my idea," he said, looking annoyed with his surroundings. Narrowed and hateful brown eyes surveyed the diner in mild disgust. "The kids wanted to settle a permanent establishment. They thought the 'atmosphere' of this place would attract a crowd."

Despite not actually keeping in touch, Carla had been keeping tabs on Stan Pines. Which was made extremely easy for her by him constantly being under the limelight. Shockingly enough this limelight didn't stem from his continuous run ins with the law, but from owning and managing a popular traveling magic act.

The Tent of Telepathy was just as tacky as it sounded. A magic/psychic show that had been making its way across America for the past four years. From the bustling streets of New York to the backwoods of small towns, the magicians commonly known as the Telepathy Twins had made their mark on the world. Mabel and Dipper Pines were known for putting on impressive illusions and light shows. The twins also displayed prowess in acts of hypnosis and, of course, telepathy. They were about as famous as second hand magicians could get, even though they weren't even twelve years
When Carla had heard that Stan was the manager of his great niece and nephews traveling magic act, she couldn't believe it. Nor could she believe the fact that Stan was reportedly the twins legal guardian. But as news constantly rolled in about the shows success, she found it hard to deny Stan's new law abiding career. From a two-bit conman to a respectable manager and agent for a rising star and starlet. Stanley Pines had certainly done well for himself. Even though he wasn't technically Stanley Pines anymore.

But why would he choose to return to Gravity Falls?

"I thought your show had settled permanently in New York," Carla prodded, watching his reaction for any sort of clue as to why he was really here. Stan was a pathological liar, and he more than likely had an ulterior motive to returning. Perhaps he was running out of money. Or running from the law.

"Had a damn good thing going too," Stan grumbled, begrudgingly drinking his coffee before wrinkling his nose in disgust as the bitterness settled on his tongue. "Making good money and had lots of gullible idiots willing to pay for a ticket. And somehow those kids thought this place would have a better turn out." He scoffed loudly, directing a little too much attention towards himself. "As if. This shitty little road stop isn't even on the map. You'd have to be dumber than the hicks that live here to drive up to this nowhere town to see a magic show."

Carla had to smirk at the vulgarity he used when speaking of this town. That certainly hadn't changed. "In my experience, the tourist turn out isn't too bad."

That caused a sharp half grin to slash across Stan's lips. "That's right," he said, a reflective lilt in his voice. "I heard that you turned that old dump into a museum for not so natural history."

Carla shrugged off the insult to her place of business. "It pays the bills," she sighed. "I've got a kid to look after, ya know?"

Brown eyes flicker to the young boy with striking white hair still chatting a mile a minute at the front counter. Even at nine years old, the kid knew that most people couldn't resist his cuteness. He never missed an opportunity to exploit his hold on adults and keep their attention as he talked at them about anything that came to his mind. The kid really did like to talk.

"I heard about that too," Stan stated and Carla didn't miss the sympathy that was seeping into his tone. She quickly braced herself for what was coming. "I'm sorry," he continued, his voice dropping a few octaves. He couldn't seem to meet her eyes, all the cockiness fading away. "About your youngest."

She had gotten used to the condolences. She had gotten used to the constant reminders of Penny all around her life. She had even stopped wincing when people brought her youngest daughter up. But it never stopped hurting deep in her gut. Like a stab that never failed to twist in the worst possible way.

Carla tried her best to give a show smile, but it was more shaky than she would have liked. "Thanks," she responded. The same response she always had when someone would apologize for the death of her child. What else could she say? If any other words came out of her mouth, she might break down.

The last thing she wanted to do was linger on this subject; it was already hard enough to talk about it. So she quickly jumped back to Stan and his plight. "And I heard you've got yourself in a similar
situation. Only with double trouble."

Stan's face shifted from somewhat uncomfortable to something akin to annoyed. "Yeah those little knuckle heads are a real nuisance," Stan stated, rolling his eyes. The twitch at his lips gave away a flicker of fondness when he spoke of his new wards. Though repression of affection was a classic Pines trait. "They're lucky their show is making me so much money."

"And where are the little celebrities?" Carla asked, glancing around the diner to see if she could find them wandering about. She didn't know exactly what they looked like, but she knew enough to see they weren't in the diner.

"They're supervising the set up of the tent," he replied with a shrug, as if it were completely ordinary to trust eleven year olds with such responsibility. "Mabel's a pretty good designer. She had a bunch of ideas for the tent set."

"Meanwhile you're sitting in a diner drinking coffee?" Carla asked, giving him a skeptical and disapproving look.

"I'm supervising the guys building my mansion," Stan said, nonchalant as he leaned back in his seat.

"By sitting in a diner drinking coffee?" Stan only shrugged once again. Carla decided to stick on another thing he had said. "You're building a mansion for yourself."

"Well I was going to settle for the houses that were already here," he snorted, crossing his arms over his chest. As if he were the child being forced to move to a new place. "It's not going to be as impressive as that big mansion on the hill top, but it's gonna be a lot better than the other shacks in this town."

"I'm surprised those twins convinced you to move here," Carla said, eyebrow arched in curiosity. "I would think you would refuse to return, especially after what happened to Ford."

As soon as the name rolled off her tongue, Stan froze. His hands and shoulders were stiff as if he was made of stone, and his face was as white as a sheet. She saw the shock and spark of horror in his iris. How long had it been since he heard that name, she wondered, spoken from the lips of someone who knew who he was.

"But then, I suppose Stanford is technically right here," Carla continued, unable to completely hide the anger in her voice. "Interesting how that worked out, isn't it Stanley."

It was uncalled for, she knew that as soon as she said it, but the bitterness still resided deep within Carla's stomach. She still remembered reading that article detailing the death of Stan Pines. She still remembered the feeling of her heart breaking in her chest. She still remembered sobbing her eyes out for three nights straight. And she still vividly remembered the red staining her vision when she heard that, allegedly, Stanford Pines had used his brother's life insurance money to buy a casino.

Stan's gaze darted down to the coffee cup before reluctantly returning to meet her eyes. There was a firm resolve in his face, strongly resembling the stone-like facial expression of his father in a rather disturbing way.

"Stanley Pines is dead," Stan replied, voice hardened and cold like ice.

Carla couldn't shake the sense of unfamiliarity ticking in her chest around this Stan. Something in his posture and the way he spoke stuck out to her. There was a certain confidence in him that hadn't been there before. Sure, Stan had always had a kind of charisma and grit to him. But he had never seemed so certain of who he was and where he was meant to be in the world. Not while she knew
him. This Stan seemed so sure of himself and his convictions, as if he was on a clear cut path with his destination in sight. Whether he was happy with that destination was open for debate.

Carla ignored the feeling and levelled her stare. "So the papers say."

Stanley's glare was focused back onto the cup of coffee. His fingers curled so tightly around the mug that Carla could see his knuckles fading to white. He took another large gulp of coffee, swallowing half the drink in one go.

"Are you going to tell anyone?" he asked, voice much more reserved and quiet than she thought it could be. His eyes refused to meet hers.

"Am I going to tell everyone that you stole your brother's name?" Carla asked in mock curiosity, "No Stan, I'll let you reveal the truth yourself. It's not like anyone will believe me anyway."

There was a long silence that followed her statement. Neither of them moved an inch or made a sound. Carla watched precariously as Stan continued to gaze into the cup of coffee, as if there was some kind of solace at the bottom, hidden beneath the dark steaming liquid. Hearing her confirmation, that she would indeed keep his secret, seemed to have a positive effect. A cloud of security seemed envelope him, glazing his eyes with relief and relaxing his tired limbs. No longer was he stiff and stern, echoing the features of the unrelenting and unimpressed Filbrick Pines. He was back to the gruff Stanley Pines; a man that was much more likely to smile without breaking his face.

"Thanks for that, I guess. Anyway, you shouldn't be throwing stones," Stan grumbled, rolling his shoulders and cracking his neck. "I may have taken the name and the money, but you turned that house into a cheap tourist trap."

The accusatory tone he took on when pointing out the Mystery Shack caused Carla to bristle. Before she could defend her actions, saying that she had to stay in that Shack and that he knew the reason just as well as she did, Stan's dower scowl shifted into a sharp grin. That was enough to stop the words from leaving her lips.

"But the idea you had wasn't to shabby," Stan stated, a bark of laughter emerged from deep in his gut. "Cashing in on this town's local legends and local idiots, eh? I can respect that. In fact, I was thinkin' of doing something similar."

Her eyebrows furrowed at that comment. He better not be going where she thought he was going. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I'm setting up another building outside the tent to sell merchandise," Stan replied casually. "Stuff for the show, y'know. Plus I'm gonna have some exhibits on weird things and monsters. Calling it the Mystery Museum." He swept dramatically his hands across the space above his head, as if he was envisioning the building sign as he announced its title.

Carla stared at him, aghast. "You can't name you're thing the Mystery Museum!" she yelled. That attracted more than a few stares of curious diner patrons, but Carla couldn't bring herself to care. "That's violating copyright! I'll sue you!"

Stan snorted in derision. "It's not like you own the word 'mystery'," he snarked, crossing his arms, triumph causing him to straiten up and puff out his chest like a proud peacock. "Besides you're little shack isn't exactly the ritz. I'm just gonna give the people a better option."

"Like hell you are!" Carla shouted, balling her hands into fists. This stupid greedy jerk was going to
try and run her business into the ground. It was so like him to do this. As if that damn telepathy show wasn't making him enough money, he had the nerve to rip off the Mystery Shack and steal her customers. The bastard. "This is my turf! You've already got the twin show or whatever."

"Yeah but I had to sell the casino when we moved here," Stan explained with a shrug, as if that was enough to excuse the idea that he was intentionally plagiarizing her idea. "I needed another outlet for money. No way am I gonna be dependant on those kids."

"There is no way you need that much money," Carla argued. She could feel all the eyes of the people within the diner. She knew for a fact that Gideon was watching the exchange, but not even that fact was going to stop her. The same stubbornness from their childhood tiffs was bubbling up from deep within her stomach. "And there are times of other things you could do! Why would you decide to make that your 'outlet' for money?"

"It's called 'healthy competition' Carla baby," Stan said, the smug smirk. He stood from his seat and dropped a few bills onto the table. "It's about time you had some. Don't take it personally."

Stan didn't bother offering any further explanation as to why he had decided to pop randomly in her life and declare himself her business rival. He simply walked out of the diner with that damnable smirk on his lips. Though Carla had to guess that his reasoning was rooted on trying to piss her off. Stan had always been competitive when they were kids. No matter what she did, he was always trying to one up her. And now that he was being forced to live in this town once again, he had nothing better to do than terrorize her. This whole idea was heavily reminiscent of the days when Carla would start something as simple as playing on the swing and Stan would start a competition to see who could swing the highest. Only they weren't children anymore and she was undeniably much more pissed.

Carla watched Stan leave, her arms shaking with rage and her mind reeling with all the information that had just been dumped on her lap. Stan Pines was back in Gravity Fall. He was staying in Gravity Falls. He was setting up a Tent of Telepathy attraction. He was making the Mystery Museum to compete with her Mystery Shack and make even more money. His Museum was probably going to be leagues better than her Shack due to better funding.

All of this was enough to make her tremble with untapped and restrained loathing, blood boiling and hissing beneath the surface of her skin. "Stan Pines," she growled to herself. "You just made a powerful enemy."

If he thought she was going down without a fight, he had another thing coming. Stanley had just started a war.

Xxx

Guess what! I'm not dead! Sorry for the wait guys, I've been in a writing rut for the past few days. I hope to get more stuff out soon.
Hey guys I was working on this for Telepathy Twins week but ended up being too late. So here you go anyway.

This reverse falls one shot takes place when the twins are eleven and before they have moved to Gravity Falls.

A deep sigh filtered through her rose red lips, irritation hanging on her breath. Her manicured nails drummed impatiently against the redwood table. Mabel wished she had the sense to lock her bedroom door before her twin could barge in and restate his proposition. He had been making the same argument for the past two weeks, but she refused to budge. Usually she didn’t mind agreeing to his decisions, considering they were thought out with the utmost precision. But the choice to uproot everything they had built was not one she could get behind. Mabel was currently sketching her newest costume design, trying to figure out what type of skirt to give herself as her brother continued to act as overly annoying background noise.

“You have to see things from my perspective Mabel,” Dipper ranted as he paced the floor of her room. “Think of what we could do with half the items in the journal. Think of how much power we would have.”

“You’re starting to sound like a cartoon super villain, Dipstick,” Mabel sneered without looking up from her sketch. “We’ve already got all the power we could want. We’re famous. Who cares about getting fairy barf that can make you fly for twenty seconds?”

“That’s not a thing Mabel and that’s not what I’m interested in,” Dipper argued with a petulant huff. He crossed his arms over his chest and gazed at his sister in contemplation. Probably thinking of someway to sway her to his side. “There are items in Gravity Falls that could make our shows ten times more impressive. People would flock from across the world just to get a glance of us. We would be unstoppable.”

“We’re already one of the most popular magic shows in New York,” Mabel countered, her voice becoming snippier with her growing annoyance. Her gaze shifted towards Dipper, though she didn’t turn her head. “We’re successful. We’re attractive. We’ve got the world eating from our palms. I’m satisfied with that, and most normal people would be too.”

The look Dipper gave her could have frozen hell, but Mabel didn’t care. She didn’t care how bored Dipper was with their current situation. She didn’t care how desperate he was for more power. She didn’t care about the mystical creatures and items in Gravity Falls. All she cared about was her rise to become the biggest and brightest in this great city of stars. So she looked back at her drawing and decided on giving herself a flared out skirt made with her most glittery fabric. Hopefully if she ignored her brother, he would get the hint and leave.

“We’re child magicians, Mabel,” Dipper sighed in exasperation, rubbing his temples as he looked down to the floor. “That’s a step down from child actors. No one here is ever going to take us seriously as celebrities or whatever you want to be. Plus our manager is a two bit con posing as a respectable casino owner, and everyone knows it. In a city like New York, we barely make a blip on
the radar. But in a town like Gravity Falls, we would be the top of the food chain.”

The sounds of pencil on paper was halted when Mabel’s hand froze in place. Her grip on the pencil became so tight that she could swear she heard the wood cracking in her grasp. She refused to look at Dipper, but that didn’t stop his words from wriggling in her ear and beating around her head. The problem with having a twin was that they knew exactly what to say to tick you off. Dipper knew that she hated how small time they were. She hated that they were more powerful than everyone in this city, but they were still overlooked by the majority of them. Like they had always been. Sure the Telepathy Twins had their fans. Being a traveling magic act they had fans all across the country, but it wasn’t enough so that people knew who she was when she walked down the street. More than half the city didn’t know her. Didn’t hear her when she spoke. Didn’t see her when she shined. And that irked her to no end.

But she still loved New York. She still loved the bright lights and the fashion. She didn’t want to give that up for some sleepy town in Oregon.

“Think of it this way Mabel,” Dipper continued, his voice taking on a soft and enticing tone, tempting her to crumble and accept his plan. And though she was only fuelled by the childish urge to defy her brother’s wishes, she didn’t cave. She was stubborn like that. “Would you rather be a tiny fish in the ocean or the biggest fish in the pond?”

Mabel scoffed to herself before muttering, “The ocean is so much cooler than a dumb pond.”

“I don’t think you’re getting the metaphor,” Dipper groaned, and Mabel could practically hear the condescension that laced his words.

The pencil snapped in her hands.

Mabel shot up from her seat and glared daggers at her brother. Rage was rolling off her in waves, but Dipper didn’t show fear, just impatience and slight surprise at her sudden movement.

“I get your stupid fish metaphor Dipper!” Mabel yelled. “I don’t want to move to Gravity Falls!”

Dipper put his hands up as he tried to walk towards her, approaching her with slow and gentle steps as if she were a wild tiger. Always the calm twin. Always the reasonable twin. It made her want to throttle him.

“Mabel,” he said, keeping his voice placid and smooth, like the glassy surface of a lake. “Why don’t we ask him to see if the other journal is there? If it’s not, then we can stay in New York.”

A hiss of breath whistled through her teeth and colourful braces. “I don’t want to talk to him,” Mabel growled, her jaw straining as she resisted the urge to scream. “I don’t care about the other journal.”

Cold, dry hands enveloped her own, griping her fingers with a touch as gentle as a feather, as if she were made of porcelain. There was a spark of electricity as the identical pairs of chocolate brown eyes met. One pair sparkling with white hot rage and childish defiance, the other reflecting a steely resolve and cold determination.

“You and I both that’s not true, Mabel,” Dipper whispered. Neither dared to look away from the other, for that would be a sign of wavering, a sign of weakness. “We’ve both wanted this chance, ever since our parents died. This chance to show the world who we are and what we can do. We both want the world, the universe, to remember us for thousands of years to come.”

Dipper always did have a flare for the dramatic, kept under wraps so he could dazzle anyone with a grand sweeping speech at the drop of a hat. And even though the words rang true in her ears,
offering a tempting future that seemed so close when he spoke of it, Mabel refused to fall for it. She knew he had a finale prepared that was nearly guaranteed to crush her stubborn will, but she’d be damned if she didn’t stick it to the end.

“And trust me Mabel,” Dipper continued. There was a fire alight beneath the steely surface of his gaze, filled with desperation. He wanted her to be with him on this, more than anything. “If we stay here, we will be forgotten.”

Forgotten.

The word strangles her like the noose of a hanging man. She can feel mortality clutching her, pulling her down, down, down, until she is finally met with nothingness. And what’s worse, when she’s gone, all that is left of her is memories. Memories imbedded in the minds of people that doubted her and looked down on her. Memories that fade away, because she didn’t try hard enough, didn’t shine bright enough. It all falls upon her like a ton of bricks, crushing her and destroying the possibility of her getting up again.

She took a breath, regaining her composure, becoming a statue of ivory. Beautiful, but strong, with deadly edges that none can see and none can survive. Quickly ripping her pale hands away from her brother, she was able to glance at the brand on the inside of her wrist. The tip of the pyramid barely touched the edge of her palm. In size, it was only an inch and in the very centre of the triangle, a single eye stared back at her. She wondered if he was watching her, waiting to see if she would indeed side with her brother. Or perhaps he already knew her decision.

“If the other journal isn’t in Gravity Falls, you drop this,” Mabel said, hoping that Dipper got the point from her sharp glare.

Her twin gave a short nod in confirmation. In fluid synchronization, the two of them began setting up the summoning ritual. After drawing all the correct symbols in the correct order, and lighting six wax candles that had been placed in a circle, the two of them stepped into the centre of the candles and symbols on the floor. The electric lights were off, the room was chilled, and neither twin moved or spoke. Mabel’s room in their Great Uncle’s penthouse suite looked over one of the busiest streets in New York City. But with her window firmly shut and the thick velvet curtains drawn, no outside light or sound could get inside the room. Their world was silent.

Dipper’s voice was soft when he began the incantation, but it seemed to echo off the walls. He already had the words committed to memory and they emerged from his mouth in perfect rhythm.

“Triangulum, entangulum. Meteforis dominus ventium. Meteforis venetisarium!”

Mabel repressed a shiver as the world shifted and blurred for half a second. The colours that surrounded them bled away, leaving behind a world composed only of shades of grey. The only things that remained in colour were the twins themselves. Mabel closed her eyes and waited patiently for him to speak first. He could never stay silent for long.

“Well, well, well! Finally changed your mind, huh Shooting Star?”

When Mabel reopened her eyes, she found a familiar face. Well, she wouldn’t exactly call it a face. More like an eye in the middle of a flat blue triangular surface. Topped with a little hat, bow tie and cane. Though he certainly didn’t sport the typical look one would expect of a demon, he did not lack in the personality department. Bill Cipher was the poster demon for not judging a book by its cover.

“That depends on what you have to say, Bill,” Mabel sneered, the demon’s first name searing on her tongue like acid, knowing how much he would hate it. She crossed her arms as she stared the dream
demon down. Eyes like pistols, ready to strike a man dead at any moment. “I’m pretty sure you already know why we rang you.”

“That’s Cipher to you, Miss Rainbow Bright!” Cipher snarled in a voice that sounded like nails on a chalkboard. His colour flashed from blue to red and his eye became black with a white slit for the pupil. He circled her in one swift motion before coming up behind her. Mabel stayed perfectly still as the floating triangle propped his elbow on the top on top of her head. He switched back to his usual colour scheme, and his voice took on a more joyful tone. “Ya gotta take me to dinner first before we’re on a first name basis! Though, peeling the skin from you’re face could work too! Ha Ha!”

“Kinda hard for you to eat dinner when you don’t have a mouth,” Mabel sneered, sticking her nose in the air. “But I guess you have no problem prattling on without one.”

One might think it unwise to bait a demon, especially one that you frequently made deals with, but Mabel always was one to venture onto the teetering edge of danger.

“Ha, bet I can manage it better than you, Shooting Star!” Cipher yelled, flying in front of her. His fingers made a zipping motion over her face. “But let’s test that theory.”

Mabel felt her lips tighten against her will, moulding together as if they were being glued. She reached up to touch her lips and when she found that they were no longer on her face, she rolled her eyes in exasperation. After four years of dealing with this demon’s eccentricities, she had become quite synthesized to his little tricks. Some of the more disturbing ones still left her reeling, but after finding that nothing done to her in the mindscape actually stuck with her in the physical world, she found the dream demon a lot less terrifying than she had when she was seven. Most of the time, he was just annoying.

Dipper took the opportunity to step forward, hands clasped behind his back and chin held up high. He ducked his head down in an elegant bow of respect. He raised his head to meet Cipher’s eye once again. The usual disinterest and smug intelligence was absent from his eyes when he looked at the demon, replaced with a courteous regard.

“Apologies, Cipher,” Dipper said as he lightly nudged Mabel with his elbow, silently urging her to behave herself. “Mabel is incredibly bold and forward, as you are aware. She meant no disrespect.”

’Suck up’, Mabel thought to herself, forced into silence by Bill’s magic.

“Ey, relax Pine Tree!” Cipher yelled, waving his hand dismissively. Upon making the gesture, Mabel felt the seal that held her lips closed slowly release, until she could finally open her now present mouth. She took in gulps of air, glaring at the triangle in front of her. “No harm, no foul! Now what can I do for my favourite twins? You guys want a body that has no bones in it?”

The demon snapped his fingers. A body of a man appeared at the twins feet. Literally nothing more than a lump of curdling skin and flesh. Mabel nearly jumped when she heard the thing moan and vomit blood and thick bile from what she assumed was its mouth. God, it was alive! Though it wasn’t too shocking. Nearly anything Cipher came up with could live within the mindscape. That didn’t make his creations any less disturbing. The eyes bulged out from the formless face, practically hanging from the retina, and Mabel would swear that they looked to her pleadingly. She stared helplessly at the creature as it reached one floppy limp arm up towards her and her brother. The thing said nothing. It only gurgled through the blood and vomit.

Cipher laughed obnoxiously at their reactions. He snapped his fingers once again and the creature
writhed in pain. A blood curdling screech pierced the air as it melted like heated wax. Mixes of blood, pulp and flesh peeled away from the thing and flowed across the floor. Eventually, the air went silent, aside from the manic laughter coming from the demon triangle.

“I’m just kidding!” He cackled hysterically as the fleshy goop seeped into the grey floorboards. “I know why you called me!”

Dipper’s eyes didn’t linger on the ground the way Mabel’s did. He remained poised as he looked up at Cipher with a questioning gaze.

“So you do have an answer for us?” he asked curiously. “On where the other journal is.”

“Course I do Pine Tree,” Cipher replied. He gestured to the space above him, and in a flash of yellow fire a book appeared. The golden silhouette of a six fingered hand adorned the book cover, and this feature immediately drew the attention of the twins. The number one was drawn in the centre of the handprint.

Dipper stared at the journal in rapt desire, practically salivating at the sight. Mabel, however, was far too suspicious of Cipher’s intentions to focus on the coveted journal.

“And why would you tell us now? You always said that telling us where the other journal is ‘wasn’t in the cards’” Mabel stated indignantly, using air quotations as she recited his usual bullshit reasoning.

“What can I say, the stars have aligned,” Cipher shrugged carelessly. “Anyways, I was talking about giving details. I can definitely say for certain that the journal you want is in Gravity Falls. But I can’t tell you exactly where.”

Upon hearing what he had been waiting all night to here, Dipper lit up like a Christmas tree, shooting Mabel a triumphant smirk. She in turn, shot him a scolding glare, feeling herself deflate with the knowledge that she would have to leave illustrious NewYork for some stupid hick town in Oregon.

Mabel shoved her disappointment to the pit of her stomach, putting all her effort into keeping up appearances. She turned back to Cipher, raising a skeptical eyebrow. “Is this information free, or will you be adding it to our tab?”

Cipher shot her idea down with a swipe of his hands. “Nah!” he replied. “No extra charge for that! I’ve got a much better deal in mind. Something that will take your powers to new heights!”

“What’s that?” Dipper asked, curious with his suggestion.

“A special treat I can cook up for you,” he answered, being cryptic as ever. He waved his hands elaborately as continued with his pitch. “The power to move the world around you to your will. The power to crush anything and everything in your way. The power to take over the earth and blah blah blah.”

Mabel and Dipper exchanged a look of hesitation, lined with a glimmer of curiosity. It had been years since Bill had offered something of such weight like this. Not since they were seven had he offered anything quite as impressive as the powers of reading and controlling minds. Sure, they had tried dealing with him for more. But the most he would do was invade the dreams of someone that the twins saw as a threat or lend them some of his magic to help them complete a spell. This was the first time in a long time that he had offered them a substantial gift of power.
Before her brother could do something stupid and agree to the demon’s deal, Mabel decided to ask the same question she always asked whenever they dealt with Cipher.

“What’s the price?”

The answer was always the same. 'A favour down the road’ he would tell them, never giving any other details. But Mabel always asked. It was weird dealing with an actual demon from another dimension who never demanded immediate payment for what he gave them. He was always the one to put out the terms of what he did for them, but he rarely asked for much in return. The most he had ever done was brand them with his signature mark when he first gave them their respective powers.

However, today, Cipher decided to break the mould. “Ya know Shooting Star, I’m actually gonna need something a bit more concrete for this deal,” he told them, juggling two balls of fire in his hands, like he was performing a show. In a blast of golden light, the fire burst into two twin contracts. “I just need you two to sign this! And then we can get this show on the road.”

Dipper stepped forward to examine the document. After skimming the first few paragraphs, he looked up to the triangle with a perplexed expression. “We’ve already signed this contract.”

“You signed the first part,” Cipher corrected. “This is more like,” he paused in thought before continuing with an extra brightness in his eye. “the closing arrangements.”

“And what do you get out of it this time,” Mabel asked, coming up to stand beside her brother, arms crossed over her chest. “You’ve already marked us. We can’t deal with any other power house entities and all that junk. What do the closing arrangements do?”

“Always the little interrogator, aren’t you? Maybe I should start calling you Question Mark!” Cipher laughed hysterically after making the comment, as if he made some sort of hilarious inside joke. “When you sign this it makes our relationship a bit more, shall we say, open. I’m free to move in and out of your little minds and you’re free to use my magic! Plus, big time deals like this build up my street cred on my side of town.”

Dipper nodded silently, finishing his quick read through of the contract. “Hand me your throwing dagger, Mabel,” he ordered, holding an expectant hand out to her.

The brunette let out an irritant sigh as she plucked the knife from inside her jacket. Instead of handing it to her brother, she jabbed the sharpened point into his open palm. He brother ripped his hand away at the contact, eliciting a cry of shock. Mabel smirked at the sharp glare he sent her way. A crimson droplet of blood welled up from the pin prick.

“Sorry,” she mouthed mockingly before pricking her finger with edge of the dagger. Dipper mimicked her sneer before knocking her arm with his elbow.

Dipper dipped his finger into the blood on his hand and then pressed it onto the bottom of the page. A single bloody fingerprint serving as his signature. Mabel did the same with her own contract, drawing a little star beside her fingerprint for affect.

“Ha ha! Perfect!” Cipher exclaimed. “I love working with you twins! Everything is always right to the point!”

The twins stepped back in alarm as both contracts burst into flames, the heat pushing them back.

“Now,” Cipher whispered, hands glowing with yellow fire. Mabel and Dipper were shocked to find
his voice could actually go bellow a shout. An unsettling chill overcame them when they heard the
demon speak in such hushed tones. “For my part of the deal.”

Before Mabel could even think of what he meant, the sound of her brother’s long agonized scream
filled her ears like water filling a lake. Her heart sped up like a jack hammer as she whipped around
to find him on his knees and staring at his hand. She watched in horror as the prick on his palm was
slowly torn open, becoming a long laceration that stretched from one end of his palm to the other.
She watched as his flesh was ripped open by an invisible force like it was paper. Blood blossomed
from the opening, dribbling down his skin.

“Dipper!” Mabel cried out in terror, crouching down beside her brother. Concern for her twin
brother, half of her being, flared up within her chest, pushing past the squabbling and hateful glares
like they were nothing. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders, her limbs shaking with alarm.
She didn’t know what to do. She didn’t know how to make it stop. She had never felt more like a
helpless child.

Dipper continued to scream as his blood seemed to be flowing against gravity. More and more blood
gushed out of the cut and was somehow magically pulled upwards towards the demon that floated
above them. The triangle stared down at the scene, silently observing as Mabel clutched at her twin
brother like he was dying. Cipher hung over them like an ominous cloud, gathering the blood into a
droplet the size of a golf ball.

Mabel looked up and watched the ball of blood hover above the demon’s hand. It formed into the
shape of a perfect oval at the will of the demon. Mabel could only watch, entranced by the magic.
Cipher snapped his fingers, eyes focused squarely on the pulp of red. Gold flames erupted from the
demon’s fingers and soon the blood was enveloped in scorching fire. The laceration on Dipper’s
hand was no longer bleeding so heavily, even though his hands and sleeves were now stained with
dried blood.

The sharp stab of pain on Mabel’s finger stopped her from focusing on her brother’s plight. She
screamed as the pain tore through her finger, traveling all the way down to her palm. Mabel looked
down fearfully at the finger she had pricked with her knife only moments before. One clean slice
went straight down the inside of her finger, cutting her to the bone, veins and arteries rupturing at the
contact. As the flesh was split and peeled away like the skin of a banana, blood gushed from the
wound and floated upwards. Mabel was sobbing from the pain, her nerves exploding with horrible
sensation, nearly driving her crazy.

She rarely had enough control to look up and watch as Cipher formed another ovular shape with her
own blood and entrenched it in his fire.

The twins watched, frozen in their spots and clinging to each other as the fires grew in volume, to the
point where they were nearly as big as their heads. Soon enough, the flames slowly dissipated,
fading away into sparks and smoke. When the fire died away, two stones dropped from the air and
clattered onto the ground before the twins. The stones were identical. Both were a little smaller than a
golf ball, formed in a perfect oval shape. And both were a luminescent sea green, undeniably
beautiful and practically thrumming with life.

“This little babies will give you some nifty telekinesis,” Bill explained, coming up behind the
twins and wrapping an arm around each of their shoulders. “They’ll give you’re magic an extra
pizzaz too! And since they’re made of you they’re unique to you. No one else can use them! Ya
gotta admit, I do good work!”

Neither of the twins spoke to verify what the demon said. Both were too shocked by what just
happened. They stared, enraptured by the stones. And both were visibly rattled when they noticed that even into the black and white of the mindscape, the stones practically oozed their unearthly colour.

“Anywho, I’m sure you two want to start packing! So as always, it was a pleasure doing business with you!” Cipher yelled, and if she could see him with a proper face, Mabel is sure he would be grinning. When he spoke again, his voice took on a dangerous edge, secrets dripping from his words like poison. “I’ll see you two in Gravity Falls.”

Bill Cipher cackled maniacally as the twins were momentarily blinded by a flash of light. When their eyes reopened, the world was back to normal, colour restored and time continuing to move forward. And though he was gone, the demon’s high pitched laughter was still ringing in their ears.

Dipper turned to his sister with concern, staring at the long laceration on her index finger. He gingerly took her hand in his uninjured one, examining the damage. Mabel couldn’t help but notice the speckles of green in the centre of his iris.

“I thought he couldn’t hurt us,” Mabel whispered, wincing as Dipper turned her hand and accidentally brushed a finger against her cut.

Dipper didn’t look at her face when he spoke. “Perhaps it’s a part of his new contract.”

The thought made her squirm. Mabel looked at her brother quizzically, one dark eyebrow arched in question. “Should we be concerned about that?” she asked, shifting uncomfortably.

“No,” Dipper answered, a small humourless chuckle escaping his lips, and Mabel was stunned by his blasé nature. Apparently, he had completely forgotten that they had both been screaming and writhing in agony only moments ago. “Cipher’s all bark, no bite. Any damage he does will be shallow, non fatal. He needs us.”

Mabel wasn’t so sure about that. No one could trust Cipher to have consistent behavior of any kind. But she chose to stay silent on the matter. She would speak her concerns to her brother when she didn’t have a horrible slice down her finger.

“Besides he only did this because he needed our blood for,” he paused as he bent forward and picked up his stone. It seemed to crackle with power when inside his grasp. When Mabel gazed at it closely, she would swear she saw flashes of lighting trapped within it. “Whatever this is.”

Mabel reached forward with her free hand and picked up her own stone, and was surprised to find how warm it was. It pulsed within her hand, like a heartbeat, and she could feel a tingling ignite in her hand and run all the way up her arm. It was like a lost piece of herself was being returned. Like she was becoming whole.

“We need medical attention,” Dipper stated, rising to his feet. The stone was still clutched within his hand as he walked towards the door. “I’ll tell Stan we were practicing with the daggers and accidentally cut ourselves. He’ll be furious, but he probably won’t suspect anything.”

Mabel nodded silently, even though her brother had already left the room in order to get help. Her finger still burned with intense pain, but it wasn’t nearly as bad as it had fist been.

She stared down at the stone in her hand, memorized by its smooth surface and glittering centre. It looked as if the stone was filled with stars and swirling celestial clouds. It was almost ethereal in its beauty, an unearthly glow seeping from it and painting her palm in aqua green light. She didn’t believe she could ever look away, until she noticed the triangular brand on her wrist. The lines were
smoother and darker, standing in sharp contrast against her pale skin. And in the middle of the triangle’s eye, Mabel found a single slit, where there hadn’t been one before.
Things

Chapter Summary

Just a bunch of reverse dipcifica oneshots that I got from tumblr. Sorry for the long wait.

20. Things you said that I wasn't meant to hear.

Pacifica hadn't actually meant to eavesdrop. Though, anyone and everyone who knew her would say otherwise. All she had been doing was walking away from the party in order to avoid Robbie and Wendy, but she hadn't even noticed the twins quietly conversing in one of the empty hallways.

She had been quick to duck back behind the corner before the demon twins could notice her and try to kill her again. Before she could hastily walk in the opposite direction, Dipper's voice managed to reach her, stopping her from making a move.

"I can't believe how difficult this is," he sighed in exasperation. "If you had just told me before she got that stupid stone, we wouldn't have to deal with this annoyance."

"If you had just let me kill her, then we really wouldn't have to deal with it," Mabel shot back, in a voice that was unnervingly bubbly and sweet. Pacifica could feel a shiver crawling up her spine when the brunette let out a giddy giggle at her own joke.

"Perhaps I should have," Dipper replied, tone as smooth as ice and twice as cold.

Pacifica pressed her back into the wall, wishing she could just mold into the wood and disappear. It didn't take a genius to figure out who they were talking about. Her stomach roiled when she thought about it. It was just what she needed, two crazy magicians that wanted to kill her.

"Though, it was very resourceful of her," Mabel commented. It was probably the nicest thing either of those twins would ever say about her, and they didn't even know she was listening. "No one has been able to get the drop on us before."

"God, I hate her," Dipper snarled, slowly getting more and more angry as he continued. Considering Dipper had the emoting capabilities of a rock, it was pretty impressive that just talking about her was pissing him off so much. She was a little proud of that. "I hate that a vapid blonde little twit like that managed to find a way around our magic. I hate how she speaks like a moronic valley girl. I hate that her hair smells like strawberries."

Pacifica reeled back in surprise, nearly smacking the back of her head against the wood.

"What?" Mabel and Pacifica said in perfect unison, though Pacifica was significantly quieter than Mabel. Pacifica's hand shot up to cover her mouth.

Dipper didn't even seem to notice that in the slew of insults he was throwing her way, he revealed that he knew her shampoo scent. Or maybe he thought pointing out strawberry shampoo was an insult. Didn't make it any less creepy though.

He did, however, notice the foreign sound that had invaded his and his sister's conversation.
"Did you hear that?" he asked, voice strained and alerted.

Pacifica was not going to stick around and let those guys catch her. She was quick to booking it back towards the party before she could get caught by the wonder twins. Watching Robbie and Wendy make out was eons better than being caught eavesdropping by the scary twins with magical powers who wanted her dead. And apparently who had smelt her hair long enough to label its scent.

Jeez, those two were majorly weird.

2. Things you said through your teeth.

"You don’t get off my property right now, Pines and I’m gonna blacken both of your gorgeous eyes."

Pacifica hissed through bared teeth. Her hands clenched at her sides so tightly that her knuckles began to fade white and he was sure that her nails were tiny divots into her skin.

He, however, didn’t focus on the deadly hostility in her voice or the low growl that rumbled from her gut to her teeth. Dipper only took notice on one word that agreed with him. He tilted his head curiously at the fuming blonde, lips twitching with amusement upon seeing those big violet eyes blazing with rage and ferocity. God, he loved seeing her riled up like this. It made her more scorching and beautiful than the sun.

"You think they’re gorgeous?" he asked, flashing his best charming show smile, the one that always had his fangirls weak at the knees.

The way her eyes widened in alarm with twinges of horror was a pretty sight. Bubblegum pink lips fell open into a perfect ‘o’ and her chest rose with a fearful gasp. She went stiff as a board when full realization of what she said hit her like a speeding truck.

Dipper took full advantage of her shocked state and took a step closer to her, so close that their toes touched.

"If it makes you feel any better," Dipper whispered, slashed grin on his face as he gently brushed his finger against against the soft and flushed skin of her cheek. "I think your eyes are gorgeous too."

A livid fire ignited in her eyes and Dipper didn't have the foresight nor the time to stop her fist from colliding with his face. A painful crack sounded when her knuckles crashed into his eye. And he was sent flying a couple steps back, just barely regaining his footing.

Dipper rubbed his swelling eye as Pacifica stormed away from him and back towards the Mystery Shack. As she left, he could hear her growling the word ‘stupid’ over and over again to herself through gritted teeth.

Even with the slowly blackening eye, he couldn’t help but smile.

23. Things you said after the love potion incident.

Pacifica's stomach dropped like a heavy stone when she saw the Pines limo parked outside the Mystery Shack. She prayed for it to be Mabel, or hell, even Stan. Anyone but him. But even in the distance, she could make out the flutter of a flourished cape when he stepped out of the car. Her heartbeat sped up, and she could hear the pounding in her ears. Upon seeing him approach the gift shop, her insides coiled into knots.

She knew he was there to speak to her. And the thought of speaking to him filled her with anxiety. She didn't want to stay there and face him. Whether it was to offer an insincere apology, make up half assed excuses or to brag, she didn’t want to speak to him. She didn't even want to see him. She
wasn't going to see him. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction of seeing her and saying whatever he needed to say.

Without a word to Gideon or Robbie, Pacifica stormed out from behind the counter and ran off through the employees only door.

"Where ya goin' Paz?" her cousin called out. But she didn't answer or turn back. She continued on her path to the den, sticking close enough to the door to hear the ring of the shop bell. He was in the Shack.

"Gleeful," Dipper's voice rang out, entering her ears as smoothly as silk. It made her blood boil. It made her shiver. Mostly it just made her feel queasy. "Where is Pacifica?"

"She ain't here!" Gideon lied in response to Dipper's demand. Pacifica sighed in relief, thankful that Gideon had realized the reason for her sudden exit.

"And even if she was, she wouldn't want to talk to you after the stunt you pulled," Robbie stated, and Pacifica could detect a hint of loathing on the edges of his voice. "So you're wasting your time."

Pacifica waited on baited breath for Dipper's response, praying that he wouldn't take any rage out on Robbie or Gideon for standing up for her.

"I don't believe I was speaking to you errand-boy," Dipper sneered at Robbie. His focus quickly switched back towards Gideon, his tone changing from deadly to emotionless in a blink. "If she's not here, then where is she?"

"None of your beeswax!" Gideon yelled. "You've got a lotta nerve comin' into my Shack!"

"Don't test me Gleeful," Dipper said, his tone so cold that Pacifica could feel the chill from where she stood. "I'm not in the mood."

If Gideon continued to act like this, shinning like a little star of righteous fury, Dipper would only get angrier. And she couldn't let Gideon be hurt in any way for defending her.

This thought is what pushed her back towards the doorway leading to the gift shop. But as she approached the door, ready to confront him, her footsteps faltered. Her feet were so heavy, and she desperately didn't want to move another inch.

"I've got every right to be mad at you," Gideon said, sounding more serious than he ever had. "And so does Paz. She don't wanna see you, so why don't you just leave us alone."

"So, does that mean she is here?" Dipper asked, his voice no longer a quiet sound she could hear from a distance. Now he was so much closer, and his words seemed to echo around her. God, of course he would know she was there.

Pacifica was so close to him, far too close. She slapped a hand over her mouth to stifle her heavy breathing, so that he couldn't hear her. If he found her, what would she do? Would she scream at him? Would she hit him, and hurt him? Would she cry? Would she stay silent and still, frozen like a statue? Would she run and hide, so she would never have to face him again?

And what would he do if he saw her?

A flurry of emotions hit were flaring within her, all of them too strong for her to handle all at once. Fear bubbled up in her stomach. Rage sizzled in her blood. Embarrassment clouded her mind. And sadness echoed hollowly within her heart. All these were emotions roiling, leaving her in an ever
changing storm that made her numb inside.

It was too much. All of this was too confusing for her to handle and she felt like she might either burst at the seems or shrivel into a shell of herself.

But Robbie, as usual, was her saviour in the simplest of ways. Making it possible for her to breathe once again.

"Look, kid," he stated. "We all know you can't really hurt us within the shack. So either get out now or I'll throw you out myself."

Dipper remained silent for a moment, and Pacifica could only wait, her back pressed firmly against the wall beside the door.

"This isn't over," she heard him say. She heard the click of designer shoes on wood, and the creak of the shack's floorboards.

When the familiar bell above the shack door rang loudly and the door was slammed shut, Pacifica's heart nearly burst. As relief settled over her like a warm blanket, all her emotions being doused like a flame being smothered. Her emotional exhaustion and a painful stiffness in her limbs made it impossible for her to stand on her own. All she could do was slump down to the floor and curl up into a ball.

She placed her chin between her knees and stared straight ahead, inwardly hating herself for being such a coward.

12. Things you said when you thought I was asleep. (based on the episode sock opera)

Consciousness came to him slowly, but the pain came immediately. Each breath he took caused a profound ache within his lungs, unbearable to the point where all he could do was wheeze the air in and out. The nerves in his hand screamed in agony, but he could tell by the cloth straining against his skin that the stab wound has been wrapped and disinfected. His arms and legs felt like they had been crushed by a truck, and he knew he wouldn't be able to move them without making the pain worse. His head was pounding like a jackhammer, and he could feel needles stabbing at his frontal lobe. He couldn't open his eyes. They burned atrociously, making it impossible for him to even crack his eyelids open. It was probably the smoothie of raw jalapeño peppers that had been poured into his eyes.

Cipher certainly knew how to inflict lasting pain onto his vessel.

Dipper couldn't move without hurting himself further. So he stayed perfectly still, laying atop a cushy surface that he couldn't place. Was he in his own bed? The hospital perhaps? He couldn't open his eyes, not without forcing them to sear like acid, so he was forced to lay there and wait for the pain to ebb away.

"You're such a moron," a voice whispered. Dipper recognized it immediately, and he wanted desperately to speak to her. But his throat burned like fire, and his mind couldn't find the proper words. "What kind of idiot lets a demon have full access to his body? It's a wonder you're not dead."

He could hear her footsteps as she walked towards where he lay, and he could hear the creak of the wood floors beneath her. He wasn't in his own house, and he definitely wasn't in a hospital. Was he in the Mystery Shack?

"God Dipper," Pacifica whispered, and he could hear the crack in her voice when she said his name. "If you don't make it, I swear to God I'm bringing you back as a zombie so I can smash in your
Her voice became watery, fading away at the end of her sentence. Dipper could tell she was crying by the way her breath hitched and her voice shook with emotion, and he wished his mouth could form an apology. Tell her he's sorry for releasing this hell onto all of them. But he couldn't speak. All he could do was keep breathing.

"I'm going to kick your ass when you wake up for putting me through this," she said, pushing past the tears and sniffing loudly.

She didn't know he was awake. Which was probably just as well. His body was far too fragile at that moment to take a beating. Or even a light punch to the arm really.

"I was so scared Dipper," Pacifica stated, breathing shakily, and shallowly. "I was terrified that he was gonna kill you. It's crazy really. I used to despise you, and now look at where we are."

The laugh she lets out is humourless, broken, and it's heartbreaking for him to hear. He would love to hear her really laugh, even in the overwhelming bad circumstances that surrounded them. He needed to hear some piece of joy from her, to make him forget that the world was crashing down.

"I'm not ready for any of this," Pacifica sobbed, seeming more scared and vulnerable than she had ever been. Like a child, lost and alone in the dark endless woods, the shadows threatening to swallow her whole. "I'm not ready for you to not be here."

Dipper's heart jumped when her hand gripped his uninjured one. She held it like a life line, clutching at him in a way that was nearly painful.

"Just…just know how much you mean to me. Just know that," she whispered, so quietly he had to strain in order to hear her. "Just," a sob escaped her lips before she could control it. "Please be okay."

She released his hand quickly, as if she had been burned, and he could hear her backing away. In a breath, she was gone, leaving the imprint of her touch on his skin. He wished he could call out to her to come back, but when he opens his lips all that comes out is a cough. So he is back to being alone in a cold empty room, left with the knowledge that he had made her cry.

14. Things you said after you kissed me. (Set after the end of the series)

It had been a moment of impulse on her part. A push in her system that had her on her toes and pressing her lips to his. When their lips connect, she could feel her heart pounding and her stomach bursting into butterflies. She could see fireworks behind her tightly shut eyes, explosive to all her sensations. Hands were curled around the collar of his vest, pulling him close and refusing to let go.

It wasn't their first kiss. But to her, it felt the most real. There were no love potions, no ghosts, no fear that any moment could be there last. There were no outward influences forcing them to act on developing emotions. It was just them. Two regular teenagers, dealing with attraction and feelings the way normal teenagers do. And it made her giddier than it should have that this weird thing she had with Dipper Pines was morphing into something that was almost normal.

She pulled away from him slowly, knowing that she must have caught him by surprise. Judging by his wide green eyes and slack jawed expression, he hadn't been expecting that from her. She couldn't help but smirk up at him catching the brilliant Dipper Pines off guard.

"Why?"

The question and the way he said it gave her pause and wiped the smirk off her face. Pacifica
expected him to recover quickly and for him to say something along the lines of 'took you long enough Northwest'. She hadn't expected him speak with such confusion, with eyes searching desperately for answers.

"What?" she asked him, releasing her hold on his vest.

When she let go of him, Dipper immediately backed away from her, putting a good distance between them. He reached up and ran his fingers through his hair, letting out a deep breath.

"Why are you doing this?" he asked.

Pacifica glanced around, trying to figure out what had sent his personality so askew, and then she looked back to him. She managed to get a wavering smirk on her face. "And here I thought the kiss made it obvious," she stated. Dipper looked back at her with narrowed eyes. "Can't a smart guy like you figure out when a girl likes him?"

"But how?" Dipper growled, rubbing his temples in exasperation. "How can you forgive me, let alone like me after everything I've done? I singlehandedly caused the apocalypse through greed and poor planning."

Pacifica crossed her arms and rolled her eyes at his statement, even though she knew it wouldn't help their situation. "Please," she muttered. "Give Bill some credit."

"This isn't a joke Pacifica," Dipper snarled, his voice becoming increasingly sharp and cold. The way he spoke reminded her of how her mother used to scold her when she was cross. That alone is enough to set her off. "I don't want to force things between us."

"What is your problem?" Pacifica yelled, marching up to him with hands clenched at her side. When they finally stood toe to toe, she glared up at him, eyes sharp and demanding. "When I hated you, you wouldn't leave me alone. But now that I'm into you, you don't want to 'force things'. I mean, would you make up your damn mind?"

For a moment Dipper reached up, eyes softening, and she thought he was going to reach for her. But his hand clenched into a fist and fell limp and defeated at his side. "Pacifica, you know that I love you," Dipper sighed, already sounding tired. As if he was fighting a war within himself for days. "But if you're doing this…if you're doing this out of guilt or some obligation that you think you have, then I don't want this. I don't want to ruin what we have."

Dipper's eyes fell to the floor, his shoulders going slack with exhaustion. The deep frown on his face and listless look in his eyes suggested that he expected her to apologize for not returning his feelings and then leave him for dead in these woods or something dumb like that.

"Pfft!" The loud sound caused his head to snap up, eyes wide with alarm. "Do you actually think that I felt obligated to kiss you? The only person who can guilt trip me into doing anything is Gideon."

Pacifica gripped the back of his neck and pulled him down so he was eye level with her. "Now get this through your thick skull, Pines," she whispered, her eyes burning with hellfire. "I like you. Hell, I might even love you. I don't know, my emotions are confusing and I don't wanna 'force things'."

She closed the argument with a searing kiss. When she felt his long fingers curling around her waist and his tongue running against her bottom lip she pulled back, gasping for air.

Dipper didn't release her waist when the kiss ended. He simply breathed out an exasperated sigh. She could feel his chest against her own, their heartbeats beating in perfect time. "I'll have you know that
"your sarcasm is not appreciated."

"Well you're gonna have to get used to that," she stated with a smirk, going back down onto flat feet. "I know it hurts your delicate sensabil-"

He swooped down and crashed his lips against hers before she could finish her snarky comeback. But she couldn't completely hate it.

21. Things you said when we were on top of the world. (this is set way way in the future in my reverse falls universe)

She had never been more beautiful, and that was saying something. With the light of dawn shining through the windows, bathing her form in gold, making her tan skin glow, all of it took his breath away. She hadn't looked up a single time since all the doctors and nurses had rushed out of the room, and he didn't dare disturb the peaceful scene before him. He simply watched her, leaning against the doorframe.

It felt so unreal to be there. To see his whole world presented to him in that moment. All his life he had been searching for fulfilment. A way to rise high above the world around him. A way to fill the hole left by the death of his parents. And in that moment, he had accomplished it all. He was on top of the world.

It was terrifying, to be in such perfect bliss when he knew with all his heart that he didn't deserve it. When the demons of his past, one in particular, were waiting in the shadows, waiting to snatch it away from him. But he didn't want to dwell on that right now. He didn't want to think of the dangers that awaited him in the future, not when everything was so perfect.

Right now, he just wanted to speak to his wife.

He rapped his knuckles against the doorframe in order to get her attention. Pacifica looked up at him, a joyful smile lighting up her whole face, her cheeks a rosy pink and her eyes filled with awe. She held the baby in her arms out towards him.

"Would you like to hold him?"
Chapter Summary

Pacifica has a bit of a rough go on her first day of work. But luckily things turn up when she befriends the cashier.

Ack! I'm so sorry that this took forever
Had a bit of trouble balancing school and writing. Decided to combine the two ideas into one. :)
Hope you guys like.

Xxx

"Excuse me miss," a man in cut off shorts called to her as she rushed by him, stopping her in her tracks. "Do you think I should get the puma shirt or the panther shirt?"

Pacifica failed to see how this question was relevant to her. She was only there to restock shelves, put things in their proper place and sweep the floor, according to her grandma anyway. Why did this guy need her opinion on a shirt anyway? They were both the same material, quality and price. The only difference was the animal on the front.

Her eyes darted to the rack of road maps, and the six year old that was pulling out all the maps and throwing them to the ground.

"Um," Pacifica floundered, looking at the shirts. It wasn't a big deal, all she needed to do was give him her opinion. "I think the puma shirt is nice."

She tried to continue walking away from him, but he shuffled himself back in front of her, stopping her from taking another step.

"Hm, I don't know," the man said, looking over the two choices. "I like the colours of the Panther shirt. Doesn't it look classy?"

Pacifica looked at him and then back at the kid who was throwing maps everywhere. All the maps were now strewn across the ground. The kid had ran outside to catch a glimpse at all the attractions Granny Carla had placed in the outdoor exhibit.

"Then you should get the Panther shirt," Pacifica suggested, unable to keep the exasperation from her voice.

She really couldn't keep a customer friendly smile after dealing with stuff like this for the past few hours. This guy was probably not the worst she had to deal with today. But from kids constantly picking up merchandise and then putting it back in the wrong place to angry customers yelling at her for the prices being to high, she was getting completely overwhelmed. And it was only her first day. Even though this guy wasn't a jerk like some other people had seen that day, she really wasn't in the mood to deal with one guy's indecisiveness while there was a big mess of maps she had to clean up and resort.

"Oh I don't know," the man stated as he scrutinized that two shirts. "I really like the mountains in the background with the puma shirt. Hmmm. Puma shirt? Panther shirt?"
Christ, was this guy for real? She rolled her eyes as he held the two shirts up, looking from one to the other, over and over again. Pacifica's frown deepened and she looked over the guy's shoulder at the pile of maps on the floor. If Granny Carla saw that she would be pissed. Even though her Grandma probably wouldn't fire her, she would more than likely force her to do chores for neglecting her job.

The sound of restrained laughter caused Pacifica turn her head for a split second. She caught sight of the cashier boy, Robbie was his name, bringing his fist up to his mouth in order to stifle his laughter. He watched her from behind the register counter, failing to hold back the amusement in his eyes.

Pacifica's cheeks flared with a wild blush when she noticed him looking at her, both from embarrassment on messing up on her first day and from the fluttering in her stomach that came when he actually noticed her.

Christ, she needed to get a hold of herself.

She turned back to the customer with a strained smile, one that was just about ready to crack. "Well, if you like them both, why don't you get them both?"

The man brought his hand up to his chin in thought, letting out a long hum. In fact the hum dragged on for so long, Pacifica was sure she was gonna snap and scream at him. That would definitely get her in trouble.

"Oh, alright!" he finally relented. The man walked over to Robbie at the cash register and proceeded to check out the shirts. Pacifica could only sigh in relief when he was out the door.

Pacifica avoided looking over at Robbie when she walked over to pick up the maps. Why would a kid just throw them on the ground? Is it really an entertaining thing to do? She figured they were sorted alphabetically, and did her best to fold them properly and put them back in their proper place. If Granny Carla had some sort of labelling system this would be a lot easier.

"First time in retail?"

Robbie's voice caught her off guard in her moment of concentration. She jolted violently at the sound of his voice and as a result, she dropped the maps that she had picked up. All of them fluttered back to the ground. She would swear that they were mocking her. Every stupid knickknack in the store was mocking her.

She rubbed her arm nervously, trying to put on a friendly smile but finding it impossible to force any joy at this point in her day. "First job ever, actually," she answered quietly. Her voice barely raised above a whisper. God she felt so stupid. He probably thought she was some spoiled little rich girl who couldn't do honest work if her life depended on it. Sure, it was kinda true, but she didn't want him to think that.

"Really?" he asked with obvious sarcasm. "I had no idea."

Pacifica rolled her eyes and ignored the unease within her gut. So what if she had been looking like an idiot all day. It's not like she had expected things to go well on her first shift. Didn't make her feel any less inadequate though. She couldn't help the deep frown that settled on her face. God, if this was only her first job, how bad would it be for the rest of the summer? Maybe her mother was right when she said that she wouldn't be cut out for it.

"Hey," Robbie continued, loosing the sardonic edge in favour of a more sympathetic tone. "Don't sweat it Goldie. You're just overthinking things."

He lithely hopped over the counter, landing right beside her with a soft thump. She took a step back
as the teen diligently stated picking up road maps and methodically placing them in alphabetical order on the shelf. It was as if he had done it a million times before.

"That kid comes in here all the time," Robbie answered when he caught her look of astonishment from the corner of his eye. Pacifica automatically shut her gaping mouth. "Hey would you watch the register for me?"

"Oh, sure," Pacifica murmured awkwardly, relaxing a bit now that most patrons were outside with all the attractions. She ducked behind the counter and leaned beside the register. "So, how long have you been working here."

Robbie paused for a moment to crack a crooked grin, and Pacifica couldn't help but notice how well it suited his face. "God, I guess it's already been two years." At his own statement he gave an easygoing laugh. "Do me a favour and don't spend the rest of your teens in this place."

Pacifica smiled a bit and nodded. "Okay," she said with a breath of laughter. "God knows I probably won't even make it through today."

"Eh, don't be so hard on yourself," he replied flippantly, before his expression shifted into a mocking overconfident expression. "I know I may seem like the perfect employee but, believe it or not, even I make mistakes. The only one who's a natural at this is Gideon."

Pacifica glanced towards the window, awkwardly angling her head so she could see the outdoor floor show Granny Carla had set up on their lawn. Gideon was currently showing off the weird rock face attraction, probably inventing some wild story about how the rock ended up with the face. His audience was clearly enraptured with what he was saying, though his cuteness probably helped with the positive response.

The levity with which Robbie spoke, and his own relaxed state helped ease the tension in her high strung muscles. She smiled a bit as she felt herself relax.

She placed her forearms on the countertop, leaning heavily over it as she watched Robbie diligently place all the maps in proper order, only to hear the crinkling of paper under her weight. Pacifica lifted her arms curiously, finding a small stack sheet music under her arms. The songs weren't any that she could recognize. She had never been very good at reading music, but she could get a small sense of the melody. Reading over the lyrics, she noticed a repetition in the mentioning of red hair.

"Did you write this?" she asked, holding up the paper so Robbie could see what she was referring to.

As soon as Robbie's head lifted and he saw the sheet music, he scrambled over to her like a madman. It almost made Pacifica giggle to see the way his eyes widened with alarm, arms failing as he ripped the paper from her hands.

"Nothing!" he practically yelled. He scooped up the remaining pieces of sheet music and hurriedly stuffed it into the pockets of his jeans. "I don't know who these belong to! And they're not even songs! What's music? Ha ha ha!"

Pacifica stared in astonishment at the awkwardly laughing teen, who had managed to crumple up every piece of paper and stuff them all in his pockets. That was definitely his sheet music.

"It's okay if you don't want to talk about it," Pacifica stated, a little too happy that she was now the one who was keeping a cool head. "But I think it's neat that you write your own music."

Robbie went still, his eyes becoming wide like saucers. "You do?" he asked, eyes shifting from side to side in confusion. Pacifica could only gather that he was pretty shy about his work.
She offered a soft smile, nodding in response. "Gideon told me you played guitar," she stated, watching as his cheeks flushed a deep red. The bewildered embarrassment in his thin face was kinda sweet. "Do you play those songs?"

He rubbed the back of his neck, his face twitching with a shy and hesitant smile. Pacifica couldn't help but find it endearing. "I don't play them in front of people I don't know well," he mumbled. "Or my friends. Or my family. I actually just don't play them in front of people."

"You don't play for anyone at all?" she asked, a little disheartened. She had been hoping to hear him play.

"No, I just don't play my own songs in front of anyone," he corrected, still sheepish in his movements. "I'm in a start up band actually."

"Really?" Pacifica said in awe.

"Yeah, I play lead guitar. No big." His sheepish smile shifted to a cocky one. "Then again, I am the only one who actually knows how to play an instrument."

Pacifica smiled, crinkling her nose with amusement. "I'd like to see your band play."

"Well, you'd have to go to my friends garage for that." Robbie smiled, a bit bashful. His pale skin easily took on a pink tinge when he was embarrassed. "We're not the kind of band that does gigs. Thompson just wanted to start a band to impress girls."

"Who's Thompson?"

Robbie paused before he answered, debating on the best way to explain Thompson to the uniformed. "You know how the Gravity Falls public pool is closed for a few weeks?"

"Yeah, some idiot drove a truck full of sheep into it," she snorted in derision. Pacifica could recall laughing out loud quite obnoxiously when she heard about it. Her father had showed her the article one morning in the den. Her laughter causing a rare smile to flicker across his face. She was happy to learn the sheep were okay after the incident, if a little startled.

Robbie smirked, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose. "Yeah, that idiot was Thompson," he said. "He was also the guy who released all those chickens into the museum last year. Don't know if you heard about that one."

Pacifica couldn't help the loud snort of laughter that escaped her mouth. As the feeling of mortification swelled up, she covered her face with her hand and shook her head profusely.

She didn't miss the amusement in Robbie's eyes, and it made her flush even harder. She tried to brush it off by continuing with the conversation. "Why would he do something like that?"

Robbie merely shrugged, "The chicken thing was a prank gone wrong. Though, he considered it a success. So, it's a matter of perspective, I guess."

Pacifica lowered her hand from her pink cheeks. "And the truck full of sheep?"

"That one was a dare," he said with a shrug, as if it were a simple answer and not completely ridiculous.

"He drove a truck into a pool on a dare?" she asked, aghast at the idea that someone would agree to that.
Robbie laughed outright, "Of course," he replied. "Thompson takes everything as a challenge. One time I told him to be careful while climbing the water tower. And you know what he did?"

Pacifica could guess pretty easily. "Fell off on purpose?"

"Fell off on purpose," he confirmed, the grin on his face was full of warmth. He walked behind the counter so that he stood beside her. Pacifica's heart pounded a little harder. "It's a miracle he's still alive."

The blonde giggled. She didn't expect to enjoy talking to him this much, but Robbie turned out to be the easiest person to talk to in this shack. "So what kind of music do you write?" she asked curiously.

Robbie's expression shifted from relaxed to pensive in the blink of an eye. "Uhh, well," he said with a slight stutter. His words flew out of his mouth without any filter. "It's not that interesting and it's honestly pretty terrible and I think I might have accidentally stolen the melody without thinking about it."

Despite putting up a cool front, Robbie seemed so nervous and tightly wound whenever she brought up his music. "It's okay," she reassured him, her voice gentle and friendly. The most natural friendliness she had displayed all day. "You don't have to show me the lyrics. I was just wondering if you write pop or rock or something. Or country. Do you write country? If you do then we can't associate with each other."

Robbie chuckled at the statement, and the dead serious way she said it. "No I don't write country," he said, his form a bit less tense as he ran his fingers through his black hair. "I mostly write light rock, alternative music, you know."

She hummed thoughtfully, a mischievous smirk twitching at her lips. "An indie rocker huh? I figured, you look like a hipster."

There was an audible gasp. Robbie placed his hand on his chest in mocking mortification. "I do not," he denied loudly. "I was nearsighted and wearing bowties before it was cool."

She cocked her hip to the side and raised a sceptical eyebrow at his statement. Robbie skewered his lips in annoyance as he realized that he had just proven her point. Pacifica couldn't help the sharp laugh she let out.

"Alright, laugh it up Blondie," he rolled his eyes and nudged her with his elbow. His eyes widened as he caught a glimpse of something out the window. "Oh, hey, can you close up by yourself?"

The question caught her off guard, causing her to tilt her head to the side in confusion. "Huh?"

"Sun down," he said with a pretty bad southern drawl. She pursed her lips at the intended impression. He nodded his head towards the window. "Time to go home and reign in the cattle."

He was right. The high June sun was finally starting to set, signalling the end of the day. Pacifica had't noticed it until then.

He smiled at the startled expression on her face, "So you can close up?" he asked. "Lock up the register and do the inventory."

Pacifica hadn't had too much training in terms of inventory or anything really, but when she looked at his face, it wasn't as if she could say no. The sun had slowly descended low enough so rays of golden light poured through the gift shop windows. With his face bathed in the light of a summer sun, Robbie's pale skin seemed to overflow with colour. He wasn't gorgeous like a male model on
the cover of a magazine or a movie star on the silver screen, but there was a wholesomeness in his smile that made her heart pound a little harder. Comely, was how she would describe him.

Pacifica tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, her lips blooming into a hesitant smile. She tried to ignore how her insides melted into a gooey mess or how her leg muscles contracted relentlessly. Taking a deep breath, she nodded.

"Swankafied," he said with a cheesy grin, making her giggle. He hopped over the register counter, his lithe form completing the jump with minimal effort. He walked towards the exit with a confident swagger, giving her a two fingered salute as he left. "Catch you on the reverse, goldilocks."

He turned back to her with a dorky smile. "I just made that up," he beamed proudly, a hearty chuckle escaping with his words. With a final wave and a breath of outside wind, he was out the door and out of sight.

For a moment, Pacifica couldn't move her legs. She brought her hands up to her chest, hoping they could still her ferociously beating heart, pumping blood through her arteries at an alarming rate.

"Ka-pow," she whispered. It seemed to be the only word that described what had just happened to her heart.

Xxx

Fun fact, the title 'catch you on the reverse' came from that time Robbie said 'catch you on the rewind'. I know the saying is 'catch you on the flip side', but honestly, I wasn't even thinking about that.
Through the haze of incense and perfumes, Dipper Pines could barely breathe. Throngs of twirling bodies spun across the ballroom floor; they danced a swift and graceful waltz and had no trouble with the steps or the movements. The attendees of this ball were all prestigious individuals, thanks to the zealous effort of the Northwests to keep all of the undesirables from entering through their gates. The sheer wealth of the room was almost overwhelming. There were fine gowns and suits wherever he looked, and each person wore a detailed mask that was adorned with gems or outlined in gold. Only the wealthiest of the higher class were welcomed at such an event.

For that reason, Dipper was thankful his great uncle had not been offered an invitation. Stan would be swiping masks left and right, along with any decor or expensive looking silverware that caught his eye.

Mabel was currently off dancing with some heir to a massive fortune or something of the like. Dipper could still see flashes of her peacock dress in the crowd as the waltz continued. She had been surrounded by admirers as soon as they entered through the doors. She was always one to bask in the attention that was constantly showered upon her, and now that she had dozens of handsome rich boys flocking around her, she was sure to be occupied for the rest of the night.

While Mabel was no doubt having the time of her life, Dipper had tucked himself into a hidden and darkened hallway, leaning leisurely against the wall as he watched the waltzing figures in disinterest. He was hidden from their eyes and was perfectly content with that fact. He had only come to this masquerade at Mabel's insistence, not in any mood to socialize with the aristocrats within this mansion. There had been a few young girls, future socialites and trophy wives, who had been eyeing him before he slipped into the darkness. He had no desire to converse with some flighty airhead, one who would most likely snicker behind a perfectly manicured hand if they discovered his and his sister's profession as the resident magicians of this town. He would rather avoid such a conversation, along with the unfortunate aftermath which would likely involve him releasing a vicious curse or two.

Dipper had resigned himself to counting down the minutes until this masquerade would be over. However, his illusion of privacy was shattered when a girl invaded his precious sanctuary. She wore a dusky lavender dress that clung to her upper torso and flared out at the waist in a cloud of gossamer fabric. It made her look like she was floating as she raced around the corner and hid in the darkened and narrow hallway, standing directly opposite to Dipper. The delicate butterfly wings at her back crinkled as she pressed her body flat against the wall. The silver accents of her mask glinted under the limited lighting, along with the jewels at her neck. Her long blonde hair fell in sleek waves down her back, perfectly styled and in place.

Her eyes were squeezed shut and she pressed her hand against her heaving chest as she desperately tried to regain her breath. Her entire body seemed to sag with relief as she released a long sigh. Whatever relaxation she had gained by barging into his secluded corner was destroyed when she
opened her eyes and actually realized Dipper was there. A squeak of surprise left her lips when she saw him standing across from her.

Dipper hadn't recognized her upon her sudden appearance since the shock of the moment had stalled his thought process. Her face was concealed by the mask she wore and the cover of darkness that obscured her features. However, Dipper would know those big lilac eyes anywhere. He hadn't expected her to be here, which, in hindsight, was a foolish assumption. This was her family's Masquerade and it only made sense that she would return to Gravity Falls from her boarding school when it was winter break. As the surprise of the moment wore off, a smirk curved at his lips.

"Pacifica," he said, standing to his full height and inclining his head in a silent greeting. "You look stunning."

Her reaction was immediate, and her surprise at seeing him there melted away into an expression of rage.

"What are you doing here?" she sneered, crossing her arms in front of her chest. Her eyes were burning as she glared in his direction, reflecting the glow of what little candlelight had filtered into the hallway.

Dipper shrugged at her question, and the ever-present smile on his face successfully riled her up even further. She never could control her temper when he was around.

"I was invited," he replied. He watched in interest as Pacifica directed her glare towards the ballroom floor and cursed under her breath. "I'm sure the town would have rioted if the county's most beloved pair of twins were snubbed an invitation to your family's New Years Eve Masquerade."

"And why would you even want to be here?" she asked, rolling her eyes in exasperation. She gestured towards the ballroom, just as a slower and softer string quartet filled the air and another waltz began. "You hate parties. Or socializing in general."

Dipper ignored the jab that she made at his recluse nature. He was more than used to her sarcasm, he even enjoyed it from time to time. "I'm not exactly eager to be here, but Mable was insistent."

She scoffed at that. "And God forbid Mable doesn't get what she wants."

It was her tone that set him off, along with the way that she spat out his sister's name like it was poison. His brow twitched in irritation as he reached for the pendant at his collar. He stopped himself before his fingertips could brush the surface. He could tell she wore her bloodstone, the silver chain around her neck and the dark crystal tucked under her bodice gave that away. His amulet would have no effect on her. But his desire to snap back at her was overwhelming.

"And why are you here Pacifica?" he hissed, bitterness hanging on his words. "I know you hate these social events as much as I do."

"It's my parents' party," Pacifica countered, straightening her spine and holding her chin high. With her regal gown and the jewels she was adorned with, she looked like a queen. "I have to be here."

"I'm surprised they even bothered to ship you back up to Gravity Falls," he said, watching with a measure of satisfaction as her shoulders became tense.

"Shut up," she whispered, her eyes darting towards the ballroom.

Dipper ignored her harsh demand, gaining far too much enjoyment from igniting her temper. "Funny, how your parents only acknowledge your existence when you need to make a publi-"
Dipper barely had time to react when Pacifica jolted forward without warning, pressing her chest against his so she effectively shoved him into the wall. Her hand was clamped over his mouth, but Dipper couldn't bring himself to care. He was sure she could feel the desperate pounding of his heart, considering how firmly she was pressed against his chest. Pacifica, for her part, was perfectly composed as she pushed the two of them against the wall and focused all her attention on the outside of the hallway.

A woman with sandy blonde hair done up in an elaborate twist stormed past the narrow corridor. The woman's artfully applied makeup and her elaborate mask did nothing to hide the ugly scowl on her lips, nor her identity. Though, Dipper doubted that even at a masquerade, Priscilla Northwest would ever want to remain anonymous. Her elegant crimson dress whispered against the ballroom floor as she swept past them. Pacifica pressed herself against him further, as if she were trying to force them both to disappear into the wall. Her head tucked itself neatly under his nose, and Dipper pressed his face into her hair and inhaled the scent of strawberries like a man plagued by starvation.

Once the woman was out of sight, Pacifica leaned back from him without removing her hand from his mouth. She peeked around the corner for a brief moment, making sure that her mother had truly passed them by without knowledge of their presence.

Dipper manoeuvred his head so he was free of her grasp. "Miss Northwest," he murmured, angling his head so he could draw her attention back to him. She whipped around and stared up at him in shock when she realized their delicate position. "Are you hiding from your parents in order to be with me? I'm flattered."

Pacifica immediately shoved herself away from him, her lip curling in barely repressed disgust. "Screw you," she hissed, keeping her voice barely above a whisper just in case her mother was close enough to hear.

Dipper knew his response was cheap, but he couldn't help himself. "I hardly think this is the place."

Pacifica backed further away from him, her cheeks becoming a bright and visible red under the limited lighting. She pressed her back into the wall as she glared in his direction.

"You're repulsive," she said. Dipper didn't mind her venomous tone when she looked completely adorable while she was embarrassed and flustered. "And FYI, I only hid in this hallway because I thought it was empty. If I'd known you were in here I would have avoided it like the plague." She paused in her tirade, looking thoughtful for a moment before she continued. "Speaking of which, get out."

"I was here first," Dipper replied, crossing his arms over his chest as he regarded her. "Find your own hiding spot."

"It's my house," she sneered in retaliation. "All the hiding spots are my hiding spots. Now get out."

Dipper grinned, his green eyes glinting in the candlelight and his voice lowering into a sensual purr. "Make me."

Her face flushed with further embarrassment and rage, glaring at him with all the bile that she could muster. Before long her face grew so warm from looking at him, that she was forced to turn her gaze towards the ground. Her exceptionally bright blush, and the fact that he had caused her sudden bashfulness made him beam with pride and jubilation.

"I swear, this night is cursed," Pacifica hissed in exasperation, slumping into the wall. She showed
no care for bending the wings that were strapped to her back. "First, my mom tries to pawn me off to any asshole with a wealthy father and a trust-fund." Dipper stiffened at that statement. His smug grin faltered with the knowledge that she was being pursued by other young men at this party. "And then, when I finally get away from her, I run into you. The psycho mind-controlling magician that's obsessed with me."

It was like cold water was being tossed over his head, dousing any pleasure he had gained from this interaction. Something serpentine and spiteful coiled tightly in his stomach. He was aware that she knew how he felt. It's not as if he hid it from her the last time he saw her in the summer. However, for her to point it out so candidly and with such hatred in her tone, stung more than he cared to admit. "Your vanity is astounding, Northwest," he hissed under his breath. "I'm not obsessed with you."

Pacifica looked back up at him with her arms crossed in front of her chest. Her blush had vanished and she seemed thoroughly unconvinced. "So you weren't smelling my hair before?" she asked in a deadpan tone.

Dipper froze, and his eyes grew wide as if he were staring death directly in the face. Crap. He had been hoping that she hadn't noticed that.

"I was struggling to breathe through the chemicals," he sneered, quickly covering his mortified expression with a look of disgust. "Did you drench your head in hairspray?"

"And all the times you stared at me from afar during the summer, and constantly crept around me?" Pacifica asked, pushing herself up from her slumped position against the wall. She stood taller than usual, due to the heels she had, no doubt, been forced to wear. "What, was that all for the sake of the journal?"

"Yes," he said, holding his head high with the pride that he could manage. "And sometimes I found you marginally attractive. When you weren't dressed like a slob, that is."

She hummed in thought, and her eyes seemed to shift to a darker shade as she took a slow step towards him. "Then I guess you don't care that we're in this dark narrow hallway. All alone." She took slow deliberate steps towards him as her words filtered through her rosy lips like silk. Within moments, the distance between the two of them was closed and her face was inches away from his own. "No sweat for Dipper Pines."

It took all of Dipper's strength not to shudder as she leaned in towards him, balancing precariously on the balls of her feet. He refused to show her weakness, even as she peered up at him with lilac eyes that were clouded by shadow. So, gnashing his teeth, he quickly snapped back at her. "It's not."

Her eyes narrowed for a moment, the corners of her eyes crinkling with irritation. A coy smile curled at her lips as she placed her hand against his chest. He could feel the warmth of her palm seeping through his clothes and into his skin.

"Then why is your heart beating so fast," she murmured.

It would be too easy to lean into her touch and close that minuscule distance she had kept between their lips. It would be too easy to slip his hand to the nape of her neck and snake his arm around her waist, keeping her from squirming away while he kissed her. Unfortunately, such a reaction was exactly what she expected, exactly what she wanted. And Dipper wouldn't allow himself to prove her right. However, since she had decided to play this game, there was no reason that he shouldn't play along. He would like to see how long she could keep this up.

"You're awfully fixated on my reaction to your flirtation," Dipper whispered, inclining his head as he
reached up to tuck a lock of blonde hair behind her ear. Given the fact that she was the one to start this, her own pride wouldn't allow her to recoil from him. Or perhaps, she didn't actually mind it. "Are you sure I'm the one who's obsessed?"

Pacifica didn't move an inch as Dipper lightly traced the outline of her jaw with his fingertips. She simply regarded him, with a strange look in her eyes. Without a hint of unease or hesitation, Pacifica reached up with her other hand and delicately ran her fingers through his hair. She never broke eye contact, so Dipper wouldn't either. It was a silent challenge, a test to see which of them would break first.

It turned out to be Pacifica, though it had had nothing to do with him. A shrill voice commanded their attention and Pacifica immediately pushed herself away from him.

"Pacifica Elise Northwest!" Pricilla yelled, storming up to her daughter with an absolutely livid expression. Pacifica shrank back at the sight, curling in on herself and looking to the floor with shame. "You're hiding from our guests? Why do you always act like a child? Do you gain some sick pleasure from embarrassing me?"

"No mother, I was just…"

"It doesn't matter. Now come along," Pricilla's hand latched onto Pacifica's arm like the claw of a monster, right before she dragged her out of the corridor. Dipper was quick to follow them, his heart jolting with an uncomfortable jitteriness when he saw Pacifica stumble as a result of being yanked along by her mother. "The Earl's son has been waiting to dance with you all night. If you can manage to do the bare minimum and act like a respectable girl, you may end up as nobility."

"Actually, Mrs. Northwest," Dipper spoke up quickly. Thankfully Pricilla had heard him, stopping her relentless march and turning to look in his direction. "Pacifica promised the next dance to me," he lied, watching as the blonde's eyes widened in shock and her mother's eyes narrowed into slits. "If it's not too much of an imposition, I just don't know when I'll have another chance."

There was a moment of silence that stretched on for longer than Dipper would have liked. Pricilla looked him over with a suspicious glare just before her face split into a tight smile. "Of course," she stated in a friendly manner, though the tension in her voice suggested she was far from happy. Reluctantly, she released the vice grip that she had on her daughter's arm. Pacifica quickly pulled away, rubbing at the red skin on her bicep. "My apologies."

Pacifica watched her mother saunter away, her elegant dress swishing against the ballroom floor. She turned to Dipper with an alarmed expression. "Did you just mind control her?"

"No, I knew your mother wouldn't want to deny her guests a polite request," Dipper replied honestly. Although, the idea of mind control had been tempting after seeing the way Pricilla treated her only daughter. He had quickly decided against it. "God forbid word got out that she was a bad hostess."

Pacifica turned back to see that her mother had vanished into the crowd. When she turned back around, the shy smile that she wore was enough to make his heart flutter. "Thanks."

"It's alright," Dipper muttered as he turned his gaze away. The modesty only lasted for a moment before he turned back to her with a smug grin. "Considering your obsession with me, you were probably clamouring for a dance anyway."

"Don't push it, Pines."
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