Nowhere To Go But Down

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Nowhere To Go But Down

by Everyday_Im_Preaching

Summary

What's a better present to get on your eighteenth birthday than a surprise engagement and a nine hour road trip with your great uncle? Oh wait. Everything. Dipper Pines is eighteen years old and Princeton bound—or he was, until his parents receive a letter in the mail from the Cipher family, submitting an offer for Dipper's hand for their only son, Bill. Now, back in Oregon, he has to deal with a cryptic alpha and a town on the verge of implosion.
Dipper was, in no way, shape, or form, ready for an alpha. Society, however, didn’t agree. The cool day in August when he turned eighteen, his parents received a letter regarding his current marriage status. After a few minutes of rushed deliberation, Dipper was now sitting in the back seat of his great uncle’s car, brooding.

“So, you come to me on the day of my eighteenth birthday to sell me off to the first alpha who sends you an offer?” Dipper asked dramatically. “Why didn’t Mabel get an offer?”

“Look kid. I’m not happy about it either.” Stan told him. “In my day, you waited until you were in heat and the first thing that humped you was your mate for life.”

“Thanks. That’s even better.” Dipper pressed his forehead against the back of the seat in front of him. “Random humping. Really needed that idea in my head.”

“As for Mabel-- you know her. She’s something else.” He shook his head. “You know my brother and I aren’t okay with you mating with that bastard. His entire family is slimy.” Stan muttered something underneath his breath. “But your parents are in charge of this fuckery, not us.”

“I know. Thank you for coming to pick me up Grunkle Stan.” Dipper muttered.

“There are a couple things you need to know about the Cipher family before you show up on their doorstep like a neatly wrapped Hannukah present.” Stan told Dipper. “Well, his doorstep I guess. His parents are off doing hell-knows-what. Probably torturing small children in a third-world country, the sick bastards. Anyway, he’s not a normal alpha, and he’s crazier than all hell.”

“If he’s so crazy, why did mom and dad accept his offer?”

“You know your parents only care about the Pines family name. Plus they were paid a handsome dowry for you.” Stan shrugged. “So not only does Cipher offer status, but the money he comes with is also taken in consideration.”

“Gross. So they basically sold me.”

“Look, I’m not going to talk too much shit on my nephew and his wife, but they’re really a set of greedy fuckers.” Stan told him. “Nothing Ford or I said mattered, and my sister wouldn’t hear it. She doesn’t care what they do with you two.” Again, he muttered something indistinguishable underneath his breath. “But Ford and I are going to try and help you the best we can. We aren’t going to leave you alone in this.” Dipper nodded against the old leather.

“I really, really hate this.” Dipper said softly, and Stan sighed.

“I know you do, kid. On your birthday too.” Stan cursed.

Dipper’s great-uncle’s lived in a small town in Oregon, tucked away from the majority of the population and not the ideal place to live if you wanted to pursue a degree in...well, anything. It was like being cut off from the world. Unfortunately, as Cipher was the alpha, it was Dipper’s duty to go
to him, not vice versa. Hopefully he could gain enough favor with his future alpha that he would be able to attend school, but he wasn’t going to bet on that.

It was a nine hour drive, and between the random truck stops, crappy diners and unlimited amounts of time spent lost in the mountains, they eventually made it. The old welcome sign was now cemented into the dirt, proclaiming that everyone was welcome to the Falls in bright yellow letters that had faded to a sickly hue due to poor upkeep. Dipper’s stomach turned just looking at the thing.

“You did pack everything you needed, right?” Stan asked “I have to drop you off at Lord Moneybags place--and I don’t know when he’s going to let us see you next. I can make a final stop somewhere if you need to pick up an extra toothbrush or something.”

“I’m good.” Dipper told him, swallowing the lump in his throat. “I mean, shit, Grunkle Stan, this is so scary.”

“I know it is.” The car slowed down, almost to a crawl as the old man drove safely for the first time in his life. “And if he starts beating you, you get out of there, call someone. Even if he’s your alpha, you don’t have to put up with that shit. Do you hear me?”

“Yes, Stan.”

“Good. We’ll try to see you sometime soon. Your sister should be coming up here in the next couple weeks--she’s taking a year off to help Soos and Melody with the shack.” Stan sighed. “I really wish I could help you more.”

“You’ve helped me more than my parents have.” Dipper assured, eyes watching the large house in the distance. He blinked away the tears that threatened to break free, and he pressed his head back against the back of the passenger side seat.

“If he tries to fuck you on the first night, you have the complete right to say no.” Stan told him as they drew closer. “An omega has the right to spend the first day inspecting their surroundings and getting settled in their new home. And if you don’t want to sleep with the bastard, feel free to argue with the dumbass. He might be your alpha, but it’s your body and your choice.”

“I’ll try.” Dipper agreed, nodding. He winced as he peeled his forehead from the back of the seat.

“This place is bigger than it looked from the middle of town.” Dipper joked. Stan frowned at him.

“Don’t get lost in there, I don’t think you’d ever be found.” He shut the vehicle off and popped the trunk. As if on cue, the door to the large home opened and what seemed to be a small army of servants came out. They flitted around the car, pulling out the suitcases from the back, taking Dipper’s backpack and almost his jacket.

“No, I’d rather wear it.” Dipper told them, and they seemed stunned for a moment before they went back to what they were doing. Dipper turned to Stan, who gathered him into a hug.

“Stay strong kid.”

“I’ll try.” Dipper murmured, before letting go of his great uncle, turning to the home.

The servants seemed mindless, but helpful--leading him down the main hallway of the building while
others carried his luggage upstairs.

“The master awaits you in the dining room. He has breakfast laid out for you.” One told him, her perfectly ironed skirt not moving an inch. She stood in front of a large, oaken door. “Please, through here.”

“Are… are you not coming with me?” Dipper asked, feeling rushed. Everything was happening so fast he felt like three days had passed in the span of an hour.

“No sir, direct orders.” She told him, her friendly grin never fading from her face. Dipper nodded and took a deep breath. He carefully turned the handle on the door and stepped into the dining room.

It was a large room, lit well and brightly. The dining table was round, but not terribly large and was set out with an assortment of breakfast foods, all fresh from the kitchen. Standing over the table was the man he presumed to be Bill Cipher.

“Your photos don’t do you credit.” Were the first words from the alphas mouth as he swept his eye over Dipper’s frame, almost as if he was summing him on the auction block. Dipper swallowed.

“No, don’t speak. Sit. Eat.” He gestured at the table, and Dipper carefully made his way to the table, almost a dead-end shuffle to one of the empty chairs.

“Thank you for being so thoughtful.” Dipper managed out, his stomach flipping. “I’m not feeling very well however.” Bill tucked a semi-long strand of shockingly blonde hair behind his ear, eyes soft.

“I’ll get you some ginger ale.” Bill told him, and he strode from the room in a way that made his inner omega whine hungrily, the noise trying to climb from his throat. Even with the black cane that the man leaned on as he walked, he was impressive. He thrust his chest out as he walked, imitating the broad chest that most alphas possessed, chin high, gaze comforting yet cool. Dipper rubbed his chest and shook his head, trying to knock the omega back where it belonged.

The longer he sat still, the more settled his stomach became, even managing a weak growl and the smell of the food on the table. No sooner had Dipper went to reach for a plate did Bill return with a glass cup. Dipper’s hand stilled, and he knew the action hadn’t gone unnoticed, even if Bill pretended otherwise.

“I didn’t poison it.” Bill told him, offering the cup to Dipper. He took it carefully, cradling it in his hands.

“I didn’t say you did.” Dipper told him. Bill narrowed his eyes.

“True enough. I do hope you enjoy something that I’ve laid out for you.” Bill leaned against the chair. Dipper waited a moment before looking up at the alpha.

“What’s with the eyepatch?” Dipper asked bluntly. Might as well get the awkward questions out of the way. There was a moment of silence, before Bill broke into a hearty laugh.

“What a refreshing attitude.” Bill told him. “I thought that you’d be cowed for much longer.” A gloved hand carefully touched Dipper’s jaw, sliding down the soft flesh. “Eat. I know you’re hungry.” Bill stood and took a seat right next to Dipper watching as he turned towards the table.

“So, not telling me about the eyepatch?” Dipper inquired, loading up his plate with an assortment including bacon and coffee cake. Bill’s smile remained.

“I was born blind in my left eye. Not many people enjoy seeing the gray, lifeless thing. So I wear an
“Sometimes,” Dipper replied, and Bill nodded.

“Animosity. Duly noted and respected.” Bill told him. “I would like to say that I didn’t see this coming either. My parents, much like your own, were in complete control. However, as distasteful as this might be, I’d like to say that I’d like for it to be beneficial to the both of us.” He crossed his legs. “After all, we are stuck together.”

“We are.” Dipper agreed. A hand gently laid itself on Dipper’s shoulder, and he inhaled sharply, shying away. The hand gripped his shoulder hard, the fingers digging into his collarbone.

“Dipper. Alex. Pines. Look at me.” Dipper turned his head, his face calm. “Whether you like it or not, I’m your alpha now. I’d rather be out doing anything else but playing house with you. In fact, I absolutely hate playing house in every way, shape, and form. But that’s what I get to do. And I will play it well.” His hand crept up, softly cradling Dipper’s neck. “And that’s fine. I don’t mind you. You’re beautiful and intelligent, if your ACTs are anything. I don’t mind rolling around in bed with you. Even managing the household with you.” Dipper sighed. “But I require all the respect of an alpha.” He gripped Dipper’s jaw tightly.

“I understand.” Dipper told him softly, trying to keep the tremble from his voice. Bill nodded, brushing his thumb across Dipper’s cheek, then released him. The food in Dipper’s stomach rolled over, and he took a sip of his ginger ale. So far, so good.

Chapter End Notes

Welcome! Or welcome back, depending!
Thank you RadioActivity for being my beta! ;3;

Song for this chapter:
Ghost by Skip The Use

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Dipper was given a short tour of Bill’s house-- and he used the term ‘house’ lightly. The place was a mansion--three stories, five bedrooms and a backyard that Dipper could have fit his old house in twice. Bill then left him standing on the second floor landing in front of the bedroom door-- their bedroom door, making some second-hand excuse about needing to work on some personal project or something. Dipper hesitated in front of the door for what seemed to be several hours all compacted into a single minute.

“I guess this is happening.” Dipper told himself, taking the cool knob in his palm. “This is actually happening.” He turned it and swung the door open, cringing slightly at the creak that squeaked its way from the hinges. The room, much like the rest of the house, had large proportions. A huge window took up a large portion of the wall facing the garden with an inset seat, complete with a small cranny on the side filled with used books, all dog-eared with faded covers. Dipper strolled past the massive bed, unable to even look at it yet.

The books lining the single shelf were a mix of fairy tales and fantasy novels, almost falling apart at the seams. Even with the shabby covers, the books could be saved. Dipper made a mental note to ask Bill about acquiring a book press and some PVA adhesive. He danced the tips of his fingers over the embossed titles, hesitating on *Journey to the Center of the Earth* by Jules Verne. It had a special place in his heart, right next to everything that Orson Scott Card ever published. Moving on from the shelf, he ran his hands along the circular, well-worn pillows.

Dipper turned around slowly, eyes falling on the bed behind him. It was a canopy trimmed in floral patterned saffron and vanilla curtains that draped down to the dark hardwood of the floor. Dipper let out a quiet whistle of appreciation, running his hands across the duvet. He crinkled his nose in disgust.

“Gross.” He remarked. Silk. It felt too smooth, almost like snot, to him. Not to mention in was incredibly hot to sleep under. “Why do people always think that just because you can afford expensive things, you should buy them?” He asked himself, still running his hands across the slick material. Dipper took a moment to look around nervously, and then he bent down and untied his shoes, making sure to leave them by the edge of the bed in a neat fashion so that no one would trip on them.

Dipper slowly crept on to the bed, feeling the springs give way as he looked at the door in suspense. For some reason, he felt like Bill was going to swing the door open at any moment and catch him, even if he wasn’t doing anything wrong. He settled himself in the middle of his, at first in a ball, simply sitting there and making himself as small as possible. After a moment or two, he slowly stretched out on to it, stripping himself of his jacket and resting his head near the bottom of the mattress. He shoved his toes beneath the pillows, wriggling himself until they touched the headboard.

The bed was soft--or at least the small mountain of blankets that covered it were. Dipper closed his eyes, inhaling the scent of the freshly laundered bedspread. His heart was still beating incredibly fast and he clenched his teeth, refusing to let out a sob. He couldn’t cry--it could be worse. Tons of omegas faced worse every day, he didn’t have a right to complain. Still the tears came, traitorously slipping from between his eyelids and down his cheeks. He threw an arm over his eyes, taking shaky breaths to calm himself.
“Are you alright?” A familiar, soft voice intoned, and Dipper removed his arm to see the helpful maid from the earlier that day standing over him with a small tray of fruit. “You’ve been crying, poor dear.” She laid the tray down and motioned for Dipper to sit up. He did so, sniffling and wiping at his eyes. She clicked her tongue softly, brushing the hair from his face.

“I’m sorry, I know it’s stupid.”

“It’s not stupid.” She told him as she wiped away his tears with her thumbs. “It’s very stressful to change households so suddenly.” Dipper nodded. “I brought you some fruit-- the master of the house thought that you might need something to snack on.”

“Oh, that was very kind of him.” Dipper got out, voice still clogged. He cleared his throat. “He seems nice enough.”

“The master is not a bad man. He keeps to himself.” She told him, picking the tray back into her arms. “I’ve worked here four years and he’s not said one cross word to the staff. At least not that I’ve heard.”

“That’s comforting--” he paused. “I don’t think I’ve caught your name, I’m sorry.”

“That’s alright, it’s not as if we wear nametags. My name is Lana. I am part of the staff that waits on guests, and for now I’ve been assigned to you and your needs during your stay here at the manor.”

“I knew it wasn’t a house.” Dipper muttered to himself, and Lana laughed at him. “What, I did! It’s enormous! No normal person could live in this place and call it a ‘house’.”

“If you think this large, wait until you see the summer home that the master owns.” Lana told him. “I have quite a bit to do now that you’ve arrived, so I’ll come by and speak to you later-- please, investigate the house at your leisure.” She gave him a short bow and left out the open door, leaving Dipper staring at the bowl in his hands. He picked up a piece of speared cantaloupe and sniffed it, before popping it in his mouth and placing the bowl on the end table beside him.

The short tour that Bill had given Dipper hadn’t been satisfying, and there was no way he was just going to lay spread out on the bed, waiting for Bill to show up. So he took Lana’s advice and slipped out of the room. In a brief moment of rebellion, he slipped his socks off in the hall, sinking his toes into the thick, dark carpet.

It was eight in the evening when a pair of servants found Dipper admiring a particularly nude statue that had been tucked away in what seemed to be a junk room. The room, after inspection, contained a myriad of odd items that Dipper found fascinating. Including a small set of wooden ships stuck in bottles and a dark blue matryoshka doll.

“Sir, the master has asked that you make your way to the dining room for dinner.” One told Dipper. When he turned, he noticed that neither of them were Lana. “If you would please follow us.” Dipper frowned and looked at the matryoshka he was holding. He carefully put it down onto a three legged table nearby.

“I, yeah.” Dipper muttered in response, following them out of the room with a last look into the room of oddities. After a moment of silence, Dipper tried to strike up a conversation. “So, what’s for dinner?”
“I do believe the master has ordered out. Pizza, I think.”

“Ordered out? He does that?” Dipper asked.

“Quite often. He’s a glutton for it.” Dipper took this into consideration--the more facts he could learn to make his alpha seem more human, the better.

“Dipper.” Bill greeted when Dipper strode the doors, feeling as if he’d accomplished something. Bill rose an eyebrow at him. “You seem rather pleased.” Any cheer that Dipper had managed to wrangle drained out of him and he deflated. Bill frowned, pulling out a chair for Dipper to sit in. The frown turned to a playful smile. “Don’t let me ruin your good mood.” Bill teased, blowing at some of the stray hairs atop Dipper’s head. Dipper shook his head, trying to hide the small smile Bill’s antics had summoned. Dipper was pushed up to the table, and slender fingers pinched his ear softly before Bill went to sit down opposite him.

“Your house is beautiful.” Dipper told him.

“It’s actually my parents’ home.” Bill told Dipper. “They think that if they let me go out on my own, I’m going to catch on fire or implode.” Dipper snorted at the alpha, plating some pizza for himself. Bill waited for Dipper to pick what he wanted before sliding off his gloves and getting some for himself. “Though I was hoping that you and I could go shopping for a home of our own--after all, we can’t live with my parents forever.”

“Using me as a way to escape your parents.” Dipper shook his head. “Shame on you, Cipher.”

“Oh, I see how it is.” Bill told him, amusement lining his voice. “You’re going to be a bully, picking on the poor, half-blind heir to the Cipher fortune. Much like Uncle Fester and Debbie Jellinsky.”

“Uncle Fester wasn’t blind, he was just awkward and bald.” Dipper argued.

“Nit-picking.” Bill told him, and Dipper rolled his eyes. “Anyway, I wasn’t particular to any area, and I wanted your opinion.”

“My opinion? On buying a house?”

“Yes. After all, you have to live in it as well.” Bill told him, raising an eyebrow. Dipper took a cautious bite of pizza, thinking of how to approach the subject.

“I was accepted to Princeton this fall.” Dipper said softly, knowing that the suggestion was a long shot.

“Isn’t that in New Jersey?” Bill asked, picking off some pepperoni and nibbling on them separate from the pizza. “Hasn’t the fall semester already started?” Bill asked, working words in between bites.

“September.” Dipper straightened, placing the slice down. “Actually, I would like to talk about that at length. This morning, you told me what you wanted from this. You were completely reasonable, and I understand that you are my alpha, and that means you’re completely in control of me. Regardless,” Bill looked up, focusing on Dipper. “I’d like to go to school. If not this fall, then in spring.” Bill sat back in his chair, hands folded on his lap, considering it. Dipper picked at his pizza, trying not to panic as Bill took what seemed like an eternity to make up his mind.

“As much as I’d like to go in the fall, you’d have to wait until spring. I have quite a bit of work left to do here in the falls.” Bill fiddled with his previous unseen cane. “When we do move, would you
mind commuting?” Bill asked. “Princeton is rather small, and after this autumn, I don’t fancy the idea of living in a small town ever again.” Dipper’s chest tightened. “Is there a larger town nearby?”

“W-well, Newark is rather large-- it has about 300,000 people. I mean, it’s not over a million like Piedmont, but it’s far larger than Gravity Falls. Granted, it’s an hour commute but…” Dipper inhaled sharply. “…thank you, Bill. I know that it’s a long way from here.”

“My parents smother me.” Bill returned to his pizza. “The other side of the country is the perfect place to relocate.” He took a bite of the now meatless pizza. “We can look at some homes tonight-- or we can wait until tomorrow morning. I imagine you’re exhausted, however.” Bill told him.


Very little small talk was passed between them after Dipper’s statement, and Bill had sent him to bed, telling him he’d be up in a moment. Instead of simply entering the room, Dipper stood in front of it, mind running over situation after shameful situation that could happen when Bill came up the stairs.

“What are you doing out here?” Bill asked Dipper, who jumped. Dipper cautiously opened the door, his nerves completely on edge. A hand laid itself on his shoulder and Dipper let out an unimpressive yelp. Bill made a soft coo, an almost reassuring noise. “I’m going to go change in the bathroom. Your clothes should of been hung in the closet by the servants.” He awkwardly made his way around the shuffling omega.

“Thanks.” Dipper mumbled, unable to look at him.

“Feel free to make yourself comfortable. I might be a moment.” Bill told him, giving him some space. He headed towards the bathroom, shooting a concerned look at his omega.

After Bill had slipped into the master bath, Dipper once again avoided the bed. If he didn’t have to sleep with Bill tonight, hell if he would. After locating an old t-shirt in the closet and a pair of sweatpants, he made a beeline for the window seat, and curled into a ball on the cushions, staring out at the darkened garden.

“Why aren’t you sleeping on the bed tonight?” Bill asked, and Dipper looked over his shoulder at Bill, who was standing by the left side of the bed. Bill was only wearing a pair of plain black boxers, and Dipper swallowed, turning his eyes to the ground. Bill was leaner that Dipper originally thought, but he still had that wide chest and strong, sculpted legs. “Dipper, come.” Dipper frowned at him, but rose from where he was sitting and walked over to the alpha. “This bed is our bed. You will sleep in it.”

“Alright.” Dipper said quietly. Bill had turned down the sheets, and stood still as Dipper slid in the bed and over to the other side. He rolled over so his back faced the alpha, and he felt the bed dip down on Bill’s side, and he flinched as a foot slid against the back of his leg.

“Relax.” Bill murmured, mouth inches from his ear. He slid an arm around Dipper’s waist and pulled him flush against him. “We’re going to be together a long time, and I’m a cuddler.” Dipper giggled and Bill adjusted himself. “And I know this isn’t a great time to mention this, but we do have to consummate our relationship within seven days.”

“Go to sleep Cipher, you already have me in bed with you.” Dipper told him. Bill laughed. “Don’t press your luck.”
OH my goodness! Thank you for the support, and I hope you enjoyed!
Thank you RadioActivity for staying up until three a.m. to help me with this--you're such a blessing ;3;

Songs for this chapter:
Freaks by Timmy Trumpet
Na Na Na [Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na] by My Chemical Romance

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Dipper woke drowsily, blinking the room into view. A cold nose was pressed into the crook of his neck and Bill had thrown a leg over Dipper, snoring into his ear. One of Bill’s hands were pressed against Dipper’s stomach.

“Uh, Bill.” Dipper mumbled, and Bill let out a quiet rumble in his sleep, and he pulled the omega closer, mumbling.

“Go back to sleep.” Bill told Dipper in a low grunt.

“It’s like--” he turned to the alarm clock next to him. “--nine in the morning. You were awake earlier yesterday.”

“That’s why I want to sleep in now.” Bill growled at him, flexing the hand on Dipper’s stomach, sharp nails scraping against the sensitive flesh.

“Can I get up?” Dipper asked Bill.

“No.” Bill told him. “Stay with me.” Dipper shuddered as lips pressed against his neck. “You’re warm.” He curled himself around the omega, pulling the blanket up around him. “I did have to get up early yesterday for you.” Another kiss, this time on his shoulder. Dipper sighed as Bill got comfortable. His breath slowed and he began to snore again. Dipper reached underneath the blanket to his pocket, fingers gently skimming Bill’s thigh in the process.

“Shit, my phone.” Dipper swore. He must of left it in the pocket of his jeans. Now he was really trapped. What the hell was he going to do until Bill woke up for the day? All he could think about was Bill’s chest, the heat of it radiating through his thin t-shirt. The slightly cooler chin that was braced on his shoulder. Dipper closed his eyes, shifting slightly and slipping his hand under the pillow beneath his head.

Dipper managed to go back to sleep, only to wake up alone, the clock now reading eleven-thirty. He pressed a hand to his forehead and swung his legs over the edge of it. A headache was building in his forehead from sleeping too long. This was why he hadn’t wanted to sleep any longer. Getting up slowly, he shuffled to the bathroom, eyelids near closed as he avoided the bright light of the bedroom. Who had opened the windows, and why? Bill didn’t seem the type.

The water was already running when he walked into the bathroom, and Dipper almost turned on his heel to leave the room. Bill was standing in the middle of a large bathtub that had been set in the floor. Dipper gave Bill a once over, trying not to zero in on his nicely formed ass, or to get distracted by the well-toned back muscles flexing when the alpha moved.

“Hello, sleeping beauty.” Bill greeted, turning towards him. Dipper immediately turned his gaze away. “I was just about to get in the bath. Want to join? It would save water.”

“As if you need to.” Dipper told him. “I’ll come back.”

“I’m not going to ogle you while you pee.” Bill told him. “Maybe when you bathe. But that’s about it.” Dipper shuffled to the toilet and quickly took care of his business, the tips of his ears a bright red. Water splashed in the background as Bill settled in the bath.
“Why do you wake up so late?” Dipper asked as he washed his hands.

“Why do you wake up so early?” Bill retorted, and Dipper shook his head.

“Because anything you can do during the night you can do in the day.” Dipper told him, unable to turn towards him. Bill was quiet for a moment.

“Are you nervous to sleep with me?” Bill asked. “I mean, you can barely handle looking at me naked. How are you going to deal with us having sex?” Dipper clenched his fists at his sides.

“I haven’t gotten to that yet.” Dipper admitted.

“You don’t have to be afraid of me.” Bill reminded. “Come on, join me in the bath.” He almost whined. Dipper stared at the floor tiles, shifting his weight from foot to foot. He slowly turned.

“Just...don’t watch me undress.” Dipper told Bill, who was looking at him. Bill put his hands in the air and turned his back to Dipper. Dipper carefully stripped off his clothing, trying to calm down. Bill was his alpha, and so far he’d been accommodating.

“You're such a tease.” Bill scolded, and Dipper winced. “Undressing and not letting me watch. What, do you have some scar you're afraid of showing me? Some love handles? Believe me, I've seen worse.” Bill told Dipper, chatting away. “One time, I met a guy who literally had his mother’s name tattooed up his side. Mommy issues, am I right?” Dipper inhaled softly. He was becoming more human, Bill was becoming more... human.

Dipper carefully climbed into the tub several feet from Bill, crossing his legs. Bill looked over at Dipper.

“You're still wearing the eyepatch.” Dipper told him dryly, and Bill shrugged. “You’re in a bathtub.”

“So are you. But you’re so far away from me, it feels more like an ocean.” Bill teased, stretching his hands up, arching his back so that it raised out of the water, droplets glistening on the tanned flesh. “Slide on over.”

“No.” Dipper told him, unable to look away. Bill pouted, then pat the spot next to him.

“Scoot on over.” Bill told him again, voice dropping, now a command. Dipper shook his head.

“No.” Dipper said, softer this time, as he scooted over indignantly, not looking at Bill. When he was within range, Bill slid an arm around his hand tucking below his shoulder and around his back, resting below Dipper’s breast possessively. “So, can I ask a question?” Dipper asked, fiddling with his hands.

“Go right ahead kid.” Bill cupped some water in his hand and dripped water on top of Dipper’s curls, gently wetting them.

“Do you have a knot?” Dipper asked, and Bill snorted at him.

“I do.” Bill told him, jostling the omega slightly. “Want to see?”

“No, not really.” Dipper told him, face hot. “I mean, eventually--I just.” Dipper sighed and put his face in his hands. “I’m sorry, I’m not a very good omega so far.” Bill grinned at him, shaking his head.

“It’s your second day of this. I’m not expecting you to know what you’re doing. Instincts aren’t even
that good.” Bill told him. “The only reason they want us to fuck so early is so that no one can challenge me for your hand.” He shook his head. “I don’t know what my parents have going on, but believe me, I’m in the dark almost as much as you.”

“But you’re handling it better.” Dipper said softly. Bill stood, water dripping from him.

“Come on. We aren’t getting any cleaner sitting here.” Bill picked up a small basket beside him and Dipper darted his eyes at Bill’s dick. It wasn’t exceedingly large by any standards, but it was still intimidating with the round knot at the base. “No need to hide your interest, little tree.” Bill teased, and Dipper looked away. “It’s all yours anyway.”

“I wasn’t looking.” Dipper told him, following him into the deeper water of the tub.

“You were. Just like I’ve been looking this entire time.” Bill told Dipper. “And I like what I see.” He wagged his eyebrows at Dipper, who rolled his eyes. Bill looked at him before speaking again. “I’m going to wash you.”

“You are not.” Dipper told Bill, who placed the basket in the water. It floated beside him, holding a small collection of hair products, soap, and body wash. Bill chirped at him, pulling him to the space in front of him. “I can wash myself.”

“Dipper, I’m not going to tell you twice.” Bill told Dipper. He grabbed a sponge from the basket beside him and soaped it up. “Besides, I want to explore.” Dipper winced as the foam touched his skin, starting on his chest and moving to his back as Bill closed the space between them. He pressed their bodies together tightly, letting out a reassuring trill to Dipper. The soaped up sponge moved across his back and between his shoulder blades, dipping down to rub along his lower back. Bill placed a hand on Dipper’s hip, holding him still as the sponge moved back up, ghosting along his sides.

Dipper inhaled sharply as it moved across his stomach. Bill squeezed the water from the sponge, soap dripping down Dipper’s lower abdomen. Suddenly, the sponge dropped away and Bill’s hand was moving south, gently cradling the flesh of his stomach. The tips of his claws skirted the sensitive flesh above his crotch.

Somewhere along the way, Dipper had closed his eyes, breath coming quick to him. Slender fingers wrapped around his cock, tugging it lightly. This caused him to whimper softly, leaning forward and pressing his forehead against Bill’s shoulder. The alpha continued to stroke him, bringing his cock to life and began to nip at his flesh in between open-mouthed kisses. A soft moan escaped Dipper’s lips, slightly muffled by Bill’s shoulder.

“Look at that.” Bill teased. “You’re going to be so cute when I finally fuck you. All moans and whines.” Dipper let out a whimper as the hand sped up.

“B-Bill, please--.” Dipper mewled. This wasn’t what he expected. A handjob in the bathtub was definitely not what he expected but holy shit it was so much better when it was someone else’s hand pumping your cock and not your own.

“Shush.” Bill told Dipper, squeezing him. He slid his hand up and pressed his thumb against the leaking slit, smearing the precum there. Dipper let out a moan through grit teeth. “I’m here to take care of you.”

“I… I thought you weren’t going to fuck me in the bath.” Dipper asked, hips rolling forward. Bill steadied his hips with his free hand, giving a warning growl. Dipper whined plaintively at him, but Bill let out another rumble.
“I’m not.” Bill told him. “I figured we could work up to that later in the week, since you’re so nervous. All you have to do for me right now is cum.” Dipper let out a soft whine, and Bill nosed his jaw. A few more pumps of Dipper’s cock and he was coming all over Bill’s hand and stomach. He hid his face shamefully. Bill snickered, pressing a kiss behind Dipper’s ear. “So ashamed! You don’t have to be ashamed with me, I won’t allow it.” Dipper waited a few minutes to respond, catching his breath.

“I literally just came all over your stomach. It’s gross.” Dipper told him, and Bill drug a finger through the cum on Dipper’s stomach, contemplating it.

“I think someone’s been listening to too much Christian theology.” Bill told him, voice singsong. “If touching ourselves, or someone else was a sin, we’d all be on fire. Including the bible-thumping preachy ones.” Bill rinsed off his cum-covered hand in the water around him. “But honestly, you don’t have to be ashamed.” He bent down and grabbed the sponge that’d sunk to the bottom of the tub. “Back to our bath though. I’m dying to wash that hair of yours. It’s so curly--like a sheep.” He ran a hand through Dipper’s hair, then stepped back, reaching for his basket.

“You have the attention span of a five-year old.” Dipper told him, and Bill splashed some water in his direction. Dipper returned the favor, and Bill let out a playful rumble.

“Want to play, short stuff?” Bill challenged. Dipper stuck out his tongue at him, splashing more water his way. “Oh it’s on.”

Chapter End Notes

Songs for this chapter:
Lotta Love by Nicolette Larson
Expectation by Brika

As always, RadioActivity is my beta for this fic.

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Bill won the water skirmish, and finally got the unruly curls washed, threading his fingers through the slick locks. His fingers were gentle as he brushed back the bangs from Dipper’s forehead. He pulled his hands away and both of Bill’s eyebrows rose. Dipper made an inhuman noise, horrified as Bill’s eyes locked on to the birthmark.

“What’s this?” Bill asked suddenly, and Dipper shot up. He slapped a hand to his forehead and stumbled away from the alpha, who followed him. Dipper turned his back to him, sloshing through the water. “What’s that?” Bill questioned again, following him.

“Nothing, it’s nothing.” Dipper told him, heading towards the steps that descended into the tub. Bill’s hand landed heavily on his shoulder and Dipper froze in terror. He couldn’t handle this right now.

“It doesn’t look like nothing.” Bill disagreed, moving in front of Dipper, preventing him from escaping. Dipper didn’t say a word, avoiding Bill’s eye. Bill pried Dipper’s hand from his forehead, nails scraping against his skin. Once the hand was moved out of the way, Bill stood frighteningly still, taking in the birthmark that was underneath. “Is this a birthmark?”

“Well, I didn’t get a star constellation tattooed on my forehead.” Dipper muttered to himself. Bill’s hand slid underneath Dipper jaw and jerked his head up, forcing him to look at him. “Yes. It’s a birthmark.”

“When I ask you a question, I expect an answer.” Bill warned, voice dangerously low. Dipper gave him a curt, forced nod. Bill leaned forward, pressing his lips to the constellation like birthmark on his forehead. Dipper flinched at the hot flesh brushing his. “Why were you trying to hide it from me?”

“It’s a huge birthmark in the center of my forehead.” Dipper told him, voice blunt. “And you’re asking me why I’d try to hide it from you?” Dipper shook his head, laughing mirthlessly.

“I’m not going to make fun of you.” Bill told him, taken aback. He looked miffed. His face turned from concerned to one of absolute shock. “Is that why you’re called Dipper? Because of this?” He traced the lines on his omegas forehead. Seven little dots, connected by thin lines that had been etched into his skin since the day he was born.

“If you can’t beat the bullies, you might as well join them.” Dipper muttered, eyes dropping to the floor sullenly. Bill shook his head. “Look, can I dry off and get dressed? I’m cold.” Bill’s hand cradled the omegas jaw briefly before stepping out of the way. Dipper exited the tub. “Where do you keep the towels?” He asked, walking towards the wall of cabinets beside the tub.

“I’m not mad that you have it. I’m upset because you tried to hide it from me.” Bill reiterated, climbing out of the tub behind him. “They’re in the cabinet over there.” He pointed to Dipper’s left. The omega walked over and pulled out a clean towel, trying to ignore Bill.

“I know, I just don’t want to talk about it. Or think about it. Ever.” he told Bill, picking through the towels to find one that didn’t look overstarched.

“Well, we’re going to.” Bill told him, and Dipper shuddered as he moved closer, shadow falling over
him like judgement day.

“Why, do you think you’re parents are going to be upset and demand a partial refund because I’m not perfect?” Dipper demanded, slamming the cabinet drawer. The air behind him was empty for a single moment, a **splinter** of a second and then Dipper was in the air. Bill had pulled him up and shoved him against the wooden cabinet behind him. The wooden dips in the decorative carving dug into Dipper’s back, and his towel dropped to the floor beneath him, forming a small, light blue puddle on the stone tile.

Bill had him pinned to the wall via his wrists, keeping them there with a single hand. His lips were drawn back in a snarl, fangs glinting dangerously close to Dipper’s face. His eye flashed in anger as a low growl ripped from him, vibrating in the air between them. Dipper continued to avoid looking him in the eye, focusing on his nose instead and the way it scrunched up like that of an angry wolf.

“Are you saying that my family would be so vain as to think that a birthmark was a flaw?” Bill growled. “Do you think that I would be so vain? I thought you were intelligent.” Dipper didn’t say a word, and he felt Bill press a single kiss to the corner of his mouth. The lips lingered for a single moment, then disappeared. When the omega didn’t move, Bill released Dipper’s hands. He picked up the towel that had been dropped and wrapped it carefully around Dipper’s waist, tucking it tightly with practiced ease. After retrieving a towel for himself and giving himself the same treatment, he nodded towards the bathroom door.

“You’re probably hungry. Lana will have something ready for you when you go to the dining room.” Bill told him. “I’m going to eat in my study. You’re free to join me after your meal.” Dipper slinked forward like a scorned child. “And you will eat.” Bill added.

“Fine.” Dipper muttered.

Lana had been concerned about him when he entered the hall, but still insisted that he eat something before he returned to his room to sulk about the alpha he’d been unfortunately been paired with.

Dipper refused to return to their bedroom and ventured out into the large garden instead, marching through the grass with a dissatisfied stomping. He wanted to say that Bill didn’t have the right to be so stern with him—but he *did*. And that was the worst part. Bill could do whatever he wanted with Dipper, short of killing him, and everyone would tell him that it was his job as an omega to give in to his alpha’s wishes.

“It’s like we don’t have rights or something.” Dipper muttered to himself. Standing underneath a wicker arch, he looked up at the blue squares of sky he could see between the plaited willow. “I guess we don’t.” He told himself with a sigh. If he’d been born normal—a little more human—maybe he wouldn’t be in this situation.

Dipper followed the stone path for a little while, walking past a small water fountain and few empty bird baths. Every spot seemed to be too open to enjoy some peace and quiet in. He skulked around the garden some more before he settled on a shady spot on the backside of a tall cedar, pressing his back against the rough bark.

“Hello beautiful.” Dipper muttered, pulling out the battered copy of *Journey to the Center of the Earth*. “Long time since I’ve seen a copy of you.” He inspected the weakened book spine. “Looks like you had a bit of a rough life. But you all read the same.” He adjusted himself against the tree.

Dipper was about a quarter of a way through the book when he heard footsteps behind him. He
peeked out from behind the tree. A couple of servants were shiftily making their way through the garden, whispering and shushing one another when they thought they were getting too loud.

"The master mustn’t know." One of them said as they passed the tree where the omega was hiding and Dipper rose his eyebrows, confused. Something suspicious was happening at the manor, and he felt like Bill needed to know.

"Have you seen Bill?" Dipper asked the first servant he met when he entered the house. He had waited until the small gaggle of servants had exited his part of the garden before slipping back into the house. The servant jumped, nearly losing his bottle of cleaner.

"Sir Dipper--No, I haven’t. Though I assume he’s still in his study. He rarely leaves during the daylight hours.” The servant answered. “Have you eaten? You must be hungry.” Dipper considered it for a moment. Bill had told him he’d be in his study, how could he forget?

“No, I’m fine.” Dipper told the servant, skirting around him. “I just wanted to see Bill, that’s all.” The servant looked at him for a moment.

“Very well. Have a wonderful day, sir Dipper.” The servant picked up the cleaner and went back to work. Dipper jogged up the steps, book tucked underneath his arms. He paused for a minute and looked back at the servant. “Second floor, third door on your right sir.”

“Thank you.” Dipper told him.

Dipper had just reached the second floor when he noticed something odd out of the corner of his eye. More servants were shuffling around in the main hall, and Dipper narrowed his eyes. They were also acting strange, heads twisting this way and that, watching for who Dipper assumed to be Bill. The door behind him in the hall opened.

“Nice view.” Bill commented, and Dipper turned around to see him leaning against the wall. “You look nice in those shorts.” He walked over to Dipper. “I see you’ve picked a book from my collection.”

“Oh!” Dipper looked down, a soft blush ghosting his cheeks. “I hope you don’t mind. I wanted to fix it but I figured that while I had it, I’d give it a read for old times sake.” Dipper looked up. “Speaking of that, do you have a book press and could we get some PVA adhesive glue? I could get those books back in shape in no time.”

“Fix them? The bindings?” Bill asked. “Yeah, I can order some PVA glue and a book press. And why would I be mad that you borrowed a book?”

“Well, it was yours. I didn’t know if you had...well…” Dipper sighed. “I don’t know.” Bill shook his head and ruffled Dipper’s hair. “Stop that! Look, I saw something weird going on.” Bill slid his hand into Dipper’s free one and tugged him back towards the open door. “No, over the balcony.” Bill rose an eyebrow and leaned over the railing.

“There’s nothing there, Dipper.” Bill told him. “Empty hall.” Dipper looked over the edge and groaned. Nothing, just as Bill had said. Bill tugged on his hand again.

“Come on.” Bill told him, and Dipper followed in a shuffle.

The study was large and had open windows that allowed sun to cover nearly every surface. Bill sat down in a leather computer chair, turning to face Dipper who sat down on a leather chair opposite...
him. Dipper sighed and placed the book he borrowed on the table beside him.

“I did see something weird.” Dipper told him.

“I believe you.” Bill crossed his legs.

“You do?” Dipper asked, confused. Bill nodded. “Well I was sitting in the garden, reading, when I heard some servants talking about something. But the only thing I caught was ‘the master musn’t know’. And then when I was on the staircase I saw another group of servants crossing the hall--they were watching for something. Like they didn’t want to get caught.”

“Servants?” Bill asked. “You didn’t hear any other part of their conversation?”

“No. I was hiding, like…” Dipper sighed. “…from you. I was hiding from you, because of this morning. And if I’d have shown myself, then they would’ve stopped talking.” Bill stood from his chair and walked over to where Dipper was sitting.

“I wasn’t angry.” Bill told Dipper. “I’m not angry. I’m just upset that you’d try and hide something so insignificant from me.”

“It’s not insignificant to me.” Dipper told him, puffing up. Bill pushed back his bangs, hands tangling in his hair. Chapped lips met Dipper’s, warm and commanding. Dipper let out a confused whimper.

“Regardless of its importance, I have a right to know.” He kissed the birthmark. “I actually think it’s cute. My own little Arcas.”

“Arcas?” Dipper questioned as Bill pressed a kiss to each dot on Dipper’s forehead.

“The real name of the Little Dipper is Arcas. Bastard son of Zeus, scorned by Hera and turned into a constellation with his mother? You really need to look into astrology kid.”

“Astrology is a psuedo-science.” Dipper told him, and Bill chuckled, letting him settle back down into the chair.

“Now, this whole servant mess. I’ll see if I can rustle some jimmies around.” The alpha told him. “It wouldn’t surprise me if they were planning a coup right underneath my nose.”

“I doubt it’s that serious.” Dipper told him, relaxing in the chair. He grabbed the book again, opening it up. He fiddled with the dog eared pages, not yet ready to begin reading again.

“But it was serious enough for you to bring it to my attention.” Bill disagreed, spinning his chair back around to face his desk. There was a soft click and Dipper peeked up as Bill opened a laptop. “So there’s a minor degree of seriousness.” The chair squeaked as Bill leaned back in it. “Don’t you worry little tree, you can trust in me.” Dipper shook his head, bringing the book up.

In your dreams, Cipher.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for your continued support ;3;
And thank you, RadioActivity, for being my beta!
Songs for this chapter:
Have You Ever Been Lonely (Have You Ever Been Blue?) by Patsy Cline
NO by Meghan Trainor

If you're interested in solving the cipher that serves as this chapter's title, the keywords are located within the chapter!

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Bill was deeply entrenched in whatever he was working on with his laptop, focusing hard enough that he didn’t notice when Dipper crept behind him, peering over his shoulder. Dipper rose an eyebrow when he noticed that all that was on the screen was a blank word document.

“Getting a lot of work done, I see.” Dipper commented, and Bill jumped, chair sliding as he pushed his weight back on to it. When he noticed it was only Dipper, he groaned, putting his face in his hands.

“Goodness gracious little tree, if you aren’t careful about that, one of us is going to end up dead.” Bill pressed his palm against the center of his chest, shaking his head. “And I was working.”

“Yes. I can see the phenomenal amount of work that you’re getting done.” Dipper told him dryly.

“If you’re just going to harass me, you can go back to sitting in the garden.” Bill replied, sounding recalcitrant, fingers moving to rest on the keyboard. Dipper leaned on the back of the chair, inhaling the combination of the rich scent of leather and the heady scent of Cipher. Bill sighed and leaned back, looking up at the omega. He opened his mouth to say something, but quickly shut it.

“What’s wrong?” Dipper asked Bill, leaning heavily on the chair.

“I’m feeling a bit crowded.” Bill told him, and Dipper clicked his tongue. “I have to work. Take a nap.”

“I’ve literally slept half the day away. If you think I’m getting back into bed you’re insane.” Dipper told him, lip hanging in a pout. Bill sighed.

“If you’re really that bored, we could consummate our relationship.” Bill told Dipper, and the omega took a step back.

“Bluffing.” Dipper told him, voice wavering. Bill turned his chair and stood up.

“Am I, little tree?” Bill asked, cornering the omega. “I think that you and I have different ideas when it comes to ‘bluffing’. You see, normally, when one bluff, they don’t intend to follow through with what they’ve threatened.”

“I think that’s what bluffing is. And you’re bluffing.” Dipper told him nervously, eyes darting away. Bill bent over and pressed his lips to Dipper’s neck. Dipper’s pulse jumped underneath the warm lips and Bill boxed Dipper in, trailing kisses down to his collarbone. The omega let out a quiet, indiscernible squeak and tilted his neck up.

“You’re so adorable.” Bill told him, standing back up. “Even though you act like you don’t want me to bed you, your body craves it.” He shook his head, laughing. Dipper clenched his fists, nails scraping the cloth of his shorts.

“Shut up!” Dipper snapped at him, face flushing red. “You don’t know anything!” Bill continued to laugh and Dipper threw his arms into the air, voice raising to a scream. “You’re an arrogant bastard, do you know that?” Bill clucked at Dipper, shaking his head. “What, you don’t have anything to say to me?”
“Dipper, calm down.” Bill told the omega, turning to his desk.

“I will not calm down! You will pay attention to me.” Dipper demanded, and Bill sighed.

“What do you want from me?” Bill asked, whipping around, throwing his arms out from him. Dipper froze. What did he want? Bill scoffed and shook his head. “You don’t even know what you want.” Bill pulled his chair out from his desk. Dipper inhaled sharply, fingers turning white within clenched fists. Turning on his heel, he stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Lana jumped when Dipper stormed into the kitchen.

“It looks like you have a dark cloud around that head of yours.” Lana told him, wiping her hands off on her apron. “Sit down, let me get you a cream puff.” Dipper threw himself down in a nearby chair, crossing his arms over his chest.

“He’s such a tool!” Dipper growled out as Lana brought him back a small tray of the fluffy treats.

“Tool? Sir, I assure you that he’s not that bad.”

“Why do you keep saying that?” Dipper groaned. “He is that bad. He’s literally the worst possible person to be paired with. I can’t live with him for the rest of my life.” Lana clucked at him.

“You’ve known him less than forty-eight hours.” Lana told Dipper, offering the omega a cup of milk. Dipper took it and pressed the cool glass to his forehead, the headache from earlier stirring, freshly awoken by their argument.

“So?” Dipper questioned, setting the glass on the table and leaned back in the chair, watching the small droplets of condensation roll down on to the countertop.

“So you need to get to know him better. I think that you and the master will get along fantastically.” Lana told him, rinsing off her hands in the sink. “Are you hungry for something that’s not as sweet? I can have the cook make something for you.”

“Cook?”

“Yes, he’s in the pantry taking stock of what we have. Now that there’s another…” Lana paused for a moment. “..well, you’re another ‘master’ now, I suppose. Now that you’ve joined our household, we need to add certain things to the pantry.”

“What, does Bill eat rat liver or something?”

“Not exactly, but he does have an exotic palette. When he’s not scarfing down pizza, that is.” Lana joked, and Dipper laughed softly. “Now, eat one of those, and I’ll have something more substantial made for you.”

“I can make it until dinner, you know.” Dipper told her, and she frowned.

“Are you sure? You’re awfully small.” Lana said softly, as if Dipper had been underfed.

“I just have an excellent metabolism. Mostly.” He stood up. “I think I’m actually going to take an aspirin and find a dimly lit room. My head is killing me.”

“Aspirin can be found in most restrooms.” Lana told him helpfully, and he nodded. “You can take your glass with you if you wish.”
“Oh, thanks.” Dipper looked at the milk. “But after I get up there, I won’t want to bring it back down. I’ll just grab some water from the sink.” Lana looked at him, concerned.

“If you wish, sir.” She told him. “Dinner’s at seven, though someone will be sent to find you if you are not there.”

“Mm, I bet they enjoy babysitting me.” Dipper joked, and Lana rolled her eyes.

“You aren’t that much of a hassle. Soon you’ll be able to navigate the house by yourself.” She told him.

“But that doesn’t mean the master of the manor is going to let me.” Dipper countered. Lana frowned at the omega, then sighed heavily.

“I will see you later this evening then, sir?” Lana asked, and Dipper nodded to her, before slipping out the kitchen door.

Dipper returned to the small storage room that he’d been in the night before. The matryoshka doll was right where he’d left it, and he picked it up, cradling it in his hands as he continued to explore the small room. He found a small collection of mounted crocodile heads that were barely dusty. That meant that either they were recently up, or that someone had cleaned in there on the daily.

The glassy eyes of the reptiles seemed to follow him after he’d discovered them. They were unsettling to say the least, their mouths opened in sharp, toothy grins that seemed to mock Dipper. *Stick your head in,* they mocked, and Dipper couldn’t bring himself to look back over at them.

“Sir?” A voice rang from the doorway, and Dipper turned. “Dinner’s ready, if you’d please join the master for dinner.” The servant asked, and Dipper huffed softly. It hadn’t felt like it had been that long— but he didn’t have a watch on him, and all he had done regarding his phone was place it on the bedside table.

“I’m coming.” Dipper looked at the Russian nesting doll. “Sorry little friend. I don’t think Bill would like it if I took you with me to dinner. After all, he’s supposed to be my date, not you.” He placed it down on the same table as last night.

“You’re covered in dust.” Bill was standing at the table, and Dipper made a show of ignoring him as he seated himself on the opposite side of Bill. If Bill thought that they were just going to return to friendly terms after their earlier argument, then he wasn’t as bright as he seemed. “Silent treatment? You wound me, little tree.” Bill waited until Dipper was fully seated before he sat down. “Have you been exploring?”

“Yes.” Dipper responded curtly.

“Where were you?” Bill asked lightly, pouring a cup of water from a porcelain pitcher on the table.

“Why don’t you ask the servants?” Dipper replied. Dinner was a simple spread of grilled chicken, varied vegetables and fresh baked rolls. “They know better than I do.”

“Answer my question.” Bill repeated, tone demanding.

“I was in a storage room on the second floor.” Dipper answered, simply. “Just like yesterday.”
“Second floor storage? Have you found anything in there that you like?” Bill asked, and Dipper picked at his chicken. The small talk was as deafening as silence would have been. “It’s all junk that my parents stuffed in there.” When Dipper didn’t respond, Bill slammed a hand on the table, causing Dipper to jump. “If you’re not going to speak --” he growled out. “-- then eat.” Dipper swallowed hard, and began to eat the food in front of him, not raising his eyes to look at Bill. The alpha, after he confirmed that Dipper was eating, began on his own food.

The air was thick, like a heavy fog had settled between them, containing all the charm as Dipper imagined a war zone might have.

“There was something,” Dipper said lightly, and Bill’s head snapped up. “In the room.” Bill suddenly went slack, now reflecting nothing but the cool, neutral expression he’d entered the room with.

“Really?”

“Yes. There are severed crocodile heads. They’re mounted.” Dipper told him, and Bill perked up.

“Their eyes follow me wherever I go.”

“Do you like them?” Bill inquired, hands interlacing. “I was thinking of putting them in the hall--” he noticed the strained look on Dipper’s face. “--oh, you don’t like them. Why not? The way they stare is charming.”

“Charming.” Dipper repeated, and Bill let out a soft chuckle.

“Did you find anything else in there? Anything interesting?” He repeated his question from earlier. He puffed up in pride like he’d banished the sullen silence.

“I found something that I liked. Though you’ll probably think it’s weird.” Dipper muttered.

“I’m all about weird.” Bill argued, and Dipper popped a piece of broccoli into his mouth, chewing it thoughtfully.

“No.” Dipper said instead. “Never mind.”

“Come on. You can have whatever it is.” Bill told him. “Again, my parents think it’s all junk. I’m sure they wouldn’t mind.”

“I’m not telling you.” Dipper repeated, returning to the dinner on his plate. Bill stared at him for a moment. “How did your work go?” Bill cleared his throat.

“Good, good.” Bill told him.

“How’s your chicken?” Bill asked, and Dipper narrowed his eyes.

“It’s good.” Dipper replied, peeved. “Delicious actually. The cook is really talented.”

“I’m sure he’d love to hear that himself.” Bill told him with a smile. “I’m glad you’ve been getting along with the staff, by the way. You seem to like them more than me.” Bill pushed his plate away from him, staring at Dipper. “So, little tree, tell me more about you.” Dipper scraped his fork along the last bits of vegetable that’d escaped him.
“I like science fiction.” Dipper began. “I enjoy reading and writing, even though I’m not very good at it.” He placed his fork down. “Video games, monster hunting shows, puzzles, riddles--”

“--ciphers?” Bill asked, voice hopeful. Dipper rolled his eyes.

“Yes, ciphers. I like mysteries too.” He fiddled with the tablecloth.

“What do you plan to go to school for?” Bill asked. “I don’t think you’ve ever told me.” He tapped his fingers on the table, and Dipper cleared his throat.

“Evolutionary Biology.” The omega told him.

“Science! I pegged you as a science major-- but I didn’t want to presume.” Bill crowed victoriously. “Evolutionary Biology is a mouthful to say. Why’d you pick that?”

“People are always changing--what biological difference exists between you and I that make you an alpha and I an omega? Why are some people born without the genome that unlocks that animalistic side of us? Why are some of us human,” he placed his hands, palms upwards on the table. He looked at them momentarily, frowning. “And some of us not?” Bill gently placed his hand on top of Dipper’s, barely enough weight to get Dipper’s attention.

“An interesting question.” Bill interlaced their fingers, curling them together. “You’ll do wonderful things at Princeton, Dipper.”

“Uh, thanks.” Dipper muttered. “I hope to.” Bill released his hand and stood.

“Now, I have a little bit of work left to do--I expect you to be in the bedroom by ten-thirty, but feel free to have run of the house until then.” Bill stood. Dipper nodded at him. Of course, Bill was going to keep him on a leash; why wouldn’t he? Dipper stood. “You can continue eating, if you want.”

“If you say I’m ‘too skinny’ or I’m ‘very small’, I’ll come across this table.” Dipper told him dryly. Bill fluttered his lashes, meeting Dipper stride for stride as he made his way to the end of the table.

“I’d like to see that.” Bill teased, meeting up with Dipper. He pressed a gentle kiss to the tip of Dipper’s nose. “And then I’d like to pin you to the wall and show you who’s boss.”

“Not happening.” Dipper told him, brushing past him and out the dining room door, followed by the echo of Bill’s laugh.

“Definitely happening.” He heard Bill call, and his ears burned red. That man would be the end to him and more importantly, his sanity.

Chapter End Notes

Songs for this chapter:
Hounds by Smashing Satellites
Falling In Love Will Kill You by Gerard Way

RadioActivity is my beautiful beta, as always!

The cipher used in the title is vigenere! If you'd like to solve the cipher, I'll gladly give you the codephrase doodad!
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“Snug as a bug in a trashcan.” Bill teased when he saw that Dipper had already settled onto the bed, turning a page on a new novel. The covers had been pulled away, but Dipper hadn’t crawled underneath them just yet. The faint smell of biblichor was intoxicating, and he was all too ready to dive into the books beside him. He missed Jules Verne, but he’d settle—there was no way he was stepping back into Bill’s office in the next few days. “Still giving me the silent treatment?”

“No.” Dipper replied, turning a page. He reveled in the soft paper, feeling it slide underneath his fingertips. “I’m reading.” Bill took a seat at the end of Dipper’s side of the bed, and kicked off his shoes. Dipper looked as Bill proceeded to pull off his suit jacket and drop it on the floor. “Not going to go change in the bathroom tonight?”

“We took a bath together. I don’t think it matters at this point, little tree.” Bill told him.

“Well, can you change on your side of the bed?” Dipper asked, and Bill rose an eyebrow. His shirt joined the mess that he was making on the floor.

“All of the bed is my side of the bed.” Bill told him, unbuckling his pants. Dipper pretended to focus back on his novel, and Bill kicked his pants off.

“Do you want me to move to the other side?” Dipper asked, watching Bill out of the corner of his eye. The alpha was climbing on the bed, kneeling at Dipper’s feet. “What do you want?” Dipper asked, hoping that Bill couldn’t hear the tremble in his voice.

“For you to put that book down and look at me.” Bill told him lightly, and Dipper did as he was told, returning it to the stack. Bill gently laid his hands on either side of Dipper’s legs and teen’s mouth went dry. It wasn’t simply a crawl over Dipper’s body—Bill had the practiced movements of an apex predator down to an art. Dipper clamped his lips shut as Bill moved up his body, unable to say anything—how could he? Bill looked ready to flip him over and take him right there, and damn if Dipper could fight him.

“H-hey.” Dipper croaked as Bill reached eye-level. Bill inhaled deeply.

“I can’t really tell if you’re scared or aroused.” Bill told him, a mischievous glint in his eye. “Such a worry wart—so, are you going to tell me what you found in the storage room?” Bill asked, and Dipper swallowed.

“Are you going to tell me what you’re working on?” Dipper asked, trying to break the unnerving tension that Bill had caused. “Or show me what’s under the eyepatch?” He continued. “It’s not really fair, you know, if you’re the only one getting answers.” A grin spread on Bill’s face, and the alpha let out a short burst of laughter.

“You’re a tough nut to crack, Dipper Pines.” Bill teased, and Dipper rolled his eyes. His senses were slowly coming back to him. Bill rolled off of him, becoming parallel with his body instead, pressing against Dipper’s side and wrapping an arm around Dipper’s stomach. “Though I already know what you want.”

“No, you don’t. If I see those creepy heads anywhere in my vicinity when I wake up, I swear to whatever God you believe in I’ll toss them in the garden and burn them.” Dipper told Bill
aggressively, which caused another fit of laughter. “Try me.”

“I wouldn’t dare.” He kissed Dipper’s cheek. “But Dipper, I do have something important to tell you.” He stroked Dipper’s stomach. “If you haven’t willingly agreed to our mating by Sunday evening, your willingness will no longer matter.” Dipper stiffened. “I’m just warning you,” Bill told him, kissing his ear lobe. The hand traveled up, gently ghosting over one of Dipper’s nipples through his shirt. “I’d prefer to make this as peaceful as possible, since we’re both new to this sort of relationship.”

“How kind.” Dipper responded meekly. “So what, do you want to set a day, or something? Hell, do you have anything to do something tomorrow night besides stare at a computer screen? My night’s free.”

“I don’t think I have anything to do.” Bill admitted. “Let’s do it, tomorrow night it is.” He pet Dipper’s chest. “God, you’d think that waking up early one day a week wouldn’t affect a person like this.”

“Wait, are you serious? You can just say ‘well, I don’t have anything to do Saturday, yeah we can fuck’?” Dipper shook his head and reached over for the light.


“I’m going to go to sleep.” Dipper announced, rolling over. Bill’s hand slid down to rest on his waist, and he pressed a soft kiss to the back of Dipper’s neck. Dipper shuddered. Bill must of thought it was because he was cold, because he reached down and flipped the covers over, drawing them up to cover the two of them. “Night.”

“Night, little tree.” Bill murmured, kissing the side of his neck.

It was nine a.m. Again. And Bill was fast asleep, drooling all over Dipper’s shoulder. He groaned. He did not want to go back to sleep. He didn’t know how Bill could without suffering when he finally woke up. He gently pushed at Bill’s hand, trying to escape from the bed, mostly to wipe off the saliva that had gathered near his collarbone. There was a snort and Bill rolled over on top of him, causing him to let out a pathetic sounding shriek in return. Bill woke up with a sleepy start, blinking at Dipper.

“What?” He demanded instantly. “Something wrong?”

“Uh, sorry, I thought I saw a spider hanging from the bed curtains.” he lied. Bill let out a frustrated growl. He peered into the folds of the curtains and found nothing. “I’m sorry.” Dipper said quietly, and Bill let out a sigh. He laid back down and wrapped his arms around Dipper again, drawing him close to his chest.

“I’ll make sure no spiders get you. And that the maids dust the curtains.” he bumped their noses together. “Go back to sleep.” he kissed Dipper softly, and the teen gave in for a single moment. He gently kissed back, and Bill let out a soft snicker. “I’m too tired to fool around.” Bill told him, sliding his hands under Dipper’s shirt. He pressed an ear to Dipper’s chest, and let out a comfortable breath of air. “You’re so cold.”

“Or maybe you’re just hot.” Dipper told him, annoyed. It had dawned on him that now he didn’t just have Bill’s hand on his waist to deal with. He had upgraded from ‘mild restraint’ to ‘straightjacket.’
This was definitely not the desired effect.

When Bill had finally woken up, he stumbled out of the bed and to the bathroom. He extended an invitation to Dipper to join him, but Dipper refused politely.

“I’m starving.” Dipper told him as he pulled on his pants. “I’ll bathe later.” Bill shrugged.

“Only if you want to, I guess.” Bill laid a hand on Dipper’s shoulder, squeezing. “Hey.” Dipper turned around to look at Bill. “About what you said last night.”

“Last night? What about it?” Dipper asked, keeping his tone airy.

“You aren’t seriously going to burn the heads if I put them up, right?” Bill’s face was perfectly composed, even a little concerned about the fate of the reptilian heads.

“Uh...I wasn’t planning on it. No.” Dipper told him, confused. Bill grinned.

“Fantastic! I was thinking of bringing them with us, but I wasn’t sure.” Bill stretched, arms reaching up towards the ceiling. Dipper was drawn into watching as Bill did so, eyes roving over the expansive chest. As always, the alpha noticed and when he brought his hands down, he gently cupped Dipper’s face. “You have really pretty eyes when you’re impressed, you know? Almost like cups of coffee, with a tad bit of milk.” Dipper’s cheeks reddened. “No need to be embarrassed. You’re really unique, do you know that?”

“I’m just another nerdy teenager.” Dipper mumbled. Bill rolled his eyes.

“Ridiculous. Go eat. You’re going to need your energy for tonight.” Bill told him, wiggling his eyebrows.

“To keep up with what? I’ll be lucky if you don’t fall asleep midway through, the amount of time you need to sleep.” Dipper told him dryly. Bill rose an eyebrow, and Dipper realized his mistake before he registered Bill wrapping slender fingers around his wrist. He was drug over to the bed and pushed down upon it, Bill straddling his hips. “I-I was kidding.” Dipper announced weakly. Bill didn’t seem to hear, opting to capture Dipper’s lips with a hot, demanding kiss instead.

“I may be half-blind, little tree, but I still know how to fuck.” Bill murmured into Dipper’s ear, and the omega shuddered. “Why wait until tonight? I can take you right now.”

“Bill, please--” Bill cut him off with a sharp nip to his lips. Dipper quieted immediately, and Bill let his hands roam over the omega’s clothed chest.

“Please what?” Bill asked, staring down at Dipper, shaking his head. “We’re stuck together, Dipper. You and I, forever. That’s how this works.” he dug his fingers under the hem of Dipper’s jeans, tugging at them. Dipper stared up at the alpha, dumbstruck.

“I...don’t.” Dipper wheezed, chest giving a soft heave. “Don’t hurt me.” Dipper managed out, voice warbling. “Please don’t hurt me.” Dipper’s hands moved up to cover his face, as he hiccuped, upper torso shaking. Inwardly, he was recoiling in horror. Why was he crying. All he had been doing lately was crying. It was like he had some internal fountain that caused him to break down whenever Bill said anything hurtful to him.

“Little tree, do you really think I’m that bad of a guy?” Bill asked. “That I’d hurt you?” Bill asked, and Dipper peeked out from behind his hands. “Is that the kind of person I look like?”

“See? I’m not scary unless you’ve been traumatized by a carny.” he paused. “Have you?”

“Not that I can remember.” Dipper wiped at his eyes. “I’m sorry I’m such a crybaby.” he whispered, and Bill pressed a kiss to each eyelid of the omega.

“You keep apologizing for the wrong things.” Bill huffed. “Instead of apologizing for being emotional, how about you apologize for challenging me?” he drew a hand down Dipper’s chest, ghosting across his lower stomach.

“I...I’m sorry?” Dipper attempted, voice coming out in a croak. Bill began to gently stroke his side, kissing him softly. Dipper let out a quiet sigh, pressing their noses together. “I’m sorry, I should be trying harder.”

“You’re fine.” he kissed Dipper’s cheek. “Tonight.”

“Tonight? Not right now?” Bill shook his head at the omega, brushing his hair out of his face. He gently kissed the birthmark on Dipper’s forehead.

“No, not right now. You’re hungry.” Bill ruffled his hair. Dipper took a deep, relieved breath.

“Time for that bath, right?” Dipper teased weakly, and Bill frowned.

“What, do I smell?” Bill asked, sniffing his armpits. Dipper laughed at him, and Bill rolled his eyes. “Ah, little tree, you’re such a comedian.” he told him dryly as Dipper cracked up, rolling over on the bed, wrapping his arms around his sides, not bothering to hide it.

Chapter End Notes

Song for this chapter:
The Tiger Warrior by Mick Gordan

Thank you, RadioActivity, you beautiful goddess you. I know I’m a hassle of an author ;*

The cipher used in this chapter title is a Playfair cipher. If you’re interested in solving the cipher (and possibly winning a free oneshot of your choice) just ask and I’ll reply in the comments below!

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Breakfast was a short affair that mostly consisted of refusing to answer Lana’s questions about if he’d been crying. *If you don’t feel like talking about your feelings, you probably should.* Mabel’s words of wisdom ran through his head like a church bell, and he shook his head. Mabel wasn’t here, and that meant that she wasn’t in any position to give him advice.

Dipper was shuffling through the hallway when he heard someone muttering nearby. He furrowed his eyebrows and crept closer to the noise. It could just be the servants complaining, or it might have something to do with their suspicious activity from yesterday. He crept up to the door, listening cautiously.

“--we have to go to the young Master.” a man hissed. “We can’t keep this a secret forever. Children cannot be hidden forever.” There was a soft, bubbling cry that sounded like a baby.

“He’ll throw me out.” A woman protested. “What will I do? I don’t have any skills to speak of.” she snapped. Dipper’s eyes widened. A kid? They were trying to hide a baby? Dipper frowned. He heard steps start shuffling towards the door and he pushed away from it like it burned him, darting around the nearby corner. He slid across the tile and slammed into the nearby wall with a yelp. He scrambled to collect himself and half-ran, half-slid into the shadowed part of the hallway, nearly knocking a vase from its home on a display table.

The door clicked open, and Dipper made himself as small as possible, flattening against the wall. There was an undeniable sound of a hard plastic heel tapping on stone. The wearer paced a bit in front of the door, and then the door shut again, presumably taking the alerted servant with it. Still, Dipper waited for the hushed conversation to revive.

“A kid?” Dipper muttered as he climbed the steps to the second floor. He had a hunch that Bill would be hiding in his study. When he reached the landing, he frowned. It looked like he’d taken the wrong staircase, and had climbed to the right side of the hallway instead of the left. Not that that was necessarily a bad thing—he hadn’t too much of an opportunity to explore this side of the house.

The room closest to him was unlocked, and gave away with a silent turn of the handle, opening to a dark, windowless room. Dipper flicked on the light before walking in, waiting for his eyes to adjust to the fluorescent lighting that dimly lit the area. Inside, there were stacks of paper, all clipped together with paper clips and organized in small groups around books, rolled pieces of vellum and scribbled on notebook paper.

“I wonder which one of these summons the devil?” Dipper mumbled flatly, picking up a nearby book that was lying on top of a precarious looking stack of paper. “*The First Legend* by Miya Silver.” he flipped over to the back, ignoring the tacky, colorless cover. There was a short, rather uninteresting blurb on the back in stark white font, describing what awaited the reader. Inside, it promised to explain the legend of Sreća, a Serbian demon of luck that haunted some ridiculously named forest on the other side of the world. He let out a snort and flipped it open. “*Brought about by the wishes of jealous lovers, some say this demon has the power to bring about the end of the world similar to that of the Norse’s Ragnarök.*” Dipper heard a rustling outside of the room and snapped the book shut. He placed it back on top of it’s original pile, listening carefully.

“Where has that young man ran off too?” Dipper heard Lana’s voice mumble. Dipper glanced down
at a nearby paper. The title read ‘Cursed Objects of the Fifteenth Century’. Well, it definitely sounded more interesting than the book he’d had the displeasure of reading. He picked up the paper-clipped stack and stuffed it under his arm. He clicked the light off and slipped out of the room, trying to avoid the maid--he didn’t want to arouse suspicion. “Dipper?” Lana called, and Dipper slipped past her, jogging down the steps.

“What are you running from?” Bill’s voice interrupted his jaunt down the stairs. “Did something spook you?” Dipper slowed his pace, unable to come up with an explanation.

“Well, uh…” he looked back up the steps, then sighed. “I mean, yeah. It’s just so weird, this place is so big.” he shuddered, hoping that Bill didn’t notice the papers stuffed under his arm. “Sometimes it’s just freaky to walk around--you could probably walk around the entire day and not run into a single person.”

“Servants are often hired for their ability to not be noticed.” Bill told him, leaning on the stair railing. “Where were you?”

“Looking around.” Dipper replied, not moving from his step. “I’m trying to get this place memorized. I’ve never been in a house this big before.” Bill grinned at him.

“What were you?”

“Servants are often hired for their ability to not be noticed.” Bill told him, leaning on the stair railing. “Where were you?”

“Looking around.” Dipper replied, not moving from his step. “I’m trying to get this place memorized. I’ve never been in a house this big before.” Bill grinned at him.

“Is that a good or bad?” He asked.

“Neither. Just scary when I’m alone.” Dipper told him, descending a few steps. It was like Bill could see through him and could tell that the omega was lying about something. “I found a room up there that was stacked to the gills with paper.” he continued, stepping past Bill. The alpha turned, following him with his gaze. “I can’t imagine what career would need you to print so much.”

“You’re just poking your nose everywhere, little tree.” Bill teased, hooking an arm around Dipper’s waist. “Find anything interesting in there?” Bill asked, hand slipping through his arm to tug at the paper. Dipper inwardly cringed.

“I just wanted to see what it was.” Dipper told him, pulling it out. “You told me I could explore the house all I wanted, and the door was unlocked.” Dipper reminded him, and Bill clucked his tongue.

“I did. Fair enough.” Bill took the paper-clipped stack from him. “But from now on, I want you to stay out of there.” he took a glance at the first page.

“But--” Dipper began, but Bill cut him off, giving him a stern look.

“You are not allowed to go back into that room.” Bill ordered, tone sharp. Dipper’s eyes shot to the ground, focusing on the light tiles that were spread across the floor. Bill gently tipped his face up, kissing the corner of his mouth. “I’m not going to say that there’s nothing in there that’d hold your interest, because that’d be a lie. But I need you to stay out of there, at least for the time being.” he drew his thumb along Dipper’s jaw line.

“Okay.” Dipper muttered. Bill clucked at him again and captured his lips in a featherlight kiss. Dipper didn’t return the light pressure, but it didn’t stop Bill from kissing him again.

“Do you think I’m being unfair?” Bill asked, and Dipper refused to look at him.

“Yes.” he replied, and Bill chuckled and pressed their noses together. “I’m glad you find it amusing.” Dipper muttered, and Bill captured his mouth again, getting a gasp as he pushed his tongue past Dipper’s unexperienced lips. Bill rose a hand to cradle the back of Dipper’s head so that he couldn’t pull away, and Dipper let out a breathless moan in response.
“I think you’re being equally unfair.” Bill whispered against his lips. “You’re making me do all the work here.” Dipper let out a soft whimper, and Bill kissed his jaw. “You’re not even trying.”

“I… Bill, I don’t…” Dipper began, tongue like lead. How could he tell Bill he had never...sex was never a thing that he’d experienced. Bill made a soft shushing noise. “But Bill, you don’t understand.”

“I don’t need to. I’ll take care of everything. That’s my job, right?” he tugged on Dipper’s hair.

“Well you don’t have to sound so excited about it.” Dipper got out, fighting past his nerves. “Seriously. Why are you acting like this is such a big sacrifice for you?” Bill’s face twisted in shock, Dipper’s comment leaving him speechless for a moment.

“You think that you’re the only one suffering?” Bill asked, voice a low whisper.

“I think I’m the one suffering the most.” Dipper answered. “I had to move into a completely new home with a man I’ve never met and basically become his in-home sex toy.” Dipper spat.

“Where do you even get off saying that?” Bill asked, voice calm. “I haven’t forced you to do anything.” Dipper clenched his fists.

“It’s not what you’ve forced me to do. It’s what society and our families are forcing me to do. I don’t have a choice, Bill. I don’t have a choice over my own life.” Dipper shook his head. “You don’t care because you aren’t losing anything.” Bill took a breath and nodded.

“I see.” Bill tightened his arm around Dipper’s waist, letting the paper fall to the floor. “I’m not losing anything.” he cupped Dipper’s jaw with his empty hand. Dipper swallowed, gaze locking with Bill’s. “Dipper Pines, you are terrible.” he cracked a grin. “I know that you feel trapped, and I’m trying exceptionally hard to make you feel at home here. But you have to understand my side of this.”

“I’m listening.” Dipper replied. What else could he do, really?

“I’m expected to marry, buy a home with, and settle down with you. Have and raise children--do you think that’s what I wanted? Do you think I was absolutely thrilled when I was told that I had to be mated off to a boy fresh out of high school?” Dipper remained silent. “No, you know what? I’m not. As I’ve said before, I don’t like playing house. But we will.” his eyes softened, and he loosened his grip, choosing to stroke Dipper’s neck. “Can you make an effort to make this a little less miserable?” Dipper frowned, looking up at Bill.

“I’m sorry I’m acting so selfish.” Dipper managed out, choking on the words. Because as selfish as he was being, he felt completely justified. Bill let out a deep sigh, before letting Dipper go. He picked up the frumpled stack of paper that had fallen to the floor and shook it. After looking it over for a moment, he folded it up and stuck it in his jacket.

“Dinner is in an hour.” Bill told him, straightening himself. “You don’t seem to carry a watch on you.”

“I just assume that you’ll send someone after me.” Dipper told him, walking towards their bedroom. “Though I’m going to go read.”

“Speaking of reading, you left this in my study.” he pulled the weathered copy of Journey to the Center of the Earth from behind the newly acquired papers. Dipper carefully took it from him.

“Thank you.” Dipper told him, holding the book carefully in his hands.
Dinner was quiet, for the most part. Bill was engrossed with something on his tablet. The alpha seemed to have numerous bits of technology that he seemed to bring with him everywhere he went. It provided little to talk about, and nothing to calm his nerves. His stomach was flipping and twisting like an uncontrollable storm. I'm going to have sex. Dipper’s mind had the phrase on repeat. He couldn’t completely believe it.

“You’re shaking.” Bill commented when they retired for the evening.

“I am not.” Dipper told him, crossing his arms over his chest. Well, maybe he was shaking. But that wasn’t what was important here--what was important was keeping his head up and taking his punches. He believed Bill was a good guy, he really did.

“You are. Come here.” Bill grabbed Dipper’s wrist, pulling him against his chest. The warmth that radiated off Bill steadied him a bit, and he took a deep breath, inhaling Bill’s scent.

“You smell like leather. And shoe polish.” Dipper muttered, and he felt Bill shrug.

“I have a leather chair and I have my shoes shined on a daily basis.” Bill told him, stroking his hair. “So that makes quite a bit of sense.” The strokes trailed downwards, gently caressing Dipper’s neck, and then his shoulders.

“It’s nice.” Dipper muttered, taking measured breaths.

“Lay down.” Bill nodded at the bed. “I’ll be over in a minute. I still have my shoes on.” he kissed Dipper’s forehead. Dipper was more than glad to be free of Bill for a moment, crawling on to the bed. “I really should take your initiative and stop wearing them around the house.”

“It’d look weird if you wore a suit without shoes.” Dipper told him, and Bill took a moment to consider it.

“Yeah, I guess it would. Or maybe what if I wore crocs with my suit?” Bill suggested with a note of mischief in his voice. Dipper made a horrified, exaggerated gagging noise.

“If my choices are ‘barefoot’ and ‘crocs’ I’ll have to chose barefoot.” Dipper told him, rolling his eyes. Bill climbed on to the bed, now shoe and suit jacket free. “Honestly I don’t know how you move in those pants like you do. Dress pants are so uncomfortable and I feel like I’m going to rip them if I do more than walk and sit down.”

“Practice.” Bill replied. He eyed Dipper, who was still fully dressed. “Mm, you certainly dressed to your comfort level, didn’t you?” he asked Dipper, voice lined with mirth. He moved over on to Dipper’s side of the bed. Bill let out a soft, comforting trill, moving to straddle Dipper. “I’ll do my best to make you as comfortable as possible around me.” he leaned over and pressed a gentle kiss to Dipper’s carotid artery, and Dipper’s pulse jumped at the contact. Bill being this close made his heart rate increase beyond anything that Dipper could consider healthy.

“So, do you leave the eyepatch on during sex too?” Dipper asked out of the blue. Bill seemed to be amused at this because he let out a cheerful laugh.

“You really don’t like the eyepatch, do you?” Bill asked, his nose pressed into the juncture between Dipper’s shoulder and neck, inhaling deeply.

“I think ‘curious about the eyepatch’ is a better statement.” Dipper corrected, and Bill shook his head.
“Maybe someday, little tree.” he pressed another kiss to his neck, and Dipper twitched in surprise as he felt fangs gently scrape the sensitive flesh. “But not tonight. Tonight I’m going to make you cum so hard that you forget all about this silly little eyepatch.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey! Thanks for your continued support.
RadioActivity is my beautiful beta as always.

There isn't a song for this chapter! ;3; Mainly because I can't remember what I was listening to when writing. I would love to hear some of your favourite songs though! There's also no cipher for this chapter!

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Bill’s hands were suddenly busy, sliding up Dipper’s shirt as he continued to neck him, the light peppering of kisses turning into open mouthed suckles against the sensitive flesh. Dipper let out a tiny mewl as searching fingers found his nipples, squeezing them.

“You’re sensitive here?” Bill asked, rubbing them in slow circles, and Dipper squirmed underneath him. Bill took a moment to remove Dipper’s shirt, tossing it on to the floor beside the bed, licking his lips. Dipper looked at him, mildly confused. Bill pressed burning hot kisses down Dipper’s chest until he reached the newly freed nipples and took one in his mouth, giving it a good hard suck.

“They’re nipples.” Dipper groaned. Why was he so sensitive around his nipples. If he had any masculinity left, it was officially tossed out the moment that Bill began to suck. Every time the slick tongue ran over them, Dipper felt a small shock of pleasure vibrate through him, and he couldn’t help but whimper. Bill gave a short chuckle and blew on a softened nipple, causing Dipper to shudder as it became erect.

“They are. They’re fun to play with too.” Bill told him, capturing the omega’s lips in his own, this time with a much more lustful intent. His tongue didn’t wait for permission, pushing in and dominating Dipper’s mouth. Dipper didn’t even try to fight the older man, giving him complete control of the kiss. Bill was moving fast--it didn’t give Dipper much time to linger on what-ifs or worries. But still, he did. Bill sat up, hooking his fingers under the waistband of his jeans. Dipper smiled nervously, and Bill winked. “Do you self-lubricate?” Bill asked, and Dipper frowned.

“Do I what?” Dipper asked, his eyebrows knitting together as he panted the words out.

“You know, produce liquid down there for easier insertion?” Bill asked, gesturing vaguely with his hands.

“I don’t know.” Dipper looked down at his crotch region. Bill looked taken aback.

“You don’t know?” he asked. “How do you not know?” Dipper shrugged and waited. A slow realization dawned on Bill’s face like the sun poking out from behind stormclouds. “You’ve never had an alpha, have you?” Dipper shook his head. “Hell, you’ve never even been fucked before.”

“No.” Dipper agreed, looking away from Bill. The alpha seemed nothing short of amazed at this information.

“Omegas can’t produce lubrication without alpha pheromones present.” Bill continued, looking at Dipper in awe. “And that’s why your dowry was so high. An untouched omega.”

“ We get it. You get it, I get it. The world gets it. I’ve never had sex. Can you stop making fun of me?” Dipper huffed, crossing his arms. Bill ran a hand through his hair, whistling in admiration. “Seriously, you’re a boner killer.” This seemed to catch Bill’s attention, and he eyed Dipper jeans.
“Oh, I’m definitely not done with you yet.” Bill told him, voice lowering an octave. He fit his body down over Dipper’s, one of his hands gripping Dipper through his jeans and rolling rather aggressively, getting a shocked gasp. Bill covered Dipper’s mouth with his, swallowing any other noises that escaped the omega. “Let’s get these pants off of you.” Bill murmured, unbuttoning Dipper’s jeans. Dipper had never been happier to hear the sound of a zipper as Bill de-pantsed him, pulling off the omega’s underwear off with a flick.

Dipper let out a soft yelp at the action, though his outburst was easily calmed by wet sounding smacks of open-mouthed kisses down his chest, the lips finding his nipples once more.

“Calm down, little tree.” Bill whispered. “Your heart’s going to leap out of your chest.” he kissed Dipper’s stomach. Dipper let out a soft breath of air when Bill’s hand wrapped around his erection, and he brought his hand up to his mouth, biting on the fist he’d made. “Oh, don’t do that.” Bill tugged at Dipper’s arm, and the omega let out a muffled whine as the hand was pulled from his mouth. “I want to hear you.”

“Hear me embarrass myself?” Dipper managed, and Bill rolled his eye. He soon became eye-level with Dipper’s cock, hand slow and deliberate as Dipper peered down to watch him.

“You think so little of yourself.” Bill kissed the head of Dipper’s cock and the omega inhaled sharply, legs widening a bit more as Bill fit his upper torso between them. “But you’re so beautiful, laying out here naked for me. Ready to offer yourself to me.” he ran his thumb along the slit at the top of Dipper’s cock, getting a whine. “Furthermore, the ‘embarrassing’ noises you think you’re making are just making me hard.” Bill admitted, shifting uncomfortably. Dipper shuddered and his stomach twisted into a knot, warm and not entirely unpleasant.

“Then take off your pants.” Dipper replied, and Bill rose his eyebrows. Dipper was about to say something else, attempting to sass the alpha--and then lips were around the head of his dick, slowly bringing the tip into his mouth. One of Bill’s hands rested on Dipper’s hip as sucked softly, and Dipper fell apart. Inch-by-inch, his dick disappeared into Bill’s mouth, and Dipper couldn’t help but squirm in near-rapture.

Bill’s mouth was wet, and hot and damnit Dipper was so ashamed of himself, writhing and moaning on the bed like a whore as he was given the first blowjob of his life. He wanted to thread his fingers through Bill’s hair, but he couldn’t manage to pull them from their place on the bed. They were turning white with how hard they clutched at the sheets like a lifeline, like they were glued there. Bill put slight pressure on Dipper’s hips as they jerked upwards, trying to thrust into the wet heat. The alpha was giving him a clear warning--Dipper bit his lip, eyes fluttering shut.

Fingers trailed between his ass cheeks, and Bill hummed around Dipper’s cock. He popped off, kissing the angry, dark red tip in consolation when the omega let out a low whine of disappointment.Fingertips stroked Dipper’s asshole, and he froze. They continued up, trailing a slippery wet substance between his crack, gently fondling the omega’s balls when he reached them. Dipper gave a start. Is that me? Did that come from me? Dipper wondered to himself.

“Look who’s all wet. That makes this a whole lot easier.” Bill purred. Without warning, a finger slipped into him. Dipper whimpered, and suddenly this was far more real than it had been. He had forgotten somewhere between the nipple play and having his dick sucked that the endgame was to have Bill’s cock and a very large, swollen knot inside of him. Bill seemed to notice his unease, and he clicked his tongue. “No need to panic, I’m just making sure that this is as painless as possible for you.” the finger began to pump into him, gentle and steady in its pace

“A-ah, so ‘self-lubrication’ only means we don’t need to use lube.” Dipper muttered, and Bill kissed the side of his erect cock.
“Well, normally you’d be prepared enough—your body is made to take an alpha. But I just want to make sure, since you’ve never done this before.” A second finger pushed in, and Dipper shifted his hips. Bill’s face shot up, and Dipper froze. Bill did not look pleased. His free hand gripped the side of Dipper’s hip and held them still as the fingers plunged into him. He spread them in a scissoring motion, stretching Dipper wide. Bill’s mouth returned to Dipper’s cock, sliding down on it with an appreciative hum.

“Bill.” Dipper keened, and Bill took him to the root, burying his nose in the curly hair at the base. Dipper let out a low whine and Bill curled his fingers up. Dipper couldn’t contain himself—the fingers brushed something. He wasn’t sure what but stars danced around his vision and his entire body twitched. Bill drew his mouth back, sucking softly on the tip as his fingers continued to work Dipper, dragging whines and babbles from the omega. Dipper’s stomach tightened, and he arched his back, coming into Bill’s mouth.

Fingers slid out of him, and Dipper barely identified the sound of Bill discarding his clothes as came down from his high. His eyes focused on Bill—the way that his body moved was sexual. After a few moments of staring at the now unclothed Bill, his mouth dropped in panic.

“I’m sorry, that’s so gross.” Dipper apologized. How had he let himself get so carried away? He wouldn’t blame Bill if he was completely turned off.

“Sorry?” Bill asked, and he flicked out his tongue, dragging it along his lower lip. “Again, with all this apologizing. You’re so sweet, little tree.” He leaned up, kissing Dipper’s cheek. Heat bubbled in his cheeks as he felt Bill push his legs even farther apart, settling between them. “Just like a sugar pine.” He kissed Dipper softly, much to Dipper’s distaste. He definitely didn’t need to taste himself on Bill. Bill adjusted Dipper’s legs to a more comfortable position—and then he was lining up. Dipper let out a frightened squeak and Bill’s mouth met his again, the alpha shoving his tongue in and dominating Dipper’s mouth.

“Don’t tense up.” Bill warned, and pushed against the slickened hole. Dipper gasped, but Bill swallowed it, humming in delight as Dipper’s legs twitched around him as he entered, hooking around his back instinctively.

“You alright down there?” Bill asked, bringing his knot flush against Dipper’s ass. He noticed how white Dipper’s knuckles had become as they clung to the sheets. Bill kissed him solidly on the mouth, slipping an arm underneath him. Dipper let out a soft whimper, and Bill trilled softly, nuzzling his neck. “Does it hurt?”

“No. Not that much.” Dipper admitted honestly, voice quiet. “Pressure.” he murmured, and Bill gently massaged his back. Dipper slowly removed his hands from the sheets, gently wrapping them around Bill's shoulders. It didn’t hurt that much—not nearly as much as everyone had told him. They had made up these horror stories of crippling pain, and yet the only thing Dipper experienced was a slight burn from where he wasn't stretched completely. “I'm scared.” Bill kissed his neck, and Dipper shuddered at the hot breath on his neck.

“I understand. But hey, I'm in you.” he wriggled his hips to prove the point. Dipper mewed uncomfortably. “We're halfway to consummation.” Dipper let out a soft laugh.

“I guess we are, huh?” He released a breath he didn't know he was holding. Sure, it was uncomfortable, but again, it wasn't that bad. Not bad. He repeated to himself, hands gripping Bill's shoulders a bit tighter. Bill took this as a sign to start moving, and he rocked his hips inside of Dipper. “You feel a lot bigger than you look.” Dipper murmured, and Bill snorted, giving a short thrust into the omega.
“I'll take that as a compliment.” Bill told him, hands sliding around Dipper's thighs. “I can't wait for you to be wet enough to slip my knot in.” Dipper groaned as Bill began to rock and thrust into him, stroking his thighs. “Don't be afraid to be loud, little tree. Because I know I will be.” he teased, nipping at his lips.

Bill was a professional, and it mildly worried Dipper--how much experience had the alpha had? His face must have showed some sort of distress, because Bill immediately stopped, a hand reaching up to cup Dipper’s face. It didn’t matter, he supposed. Bill was his now, regardless of past relationships.

“I’m fine.” he murmured. Bill kissed him again, mouth melding against Dipper’s as he started up again. The thrusts soon became longer and deeper, and with every hit the tip of Bill’s cock barely brushed his prostate, causing his entire body to shudder with need. He couldn’t tell if it was him or the bed shaking, or what Bill’s mouth actually tasted like but he needed to feel the lips on his--or his body or somewhere and Bill was more than happy to oblige. Every kiss was like a cleansing brand, burning him, marking him as Bill’s, even if no one would ever see them.

“Fuck, Dipper.” Bill hissed, and Dipper felt the alpha’s fangs scrape along his neck.

“You are fucking Dipper.” The omega puffed out. Bill let out a breathless laugh. He slid a hand under Dipper’s ass and yanked him up and Dipper grinned at him, bringing their crotches even closer together.

“I’m going to put my knot in.” Bill huffed. “How close are you?” he asked, nudging Dipper’s chin up. Dipper let out a soft mewl in response. “We’re going to be stuck together for awhile.” he warned, one hand sliding down to cup Dipper’s cock. He gave a particularly rough thrust and Dipper let out a soft whimper as the knot popped inside. Bill growled into his ear softly, hips stuttering to a stop as he came into Dipper. Dipper moaned as the hot semen was pushed into him and the knot swelled painfully, temporarily locking them together. Bill brought him to completion not long after with careful, skilled flicks of his wrist.

“Aren’t you supposed to bite me or something?” Dipper huffed out, coming off as near-demanding. Bill let out a snarl. He began to snuffle Dipper’s neck, and the omega almost regretted his haughty tone when fangs sank into his shoulder. It hurt more than the knot that was swollen inside of him, still pulsing against his overstretched walls. Dipper tried to remember what he read about mate marks--something about venom. Something about becoming an alpha’s inside and out.

“Happy?” Bill growled as he pulled away to see the pained look on Dipper’s face. Blood dripped down his chin, painting thin red lines down his throat and chest. His gaze softened. “You just wanted to be mine, I’m sorry. That was harsh.” he kissed Dipper’s cheek, leaving a bloody kiss mark there. He tilted his head down to clean up the blood apologetically, licking the flesh until it was unstained.

“Happy.” Dipper confirmed a few minutes later after his shoulder was clean, eyes sliding shut as he enjoyed the post-coital haze. Bill chuckled.

“I can’t believe you said that.” Bill teased. “‘You are fucking Dipper’.” he shook his head. Dipper cracked an eye open. Bill was staring at him with an almost loving look.

“I can’t believe you called me sugar pine.” Dipper retorted. “What part of sex makes you think of trees? Even with my last name, that’s an oddly specific tree.”

“I was waiting for an excuse to use it.” Bill admitted, brushing their noses together. Dipper rolled his eyes. He tilted his head up and pressed a kiss to the leather eyepatch, causing Bill to freeze.

“I bet that’s going to stink later.” Dipper murmured, and Bill cocked his head to the side. He seemed
to be judging Dipper for a moment.

“Probably.” he agreed, and he carefully laid himself over Dipper. He wrapped his arms around the omega’s back and kissed his nose.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you RadioActivity for betaing this.

Song(s) for this chapter:
As Long As Your Mine by Idina Menzel and Leo Norbert Butz
What If I by Meghan Trainor

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Dipper woke up, an unidentifiable feeling in his chest. It was warm, like someone had plucked a flame from a candle and set it within him. That was the only good feeling he had. Everything else was sore. His hips, his ass. The bite mark on his shoulder stung. He groaned softly and cracked his eyes open. The curtains were drawn, casting a comforting darkness over the room. He attempted to sit up, but an arm held him in place, tightly wrapped around him. He turned to see Bill awake beside him, eye tired.

“I literally fucked, knotted and marked you and you still woke up at nine,” he remarked bitterly. He pressed their foreheads together, closing his eyes. He seemed to brood for a moment. “How are you feeling?”

“Sore.” Dipper told him. “Like everywhere. Even my toes are sore.” he wiggled them underneath the blanket. Bill snorted at him. “But it wasn’t bad. I enjoyed myself.” Dipper told him, looking away, hoping that Bill hadn’t opened his eye to see the soft blush on his cheeks.

“Good. I’m glad it wasn’t as scary as you thought.” Bill told him.

“I’m also feeling warm. Like there’s a lightbulb in my chest that you reached in and turned on.” Dipper told Bill, and the alpha cracked an eye open. Bill nudged Dipper’s face up so that his neck was exposed. The alpha pressed a kiss to Dipper’s throat.

“My mark looks beautiful on your skin.” Bill commented, kissing Dipper’s shoulder. The pain eased temporarily where Bill’s lips connected with his flesh. Bill rested his cheek against the heated skin, and Dipper felt relief from the pain almost immediately. “I mean, not to gloat about it or anything, but you look good as a Cipher.” he teased.

“Oh, shove it.” Dipper muttered, wincing as he shifted. Bill frowned, gently pressing a hand against Dipper’s lower back. “I’ll be fine, just need to rest a bit.” Bill pressed soft kisses over the expanse of his omega’s shoulder in comfort.

“Go back to sleep.” Bill told him. “I’ll give you some slack if you want to stay in bed all day.” he carefully withdrew himself from Dipper, and the omega had to bite his lip to prevent himself from whimpering at the lack of contact.

“Where are you going?” Dipper asked, feeling the pain begin to return to his shoulder.

“Someone’s got to tell our parents we’ve had sex. Did you want to?” Bill asked, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. Dipper blushed and brought the blanket up to his chin. “I didn’t think so.”

“I mean I can, but it’s more impressive if you tell them.” Dipper said, and Bill rolled his eyes. “It is! It means that I’m too thoroughly fucked to get up.”

“And you are.” Bill told him with a wary eye, daring Dipper to say something different.

“Obviously.” Dipper agreed, raising an eyebrow. Bill nodded and leaned over to capture Dipper’s lips softly. “Thank you for being so gentle with me.” he murmured.

“I’ll never be otherwise. Unless you want me to.” he dropped a wink, and Dipper snorted. “Now I
meant it. Go to sleep.” Dipper nodded and closed his eyes, snuggling into the pillow.

Dipper woke up to the gentle calling of his name--and he almost brushed it off as a dream. He let out a low groan as the voice became insistent, and he opened his eyes to see Lana at the end of the bed.

“Good morning.” Lana greeted. “It took quite awhile to rouse you this morning.” she had a sly grin on her face, indicating that she knew exactly what had happened between the two. In her hands was a silver tray decorated with a small breakfast spread and a group of miscellaneous items. Dipper struggled for a minute to sit up, before pressing his back against the headboard, ignoring his aching muscles as they screamed at him.

“Morning.” Dipper greeted with a yawn. “Thanks for bringing me breakfast in bed.”

“The Master said that you would be too sore to come downstairs, and I see that he was correct.” Lana told him, placing the tray on his lap. Dipper’s face coloured in embarrassment, and Lana laughed at his expense. He was glad she was entertained. “You need to regain your energy.” she pat his leg. He didn’t meet her eyes, inspecting his tray instead. Half because he was ashamed that Bill had told her that, half because he was interested in the contents.

Tucked neatly beside a bowl of fruit-topped oatmeal and milk were a set of wedding magazines, a small, yellow box, and a stack of paper similar to the one that Bill had confiscated yesterday. He resisted the urge to flip through it, focusing on the meal first.

Dipper hadn’t realised how hungry he was until he began to eat. His food rapidly disappeared from his plate, even the small, sweet oranges that seemed to have been an aesthetic afterthought. The staff seemed to be dedicated to fattening him up, but he was entirely too pleased with the well-portioned meal this morning.

There was a kerchief provided with the food, and he carefully wiped his fingers and mouth off with it. Dipper moved the pile of bridal guides, the box, and the stack of papers to the bed beside him, and carefully put the tray on the end table. Making sure that it was balanced and not in danger of falling to the floor, he turned his attention to the small pile of treasures that were included with the meal.

Dipper completely ignored the pile of bridal magazines-- well for the most part. It wasn’t because he wasn’t interested in planning the wedding--it was just another thing that he didn’t want to think about. He could only tackle one life-changing event at a time. Instead, he went for the yellow box. As expected, there was a ring inside. But the extent of it’s beauty was something that Dipper had never anticipated.

The band was silver, and was completely devoid of fingerprints, as if it had never been handled. It continued up into a claw that held a yellow diamond about the size of a pea. Dipper didn’t even bother to resist the urge to pluck it from it’s home in the black silk that lined the box. Tilting it, he noticed the inscription along the inner edge.

“*Semper Fidelis.*” Dipper murmured aloud. “Always faithful.”

Dipper managed to get out of bed, only to hobble over to the window seat, dragging the blankets from the bed with him. Nesting down in the sunlight of the window, he pulled the crumpled papers that had been on his tray. They *were* the same ones from yesterday.
“Now let’s see what you’re hiding.” Dipper muttered. The cover page had nothing but the title and the date. Not even a page number, and definitely not the author. The first few pages were a relatively brief intro, speaking about cursed objects and their impact on societies as a whole.

Fantasy was always something that Dipper enjoyed, and this interest often extended to real life curses. He was soon immersed in the pages, realizing halfway through that it was a manuscript—albeit an unpublished one. The only thing that Dipper had a problem with were the ages that the items were listed as. The manuscript said that the objects were from the fifteenth century, yet the Hope Diamond and Otzi the Iceman were listed inside. Both objects were around long before the 15th century. Two items from the list of twenty seemed to have any credibility to them. The first was the Basano Vase. The Basano Vase was crafted in Italy sometime in the mid-1400s and was carved from pure silver; meant to be a wedding gift, the recipient of such a pricey gift was murdered on her wedding night. It was supposedly cursed to kill its owner, and disappeared until 1983, and then again. It still hadn’t been around since the fateful day it was tossed out a window and onto city streets.

The other object was one of Egyptian origin, associated with the god Am-Heh. Dipper, while interested in history, hadn’t delved too much into the history of Egyptian gods. He scrabbled for some slip of knowledge he might have stored away, but nothing came to him. The page he was on described Am-heh as a god of the netherworld that devoured millions of souls though, and that was terrifying in its own right. The page also went on to describe the god as the incarnation of divine retribution, which sounded equally as terrifying.

“Well, this was informative.” Dipper told himself, flipping between the sections. It doesn’t tell me very much about Bill. Dipper thought, flipping back between the pages. Maybe Bill was into collecting rare objects, and the first ones he wanted happened to be cursed. That seemed like something the alpha would do, actually.

“Snooping! You haven’t even been awake long enough to snoop.” Bill accused. Dipper jumped, hitting his back against the wall. He winced, letting out a small whimper. The alpha plucked the papers from his hands. “I told you not to go back in there.” he told Dipper, voice dangerously low.

“I didn’t.” Dipper defended. “It was on my breakfast tray.”

“On your b-” Bill turned and saw the slender piece of metal. “-fucking hell.” he slammed his hand on the wall and Dipper leaned away from him. Bill was angry. Whether it was at him or his own faults, Dipper didn’t want to be the focus of it. “I can’t even do that right.” Bill sighed, shoulders drooping. “I guess you’ve already read most of it though. Might as well finish.” He handed it back to Dipper. The omega took it gingerly, not meeting Bill’s eyes.

“Thanks. I actually read it all.” He said, staring at the stark white paper. “It’s actually really interesting—though the title doesn’t make a ton of sense.”

“Really?” Bill sat down at the base of Dipper’s curled legs. “Why not?”

“Well it says fifteenth century. All but two of the items in here are either from earlier or later. It needs a more generic title.” Dipper told him.

“How about its composure?” Bill asked.

“Oh, it’s fine.” Dipper told him, looking up at him. Bill seemed to be intently listening. “Non-fiction-wise, it’s a good read. The title just doesn’t work with the content.” The alpha puffed up in pride.

“I’m glad you enjoy my taste in books.” Bill told Dipper. He laid a hand on Dipper’s leg. His eyes
flicked to Dipper’s hand. “I see you’ve taken a liking to the ring.” Dipper looked down at his hand. The ring caught the light of the sun as Dipper twisted it.

“It’s gorgeous.” Dipper caught Bill’s eye. “Thank you. You really didn’t have to spend so much on a ring for me. After all, we were forced into it.” Bill chuckled.

“What kind of rich asshole would I be if I didn’t buy you an expensive ring? You think so little of me.” he pat Dipper’s leg, getting a laugh in return. “Is your back okay? You hit it hard when I surprised you.”

“It’s fine.” Dipper assured him. “I’m actually feeling better.” he thought about it for a moment. “I can join you downstairs for dinner tonight.” At this, Bill clucked his tongue, and stood. He shook his head at Dipper, a noiseless rejection.

“Nonsense.” he bent down and kissed Dipper’s forehead.

“I’m sore, not ill.” Dipper argued.

“You couldn’t even bathe yourself last night.” Bill retorted, and Dipper blushed. “I’ll bring dinner upstairs and eat with you, if you’re so insistent.”

“Really? I mean, I figured…” Dipper fiddled with his fingers. “We could start looking for houses, like you suggested. Over dinner. We never actually got around to that.” he briefly looked up, noticing the smug look on Bill’s face.

“I think that’s a great idea.” The alpha agreed. “I’ll bring my laptop by--we’ll see what we can find.” Bill stood, straightening his jacket.

Dipper sighed as the alpha left, looking at the papers in his hands. Flipping through them again, he tried to find some kind of author mark. The only thing that was odd that didn’t fall into the pristine condition of the manuscript were two, tiny letters in cursive at the top of the first page. Squinting, he couldn’t make them out through the blurry ink.

Dipper would have to do something akin to a rubbing to get the actual letters, and that was only if the author had pressed into the paper hard enough. He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, rubbing his thumb in smooth circles. It might not even be worth it--what would two initials get him?

Chapter End Notes

Hello, welcome back! :D
Thank you RadioActivity for being my beta on this.
If you’re interested in solving the cipher for a one-shot of your request, feel free to solve it in the comments! If anyone’s curious, it’s a book cipher.

Song(s) for this chapter:
Paranormal Love by Ghost Town
Armor by Landon Austin

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Even after a day of rest, Dipper still ached. It was nine a.m. in the morning, and for the first time since he moved in, Bill wasn’t hanging all over him. In fact, Bill seemed to already be up, as he was nowhere to be found. He wasn’t in bed, and the bathroom was empty of all eccentric, one-eyed millionaires.

After giving himself a quick scrub-down in the tub, Dipper redressed and left their bedroom. He paused on the word their. He shook his head and moved on, walking down the hallway to check Bill’s study-- that was the only other place he knew the heir visited in the manor. The entire building was far too large to go on a manhunt for him, so Dipper was at a loss when it came to finding him.

“Look, with the new master, it’s advised that we get him out and soon.” Dipper heard someone hiss beneath him, and he dropped down to a knee. Peeking over the side, he saw a group of servants carrying a bundle. “I know that you all think we can hide her. But it’s impossible.” Why were the servants so determined to hide the kid? Lana spoke so highly of Bill--he wouldn’t throw the woman and her child out, would he? Unless.

Unless it’s Bill’s kid. Dipper’s eyes widened and he stumbled back, falling on his ass in the hallway. Why hadn’t that occurred to him before? If the kid was Bill’s from some one night stand, he wouldn’t want his new omega to know that it existed. Dipper brought his hands to cover his face as he laid out on the cool carpet of the hallway.

“What are you doing on the floor?” Lana asked him, and Dipper looked up at her through his fingers. She seemed genuinely concerned, hands braced on her knees as she looked down at him.

“Lana, I need your help.” Dipper told her. She crouched down beside him.

“Is it getting off the floor?” Lana questioned, and Dipper sat up with a groan. “Come on, up, up.” She offered him a hand and he took it. Lana pulled him up without expending any real effort. “The floors are dirty--no one’s vacuumed them today.” she brushed imaginary dirt off of Dipper, inspecting him, tugging his clothes back into a presentable state. “Now what did you need, Master?”

“Dipper, just call me Dipper.” Dipper corrected, his stomach twisting over itself. “Can we go somewhere private?” he asked, wrapping his arms around himself. Lana gave him a soft smile.

“Of course. Come along.” She told him. “Do you want something to eat? It might calm you.” she suggested as she started down the hallway. Dipper followed, wondering if she could see his hands shake. If that was why she asked. “Or perhaps some tea?”

“No. I’m fine.” Dipper lied to her, wondering what kind of advice she could give him. If the child was Bill’s, then it couldn’t be considered infidelity--but if Bill was skirt-chasing before, what would make him stop now?

Lana led Dipper to a small balcony, not far from where he had heard the servants talking. The warm air was refreshing as it ghosted across his cheeks and exposed neck. Lana bustled up beside him, having shut the door behind them.

“Go ahead sir, I’m listening.” Lana told him as he leaned on the railing.
“The other servants are hiding a baby and I think it’s Bill’s.” Dipper told her, all of it coming out in a single breath of air. Lana’s eyebrows climbed her face, hovering around her hairline.

“The servants are hiding a child?” Lana asked, eyebrows sinking back down to furrow tightly. “And you think that it’s Bill’s?” she seemed more confused than concerned, and Dipper nodded, staring at his hands.

“Yes.” Dipper ran a hand through his hair, unable to look at her. “That’s what I heard, anyway.”

“I’m not sure I can be of much help.” Lana told him, and Dipper could hear her fidget behind him, her shoes squeaking against the balcony stone. “That’s something you need to discuss with him.”

“Discuss with him? How do even bring this up?” Dipper muttered, and he felt a reassuring pressure on his shoulder.

“You just have to tell him what you’ve found out. I’m sure he will understand that you’re worried.” Dipper looked back at her, face screwed up in misery. “And I’m also sure he’ll clear this up. Bill isn’t one to sleep around, if you’re wondering.”

“Thank you.” Dipper told her, fiddling with the ring on his finger.

“Don’t get angry with him.” Lana tacked on. “Please.”

Dipper decided that Lana was right, Bill needed to be told about this. Or confronted, whichever the end result was going to be. He was trying not to be angry, but it seemed to bubble up inside of him. He shouldn’t be angry, he didn’t even know the truth about the situation. Not to mention that Lana had specifically asked him not to get angry at Bill.

Bill was in his study—Dipper wasn’t sure how he had crept past him to sneak into the leather-infused room, but he’d managed it. Pressing the door open, it squeaked and Dipper cringed, knowing that the alpha shifted all of his attention to him the moment he entered the room.

“It’s my favourite little tree.” Bill greeted, chair turned to face Dipper. “To what do I owe the pleasure?” Dipper curled his hands into fists, eyes focused on the chair opposite Bill. He took a deep breath, eyes roving over the rest of the room, refusing to look at the alpha.

“We need to talk. I mean, I need to tell you something.” he began, and Bill perked up.

“You did say you like mysteries. Aspiring to be an Agatha Christie?” Bill teased, crossing his legs. A forced grin spread across Dipper’s face, utterly unconvincing. Bill frowned at Dipper’s reaction. “Are you alright?”

“I… I’d rather stand.” Dipper told him. In case I need to run. He thought to himself. “I found out what the servants were hiding.” he began, and Bill perked up.

“You did say you like mysteries. Aspiring to be an Agatha Christie?” Bill teased, crossing his legs. A forced grin spread across Dipper’s face, utterly unconvincing. Bill frowned at Dipper’s reaction. “Are you alright?”

“No, not really.” Dipper let out, swallowing. It was so hard to say it. “They’re hiding a baby. She’s hiding a baby.” he stressed the ‘she’, almost dragging it out.
“A baby? Why are they doing that?” Bill asked, sounding equally confused as Dipper had been. “That’s a ridiculous thing to try and hide. After all, someone’s going to find out eventually. I mean, you did.”

“I know. But they kept saying that the master couldn’t find out. And recently, today. This morning,” he could feel his nails biting into his palms. “They said that with the new master in the house, presumably me, that they had to get the baby out fast.” Dipper’s breathing was coming fast now; he was almost hyperventilating.

“I’m not sure I know where this is going, Dipper.” Bill told him, eyebrows furrowed.

“Is it yours?” Dipper spat out harshly, unable to control himself. He couldn’t even explain why he was so worked up about it—it was like his inner omega was clawing up his chest, venomously slipping the words out of his mouth.

“What? Mine?” Bill asked, as if he were trying to process the idea. “You think it’s mine?”

“Why else would they want to hide it from me?” Dipper asked. Bill stood and walked over to Dipper, face screwed up in concern. Bill gently laid a hand on Dipper’s shoulder.

“Dipper, I-” Dipper took a step back, pushing Bill’s hand from his shoulder.

“Don’t touch me.” Dipper hissed, and Bill’s hands went up beside his head in defense. “Is it yours or not?” he demanded. Bill seemed a bit wary of the omega, sizing him up.

“It’s not.” Bill told Dipper, and this time the hand that landed on Dipper’s shoulder was tight and unforgiving, holding him in place. “I don’t have any children, especially not by my servants. Do you hear me? The child is not mine.” Bill shook him lightly, trying to pull Dipper from his defensive state.

“And I should just believe you?” Dipper asked, and Bill let out a low snarl. His other hand came up to brace against the omega’s other shoulder.

“Yes, you should.” Bill told him, making eye contact. Dipper shuddered at the flat look he saw there, but stood his ground. “You should without question. I am your alpha.”

“Just because you’re my alpha doesn’t stop you from lying to me.” Dipper told him, resolute.

“I’m not lying to you!” Bill told him, and Dipper felt the fingers gently squeeze his shoulders. Bill’s voice became soft. “I’m not lying to you, Dipper. I promise you that I haven’t sired any children.” One of his hands moved, looping around Dipper’s back and pulling him forward, letting his other shoulder go once Dipper was pinned to his chest. He gently stroked Dipper’s hair, and the omega felt himself unwillingly begin to calm.

Bill’s arms were like a warm blanket; it eased Dipper’s anger, and he clutched at Bill’s jacket. He was becoming increasingly embarrassed at his behavior. Lana was going to be so upset with him when she found out. He played with the black, shiny buttons of Bill’s suit, wondering exactly how much trouble he was in.

“Then whose is it?” Dipper asked, voice slightly muffled by Bill’s jacket.

“I don’t know. I didn’t even know that there was a baby in the house.” Bill told him, carding his hand through Dipper’s hair. “For the record, I’m not attracted to women. At all. Can’t even get it up.” This caused Dipper to let out an amused snort. “So you don’t have to worry about that kind of infidelity. And all the male servants are human.” Dipper just stood there, face pressed into Bill’s
chest. Bill removed his hand from Dipper’s hair and pressed his nose into it, pressing a gentle kiss there. “I’ll find out whose child this is—this is a promise I’ll uphold as your alpha—I’ll find out the answer and tell you immediately when I do.” Dipper let out a quiet sob, and Bill rubbed his back, trilling at him. “I understand your fear, but I will never stray from our bed.”

“I’m sorry. I panicked and…” Dipper rubbed his face against the smooth cotton of Bill’s suit. “I’m sorry.” Bill clicked his tongue at him as he softly hiccupped.

“You’re forgiven. And I’m definitely not upset with you.” Bill told him, tipping his face up. “But next time something like this happens, can you simply bring it up to me without screaming at me?”

“I’ll try.” Dipper murmured, staring at the sharp, hard lines of Bill’s face. Bill let out a soft chuckle, running his thumb along Dipper’s bottom lip. He leaned forward and pressed a gentle kiss to his omega’s lips, running his tongue along the thin seam. Dipper parted them and invited Bill’s tongue in with a gentle flick.

Bill’s mood shifted, and he tilted his head to completely capture Dipper’s lips. The kiss was commanding and possessive, and Dipper let out a mewl as Bill slid his thumb along Dipper’s jaw.

“Precious, little, sugar pine.” Bill whispered when he pulled away. His hands danced down Dipper’s chest, curling around his side. His other hand went to gently cup the back of Dipper’s head, bringing him forward to kiss him again. Dipper didn’t know what to do with his hands, sliding them up and around Bill’s collarbone as a last ditch effort. Apparently, this was the correct course of action, because the alpha let out a low, possessive growl. Bill backed Dipper up against the nearest wall, breaking the kiss to nip at Dipper’s throat. His fangs scraped the sensitive flesh, beckoning it to break underneath them.

“Bill.” Dipper spoke his name breathlessly. He wasn’t sure what had suddenly changed between them, this mood that arose. This wasn’t like him at all. Bill’s hands were suddenly exploring, wandering to the hem of his jeans.

A sharp ring broke the mood between them, and Bill tore himself away from Dipper with a low growl to answer it, picking it up on the second ring. “Hello? Yes, this is Bill.” He listened for a moment. “He’s right here, actually.” Bill looked at Dipper and jerked his head as he covered the phone with his hand. “It’s your sister.” Dipper scrambled for the phone as if it was the last drop of water on a desert island, snatching it from Bill.

“Mabel?” Dipper breathed into the phone.

“Dipper! We’ve been so worried about you over here on the homefront.” Mabel told him, sounding just as relieved to hear his voice as he was hers. Bill slipped past Dipper, heading towards the door. Dipper mouthed a soft thank you to the alpha, who simply raised his hand in acknowledgment as he slipped out.

“You don’t need to worry.” Dipper told her, carefully sitting down in Bill’s chair. “I think that I’m going to be alright.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello! I almost forgot how to work Ao3, haha.
RadioActivity is such a sweetheart—thank you for betaing this.
Song(s) for this chapter:
It Will Come Back by Hozier
Love Will Have Its Sacrifices by Soles

The cipher in this fic is an Ubchi. If you'd like the keyword, please ask for it in the comments!
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“I’m so glad to hear that. I was so concerned that you’d...well, I thought that Bill was…” Mabel let out a frustrated groan. “I thought that when mom and dad shipped you up there it was over. You were in for some kind of horror show.”

“He’s definitely not a horror show.” Dipper told her. Mabel let out a quiet squeal. “It’s definitely not a horror show. I know it’s only been a couple days, but he’s been treating me pretty well.” he fiddled with the phone cord. “He’s gorgeous and kind and not even close to what I expected.” Dipper paused. “Bill’s a little weird. But not in a bad way.”

“That’s fantastic.” Mabel told him, relief obvious in her voice. “Have you, uh...had sex? How was it? I did a little research, and they say that some male omega’s can acquire PTSD after a particularly rough first mating.” Dipper smiled. Mabel was always so worried about him--she had to be really concerned if she did research. “Dipper?”

“Thank you.” he told her. “I mean, for doing all that work to find that out. But no, he was extremely gentle.” Another sigh of relief came from the other side of the phone.

“No need to thank me Dip. I’m just really concerned about your future. You had so much going for you and then this whole ‘arranged marriage’ thing came out of nowhere and kicked you in the head.”

Mabel huffed. “Anyway, I’ll be up there two weeks from... Wednesday. Do you think Mr. Cipher would let you see me?”

“I honestly don’t know. I’d have to ask.” Dipper told her. “It’d be great to see you.”

“Ditto. I had to wrestle this number from mom, by the way. And I only got it because she was in one of those ‘I had one too many glasses of wine’ fugues. Except she didn’t reek of alcohol. She was just...unsettlingly happy. Like she’d got some good news.” Mabel paused. “Oh! What happened to your cellphone? I’ve been ringing the thing like crazy.”

“The cell-service here is absolute shit.” Dipper told her. “You’d think for a crazy rich heir, he could afford to build a closer cell tower.” Mabel snorted at him. “So are you free? You know, no offers yet?”

“I’ve gotten a few. One from our friendly little Gideon Gleeful in fact. I’m just hoping the ‘rents ignore it until it’s too late to respond.” Mabel made a disgusted, retching noise.

“I hope they do too, that’s horrifying.” Dipper agreed. “But they sold me off for money so--”

“What?” Mabel interrupted, her voice rising to a shriek.

“Apparently I’m worth a lot of cash to the Cipher’s. They paid a handsome sum to get my butt here before anyone else even looked my way.” he twirled the phone cord in his finger, feeling like a gossip. “At least that’s what Stan and Bill said.”

“Bill told you that? Why would he tell you that? That son of a bitch, I’m going to strangle him.” Mabel seethed. He could hear her scratching a pencil against her desk.

“It’s not like he bought me, Mabes.” Dipper soothed. “It was all his parents idea. Believe you me,
there is definitely no ‘unrequited love’ subplot here. He had no idea what they were thinking either.”

The door creaked open, and Dipper turned to see Bill, carrying in what looked to be lunch. He set it on the table and leaned down, tapping his cheek.

“Kiss?” Bill intoned, and Dipper blushed. He offered Bill a quick kiss on the cheek, and the older man beamed. “Hello, other Pines twin.” Bill greeted cheerfully into the phone. Mabel stuttered a hello from the other side of the phone. Dipper swat at Bill lightly, and received a wink in return from the coquettish alpha. “Say bad things about me.” Bill whispered. “I want her to think I’m scary.”

“Get out of here.” Dipper told him, a joking grin spread on his face. “Dork.”

“But I really am scary.” Bill whined, making his way back out of the room. “I truly am frightening.”

“He sounds...fun.” Mabel told Dipper, once he’d returned to the conversation. Dipper picked up the sandwich Bill had left for him.”Like really fun. Too bad his parents are slimy.”

“I know. I guess I have to meet them sometime, huh?” Dipper pinched the bridge of his nose. “I am so not ready for that.”

“Were you ready for any of this?”

“No, not really.” Dipper relented, “Bill’s letting me go to school.”

“He is?” Mabel asked. “Wow, that’s impressive. When are you going?” she asked.

“Spring semester. We were looking at houses the other day. He wants to move out to New Jersey, actually. As soon as I mentioned it, he set his heart--or at least his mind on it.” Dipper told her.

“Woah, that’s amazing bro!” Mabel clapped her hands together on the other side of the phone. “But you’re going to be so far away.”

“I know, but I really, really want to to go school out there.” Dipper told her.

“I know, you need to do what’s best for you. And if Bill’s going to let you, you might as well, right?”

“Right.” Dipper took a bite of the sandwich hovering in his hand, surprised as the tomato inside let out a soft dribble of juice. “I swear, everything here tastes ten times better than from the store.” he told Mabel, taking another bite, wiping his chin with the bread.

“They probably get everything fresh up there.” Mabel told him. On the other side of the phone, Dipper heard Mabel’s bedroom door--previously their bedroom door-open, and mom talk softly to her from the doorway. “Shit, mom needs to ‘talk’ to me. I’ll call you later dip-dop. Love you.”

“Love you too, Mabel. Hope it’s nothing serious.” He told her, and she muttered darkly.

“Me too. Goodbye.” Dipper heard her end the call, and he hung the phone up, turning to his lunch. “I wonder what mom needed to tell her?” Dipper wondered aloud, spinning in the chair.

Bill returned not twenty minutes later to a sleepy Dipper and an empty tray.

“You look tired.” Bill teased, and Dipper yawned, laying his head in his arms.

“I am.” Dipper admitted. “Been a busy day so far, coupled with that enormous lunch you brought
me. And it’s so nice and warm in here.” he closed his eyes, and Bill chuckled.

“Well, let me move you to the bedroom at least,” he told him.

“Nah. I can get up.” Dipper yawned, rising from the chair. “I’ll go get a cup of tea and wake up a little bit. I don’t need to take a nap.”

“I’m not going to judge you if you do.” Bill told him, ruffling his hair. “Naps are an important part of life.”

“Maybe if you’re an eccentric millionaire. But I have things to do.” Dipper told him, and Bill slid an arm around Dipper’s middle, pulling him back against his chest. He slid their fingers together.

“You are a millionaire now.” he lifted their joined hands, the gem on Dipper’s finger glinting in the sunlight. “Just a few steps from being eccentric.” Dipper rolled his eyes, bumping the top of his head against Bill’s chin. The alpha responded with a quick kiss to Dipper’s head, then released him. Dipper hadn’t thought about that. He was incredibly wealthy now. He pondered this for a moment, then turned to Bill.

“Is this an inopportune moment to ask when you want to have the wedding?” Dipper asked, and Bill chuckled, sitting down in his chair.

“Depends. I’m open to just about any time.” Bill told him, getting comfortable. “We really don’t have to set a date yet, it’s just formalities.” he scratched at the clean wood of his desk. “We already filled out all the paperwork.”

The ‘paperwork’ included a marriage contract that both of them were required to sign before they even met, legally binding them together. Dipper had never hated his signature anymore than in that moment, black against the cold, white paper. His parents voices rang cheerfully in his head like they had just gotten some great deal on a house or a car.

“Dipper?” Bill asked, and Dipper snapped back to the present. “Are you alright?”

“I just got lost in thought. If we’re going to have a wedding this winter, then we’d have to have it indoors. It’s going to be too chilly otherwise.” Dipper told him. “The chapel here is a little small for a wedding.”

“I’m banned from there anyway.” Bill told him, opening his laptop. Dipper rose an eyebrow.

“You’re banned from the church?” he asked, and Bill shrugged. “Why?”

“Apparently stealing the cross from atop the church for your personal collection is a sin. Or at least illegal.” Bill told him, and Dipper scoffed at him. “What? It was a nice one. Gold tipped.” Dipper thought about it for a moment.

“Did you at least get to keep it?” he asked, and Bill looked up. “I mean, you went through all that trouble of being banned. Might as well of kept it.” The alpha let out a shocked laugh, leaning back in his chair.

“Always full of surprises.” Bill told him. “No, I gave it back. They said something about pressing charges.” he flapped his hand at Dipper. “Local officials, am I right? Getting all worked up over some wood.”

“Relatively normal procedure here in the falls, isn’t it?” Dipper asked, raising an eyebrow. “I remember when I was a kid my sister and I would galavant through the forest ‘monster hunting’.”
Dipper shook his head. “Too bad the real monsters we had to face weren’t chimera’s or long-dead sea dinosaurs.”

“Mm, I wouldn’t say that those don’t exist here in the Falls. There’s always hope that horrific monsters will pop out of the ground and begin consuming citizens.” he began to type, shooting a look back at Dipper. “Wouldn’t worry too much, I’ll protect you if anything particularly nasty comes for you.”

“Such a gentleman.” Dipper told him sarcastically. Bill simply snickered and went back to his computer. “I actually had a question.” he fidgeted. “Mabel is coming up in two and a half weeks and I wondering if I could visit with her? Maybe she could drop b-”

“No.” Bill interrupted him. Dipper’s hands dropped to his sides. That was quick. Dipper had a half of a mind to fight with the alpha about it.

“Can I ask why?” Dipper questioned, and Bill stopped what he was doing.

“Month. You’re not allowed to see her until you’ve lived here a month.” Bill didn’t even turn around. “Then you may.” his typing continued, and Dipper nodded.

“Alright.” he said softly. Again, Bill paused.

“Do you think that’s unnecessarily cruel?” he asked.

“Do you really want to hear my answer?” Dipper responded with, shuffling to the door. He turned his back to Bill, reaching for the door knob.

“I do.” Bill told him.

“I don’t think it’s cruel, but I do think it’s unfair.” Dipper told him.

“Why?” Bill asked, and Dipper pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Why do you care? You aren’t going to change your mind.” Dipper bit out. He thought they were on stable ground again. He’d agreed to the rule of one month. Why did Bill try and drag this conversation out? It wasn’t going to help anything.

“Tell me why, little tree.” Bill repeated. “I’d like to know.”

“I think it’s unfair because you leave me alone for hours.” Dipper told him. “The phone service is shitty here so it’s not like I can call my family, or anyone. I don’t have any support here.” He didn’t know what else Bill was expecting from him.

“You’re upset because you’re alone?” Bill repeated. “You’re lonely. A lonely little tree, uprooted.” he hummed softly to himself, and Dipper wanted to throw something at him. “One month, then you can see your family.” Bill repeated, and Dipper sighed. He opened the door, pausing when he heard Bill’s voice call to him.

“Dipper.” he turned slightly. “I am being unfair.” He heard the familiar scritching of Bill’s nail on the top of his desk. Dipper shook his head and left, shutting the door behind him tightly.

Chapter End Notes
Hello and welcome back!
Thanks to RadioActivity, as always!

Song for this chapter:
Obsessions by Marina and the Diamonds

The cipher for this chapter is a Caesarian Shift. If you're interested in solving the cipher (and possibly winning a free oneshot of your choice) feel free to answer in the comments below!

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A week went by. It mostly consisted of silence, or soft suggestions of planning the wedding. House-hunting. Things that Dipper had never thought he’d be doing this young.

“We don’t need a three-bedroom house.” Dipper told Bill, leaning over Bill's shoulder. “What are we going to even do with that much space—what is that, over two thousand square feet?” Dipper tried to reason, but Bill flapped a hand at him. He was entirely uninterested in the idea of having a moderately sized house. It was as if it was a sin for him to live in something that couldn't fit a family of four.

“You already talked me down from five. Three bedrooms is as low as I'll go.” Bill told him, scrolling through the houses that were currently available for sale in Newark. “We need a guest bedroom, a study for me-” he pressed a hand to his chest, as if Dipper hadn't known. “-and we need a bedroom in case I knock you up. Where else would the kid sleep when it got older?”

“You act like we're going to be stuck in the same house for the rest of our lives.” Dipper muttered. “And as far as I'm concerned, I'm never getting pregnant.” The statement itself was skating on thin ice—as an omega it was his job to produce an heir for Bill, even if he didn't want to.

Bill turned his head to look at the omega, giving him a once over. After a few moments of awkward silence, he turned back to his computer.

“I hope you're not kidding. I do not like children.” Bill told him, continuing to scroll. “Nasty little brats with sticky fingers.” Bill shuddered, shoulders shaking slightly. “I don't know why people think children are so charming and darling. All the children I've ever known were spoiled brats.”

“You don’t want children?” Dipper asked, and Bill rose an eyebrow at him. “I thought all alphas wanted an heir.”

“I suppose most of them do. It’s important to pass on our genes to others. I’m sure you’ve heard that speech—” he turned his chair to face Dipper. “--growing up as a male omega, I bet that you’ve heard it a lot.” Dipper nodded. “Anyway, not really. I’ve never wanted a kid. They’re...icky.”

“Icky. Children are icky.” Dipper clarified, and Bill crossed his arms over his chest. “That’s the best you can come up with?”

“Do you have a better adjective?” Bill demanded. “Look, neither of us want children. Right? You’re eighteen, you have goals that reach past ‘popping out babies’.” Bill paused, examining Dipper’s face. “And honestly, I’m not going to reduce you to that. I’m not saying that we’re never going to have children. Maybe one day, we’ll want one. The both of us. We can worry about it then.” He seemed to stress the word ‘we’ll’.

Once again, Dipper was impressed with the alpha. Bill outstretched his hand and Dipper carefully took it, feeling the smooth leather of Bill’s glove glide over the top of his knuckles. Bill pulled the cautious hand to his lips, pressing a gentle kiss to it.

“Thank you.” Dipper told his alpha. “Really, thank you. For being nothing like I thought you’d be.”
“Devilishly handsome and full to the brim with charm?” Bill asked, releasing Dipper’s hand.


“You’re so mean.” Bill pouted. “Always complimenting me then coming back with something like that.”

“You’re the one hiding stuff.” Dipper argued. He really didn’t want to fight with his alpha. He wasn’t even upset at Bill this time around. “I just kind of live here now.” Dipper joked.

“I don’t keep secrets to hurt you, you know.” Bill told him. He stood up from his chair. He slid an arm around Dipper’s waist. “That’s not my intention at all--I hope you know that.”

“Well, it is.” Dipper responded simply. Bill pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead.

“I know that too.” Bill told him, lifting a hand to tug on Dipper’s curls. “I’ve accepted that, at this point, you aren’t going to be completely happy with me until you find out every little thing about me.”

“Bill, I just want to know something about you.” Dipper almost whined. “Besides the fact that you’re rich, powerful and have an odd sense of humor.” he sighed. “And that you like pizza. I guess that’s something.”

“You don’t need to know much more than that.” Bill argued with him. “I know it’s hard, but please. Relax around me, get comfortable. Don’t worry so much.” he gave Dipper a soft squeeze of a hug.

“That’s not as easy as you make it sound.” Dipper told him with a frown. Bill sighed at the concern in his eyes. “Can you give me anything? Anything?” he pleaded, and the alpha pressed a gentle kiss to his lips. Dipper closed his eyes, refusing to reciprocate. The alpha let out a frustrated noise, and withdrew. His arm left Dipper’s waist, and Dipper cracked an eye open.

“Will this help any?” Bill asked, opening a drawer in his desk. Dipper’s eyes opened in wide-eyed wonder. It was the matryoshka doll from the storage room that he’d been enamored with. “I know it’s not information and it’s a crappy consolation prize.”

“You’re trying to bribe me.” Dipper muttered, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Is it working?” Bill asked, holding the doll out to him.

“It’s actually kind of creepy. Knowing what I want.” he said, eyes focused on Bill’s hand. “I don’t like that.” Bill sighed.

“Do you want it or not?” Bill asked once more, and Dipper took it carefully in his hands. He smoothed his hands over the surface of the doll, admiring the hand-painted face. He then looked up at Bill.

“You’re not off the hook.” He said simply. “Now I’m just curious as to how you know I wanted this. Do you have camera’s in that room or something? Did you ask the servants?”

“This is my parents home, Dipper. Whether or not there are cameras isn’t something that I would know. Furthermore, I doubt the servants would give me the time of day, let alone details on what you’ve been doing.” He slid his hands underneath Dipper’s cupped ones.

“Then how did you know?” Dipper asked again, tilting his head to look at Bill. The alpha was looking down at the wooden doll with fondness.
“When I was a child, I saw this doll on a shelf in an old Russian toy store.” Bill told him. “I begged my parents for it, and...well. I was quite spoiled, so I had it in my hands within minutes of asking for it.” he let out a gentle laugh. “I thought it the prettiest possession I owned, and would tote it around with me. But again, I was a child, and lost interest in it after awhile.” he shrugged, meeting Dipper’s eyes. “When I saw it, I knew that the same magic that had enraptured me with it--the same magic it seems to possess--had sparked your attention too.”

“Your parents bought this for you as a kid?” Dipper asked, and Bill nodded. “Why would you let me have it?”

“It deserves to be loved. I can’t do that anymore. I’m a grumpy old man.” he removed his hands from beneath the doll so that he could ruffle Dipper’s hair. “You’ve still got that childlike wonder about you. It’s better in your hands.” Dipper brought it to his chest, cradling it. “And I know that you really, really want to see under the eyepatch. But I’m not ready for that yet.”

“I wasn’t ready to have an alpha yet, but I didn’t have a choice in that either.” Dipper reminded him.

“Dipper, you’re acting like this is my fault.” Bill told him. Dipper fixed his eyes at the doll in his arms.

“No. I’m really not.” Dipper corrected. “Because it’s not. But our ‘relationship’ is supposed to be about equality. Just like I didn’t expect nor want this to happen, you don’t want to tell me your secrets.” he continued. Bill shook his head and walked past Dipper, heading towards the door.

“I have some business to take care of. I’ll see you later this evening.” Bill told him.

In times like this, Dipper wished he could just sew his lips together, maybe tame the argumentative mood that had instilled in him. Bill had obviously left the room because Dipper couldn’t control himself--he always had to argue about something and he hated it. He wished that he could be normal and calm like he used to be.

Dipper missed dinner, curling up under the blankets in their room instead. He ignored the insistent tapping at the door, and the quiet sound of Lana asking him to eat something. He feigned sleep, secretly hoping that Bill would never come back. If he didn’t, he would never have to face the embarrassment, and possibility, that he’d lash out again.

“Asleep?” He heard Bill mumble from outside of the door. “He didn’t go to dinner?”

“No sir.” Lana replied. “Do you think he’s feeling alright?”

“Bring me a tray of something easy to eat. Soup perhaps.” Bill told her. The door creaked open and Bill’s footsteps were quiet as he approached the bed. “Dipper.” he called softly, resting a hand on his shoulder. Dipper nuzzled the pillow, and Bill shook him. “Wake up.”

“What?” Dipper croaked, cracking an eye open. Just looking at Bill’s face made his guts roll. “Leave me alone.” Bill frowned and leaned over him, pressing his lips to Dipper’s forehead.

“No fever.” he said to himself. Dipper heard the slight clacking of dishes on a tray. “Set that here.” Bill gestured to the end table near him, and Lana did so.

“Is he alright?” Lana questioned, voice lined with concern.
“I’m not sure.” Bill told her. “Leave us.”

“Yes, master.” Her heels could be heard clacking on the floor as she exited, and Bill carefully turned Dipper’s face up, inspecting it.

“Are you feeling unwell?” Bill asked, brushing a thumb down his cheek.

“No. Just tired.” Dipper replied, and Bill gave him a quick kiss. He then released the omega’s face and picked up the bowl from the tray. One of his hands curled deftly around the side of the bowl in a death-like grip.

“You need to eat.” Bill told him, voice still downy soft. It was almost unnerving. Dipper frowned.

“I’m not hungry.” he responded. Bill’s face contorted into anger for just a moment, before settling on concerned. Dipper wondered what was going through the alpha’s head.

“Please?” Bill asked, and Dipper scrunched up under the sheets. He was kind of hungry. At least from the way his stomach was aching at the smell of the soup. “Please eat.” Dipper struggled for a moment to sit up, and Bill’s eyes flickered. “Don’t strain yourself.”

“I’m not.” Dipper argued, dragging himself up. “This bed is hard to get out of, it sucks you in like quicksand.” Bill snorted. Dipper reached for the bowl, but Bill held it out of his reach. “I can feed myself.” Dipper snapped, and Bill rose an eyebrow. He carefully handed over the porcelain bowl, and the omega took it.

“I suppose you can. Finish the bowl.” Bill told him, voice returning to its normal level. Dipper spooned the soup into his mouth as Bill stood with his back to him, undoing his suit jacket and tossing it to the floor. Dipper frowned—usually his movements were smoothed, but there was a small, unwarranted jerk when he tried to flick the jacket off. “The woman with that four bedroom Victorian called me back. We haggled for a bit, and I eventually lowered her asking price.”

“The Stick Victorian?” Dipper asked, voice hopeful. Bill unbuttoned his shirt, shrugging it off.

“Yes, the Stick.” Bill told him, running a hand through his hair. His fingers absentmindedly played with the elastic of his eyepatch that curved around his ear.

“That’s wonderful. Have you decided on it?” Dipper asked. He had been right, he was hungry. His bowl was almost fully drained already. He wondered if Bill would be offended if he tipped the bowl back and drank it.

“I’m very fond of it.” Bill unbuttoned his pants and pushed them down, shaking them off his feet. “What do you think? Yay or nay.”

“I loved it, personally. The porch was gorgeous. And the backyard was very spacious, especially for Newark.” Dipper told him, spoon scraping the bottom of his bowl. He put the bowl back on the tray beside him, content as the warm liquid sloshed around in his stomach. “Though the red paint was a bit garish. Do you think we could paint it something cooler, like blue?”

“If we own it, I don’t see why not.” Bill teased, and Dipper chuckled. “I see that the nesting doll has made it in here.” Dipper looked at the window seat, blushing. The small doll was sitting on the bookshelf.

“What can I say, I really like it. At least I’m not bringing it to bed with me.” Dipper told him, and Bill snorted. Finally undressed, he joined Dipper in bed, slipping under the covers.
“I guess that would be more than a bit unsettling.” Bill agreed. Dipper had froze, staring at his face. “What, do I have a bug on my face, little tree?” his voice was cool and emotionless. Dipper’s hands instinctively rose and cupped Bill’s face.

“You took off your eyepatch.” Dipper told him. Underneath the eyepatch--it wasn’t what Dipper was expecting. He was just expecting the eye in itself to be blue and fogged over, but it was much worse.

The eye was filmed over, yes. But the flesh around the eye. Dipper drew his fingers across the area directly above it, and Bill’s lips twitched nervously. It looked like scar tissue from a burn surrounding the area around his eye, and a little bit even brushed the side of his nose. It was an unnatural red, and the tissue was twisted and misshapen. There were no lashes visible on either the bottom or the top. There was no way that Bill was born with his eye like this. Those were burn scars if he ever saw them--Mabel had a particularly nasty one on her leg from standing behind a car as it backfired. She had been taken to the hospital almost immediately with a second degree burn covering a good portion of her knee and upper thigh.

“I did. What’s the big deal?” Bill asked, trying to keep his voice nonchalant. “It’s just an eyepatch,” he looked away from Dipper, but didn’t try and pull his face away. Dipper leaned forward and pressed a gentle kiss to the area just above his eyelid. “What’s the big idea, little tree?”

“You’re so handsome.” Dipper chirped, and Bill’s eyes darted to him.

“Haha, make fun of the crippled alpha.” he muttered, and Dipper willed his nerves away. He then leaned forward and kissed Bill. Really and truly kissed him, hands leaving the alpha’s face to slide up his shoulders and around his neck. Bill let out a surprised grunt, but rested a hand on Dipper’s hip, rubbing his thumb in soft circles at his hipbone. “Naughty little tree.” he told him when the kiss broke, burying his face in Dipper’s shoulder.

“Hey, now we both have marks that we don’t like people seeing.” Dipper told him, and Bill let out a huff. “If it makes any difference, I want you to know that I’m not so vain as to think you’re crippled. Or not worth being my alpha.” Bill let out a soft sigh at the omega. The hand on Dipper’s waist slid around his back and pulled him tight to the alpha, who was beginning to let out a soft rumble.

“Are you purring?” Dipper teased, and Bill tensed. “Oh, no, it’s cute. I like it.” he quickly corrected himself. “Thank you. I’m sorry I keep fighting with you. I’m not normally this angry.”

“Change affects everyone differently. I have complete faith that you’ll settle down.” he kissed the curve of Dipper’s neck. “I’ll close on that house as soon as I can. I was thinking of neutral shades instead of cool.”

“Neutral shades would be good too. But currently the house looks like a Chinese temple, with all the bright, mind-numbing red.” Dipper told him, letting his fingers dance along Bill’s back, tracing circles into the hard muscle there. Bill let out a content grunt, chest still vibrating against Dipper’s. The omega slid his eyes shut, the rumbling as comforting as a lullaby.

“Goodnight Dipper.” Bill murmured into his ear.

“Goodnight Bill.” Dipper told him, pressing his face into the warmth of Bill’s chest.

Chapter End Notes
Well hello!
RadioActivity looked over this for me--she's such a gem.

Song for this chapter:
Shatter In The Night by Vesperteen

There's no cipher for this chapter lovelies!

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Dipper didn’t know why he was crouching outside of Bill’s office instead of walking in. If Bill caught him, he’d have more questions than Dipper had answers for. On the other side of the door, the alpha was almost screaming into the phone.

“You said you would bring it here.” Bill slammed his hand against something and Dipper heard it make a solid snap. “I don’t have time to drive down there—excuse me? That was not the deal.” Bill let out a short list of expletives; Dipper cringed on the other side of the door. What put the alpha in such a bad mood? “Fine, I’ll meet you there.” The phone slammed down into its cradle. “You’re going to regret messing with me.” Bill snarled to himself, and Dipper stood, knees protesting as he stood up. He straightened his clothes and nodded resolutely to himself.

Pressing his palms flat against the door, he pushed it open. The normally sunny room had darkened with the oncoming storm. Bill’s head whipped around to see who dared to interrupt him. The tension in his shoulders dropped, and he ran a hand through his mussed hair.

“Hey. Are you alright?” Dipper asked, stepping over the unusual mess of books and papers that Bill had thrown to the floor from the surrounding bookshelves. One of the handles on his desk drawer was snapped off. Dipper carefully placed a hand on Bill’s arm, and the alpha turned to him, a frown deeply etched on his face. He let out a heavy sigh.

“No. Not really.” Bill stood up, sliding a hand over the one on his arm. He stroked the top of Dipper’s palm, his head turning back to stare at the desk. The silence soon became awkward, and Dipper was about to open his mouth and say something; say anything to break the silence when Bill’s eye landed back on him. “Hey, little tree.”

“Yeah?” Dipper asked.

“I have to go to Gresham today.” he let go of Dipper’s hand, just to close the space between them. He leaned down to press his lips to the bridge of Dipper’s nose. “Would you like to tag along?”

“Yes!” Dipper immediately agreed, voice nearly cracking. “Of course I would.” Bill let out an amused chuckle, ruffling Dipper’s hair. “That would be amazing.” Bill’s other arm slid around Dipper’s waist, capturing his lips in a bruising kiss, yanking a squeak from him.

“Good. I’ll meet you near the front door in thirty minutes, make sure you’re ready.” the alpha told him, letting him free.

Dipper was far too excited for a simple car ride. He supposed it said something about how confining the house seemed to be, despite its incredible size. The idea of leaving brought forth a feeling that seemed incredibly hard to put into words.

“How did pulling on a jacket take thirty minutes?” Bill asked as Dipper raced down the stairs to meet his alpha. Dipper grinned at him broadly, a light blush dusting his cheeks. Bill just stared at the for a moment. He rose a hand and danced his fingertips across the heated flesh. “Beautiful. Do you know that? You’re absolutely stunning.”
“Stop that.” Dipper told him, pushing the hand away. Bill let out a soft rumble and gathered Dipper into his arms, pressing kisses to both of his cheeks. “Hey!”

“Don’t let anyone tell you that you aren’t beautiful.” Bill told him. “Not even yourself.”

“Flattery will get you nowhere.” Dipper murmured, embarrassed at the sudden attention. “Thank you, Bill.” His voice was soft as he thanked the alpha.

“You’re welcome.” He reluctantly released Dipper, hands unwilling to fully leave the omega. Bill slid his fingers in between Dipper’s. He tightened them, tugging him along with him to the garage.

Bill drove a Mercedes—a nice Mercedes. Dipper hadn’t expected him to drive some beat-up, four door minivan or anything; Bill was too vain for that. But it was still a shock as he sat down on the supple leather, taking in the smell. The vehicle had the overpowering smell of calla lilies, invading and dominating his senses.

“It smells like flowers in here.” Dipper told Bill. He had already buckled in, and was excitedly waiting for the hour long ride to begin. Bill shrugged at him, sliding the key into the ignition.

“I did bring a lot of flowers here the other day, from the floral place in town. My mother complained about the lack of white flowers in the garden.” he told Dipper. The car hummed underneath him as Bill backed up out of the driveway, looking over his shoulder. His hand was braced against Dipper’s seat as he did so, fingers digging into the cloth. Dipper watched as the fingers depressed the fabric and foam.

“Do you ever wear anything but suits?” Dipper wondered aloud. “You make me feel underdressed.” Bill spared him a glance, eyebrow high on his forehead.

“Mystery.” Bill teased, and Dipper rolled his eyes. “Besides, I look dashing.”

“Okay, that one I’ll let you have.” Dipper told him, and he received a wink in return. “But you can’t be comfortable in all that finery. Not all the time.”

“I’ve worn suits every day since I was eleven. It doesn’t bother me as much anymore.” Bill admitted. “I don’t think I have any casual clothing.”

“You should buy some.” The wheels of the Mercedes slid onto the poorly kept asphalt of the Falls. “I think that you’d look good in jeans.” Bill released Dipper’s seat, placing both hands on the wheel.

“You think? I might pick some up at some point.” Bill conceded, flexing his hands. The trees passed by in a blur, and Dipper mentally tried to catch them with his eyes as they passed. It was ridiculous, he knew. But it was something to do.

“Can I turn on the radio?” Dipper asked, eyes still focused on the surrounding woods.

“Yes, of course.” Bill told him. “All yours, little tree.” Dipper turned to the radio and turned it on, fiddling with the radio dial. He decided on an oldies station, since everything else seemed to be either public radio, or some preacher claiming that end times were near.

“Why do you think people harp about the apocalypse so much?” Dipper asked. Patsy Cline poured out of the radio, singing about heartbreak. “It’s not like there’s any scientific data supporting the end of the world like they describe.” Bill spared him a glance, making sure that Dipper knew he was paying attention. “Don’t get me wrong, the sun’s going to go out someday, the planet is going to be sucked into a black hole—I mean, it is going to happen. But not now; it’s completely ridiculous that people are freaking out about an event that’s not scheduled for a couple million years from now.”
“So you don’t put stock in any sort of religious belief about the end of the word?” Bill asked, and a low rumble of thunder rolled over them. Bill eyed the sky as Dipper thought of an answer. Dark clouds were threading together in the sky, roiling and turning like an upset stomach.

“Any sort of religious ‘end of the world’ propaganda is simply that. Propaganda.” he crossed his arms over his chest. “There’s no way God, or any other religious deity would be so open about when the world would end. Besides, every single prediction to this day have been wrong.”

“You have a good point. Based on previous failure, there’s a very slim chance the world would end. Due to any variable.” he clarified, and Dipper let out a thoughtful hum.

“I suppose if we were hit by a meteor, that could destroy the world. But that’s the only variable I can think of.” Dipper told him, and Bill settled comfortably in his seat, as if Dipper had put his mind at ease.

The conversation ended there, and Dipper turned back to the window. He hummed incoherently (and a little off tune) to the selection of songs that spilled out of the radio, simply content to sit there.

“City limits, incoming.” Bill told Dipper. “So, ground rules.” Dipper frowned.

“Ground rules?” Dipper questioned. He really should’ve expected that

“First things first. I need to pick something up.” Dipper nodded. “And I don’t want you getting out of the vehicle when I pull in. Stay in the car and stay quiet.”

“This sounds awfully suspicious.” Dipper muttered, and Bill shrugged. “You aren’t a drug dealer, are you?”

“No.” Bill answered immediately. “But I am a collector of very rare items, and some of my sellers...are nervous around third parties. So that means that you have to stay hidden.” he tapped the window. “Windows are tinted, he won’t be able to see you.” The development popped the tiny balloon of excitement that Dipper had held onto. Of course, he was basically going to stay in the car the entire trip.

“Alright.” Dipper told him, glum. He didn’t know why he expected anything else. Bill must have noticed his sudden mood change, and he reached over to grab Dipper’s hand, squeezing it.

“Afterwords, I was thinking we could go out to eat. I don’t think we want to do a ton of window shopping, due to the oncoming storm.” Bill shrugged. “But we could drop by one of the bridal places in town.” Dipper looked up at Bill. “Unless you’re in a rush to get home.”

“That sounds like fun.” Dipper agreed, letting out a happy breath. “What were you thinking of for lunch?” he asked.

“I’m not sure. What do you want?” Bill asked, making a sharp turn. Dipper braced himself too late, being thrown against the door. Bill swore at himself. “I’m sorry, shit. Are you okay?” Bill asked as he tugged his car to the side of the road, slowing down. Dipper noticed the other vehicle not far from them, and he sank down into his seat. Bill reached over and let go of Dipper’s hand so he could rest it on his shoulder, giving a soft squeeze.

“I’m fine.” Dipper told him, rubbing his abused shoulder. “I wasn’t really thinking of anything in particular. I wouldn’t mind Chinese food, or Thai. It’s been awhile since I’ve had either.” Bill parked the car, giving Dipper a look that the twin couldn’t discern.
“Dipper.” he slid a hand underneath his jaw, tilting it up. He pressed a solid kiss to his lips, gently taking Dipper’s bottom lip into his mouth, carefully rolling it between his teeth. “I’ll be right back.” he breathed. Dipper was dazed for a moment, licking his lips.

“I’ll be here.” Dipper told him with a small grin, and Bill snorted.

Bill climbed out of the car, leaving his keys in the ignition so that the radio could continue to play while Dipper sat there. The omega was watching closely out of the windshield, trying to fight down the worry that was building in his chest.

A man climbed out of the van that was parked not too far from their own and alarm bells immediately began to smash together in his head like a badly timed orchestra. The man was far shorter than Bill and was dressed in a tweed suit. He looked more nervous than a long tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs. In his shaking hands was a small, cardboard box, and he cowed when Bill was within five feet of him. Bill seemed to speak with him for a moment, looking rather jovial and cheery.

Bill seemed to be rather chummy with a guy he just yelled at over the phone, but Dipper wasn’t about to throw stones. Even if he made him upset, he was probably a pretty important business partner. They talked for a little bit and Bill jerked a thumb over his shoulder at the car, and Dipper could just hear him making some sort of excuse to leave.

“Miss me?” Bill asked when he returned, sliding into the driver’s seat. “I hope I wasn’t gone too long.” he placed the box in the back of the seat. “George really likes to talk.” Dipper peeked into the back seat, and Bill ruffled his hair. “Nothing in there for you, little tree.”

“I wasn’t presuming there was.” Dipper told him, slightly annoyed. “I just want to know what it is.”

“You want to know what everything is.” Bill countered, throwing the car in reverse. “Now, what about that lunch?”

Chapter End Notes

Well hey there! Welcome back!
RadioActivity is my beautiful beta, as always!

Song for this chapter:
Wax Nostalgic by Eliza Rickman

I was too tired from finals/graduation to do a cipher for this chapter, sorry!

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Lunch was good. Hell, it was better than good. To sit in a normal setting with Bill, to eat lunch with him in some place other than the manor—that was worth the entire trip. Bill was a picky eater outside of the home as much as he was inside, and he spent twenty minutes looking over the menu before deciding.

“How did you even find that place?” Dipper asked as they exited the small Chinese restaurant. It was a sketchy, hole in the wall in Dipper’s opinion. If he had been with anyone else, he wouldn’t of agreed to go inside. He wouldn’t of even entered there with his great uncle’s, and that was saying something. Bill entwined their fingers, tugging Dipper closer to him.

“You know that my family is swarmed by rumors. Some true, most not.” Bill told him, tugging him along down the sidewalk. Dipper cast a curious glance towards Bill’s Mercedes as they passed it, but followed him down the small strip. They passed a few mom and pop shops, mostly empty with tired looking employees. Their eyes begged Dipper not to come inside—pleaded with him, wordlessly telling him that there was nothing inside that would interest the two of them. Luckily, Bill had no desire to purchase anything from the exhausted, lifeless employees, content to walk with Dipper.

“That small restaurant back there? My family owns it. It’s the source for some of the cartel rumors that are hanging over our heads.”

“Are they true?” Dipper asked, and Bill shrugged. After a couple minutes, Dipper realized he wasn’t going to answer—which was, in it’s own way, good. Dipper really didn’t want to know if Bill had a hand in illegal drugs or murder. Sometimes, ignorance really was bliss.

“Oh wow.” Dipper breathed, eyes widening in amazement. Bill had walked them all the way downtown. He had never let go of Dipper’s hand, pulling him over every time Dipper strayed too far from him. “This place is beautiful.” The buildings stretched up towards the sky like reaching hands, trying to gather it together and hold it in time. Dipper wanted to shout an agreement with them; the dark clouds couldn’t tame the excitement flooding his veins. Even with the overcast sky, people milled around them. They were looking through shop windows, cheerful and in harmony with each other.

“I thought you’d like it.” Bill told him, releasing his hand so that it could travel up and wrap around his shoulders. The teen wiped his now free hand off on his pants. Sweat had built up between his hand and the cotton of Bill’s gloves, and frankly, it was disgusting. Sweet as hand-holding was, Dipper thought that there should be some sort of time limit. “The bridal place I scouted out is just around the corner here.” This brought Dipper back to reality, solidifying his feet back on the ground.

“Oh.” Dipper let the word out in a breath of air. “Yeah.” Bill rubbed gentle circles into Dipper’s shoulder.

“Don’t worry. We’re just looking. We can wait as long as you want.” Bill murmured. Dipper released a breath that had gathered in his lungs. Bill understood. A cool breeze blew over them and Dipper shuddered.

“Thank you.” Dipper told him. His nerves prodded at him to go on. “What colors were you
thinking? For the wedding.” he asked in a mumble. “I’m not a big fan of yellow, but it is a part of your family crest—” Bill held up a hand.

“Blue and white. That’s what I prefer.” Bill told him flatly. “One color from your crest, one color from mine. I am open to suggestions, however.” Dipper went mum at this statement. Blue and white were about as good as anything.

The bridal store was in all ways opposite of the Chinese restaurant—it had large windows that were filled with pure white ball gowns that trailed the floor. Sequins were sewn on to the bodices of tight-fitting mermaid bridal gowns and they glinted in the store lights, looking like stars. Again, Dipper was amazed. His eyes darted around the room, trying to take in everything at once.

“Hello! Welcome! My name is Laura and I’ll be happy to assist you today If you need anything, feel free to ask!” The greeting was standard. Fake enthusiasm lined the sales representatives voice as she glanced over at the two of them. Dipper ran a hand through his hair, suddenly conscious of his appearance. Being with Bill—he might have to start dressing nicer. He fidgeted slightly under the woman’s scrutiny.

“Don’t think about it.” Bill whispered into his ear. “She means nothing to us.” he stood up, flashing her a smile. “Hello Laura! My fiance and I are here to peruse your selection of suits. Perhaps you, or another associate can show us around?” Laura perked up, sliding out from behind her counter.

The saleswomans demeanor changed completely when Bill acknowledged her, and it made Dipper’s stomach roil in disgust and jealousy. Dipper shook his head, startled about his sudden burst of possessive behavior. Bill’s fingers alighted onto his lower back to comfort him. Dipper’s head tilted up, narrowing his eyes.

“Of course. Right this way gentleman.” Laura moved like an apex predator, moving across the sales floor. Dipper suddenly felt like he was about to walk into a trap, but Bill pushed him forward.

“My name is Bill. Bill Cipher.” Bill greeted. Dipper saw her visibly tense, shoulders bracing as if she was about to be attacked. Dipper momentarily sympathized with her-- the mystery around Bill was intimidating. It was odd that people knew about him this far out, however. “This lovely young man is Dipper Pines. Might I say that your store is absolutely beautiful.”

“Thank you sir.” Laura said. “Are we looking for anything specific today?”

“Nope, just looking.” Bill replied. Dipper took a deep breath, summoning some courage.

“Though I wanted a white suit.” Dipper piped up, and both Laura and Bill’s eyes locked onto him. “I want to keep close to the traditional roles as possible. White for me, and possibly black for Bill. We are open to a deep blue for his suit, however. Traditional royal, maybe?” he looked up at his alpha, who had slowly puffed up. Dipper was genuinely confused about what had made him so prideful all of the sudden.

“I’m sure we can find the perfect fit for both of you.” Laura told them with a nervous grin. Bill smiled too—but it wasn’t the friendly, sweet smile he often gave Dipper. It was tight and cold, and it didn’t go unnoticed by Laura, who faltered.

“I do hope so.” Bill said, the smile never leaving his face.

“You scared that woman.” Dipper chastised as they made their way back to the vehicle.
“As if you care.” Bill purred, slipping an arm around his waist. “You little green monster you,” he pushed Dipper against the passenger side of the car, capturing his lips in a warm, borderline possessive kiss. “Did you think I wouldn’t notice?”

“I didn’t try to hide it.” Dipper murmured. “I have a right to get jealous. I own you just as much as you own me, don’t I?” he asked, and Bill let out a low hiss.

“You do.” Bill growled into his ear.

“Get a room!” Someone shouted at them from the sidewalk. Bill slid a knee between Dipper’s thighs, knee brushing against his crotch. Dipper let out a strangled groan, eyelids fluttering shut. Whoever had shouted at them made an obvious noise of disgust. Bill jostled his leg and received another noise of appreciation from his omega. After a moment he pulled himself away from Dipper, smiling at him.

“Let’s get home.” Bill suggested as if nothing had happened, opening Dipper’s door. “We should have pizza for dinner, as a reward.” he added. Dipper let out a small huff of air, frowning up at the older man. “What?” he teased.

“Nothing.” Dipper jerked his head up. His arms slid across his chest, folding over each other as they crossed. Bill laughed at him and shut the passenger side door. When Bill re-entered the vehicle, Dipper was shifting uncomfortably in his seat.

“Sure you’re okay over there, little tree?” Bill asked, starting the vehicle. Dipper turned his head to look out the window.

“I’m fine.” Dipper told his alpha, who seemed to be having far too much fun at his expense. Bill backed out of the parking lot, beginning their lengthy trip home. Bill reached over and offered his hand to Dipper, brushing his fingers across the top of his thigh. Dipper looked at it for a moment then slid his hand into Bill’s.

“I’ll take care of you when we get home.” Bill murmured, stroking the top of his hand. “How does that sound?” Dipper blushed, unable to look him in the eye.

“Y-yeah, I’d like that.” he murmured. “I’d really like that.” The past few days, Dipper couldn’t get Bill out of his head. It was like Bill was teasing him. Every moment he turned around, the alpha was licking his lips or biting them while concentrating on his ‘job’. The nervous way he still removed his eyepatch, like Dipper was about to reenact the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire.

Bill would steal kisses from him at random points throughout the day. Simple, soft kisses that stoked a fire within him, one at a time. But Bill didn’t seem to be bothered by it at all, returning to his work without pause. For the most part, he kept his hands to himself when they went to bed at night as well. At first, it comforted Dipper that Bill wasn’t asking anything of him. Now, with every side glance when they bathed, with the shreds of moonlight that sometimes lighted on Bill’s sleeping face—Dipper wanted Bill to want him more. And it didn’t seem like he did.

He wasn’t sure if it was the newly awakened omega hormones, or the fact that he was eighteen and being intimate with another person was way better than jacking off to some amateur porn, but he was itching to have Bill mount him again. There. He admitted it to himself and it was so pathetic that he couldn’t even excuse it. No amount of telling himself that ‘this is how it is’ would change the fact that it was embarrassing that he wanted Bill to bed him this bad.

“I’m so ashamed of myself.” he muttered, sinking into his seat. Bill looked over, raising an eyebrow.

“Ashamed? Why?” he asked. “Because you have an erection?” Dipper shifted uncomfortably. “ Or
are you ashamed because I gave you an erection?” Bill’s fingers were tapping on the leather steering wheel.

“It’s not even about that.” Dipper muttered. “Well, it is a little bit. But it’s more about--” he pressed his hands to his eyes. “--I feel weird. Saying it aloud.”

“Saying what aloud?” Bill pressed, turning onto an exit.

“I…” Dipper fiddled with his sleeves. He tilted his head up to look at Bill. The alpha was tense, teeth grit together. This caused Dipper to furrow his brow; what was Bill worried about? “I really, really want to have sex with you again.” The omega told him. All of the tension slid out of Bill’s body and he relaxed against his seat.

“That’s what you’re embarrassed about?” Bill asked, lips twitching up into a smile. “You worried me for a moment there, little tree.” he shook his head. “I’m definitely fucking you tonight, you don’t have to worry about that.” he rumbled, voice a low hum that blended with the Mercedes quiet engine. Dipper’s cheeks flushed, and his eyes dropped to stare at the floor beneath his feet.

“You’re despicable.” Dipper whispered, and Bill winked. “What were you worried about?” Dipper asked, trying to change the subject. Bill’s face screwed up and he pulled his bottom lip into his mouth, running his fangs along it.

“Promise you won’t laugh?” Bill asked. Dipper stayed quiet, merely waiting for him to proceed. “I thought you were going to get mad at me.”

“Get mad?” Dipper asked, genuinely confused. “Why would I?”

“Because of the parking lot.” the answer was simple, and Dipper immediately understood. “Which I’m sorry, I admit it.” he took his hands off the wheel momentarily to raise them in defense. They settled back down in their rightful places as he continued. “I shouldn’t of pinned you against the vehicle in a public place.” Dipper frowned. Was Bill apologizing?

“Uh, you’re forgiven.” the omega muttered, and Bill’s smile grew. This lended Dipper some bravery, and he pressed on, unabashed. “As long as you finish what you started.” Bill’s eye shot over to look at him, and Dipper could feel the heat given off of it.

“Oh I will.” he murmured, voice husky. “Better believe it, sugar pine.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for the support, and I hope you enjoyed!
Thank you RadioActivity for staying up to help me with this--you're such a blessing ;3;
Also a shout out to my good friend E--Happy Birbday you giant nerd!

Songs for this chapter:
Lifevest by The Material

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Bill had sent him to their bedroom as soon as they walked into their home; he mentioned something about checking in with the servants. So with a promising, hot kiss from Bill, Dipper walked up to their bedroom.

It was like every moment that Dipper waited, he became more and more unsure that this was a good idea. Not because he didn’t want Bill, but...his alpha hadn’t shown much interest in him over the last week. What if Bill thought it was just his ‘job’ and Dipper was just really bad at sex. Or maybe he actually was unattractive and Bill had to build himself up to it. Dipper leaned forward, pressing his forehead against the cool wood of the wall.

“You’re thinking too hard.” Bill’s voice interrupted his thoughts. He jumped, slamming back against the alpha’s chest. “What’s going on in that head of yours?” Bill kissed his temple, and Dipper felt Bill’s crotch against his ass, rubbing against him slightly. This forced Dipper against the wall tighter, getting a quiet whimper.

“W-well. I was wondering if...:” Dipper paused. “I don’t know if you really want to know.”

“I do.” Bill hooked his thumbs into the pockets of Dipper’s jeans, tugging at them. “I always want to know what you’re thinking, sugar pine.”

“Do you really want to have sex with me, or is this a part of ‘playing house’ for you?” Dipper asked. Bill took a step back from him. Dipper’s hands curled into fists at his sides.

“Turn around.” Bill murmured. Dipper carefully did so, eyes slowly rising to look at Bill’s face. The alpha’s face was a mixture of confusion and anger. He slid his fingers around Dipper’s wrist, tugging him towards the bed. “Sit.” Dipper sat down, peering up at the older man through his lashes. “My dick is officially out of commission until you learn something.”

“And what’s that?” Dipper asked, not sure he wanted to hear it.

“You. Are. Gorgeous.” Bill hissed. He leaned over, placing his hands on either side of Dipper’s legs. “If there’s one thing you need to know about me is I never suck someone’s dick that I’m not attracted to.” His body surged forward, knocking their noses together. Bill’s one good eye stared into Dipper’s. The omega couldn’t pull himself away, mouth going dry. “Do you think it’s easy, lying next to you every night? Wondering if you’ll accept me again?” One of his hands ghosted over to the omega’s hip, alighting there. “I don’t put my hands on you because I don’t want to hurt you, and I definitely don’t want to force you. I mean…”

Bill turned his head away from Dipper. “...look at me.” he gestured a hand to his eyepatch. A frustrated noise escaped his lips, followed by a low, inaudible mutter. “I don’t want you to think that the only worth you bring to this relationship is a convenient place to put my dick.” he squeezed Dipper’s hip. “I want to be with you, Dipper. Not just in this weird, convoluted place that our parents
have led us to. A partnership.” Bill paused, eyebrows furrowing. “I guess I should ask… is that what you want too?”

Dipper was caught between bewilderment and the burning need to launch himself at the alpha. He chose the latter and threw his arms around Bill’s neck, mouth connecting with the alpha’s in a rough, hot kiss. Bill’s dick must have opened for business, because he forced Dipper back on to the bed with his upper body weight.

“That’s definitely what I want.” Dipper murmured, and Bill let out a small snort. “Is this back on?” he asked, still unsure. Bill rose an eyebrow.

“It is definitely back on.” he told the omega, leaning forward to kiss him solidly on the mouth. He slid his hands under Dipper’s thighs and pushed him up the bed, sliding across the silken duvet to the center of the bed. “That’s better, isn’t it?” Bill asked. “Now your ass isn’t going to be hanging off the side of the bed.”

“How thoughtful.” Dipper murmured. His nerves were on the verge of overflowing again, but he choked them down. Damned be the butterflies in his stomach—he wanted Bill. Sooner or later, they’d have to shed the kid gloves anyway.

“Why are you always so sarcastic?” Bill asked with a grin. “Would you like to do the honors?” he pointed to the eyepatch, and Dipper’s eyes widened. “Don’t be so shocked, little tree. Go ahead, pull it off.” Dipper’s hands shook as he gently pulled the leather patch from Bill’s eye. It easily came free from his ear and dangled from Dipper’s fingers for a single moment. He dropped it beside them in favor of gently stroking the sensitive, scarred flesh underneath. Bill interrupted the gentle petting, shoving their hips together in a rough grind. “Earth to Dipper.” Bill’s voice was singsong, right by Dipper’s ear, as he brought the omega back to him.

“Sorry Bill, I..” Another rough grind. “Shit, okay, all yours. My attention is on you.” Bill smirked, hips still pressing down against Dipper’s.

“Good, that’s where it should always be.” Bill teased. “I am very vain, after all.”

“You do take a lot of time with your appearance.” Dipper conceded. “And it works for you.” Bill snickered at this, before kissing him again. His tongue slipped past Dipper’s lips, pressing against the omega’s tongue, beckoning it to come out and play. Dipper easily complied, tongue dancing with Bill’s. They were both panting when Bill pulled away. His tongue flicked out to dart along his bottom lip. Dipper could feel his underwear dampening beneath him as his self-made lubrication dripped out of him, all too ready for Bill.

“Time to unbutton these.” Bill murmured, ghosting his fingers along the hem of Dipper’s jeans. He popped them open. “I can smell your excitement.” he whispered into Dipper’s ear, sliding his hand into the omega’s jeans. Dipper gasped; Bill’s hand wasn’t taking prisoners as he bypassed his boxers completely. Slender fingers wrapped around his dick, pumping it languidly. “Look at you, so hard already. I can only imagine how wet you are.” Dipper shuddered, legs pressing together instinctively at the heat that began to pool in his belly. Bill let out a soft growl, gripping one of Dipper’s thighs and pulling it so that Dipper’s legs were parted once more.

“Bill.” Dipper keened. “Bill.” he repeated, unable to say much else. The alpha chuckled, hooking the fingers of his other hand into the band of Dipper’s jeans, tugging them down.

“Your underwear is soaked.” Bill murmured, almost to himself. His hand left Dipper’s dick, deciding to use both of his hands to pull down Dipper’s boxers instead. “I bet I could slip into you right now.” he pulled his gloves off, tossing them to the side. Dipper reached up and tugged at Bill’s shirt, fingers
deftly unbuttoning the top three before Bill moved to remove his shirt instead.

“Hey, be fair.” Dipper whined, hands tugging at Bill’s dress shirt. Bill snickered, finishing what Dipper had started, undoing the buttons and shrugging it off his shoulders. Dipper’s hand greedily slid up Bill’s broad chest, mapping out the skin. It was so warm underneath his hands, and his fingernails dug into Bill’s shoulders when found them. “Jesus Christ, you’re a rock.” Instead of vocally responding, Bill began to rut against him, hand gravitating back to his leaking erection. His fingers slid around the engorged cock, pumping it.

“Do you want to cum, little tree?” Bill asked, hand moving quicker now. Dipper nodded at him, unable to get in a full breath with the pleasure wracking him, let alone speak. “Good little omega--” there was a sharp rap on the bedroom door, and Bill’s eye flicked up. Dipper let out a quiet whine, hips bucking up. “No need to panic. They can wait for a just a little while longer.” Bill murmured, kissing his cheek. “You’re close, aren’t you?” Dipper nodded, gasping.

“I-I want you in me.” Dipper panted, and Bill grit his teeth.

“I know. Just cum for me now.” he gave a particularly rough jerk, and Dipper’s eyelids fluttered shut. “That’s it, relax.” Another knock. Bill let out a growl, pressing his face in the juncture where Dipper’s neck and shoulder met. His lips attacked the sensitive flesh, lips grazing his jaw.

The omega came with a low groan of Bill’s name, semen coating his stomach and a good portion of Bill’s hand. Everything was hazy for a moment as Bill got off of him. Bill snatched up his eyepatch and slipped it on, going to answer the door. Dipper watched him lazily, painfully aware of how wet he was. Bill opened the door, shoulders tense.

“What on earth do you want?” Bill asked, and Dipper tried to crane his head to see the visitor. Whoever had interrupted them was talking too quiet for him to hear. “Yes, I’m busy.”

“Bill?” Dipper called out, and Bill turned towards him. Dipper coyly pressed his knees together with a whimper, trying to coax Bill back to the bed. Bill swore to himself. The visitor continued to speak in a hushed voice. After a couple more minutes, Dipper decided that Bill had given up on returning to the bed. He was now talking excitedly with whomever had interrupted them. “Gross.” Dipper muttered, sitting up. His cum began to mix with the liquid that was still seeping out of him. “Doesn’t this have an off switch?” he muttered in regards to it.

“Come back later.” Bill ordered in the background as Dipper considered going to the bathroom. He really didn’t want to get this slurry all over the floor, but what choice did he have? The door shut softly, and Dipper rolled over and braced his hands on the bed, pulling himself along the silk. He proceeded to wipe himself along the sheets--cleaning his stomach off and effectively ruining the expensive material. Nothing, not even his cum, could make them more disgusting to Dipper.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Bill asked, and Dipper swallowed. Oh. So they weren’t done. The alpha quickly stalked back over to the bed, lips drawn up in a possessive snarl. His pants and undergarments were carelessly kicked off and left on the floor, along with his eyepatch.

“What was that about?” Dipper asked as Bill climbed back on to the bed and took a couple minutes to resituate himself over Dipper. He flipped the omega back over so that he could look him in the face.

“Nothing.” he replied. “At least nothing I care about right now.” he ran a hand along Dipper’s thigh, and the omega opened them. Bill settled between the pale thighs, petting them reverently. Bill kissed Dipper, hard, bringing his attention back to the situation at hand. Bill slid a hand underneath Dipper. His fingers slid in between the omega’s slickened cheeks, curling to lightly prod at Dipper’s
entrance. “We’re going to have to change the sheets.” Bill teased, before drawing a dusky nipple into his mouth. He sucked on it playfully, fingers pulling the round globes of Dipper’s ass apart. “You’re so beautiful. So slick, just for me.” he whispered against Dipper’s chest. “May I?”

“Yes.” Dipper breathed, and he felt Bill carefully move up his body. He felt the head of Bill’s cock press against his entrance, testing the puckering hole with a gentle nudge. Dipper let out a quiet whine, and with a gentle push Bill was sliding into him.

It felt different then the first time they’d laid together. There was a slight burn, but the warmth that filled him as the alpha entered him was sensational. His eyelids fluttered shut in pleasure, and he heard the slow rumble of Bill growling above him, seating himself completely.

“For the love of—” Bill rumbled, and he braced himself against the bed. “--Dipper.” he closed his eyes and pressed their foreheads together. “I wish I could convey how your body feels around me.” Dipper let out a quiet whine, hooking a leg around Bill’s back. “Bare your neck for me.” he said quietly, and the younger man tilted his head up. Wet, sloppy kisses trailed their way up his neck, fangs ghosting across the thin flesh. They pricked him, but drew no blood.

Dipper slid his hands up, cautiously sliding them into Bill’s hair. The alpha gave a short thrust into him, hips bumping against Dipper’s ass. He tugged at the blonde locks, tugging him up for a brilliant, mind-searing makeout session, tangling his tongue with Bill’s without remorse. Bill didn’t get caught up quite enough to stop him from slowly pistoning his hips in and out of Dipper. Every thrust rocked Dipper against, and deeper into, the silken sheets around him.

“God, these sheets are so gross.” Dipper grumbled as sweat built between him and the cloth. Bill snickered at him, hips snapping forward at a slightly increased rate, getting a gasp. “No, seriously. If I get chafed from this, you’re applying Destin all down my back.” he huffed out, hip unintentionally rising to meet Bill’s.

“I think that I can do that. By the way, they’re not ‘gross’.” Bill shoved into Dipper roughly, and the twin keened, feeling the tip of the cock inside of him brush his prostate. “They're expensive.”

“Expensive doesn’t mean anything.” Dipper panted, coherent thoughts fluttering out of his mind like startled birds. Bill grunted in disagreement, suddenly more than focused on Dipper’s body, doubling over to cover one of his nipples with a warm, wet mouth, ending their conversation. And Dipper couldn’t be happier about that particular turn of events. As he arched into Bill’s mouth, all he could think was **I could really get used to this kind of treatment.**

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Hey, welcome back my fine friends!
If anyone is wondering, I passed all my finals!

RadioActivity is my beautiful beta, as always!

Song(s) for this chapter:
Hands To Myself by Selena Gomez

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“When’s your birthday?” Dipper asked sleepily. One of Bill’s hands was stroking Dipper’s lower back, while the other held a dimly lit tablet in front of his face. Bill looked down at Dipper, then leaned over to kiss his messy, freshly-washed curls.

“That’s an odd question, little tree.” Bill told him. “Didn’t you read any of the pre-meet up paperwork?” Dipper yawned, pressing even closer to Bill’s chest.

“Parents didn’t give it to me.” Dipper murmured. Bill stiffened beside him, the soothing hand becoming a vice-like grip on his side. “Either they forgot, or they didn’t want me to see it.”

“That has to be illegal.” Bill growled out, and Dipper turned his face up to look at the alpha. Anger had engraved itself in every inch of his face. “Your parents are absolutely repugnant.” he hissed. “Did they just slap the paper in front of you and tell you to sign?”

“Similar, but not quite. There was more screaming, more slammed doors. I broke a picture frame or two.” Dipper admitted. “Then they brought in the whole ‘your future belongs to us until you’re twenty one or married’ bit.”

“You’re being serious right now?” Bill questioned. Dipper nodded, and Bill shook his head. “I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have anything to be sorry for.”

“No, no, I know what I did.” Bill placed his tablet down beside him, turning his body into Dipper’s. The teen’s face was screwed up in confusion, and Bill kissed his nose.

“What did you do?” Dipper questioned, and Bill chuckled.

“I was kidding.” Bill grabbed the top of the comforter and drew it up, tugging it around them.

“So, when’s your birthday?” Dipper repeated, and Bill hummed at him.

“My birthday’s October sixteenth.” he told him, hot breath brushing against the base of his neck. “I’m currently twenty-two, going to be twenty-three.”

“Holy shit.” Dipper murmured. “You’re almost five years older than me.”

“Surprise.” Bill teased, drawing circles into Dipper’s back.

“You’re so old.” Dipper gasped dramatically, and Bill snorted. He drew his nails along Dipper’s lower back, scratching the flesh slightly. “I didn’t know that I was being mated with a grandpa.” Bill’s claws flexed against his skin, and the alpha pressed a toothy kiss to the side of Dipper’s neck.

“Smart-mouth.” he took a sizable piece of flesh and worked it in-between his fangs carefully.

“Should I call you grand-pappy instead?” Dipper continued to tease as Bill marked him with a hickey. Bill growled at him.

“And here I thought you were exhausted.” Bill told him when he pulled away, licking his lips.
“I am.” Dipper chirped, and Bill narrowed his eyes. “About to drop off to sleep at any moment.” he continued, closing his eyes. “See? Can’t even keep my eyes open.” This brought an amused chuckle from Bill’s lip, and he kissed the freshly made bruise.

“And yet you’re awake enough to sass me.” Bill told him with a sarcastic sigh. His hand slid down to lay on Dipper’s thigh.

“Or maybe I get cranky when I’m tired.” Dipper suggested. It’d been two weeks since he’d met Bill, and he was already willing to lay in his arms like this--he chalked it up to his inner omega’s desire to be held and protected. It was in his nature to want something like this.

“My dear little sugar pine--I didn’t mean to keep you up.” Bill apologized sincerely. “Sleep.” He kissed Dipper’s cheek. “Rest up.”

Dipper woke up with a panicked breath of air--if he hadn’t been pinned down by Bill’s arm, he would have shot up and out of the bed. Unknown images flit from his head, escaping back into the recesses of his mind. A nightmare. He hadn’t had a nightmare in ages. Bill’s arm instinctively wrapped tighter around Dipper and drug him close, seemingly unaware of the sweat that had built up on Dipper’s skin.

“Bill?” Dipper whispered, and Bill’s eye flickered open. “I’m sorry, I didn’t wake you up, did I?” he asked, peeking over Bill’s shoulder. Damn, it was five in the morning.

“What’s wrong?” Bill immediately questioned, searching Dipper’s face. He must of found something dissatisfying there, because he frowned. “Are you feeling alright?”

“Yeah, I just had a bad dream. Sorry again.” Dipper muttered, feeling like a child. He bowed his head in embarrassment. “Bill?” The alpha slipped a hand up to the back of Dipper’s head and drew him down, pressing his face right up against Bill’s breast.

The alpha began to hum softly at Dipper, stroking the brown curls. A rumbling purr began to vibrate through Bill’s chest, and Dipper could feel the soothing reverberations as they echoed through him.

“I’m right here.” Bill murmured through the somewhat noisy, comforting purr. “To chase away any nightmares you might have. Sleep without fear.” Dipper cautiously wrapped his arms around Bill’s middle.

“Thank you.” he told the alpha, who nodded, closing his eye. “You’re not mad, are you? For me waking you up this early for something so silly.” he whispered, and Bill kissed his curls.

“It’s not your fault.” Bill told him. He tangled his hand even farther into the curls. “And it’s certainly not silly.” Dipper let out a content breath of air as Bill pressed another tired kiss to the top of his head. Dipper slowly relaxed in Bill’s tight embrace, the vibrating purr slowly lulling him to sleep.

Dipper woke up to a featherlight kiss to his jaw. He blinked blearily at the alpha who was hovering over him. He narrowed his eyes, visibly unhappy.


“A surprise?” Dipper yawned and rolled over, nuzzling his pillow. Bill chuckled, slipping his hands under the covers, pressing his cold cotton gloves to Dipper’s bare back. “What is it? Your cold ass hands?”
“No, but I promise you’ll like it significantly more.” Bill teased. “Come on, get up sleeping beauty.” he tugged on the back of Dipper’s hair. Dipper swat at him blindly.

“Why do I have to get up? You never get up when I want you to.” Dipper whined at him. “I want to go back to sleep.” Bill sighed, sitting on the edge of the bed. A paper crinkled in his hand and Dipper perked up at the sound. “What’s that?” he intoned, and Bill let out a hum.

“Well, I have an assortment of documents here.” Bill told him, swinging his legs up on the bed and leaning against the headboard. Now lying parallel to Dipper, he continued. “One of them is the title to our new home in New Jersey.” the papers rustled in his hands, and Dipper turned in his direction, but not quite over. “Another is from Princeton--the tuition that wasn’t covered by your scholarships has been paid off. Consider it indefinitely.”

“Bill, you didn’t have to do that.” Dipper told him, rolling the rest of the way over so that he could look up at Bill. The alpha looked down at him, a warm smile present on his face. “Looks like you’ve deigned to join me.” Bill observed. “I’ve one other piece of paper here. Would you like to see?” he offered it to Dipper, who continued to stare at him.

“Why did you pay off my tuition?” Dipper asked, ignoring his question. Bill cocked an eyebrow. “Because, technically, you’re my husband.” he said lightly. “Your name hasn’t been changed legally yet, but you’re technically ‘Dipper Cipher’.” Bill winced. “Oh boy, that sounds gross. You know, I bet your actual name sounds better.”

“It might.” Dipper told him, pulling his arms back in a stretch. “Now who didn’t read the paperwork?” he teased, and Bill frowned. “Actually, there was a stipulation, when my family asked after you.” Bill told him. “Which made me think you actually had a hand in negotiations.” he laughed mirthlessly to himself. “Considering the response came in merely hours, I suppose the idea of you knowing about it is ridiculous.”

“What stipulation?” Dipper asked, genuinely curious about what his parents had cooked up.

“Well, your parents,” he paused. “My mother and father-in-law, they agreed to everything--as long as you made the decision on when you told me your name.” Dipper scoffed. “Oh, I bet they thought they’d win my affection with that one.” he shook his head.

“So you really didn’t have any idea?” Bill questioned again. “None at all? You never actually read the paperwork for…” he gestured between the two of them.

“Not a single page.” Dipper confirmed, and Bill swore. “What kind of shitty ass parents do you have?” Bill growled out, slamming his hands down on to his knees. “That’s it, they are officially not invited to the wedding. Hell, while we’re at it, mark my parents off too.” he was shaking his head, eyes flashing.

“I’m used to it. The real prize, in my parents eyes, is my sister.” Dipper told him. “I’m the unwanted twin.”

“Oh? What does she have that you don’t?” Bill asked.

“She’s a girl.” Dipper told him. “Female omegas are far more useful than male omegas.”
“Says who? Society? Is the only thing that makes her worth more the fact that she has a vagina?” Bill demanded.

“Hey, don’t talk about my sister like that.” Dipper told him, swatting his arm. Bill seemed not to notice.

“Furthermore, who called her a ‘prize’? You don’t win a person, Dipper.” Bill continued.

“Look, I’m not happy about it either.” Dipper told him, leaning his head against Bill’s shoulder. “But it’s society. That’s how our lives work, Bill. This is our punishment.” He inhaled deeply. “For not being human.” Bill’s head snapped around.

“Punishment? What are you talking about?” he asked, brows furrowing. “You think that you being an omega is a—” he paused. “—I see. I get it.” he shifted all of his papers to his right hand and slipped an arm around Dipper, pulling him tightly against him. “If you were born a human, you wouldn’t have to be here. With me.” he murmured into his ear. “You wouldn’t be expected to bear a child by me.” his hand traveled lower, resting on Dipper’s abdomen.

“Look, Bill, it’s not directed at you personally.” Dipper told him. “And you know it isn’t.” When Bill didn’t say anything, Dipper pressed his cheek against Bill’s shoulder. “So what was that third paper that you were so excited about?” Bill looked down at him, before looking at the papers in his hand.

“Well, it was something that you wanted. Information.” He handed the papers over, obviously still agitated. Dipper took them carefully, flipping past the first two.

“‘Dear Mr. Cipher.’” Dipper read aloud. “‘We’re happy to inform you that your newest manuscript ‘Trashed Roses’ has been accepted.’” he paused. “You’re an author? Figures you would be.” Bill snorted. “That’s what that room was full of--old manuscripts--” he took a moment to think about it, piecing it together. “--and research material.” he grinned up at Bill, tilting his head up to press a kiss to the older man’s jaw. “Congratulations! I mean, this is absolutely fantastic. I hope you’ll let me read it sometime.” Bill used his free hand to tip Dipper’ face back up. He placed a warm kiss to Dipper’ lips. “I mean, I’ll read all of them, if you’d let me.”

“You can read them all to your heart’s content, little tree.” Bill told him. “I do have a question for you. If you’d answer it.”

“What’s that?” Dipper asked.

“What’s your real name?” Bill questioned, and Dipper gave him an almost coy smile.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” Dipper teased. “We should go out, to celebrate this.” he shook the paper. “I’d say pop a bottle of wine, but I’m underage.” Bill laughed at him. “Now, if you don’t mind, I think I’ll go back to sleep.”

“Are you sure?” Bill rumbled. “I don’t know if I should plan this celebration by myself.”

“I’m out to lunch.” Dipper replied, pulling the blanket up around his ears.

“A three hour lunch?” the alpha inquired.

“You said that being rich and eccentric meant that naps were okay at all times of the day. Or something like that.” Dipper murmured. Sleep was gently washing over him again, and he was all too ready to return to its comforting embrace. “Besides, I didn’t get the best sleep last night. You know that.”
“I know.” Bill said softly, leaning over to kiss his forehead. “You can go back to sleep, I’ll see you in a little while. By then I’ll have picked out something, if you’d really like to celebrate.”


“Thank you again, sugar pine.” Bill told him, brushing one of the unruly curls so that is was tucked behind his ear. “I really appreciate it.”

The celebration that Dipper had in mind wasn’t what Bill had planned. Bill’s idea of celebrating included getting tipsy off expensive wine and slobbering all over Dipper. Which was cute in its own way, but for the most part was annoying.

Deciding he’d had enough, Dipper coaxed the half-drunk alpha back to their room, avoiding the sloppy, ill-placed kisses that Bill was trying to gift him with.

“I’m not drunk.” Bill told Dipper. One of his hands were tightly clutching Dipper’s, following him back to the bedroom. His gloves were long since abandoned on the dining table. Bill had taken them off for dinner, but refused to put them on again. “Just slightly inebriated. Don’t go trying to take advantage of me, little tree.” he teased.

“I would never.” Dipper replied as they stepped into their bedroom. Bill stumbled, and Dipper rose an eyebrow at him. Noticing the concerned look, Bill turned his back to the omega and shrugged off his jacket, letting it fall to the floor. Dipper shrugged and walked over to the armoire; Bill gave a half-turn so that Dipper could see him unbuttoning his shirt, sliding his fingers down his chest.

“So, I have another question for you, if you’d be so inclined to answer it.” Bill asked, fingers gravitating to the button of his pants. His pants were then sliding down his calves and pooling to the floor underneath him.

“What’s that?” Dipper asked, watching the alpha out of the corner of his eye. To Dipper’s surprise, he noticed a small, triangular tattoo, inked right below the back of Bill’s knee.

“Do you think the world will end in fire or ice?” Bill asked, making his way over to the bed. The eyepatch was gone in a flick of Bill’s fingers and placed on the end table. Dipper thought about it for a moment. A smile twitched at the corners of his mouth as he pulled on a loose tank top.

“’From what I’ve tasted of desire, I hold with those that favor fire.’” Dipper quoted, crawling on the bed with Bill. The alpha chuckled and pinched Dipper’s ear.

“Frost.” Bill murmured. “Robert. 1923. Though I was being serious. Fire or ice?” he opened his arms, and Dipper settled inside of them. He pressed his forehead against the too warm flesh of Bill’s chest.

“I told you. I would prefer fire.” Dipper told him, watching the mismatched eyes sleepily blinking at him. “What about you?”

“Mm, I think, little tree.” he paused. “I think that I’d like fire as well.”

Chapter End Notes
Oh hi there!
Thank you, RadioActivity, for beta'ing this :D You're the cheese to my mac.

Song(s) for this chapter:
Gypsy Woman by Anarbor
Parrot by Stepdad

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It had been officially one month since Dipper Pines had moved in with the elusive Bill Cipher. He was finally going to see his twin sister for the first time since their birthday. That seemed so long ago; Thirty days had seemed like a year when he was away from her. Bill was visibly less excited, but Dipper could barely contain his excitement.

“You’re about to bounce out of your seat.” Bill snickered, pulling into the parking lot of the Mystery Shack. Dipper turned to him with a bright grin.

“I haven’t seen my sister in a month.” Dipper told him. “Before now, we were completely inseparable. There’s nothing that could excite me more.” The omega reached for the door handle, and Bill locked the door from his side. Dipper shot him an inquisitive look.

“Can we talk for a moment? Before you run out there and launch yourself into the arms of your twin.” Bill unbuckled his seatbelt, fumbling with it for a moment. Dipper reached over and placed a hand on top of Bill’s. The cotton of Bill’s gloves was smooth and worn.

“Are you alright?” Dipper questioned. “What did you want to talk about?”

“Something stupid.” Bill told him, scratching the back of his neck. Dipper waited patiently for Bill to continue--he had an idea of what the alpha was going to say, but he wasn’t about to cut him off. “Do you think they’ll hate me?”

“Definitely.” Dipper told him, and Bill met his eye with a sharp turn of his head. Dipper was grinning at him playfully. The alpha narrowed his eyes at the omega. “They aren’t going to hate you, Bill. Well, my great uncles might at first, but you might be charming enough to change their minds.”

“You’re terrible.” Bill muttered. “These people are your family--at least the members that you care about. I really don’t want them to dislike me.” he ran his free hand through his hair.

“Well, sitting in this car isn’t getting them any closer to liking you.” Dipper suggested. “I’ll put in a good word for you.” Bill rolled his eyes and unlocked the doors. “Just relax. They aren’t scary.”

“I’m not scared of them.” Bill hissed, just before they exited the car. “Just wary.”

“Dipper!” Mabel screeched as soon as the car door opened and she saw the tufts of brown, curly hair. Bill recoiled in obvious shock while Dipper flung himself across the small distance between Mabel and himself, wrapping his arms around her in a tight hug.

“I nearly forgot that you were an Amazonian.” Dipper teased the older twin. Mabel had grown taller than him over their years in high school, standing at an impressive six-foot two.

“At least I’m not a member of the lollipop guild.” Mabel told him, unwilling to let go of Dipper. He inhaled deeply -- his sister smelled of vanilla and craft glue. It was a familiar, pleasing scent.
Her arms were like a vice around him, squeezing out every bit of air from his lungs. Bill waited patiently by the driver’s side door of his Mercedes.

“Is this him?” Mabel asked, keeping an arm wrapped protectively around Dipper’s shoulder; she turned to face the alpha. Mabel had a couple inches on Bill, no question, and the alpha seemed almost intimidated by the looming, almost lumberjack like Pines twin.

“Yeah, this is the legendary Bill Cipher.” Dipper unwound himself from Mabel’s arm to flock to Bill’s side. “Bill, this is my twin sister, Mabel. Mabel, this is Bill, my alpha.”

“Brother-in-law!” Mabel crowed seconds after Dipper’s introduction. Without further warning, she walked across the space between the two and brought the blonde man into a bone-crushing hug. “Nice to meet you! As Dipper said, I’m Mabel, the one and only fun Pines twin!” Dipper rolled his eyes at this. “You’re smaller than I imagined.” Dipper barely held back a giggle at the sheer amount of discomfort on Bill’s face. Mabel had always been a hugger; even when it came to strange men mated to her brother. He didn’t try to push her away, waiting until she let go of her own volition. He even gave her a few comforting pats on her back, shooting a dirty look at Dipper. The omega shrugged lightheartedly, smile never leaving his lips.

“Or perhaps you’re just unnaturally large.” Bill quipped, earning a snort from Mabel. “Forgive me, that was rude.” he straightened his suit jacket. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mabel. You and your brother look uncannily similar, considering you’re only fraternal twins. I do have to ask which side of your family you got your height from, because it certainly didn’t share with Dipper.”

“Dad’s side.” Mabel tucked a piece of hair behind her ear. Her shoulders were thrown back, unafraid of looking Bill in his eye. Again, Dipper could see Bill nearly squirming underneath her focused gaze. “Guess I’m lucky.” She flashed a look at Dipper, who winced. “Why don’t the two of you come in? Stan and Ford cooked dinner--and they promise they didn’t poison it. Yet.” Dipper took a few steps towards Bill and slid his hand into the alpha’s, reassuring him with a smile and a short squeeze.

“Why is your sister so tall? It’s emasculating.” Bill whispered. Dipper shrugged; ‘dad’s side’ was close enough to a correct answer. “And you’re so short.”

“I’m not short. I’m five and a half feet tall.” Dipper hissed at him. “I’m just short compared to you two.” This pulled a smile from Bill, albeit a nervous one.

“More like over half the population.” Bill murmured.

“Don’t make me a statistic.” Dipper grumbled, flexing his fingers in Bill’s grip.

“What are you two whispering about back there?” Mabel asked, and their mouths snapped shut. Dipper spoke up first, letting go of Bill’s hand.

“Bill’s making fun of me because he thinks I’m short.” Dipper told her, bottom lip thrusting out in a pout. Bill pressed a kiss to his cheek; Dipper frowned, tilting his head away from him.

“In all fairness, you are a little on the small side.” Mabel jested, and Dipper’s nose scrunched up in distaste.

“Oh, so now you’re going to bully me too?” Dipper crossed his arms over his chest as they reached the door. Mabel opened it for them and Dipper marched past haughtily--right into the arms of his great uncle Ford.

“Dipper!” he greeted. His voice boomed through the living room, loud and full of cheer. “Feels like
it’s been an eternity since I’ve seen you.” Ford mussed his hair playfully. In the background, Dipper watched as Bill brushed his fingers against the door. Almost as if he was trying to push it open even farther; Dipper laughed, pushing Ford’s hand away.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got it.” Mabel told Bill with a smile, and Bill stared at her.

“Stop trying to outman my sister.” the omega told Bill. “Just come in.”

“Seriously. I’m not paying to heat the outside.” Stan gruffed. His voice was coming from the kitchen. The door swung shut, and for a moment, Bill froze. Suddenly, the alpha was a fish out of water. In the small home that Stan and Ford owned, full of used furniture and shabby carpet, the startled look on Bill’s face was delicious. It was like a nonbeliever seeing a miracle, created by the hand of God himself.

“It’s nice to see you.” Dipper told Ford, hugging him again. “This is Bill.”

“Well, I didn’t think it was anyone else.” Ford joked, holding out a six-fingered hand for Bill to shake. “Welcome to the Pines residence. My name’s Stanford.” Bill shook it cautiously, eye focusing on the extra digit with interest.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Stanford.” He shook Ford’s hand in a polite, brisk manner. “Bill Cipher.”

“So you’re the bastard mated to my great nephew.” Stan grumbled, finally entering the living room. Dipper let out a breath of air he didn’t know he’d been holding. Stan had decided to wear clothes. If the old man had walked out in his heart boxers, Dipper would of fainted dead away of shame. Bill seemed to be unfazed by Stan’s insult, deigning to let Dipper brush past him.

“Grunkle Stan--didn’t burn anything?” Dipper asked as he walked over to hug him. “He’s okay. We’re okay.” he whispered into the older man’s ear.

“Good.” Stan muttered, only for him to hear. He released his great nephew and faced Bill, who was in the process of asking Ford about his hand. “Hope you’re okay with spaghetti.”

“Courtesy of Mabel.” Ford told Bill. “She’s turning into quite the…” he trailed off, staring at the ceiling with confusion. “...chef. Excuse me, it seems like something’s gone wrong.” And with that, Ford was heading towards the attic staircase. Stan snorted.

“Spaghetti’s fine.” Bill managed out, and Dipper could tell that he was overwhelmed by the situation.

“Didn’t hear nothin’, but I guess I’m getting old.” he grunted. “C’mon, he’ll be a minute.” Stand turned around and made his way back into the kitchen and Dipper smiled at Bill, who rose an eyebrow. His mouth was set in an indifferent line. Dipper’s eyes flicked up, meeting the older man’s eyes. Dipper slowly approached his alpha, offering him a hand.

“Are you alright?” Dipper asked. Bill frowned, interlacing their fingers. He inspected where their fingers were joined.

“Not really.” Bill told him, words no more than a sigh. “I didn’t expect them to be so overwhelming.” he pulled his fingers away, only to ghost them along Dipper’s jaw.

“Do you need a breath of air?” Dipper asked; Bill tugged him forward by his chin.

“Only if it’s from your lips.” Bill murmered. Dipper complied, lips soft and gentle.
“Gross!” The two broke apart as Mabel loudly protested. “Stop making out in the living room and come get something to eat.” Dipper’s cheeks burned brightly as he went to move away; Bill caught him around the waist, an easy grin sliding up and onto his lips.

“So you’d like us to make out at the dinner table instead?” he questioned, getting a startled laugh from Mabel. “I’d oblige, but I don’t think Dipper would find it nearly as pleasing.”

“Hardly.” he slid away from Bill’s arm to follow his sister into the kitchen.

“So what do you do for a livin’?” Stan asked, digging into the slippery noodles.

“I manage several large weapon and computer companies.” Bill began, gloves folded beside his plate as he ate. He was all too careful, making sure not to drop anything on the tablecloth. “The most prominent company that I own is Oracle Shipyards. We’re an American based company that constructs and provides fishing companies with workboats and the government with patrol vessels.” Ford, who’d come back down after investigating the noise, was paying very close attention to Bill. Stan was pretending, at least, eyes half-glazed over as he glanced over Bill’s shoulder and at the wall behind him.

“That’s amazing.” Ford told him. “Do you visit the shipyards yourself, or do you leave that to the management you’ve set in place?”

“I visit them at least once a year for a routine inspection. More if the situation calls for it.” Bill told him. Dipper rolled his eyes and turned his attention to Mabel.

“So what did mom need to talk to you about?” he asked, pushing his pasta around. Mabel ran her fork along her lip.

“You know what it was about.” Mabel said, voice low. Even with their great uncle’s distracted, she seemed nervous. Her smile became agitated, almost forced.

“Is it that bad?” Dipper asked. “They aren’t going to actually sell you off, are you?”

“They’re thinking about it.” Mabel hissed.

“Not Gideon?” he muttered, eyes darting to Stan, who had came to and was now peppering Bill with questions. Mabel’s eyes lowered to her plate. “Seriously?”

“Seriously.” she told him. “They haven’t agreed to it yet, but the papers are being passed around.”

“Fuck. How long do you think you have?” Dipper inquired. Mabel had taken a piece of her hair into her mouth, chewing on it nervously.

“I… honestly, I have no idea.” She shifted in her chair. “The only reason that they haven’t agreed is there’s another bid.”

“Another bid? By whom?” Dipper asked, noticing as Bill turned slightly to the two of them. He didn’t pause in his speech, but Dipper knew the alpha’s focus had shifted to the twins.

“Third party.” Mabel muttered. “Don’t know. You know how mom and dad are.”

“The fact of the matter is is that whomever is on the other side of this offer is standing between you and Gideon. We have to be grateful for that at least. Nothing could be worse than that pompous
“You know what’s going to happen if—”

“What are you two being all hush-hush about over there?” Stan interrupted. The twins jumped, Stan nearly startling Dipper out of his chair. Bill reached out and gripped his elbow tightly, preventing him from tipping over.

“Don’t fall over, little tree.” Bill teased, straightening him. “Don’t want to have yell timber.” his eye searched Dipper’s for a single moment, before he was turning back to the older men.

“We didn’t want to interrupt you.” Mabel told the twin great uncles. “We were talking about Dipper and Bill moving to New Jersey for Princeton’s spring semester.” This caught Stan and Ford’s attention.

“That’s wonderful.” Ford congratulated—he was positively beaming. “They could really use a brain like yours. You’re going to do great things, Dipper.”

“Thanks, Grunkle Ford.” Dipper rubbed the back of his neck, eyes flicking to Mabel. Her face had composed back into the friendly, beaming smile. Living with her; hell living in the same room as her for eighteen years made him a practiced professional at reading her moods. She was upset.

Whenever Dipper was complimented on his achievements, a dour mood would briefly settle over her. Mabel had admitted jealousy before and said she’d work on it, but Dipper all too understood. Certain things continued to live in your heart forever and would flare up without much prompting. But that didn’t change the fact that he wanted Mabel to see, out of the two of them, he’d much rather have been her.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, welcome back!
Thank you RadioActivity for betaing this :3

Song for this chapter:
Morning Grace by Ritsuko Okazaki

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The twins excused themselves from the table not long after, climbing the stairs to the bedroom that they once shared. Bill hadn’t protested, but had watched Dipper warily as he left.

“Bill is really handsome.” Mabel told Dipper, yanking off her sweater. She threw it on her newly regained bed, now sagging close to the floor after years of use. “But the, uh, eyepatch.” Outside, rain began to patter at the windows.

“Yeah, believe me. Takes some getting used to.” Dipper agreed. He plopped down on his side of the room, mattress equally as sad and sunken in. “Look, Mabel, Ford didn’t mean--”

“Dipper, I’m not upset about what Ford thinks. Honestly, out of the two of us, I am the least accomplished.” Mabel shrugged, sitting down on her bed. “I’m so glad to get out of that sweater, it was suffocating. Why is it so warm? It’s August.” she plucked the front of her undershirt. It was slightly sticky and damp with sweat.

“Mabel, if something makes you feel uncomfortable or upset, it does matter. Your feelings do matter.” Dipper told her sternly. She refused to meet his eyes, picking up her discarded sweater and dragging it into her lap. “No one is judging you for taking a year off.” his voice was soft.

“Mom and dad aren’t happy about it.” Mabel muttered, picking at a knitted stitch.

“Mom and dad? Frankly, they can suck an egg.” Dipper told her. Her head snapped up, a faint, mirthless smile on her face. “I know what you’re thinking, and normally, yes. I would agree that our parents are great people who only want the best for us. But they don’t care about us anymore, Mabel. Maybe they never did.” he shook his head. “Recently I’ve been thinking we’re adopted.” This time Mabel laughed, full of real amusement. “Do you think that Stan or Ford are expecting you to jump headfirst into life? You know the fit that Stan threw when I said I was going to go to Princeton. He isn’t a fan of me moving to the other side of the country, I’m sure keeping you close to home is a relief.”

“I’m just worried that now that I’ve decided to take a year off, people are going to judge me.” Mabel told him. “You know how people say how that if you don’t go to school right out of high school, you never will?” The wind outside let out a shrieking howl, and Dipper winced.

“Do you really believe that you won’t?” Dipper questioned, raising an eyebrow. “Mabel Pines, my sister? The single most headstrong, goal-oriented woman on the planet?” A faint blush crept up her neck, dancing along her cheeks. Dipper smiled at her as she met his eyes. “If anyone is going to do great things, it’s you, Mabes.”

“You’re just saying that.” She mumbled, voice still quiet, but her mood had certainly improved. “This marriage thing is pretty nerve-wracking, you know?” Mabel told Dipper; her hands were interlocking and releasing in a nervous, erratic pattern. “I mean, of course you do.”

“Everything is spiders,” Dipper said dryly, and Mabel snorted. The lights flickered, and Dipper frowned up at the ceiling. Turning his attention back to Mabel, he continued. “I’m serious, everything sucks right now. First I get sold off, and now they’re trying to do the same thing to you.”

“You’re right. Everything is spiders.” Mabel said with a sigh. “Who do you think the third-party is?”
“I’m guessing a man.” Dipper suggested. His twin made a disgusted, retching noise. “And an alpha.”

“Yeah, that’ll work out great. If people find out, mom and dad will be disgraced.” Mabel pinched the bridge of her nose.

“Let them be.” Dipper told her. “If worse comes to worse, you make sure of it. Just because I have to accept my fate, doesn’t mean you have to.” Thunder crashed loudly overhead, and Mabel stood up.

“This storm sounds like it’s going to get pretty bad.” Mabel told Dipper.

“Probably.” he scoot over, and Mabel inserted herself into the vacated space. “I’m such a mess, you know? Around Bill.” Mabel rose an eyebrow at him, but didn’t speak. “I get angry so easily about the dumbest things. And I’m so argumentative all the time.”

“It could be the hormones.” Mabel suggested. “I mean, you need to keep him on his toes anyway.” She jerked her head at the door. “Guy like that probably has a big ego, right? Knock him down a few pegs when you can.” She playfully punched his shoulder. There was a soft knock on the door.

“Dipper?” Bill called out. “Can I come in?” Dipper and Mabel shared a look.

“Yeah, might as well let him in.” Mabel murmured.

“Come on in.” Dipper called, and the door creaked open. Bill peeked in.

“Hello Mabel.” he nodded at her in acknowledgement. “Dipper.” he locked his eye on the young man, voice warm. “The storm outside isn’t letting up, and as I already suffer from poor vision, your great uncles and I have decided we’ll be staying the night here.” Mabel let out a pleased shriek and gathered Dipper in a tight hug.

“Bro-bro, you get to stay the night!” She mussed his hair, and he pushed at her restraining arms, laughing. “Thank god for shitty weather, huh?”

“Got that right.” he agreed, finally pulling himself free. Bill was standing quietly near the entrance to the room, balancing on his cane. Dipper could see that he was exhausted, probably from the constant human interaction. Dipper smiled at him and stood, and he crossed the room without further prompting. “You can hang out with us, if you want.”

“Teenagers hang out.” Bill replied, smoothing down his omega’s hair. “I do not.” he pressed a gentle kiss to Dipper’s brow. “I wouldn’t mind spending time with the two of you, however. If you’d let me.”

“As long as you aren’t drooling over Dipper the entire time, I don’t see why you can’t.” Mabel told him with a grin. “Sit down, there’s plenty of room for you and your boyfriend—” she stopped. “—husband. Sorry. It’s weird, you getting married first.”

“Does that mean that Dipper hasn’t dated a lot?” Bill questioned. Dipper sat back down and Bill followed suit, getting himself comfortable on the sagging bed. Mabel snorted.

“He’s never been one to date, no. He had a phase when he was twelve where he was obsessed with girls, but it’s never happened since.” she told the alpha.

“Mabel, can we not talk about my past relationships.” Dipper asked, and Mabel rolled her eyes. “Seriously, that’s just prying, Bill.” he complained. “I don’t ask about your past boyfriends or whatever, do I? And even if I did, you wouldn’t tell me.” Bill seemed to chew this over for a moment.
“So there were others.” he clarified. “Before me.” Mabel’s eyes flicked between the two.

“Yeah, and? It’s not like I fucked them though.” Dipper almost growled, hackles rising. Bill leaned his cane against the end of the bed.

“Uh, are you two okay?” Mabel asked, laying a hand on Dipper’s shoulder protectively. “Not to butt into personal business, but I’m not afraid to lay someone out.” she squeezed Dipper’s shoulder lightly, staring Bill down. Bill’s eye widened in shock.

“No need for violence.” he quickly amended. “I was just wondering about Dipper’s past. He is rather mum about it.”

“So are you.” Dipper muttered. “But I don’t think you can remember how many people that you’ve been intimate with.” Bill sighed, resting a hand on Dipper’s thigh.

“Dipper, this isn’t a conversation your sister needs to be involved in.” he said lightly, squeezing the flesh underneath his fingers. “Though I think you don’t give me enough credit.” Mabel kept a hand on Dipper’s shoulder.

“You’re right, might as well argue with you about it later.” Dipper agreed. He turned to his sister. “It’s okay, Mabes, he’s just really secretive. I’m trying to show him how annoying he is.” She eased her grip on his shoulder and dropped her hand.

“That’s not very fair.” Bill crossed his arms over his chest. “But it’s true.” Dipper quipped. Bill rolled his eye. “Anyway, Mabel, have you been in the forest recently?”

“Yeah, I went out there yesterday.” The lights flickered again, and this time Bill was the one who glanced up nervously. Mabel opened the drawer next to her and pulled out a lighter. “Didn’t see anything weird though.”

“Is that statue still there?” Dipper asked. “The one-eyed one?”

“No, actually. I don’t know what happened to it. Some kid must of found it and taken it home. I’m going to go get some candles from the grunks. Keep your hand to yourselves.” she teased, standing up. “Looks like the powers going to go out pretty soon.”

“You don’t have a generator?” Bill asked, and Mabel snorted at him.

“Nope. Scared of the dark?” Mabel joked as she slipped out of the room. As soon as Bill heard her on the staircase, he turned to fully face Dipper. Instead of words, Dipper was given a gentle, shaking kiss. Dipper kissed the alpha back solidly in response, and Bill relaxed against him.

“Thank you.” Bill sighed with a relieved note in his voice.

“You seem to be a bit overstimulated.” Dipper ran a hand through the blonde hair of his mate. “Did my great uncles wear you out?”

“Very much so.” Bill told him. “Damn this storm.” he rested his head on Dipper’s shoulder. “Speaking of the storm, Stan mentioned a room on the floor below that we could spend the night in. I’m guessing you know where that is, right?”

“I do.” Dipper agreed, and Bill closed his eyes. “Thank you for coming out here with me.”
“No thanks needed. These people are my family now. I should meet and interact with them.” Bill pressed a kiss to the side of Dipper’s neck. “They seem nice. They aren’t going to sprout fangs or anything, are they? Maybe claws or a surprise torture chamber?”

“They aren’t going to do anything of the sort. I promise.”

“That’s a relief.” he pressed another kiss to Dipper’s neck, this time lower. “Your great uncles have a lot of energy for being so old.” Bill told Dipper, lifting his head. He stared at Dipper for a moment, as if waiting for the omega to say something.

“What?” Dipper asked. The alpha wrapped an arm around Dipper’s waist and brushed their noses together.

“We have a few things to talk about when we get home.” Bill murmured. “Starting with your behavior earlier.”

“You aren’t going to get mad at me because you started an argument.” Dipper huffed at the older man. “Don’t even try it.”

“I didn’t start the argument.” Bill quickly defended.

“You did too. You can’t go asking questions about my past if you won’t let me do the same.”

“Dipper, that’s not what I meant. That’s not even what I was talking about, good lord you’re paranoid.” Bill growled out. “I meant how you were acting at the dinner table.” Dipper frowned. What on earth was Bill talking about? Bill cupped Dipper’s face in his hand, bringing it up to look him in the eye. “Furthermore, I’ve had four lovers before you. Since you’re suddenly so interested.”

“Four? I don’t believe you.” Dipper told him, and Bill rolled his eye. “I know, stud like me? Why wouldn’t I be promiscuous?” Bill teased, rubbing his thumb along Dipper’s chin. “But no, only four. You could’ve asked, you know. Before this.”

“No, I couldn’t. You’re not easy to talk to.” Dipper told him, biting his bottom lip.

“Should I add that to the list of things to work on?” Bill asked, prodding at Dipper’s lips with his thumb. Dipper flicked out his tongue, brushing the tip of the finger. “So, what were you and Mabel discussing while I was making small talk with the other set of Pines twins?”

“Exactly what Mabel said. Moving.” Dipper replied—is that what Bill was upset about?

“You’re a terrible liar. Either that or you have a new pet named ‘Gideon’ that you haven’t informed me of.” Bill told him. “Is your sister facing the same fate you have?”

“Bill, regardless of what’s happening in my sister’s life, you can’t help her. And even if you could, it’s not my place to tell you.” Dipper responded, eyebrows raising in unison. Bill sighed, leaning forward and brushing his lips against Dipper’s. “Though…” Dipper said, almost a sigh. Bill paused. “…she does need help.”

“What did I tell you?” Mabel asked from the doorway, propping a hand on her hip. Dipper jerked back and tried to unwind himself from Bill. The alpha clutched Dipper tighter and tugged his face up to kiss him hard. “Jesus, the two of you are determined to make me vomit.”

“Bill.” Dipper gasped when he came up for air. Bill wore a proud grin on his face, licking his lips.
“I leave for ten minutes to round up some candles so you don’t have to stumble to bed in the dark, and this is how you repay me?” Mabel asked, pressing a hand against her chest in mock offense. Just as the words left her mouth, the lights flicked off, followed by a loud crash of thunder. “Just in time too.” Lightning flashed, temporarily illuminating the room.

“You need a generator.” Bill said simply. There was the familiar sound of a lighter being struck in the darkness. A soft, warm glow filled the room as a candle was lit. With the new source of light, Mabel’s face was momentarily cast over the older twin’s face, darkening it to an unsettlingly unpleasant view.

“Boo.” Mabel whispered, before cackling to herself and handing the candle to Bill. Once the alpha had taken it, she lit a second one, holding it precariously in her left hand. Bill stood, dragging Dipper with him. “Don’t trip on your way down.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey there! Nice to see you!
Thank you RadioActivity for beta’ing this. Couldn't write this without you.

Song for this chapter:
Why Worry by Set It Off
Foreigner's God by Hozier

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“I feel like your sister is going to pop out of the walls.” Bill told Dipper as they entered the spare bedroom. “Just for a laugh.”

“Well, then you’ll be happy to know that there aren’t any crawlspace behind the walls.” Dipper told him, tugging off his shirt and dropping it to the floor. The storm continued to rage on overhead, angry and unforgiving as it beat down upon the shack. As Dipper began to work on his pants, slender, gloveless hands slid around his waist. They landed on his hands, resting there.

“May I?” Bill asked, fiddling with the silver button. Dipper inhaled sharply.

“We aren’t going to do that in my great uncle’s home.” he murmured, and Bill scoffed.

“I just wanted to undress you the rest of the way.” Bill told him innocently. “So yes or no?”

“Yes, I guess. Go for it.” Dipper breathed, watching as the slender fingers popped the button from its home and pulled the flaps of his jeans apart. The zipper was carefully pulled down and the fingers moved to either hip and pushed, freeing Dipper’s legs from the confining material. “Mm, that’s better.” Bill teased, drawing his fingers across the omega’s bare thighs.

“Get undressed, we need to get some sleep.” Dipper told the alpha, pushing him away and making his way to the bed. Bill was already halfway undressed, shirt having been strewn to the floor. The light from the single, burning wick of the candle drew warm blotches of light on Bill’s skin, one ghosting over his cheek and eyepatch. This proved that no matter how many times he’d seen Bill, the small glimpses of peace when the alpha’s face relaxed shocked and reminded Dipper of how stunning the man actually was.

The bed wasn’t the most comfortable, but Bill seemed remarkably fine with it. He had pulled Dipper incredibly tight to him. Warm lips began to press gentle kisses to his forehead, tracing his birthmark. Bill’s tongue peeked out from his lips and slid along the dark lines connecting the freckles.

“Bill, what are you doing?” Dipper questioned. Lightning crackled outside the window, and there was a large rumble of thunder that cracked over the shack.

“I was thinking, you know. Your sister is awfully protective of you.” Bill murmured, one of his hands loosening to move down his body, gently ghosting across his lower back. “And that makes me very nervous around her. Almost like I’m afraid she’ll challenge you for me.”

“You’re ridiculous.” Dipper told him, turning his head up to press a kiss to Bill’s jaw. Bill let out a satisfied sigh, slipping his fingers into the waistband of Dipper’s boxers. His fingers slid down and
gently ghosted along the top of the omega’s ass crack. “I told you, not in my great uncle’s house.”

“This day’s been so stressful, little tree.” Bill murmured, a rumble building up in his chest. His voice had taken on a husky tone. The whisper sent shivers down Dipper’s spine. The omega was unsure of what to say. What could he say? Bill seemed not to care what Dipper was going to offer in return to his words and caught his lips, igniting a needy kiss.

Dipper let out a soft mewl when their mouths disconnected. Bill slid a hand into the omega’s curls and drug him back to his mouth hungrily. Bill’s hand traveled back up, sliding up Dipper’s spine. His nails drug along the tender skin between his shoulder blades, scratching thin, red lines into it. A slick tongue drew down his neck, nipping at his collarbone.

“But going to-” Dipper began, but was cut off as Bill flipped them over. “-what do you want?” he questioned. Bill licked his lips and stared at Dipper, before releasing him. The omega was now propped up on his hands and knees over the alpha, utterly confused. Bill gently pressed at his upper arms.

“Lower, little tree.” Bill murmured. Dipper’s eyes widened.

“What do you mean by that?” Dipper asked weakly, and Bill licked his lips. “Do you want me to-” he looked down at Bill’s crotch.

“Please.” Bill murmured,

Dipper backed down Bill’s body, arms and hands shaking. His fingers twitched against the bedsheets, scratching at them nervously. He had never given anyone a blowjob before, and he was completely sure that he was going to be absolute shit at it.

“Deep breaths, little tree.” Bill murmured, and Dipper shot him an angry look. The alpha didn’t seem to notice--his eye was trained on Dipper, yes. But it was slightly glazed over with lust. He did notice that Dipper had paused, and he swallowed, adam’s apple bobbing. “Going to make me beg, sugar pine?” Bill asked softly, brushing Dipper’s hair back and running his thumb along the younger man’s temple.

Dipper didn’t reply to the snarky comment; instead, he gripped the ends of Bill’s boxers and tugged. The alpha’s cock sprung to attention, and Dipper looked up at Bill with an amused expression.

“I didn’t know that you could get aroused from kissing Mr. Cipher.” Dipper teased. Boxers now tugged down adequately, he looked at the erect penis in front of him. Bill moved around a bit up top, and Dipper looked up to see the alpha propping himself up on some pillows. Of course the bastard wanted to watch.

The first problem Dipper faced was how to approach it. Bill’s cock was partially hard--seeing as the only cock that Dipper had been intimate with was his own, he didn’t know to where begin. And even then, he hadn’t been face-to-face with it. He leaned forward and ran his nose along the rim of the velvety head, inhaling deeply. A rich, musky scent that he knew could only belong to Bill filled his nose and he pressed an experimental kiss to the shaft.

Bill’s hand slid into Dipper’s hair, tangling into the curls with a silent, intense reverence as the omega took the head in his mouth, licking along the slit there. The precum that danced along his tongue was slightly salty, but not completely unpleasant. Bill let out a strained breath of air as Dipper slid over the head, feeling the weight on his tongue and playing with it.

The breath of air turned into a hiss of ecstasy as Dipper took even more of him into his mouth; the
flesh became fully hard under Dipper’s careful, exploring bobs and prodding with his tongue. Soon, he became brave enough to take a sizable piece into his mouth, making it his mission to take the entire length into his mouth.

“Good god.” Bill murmured when Dipper came up for air. Dipper realized that this--this was the way you controlled men. Not with words or promises, but with sex. The lust-filled, half-dazed eyes of Bill, hungrily staring at Dipper was proof enough of that. Dipper bent his head back down, bringing the tip back into his mouth and sliding down it, taking as much as he could into his mouth in a single stroke. He nearly gagged when the mushroom head bumped the back of his throat. As Dipper’s throat began to constrict, Bill tugged him off. He gently pet the omega’s curls in comfort.

“I’m fine.” Dipper consoled the alpha, before the man could ask. The arousal that had decorated Bill’s face had been replaced by concern. Just have to pretend it’s the State Fair again, when Mabel and I trained for that hot dog eating contest. He told himself. “The whole point of relaxing is not worrying, you know.” he splayed his fingers on the alpha’s belly, kissing the side of the erect piece of flesh.

“I don’t want you to overexert yourself down there.” Bill told him, voice hoarse with desire. Dipper placed his hands on Bill’s thighs and took Bill’s cock back in his mouth. He’d get the whole damn thing in his mouth, even if it was out of spite. Bill let out a whimper—he didn’t even know Bill could make that kind of noise—when he went back down, retreating when the head reached vomit territory. He began a steady bob, taking the organ in his mouth inch by inch. Bill was beginning a soft chant of his name in between small moans and grunts.

Again, the feel of power was overwhelming. The idea that the alpha was falling apart underneath him was a heady one. Eventually, he managed to fit the entire thing into his mouth and down his throat, pressing his nose against the blonde curls at the base of Bill’s cock. Bill’s fingers were like a vice grip in his hair, twisting the brown curls sharply when the omega began to suck.

“Fuck.” Bill hissed when Dipper pulled back, gently scraping the sensitive flesh with his teeth. “Don’t stop sugar pine, please.” the omega snorted at the alpha and proceeded to do his absolute best to bring the alpha to completion.

Dipper became so focused on what he was doing, he almost didn’t notice as Bill tensed underneath him, shaft coming alive in his mouth. Bill let out a ragged, whimpering cry as he came into Dipper’s mouth, legs twitching.

Dipper pulled away with a gagging, unpleasant noise. He held it in his mouth for a moment, before grinning. Leaning up, he went to kiss Bill--the alpha easily opened his mouth to receive him--only to have Dipper spit the cum directly into his mouth. Bill swore, rolling over and wiping his mouth off, spitting the shared seed into his hand. Dipper grinned, deciding that he liked the taste of Bill’s cum decidedly less than the precum he’d tasted at the beginning of this endeavour.

“Dipper Pines!” Bill swore. The younger man fell back laughing, brushing the leftover cum from his chin. “What on earth is wrong with you?”

“I didn’t know where else to put it.” Dipper told him in-between fits of laughter. Bill let out a growl and reached for the omega. He gripped Dipper’s arm and pushed him flat on to the bed, pinning him there. Dipper couldn’t stop himself, body shaking uncontrollably.

“You think that’s funny?” Bill rumbled, unable to keep a grin from cracking on his face. “I’ll show you funny.” his hands left Dipper’s shoulders and gently ghosted down to his sides. Dipper looked up at him, curious, and then Bill began to tickle him.
“No fair!” Dipper crowed, trying to push the hands away. Bill was unrelenting, however—leaning down to press kisses to his lips at random intervals to steal away any breath that Dipper could get.

“You spit cum into my mouth.” Bill told him, fingers pausing. “That’s more than enough of a reason.” he was sporting a full-fledge grin now and he leaned forward, capturing Dipper’s lips. Dipper didn’t hesitate in kissing him back. “You’re so disgusting.”

“I wasn’t going to swallow it.” Dipper told him with an amused grin. Bill kissed the corner of his mouth, before settling back on to the bed, dragging the omega with him. “Hey, Bill?”

“Hm?” Bill looked down at him

“You should probably put your boxers back on. I don’t know when these sheets were cleaned last.” The alpha groaned and Dipper handed him his boxers. He slipped them back on, mumbling something or another that Dipper couldn’t quite understand.

“You are a fiend.” Bill murmured, resting a hand on Dipper’s hip. He carefully moved a knee in between Dipper’s legs, moving slowly so not to alarm the omega. He scoffed lightly, realizing the younger man didn’t have an erection. “You aren’t even hard—and here I was ready to reciprocate.”

“I guess I just don’t get aroused by giving head.” Dipper told him with a shrug. Bill seemed absolutely miffed at the idea. “Don’t get me wrong, I enjoyed myself. It’s just not something that gets me off.” The alpha narrowed his eye, staring Dipper in the face.

“Thank you anyway.” he finally said. “I’d gladly repay the favor anyway, if you’re up for it.” Bill offered, sounding hopeful.

“I’m kind of tired.” Dipper told him honestly. Bill snorted and kissed the base of his jaw. “Today’s been a long day.”

“It really has.” Bill agreed. “Night little tree. Good dreams only.” he kissed Dipper’s forehead, and the teen chuckled.

“Right back at you, tough guy.” he murmured. Minutes later, he fell asleep to the steady heartbeat of his alpha.

Chapter End Notes

Well hey there!
RadioActivity is my beautiful beta, as always.

Song(s) for this chapter:
Miracle Paint by Miku Hatsune
Arms Tonite by Mother Mother

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The door banged open with a loud slam against the wall; Bill shot up with a protective growl, moving in between Dipper and the door in a heartbeat. Mabel was standing in the doorway, dressed head to toe in pink, pig themed pajamas. Outside, a soft rain was keeping the street and gardens of the town wet. Bill groaned and flopped down on top of Dipper, rolling away from Mabel.

“Morning sleepyheads!” Mabel greeted, loud and bordering on obnoxious. A knowing grin hung from the corners of her mouth as she looked at the two. Dipper blinked at her blearily, eyes slightly crusty from sleep. “What, stay up all night making googly eyes at each other?” Bill simply groaned and rolled off of his omega, covering his face with a pillow. Dipper managed to get up from the bed—he purposefully kicked Bill on his way up, getting a dissatisfied hiss from him.

“No, what time is it?” Dipper asked, shivering when his feet touched the cool wood of the floor. “Seven?”

“Seven-thirty.” Mabel corrected, leaning up against the doorframe. “He doesn’t look like an early riser.” she continued, teasing the alpha who was doing his best to snuggle back down into the nest of blankets. Bill grunted at her, but did little else.

“Tell me about it.” Dipper grumbled. “Hey, wake up.” he told Bill.

“I haven’t woken up this early in six years.” Bill hissed at him. “And I don’t plan to.” Both of Mabel’s eyebrows rose, and Dipper shrugged at her.

“Is the power back on?” the younger twin asked, grabbing his pants from the floor.

“Ford’s working on it right now. He should have it up and running in an hour or so.” she nodded at Bill. “Try getting him up, if you can.” Dipper spared Bill a look, letting out a frustrated noise. His twin left the room, presumably to go enjoy breakfast.

“Bill, get up.” Dipper told him, laying a hand on the alpha’s leg and shaking the appendage. “Food’s going to get cold.”

“I don’t want to.” Bill whined like a child. “It’s too early.”

“I know that it’s early, but you need to get up. The earlier you get up, the quicker you get to go home.” Dipper told him, getting Bill to peek over his shoulder.

“And when we get home?” Bill questioned, not yet ready to pull himself from the blankets.

“You can go back to sleep for as long as you want.” the omega promised, and Bill sat up with a groan. Dipper leaned forward and Bill met him halfway, kissing him soundly. “Hell, maybe I’ll go back to sleep with you for an hour or two.” Bill chased his lips when he drew away, kissing him again.

“My clothes are wrinkled.”

“You’ll survive.” Dipper told him with more than a pinch of snark. “It’s not like they were expecting you to bring extra clothes with you. Besides, if you didn’t throw everything you’ve worn on the
floor, they wouldn’t be.”

“Oh, you’re sassy this morning little tree.” Bill told him, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. He grabbed his slacks from where they lay and pulled them on one leg at a time. “If the power’s out, what are we having for breakfast?”

“Power in town probably came on long before ours.” Dipper told him. He picked up the alpha’s now wrinkled shirt and tossed it at him. “They probably dropped by the diner in town and picked something up.”

“I don’t know what was worse about breakfast.” Bill grumbled as he drove them home. “Your great uncle’s jokes or your sister’s overly-awake attitude.” This got a snort from Dipper. “No offense, but I’m glad I got you. Mabel acts like she shoots up on sugar.”

“Don’t be mean.” Dipper told him. “She’s my sister, you know. It’s not her fault she actually gets to bed on time.”

“While we’re on the subject of your sister, “ Bill began, and Dipper instinctively flattened against the seat. He did a small half-turn, now facing the window. “She’s not an omega, is she?” Dipper didn’t say anything. “Dipper, if you’re parents are hiding her true nature from her prospective suitors--can you even imagine the disgrace that your family will face?”

“I don’t care!” Dipper growled, slamming his hand against the plastic of the door. “Do you think I care if my family gets disgraced? Really, Bill?” he brought his knees up to bury his face in them, barely aware of Bill pulling the car to the shoulder of the road. Hot, angry tears spilled out of the corner of his eyes. He continued to brush them against his jeans as they came; the cloth smelled of the shack and his shoulders began to shake. At the smell, his chest began to ache softly for home. God, he wanted to go home.

“Dipper, Mabel’s an alpha, isn’t she?” Bill asked softly. “She’s an alpha and your parents are trying to sell her off as an omega.”

“Stop acting like I wanted it to be like this! Do you think I wanted her to be born an alpha?” Dipper demanded, unable to raise his head to look at his alpha.

“Dipper!” Bill snapped.

“Yes! Yes, she’s an alpha and my parents are trying to sell her off as an omega.” Dipper hissed. “Is that what you want me to say? While I’m at it, do you want me to congratulate you on being such a great fucking detective?” He reached for the door handle and heard the familiar click of the door being locked. “I don’t want to talk to you right now. Let me go.”

“Into the rain? To get sick or lost? Possibly both?” Bill questioned. “No, I don’t think I will. I understand this isn’t an easy subject for you. But we need to find a way to help your sister.”

“‘We’?” Dipper questioned, an incredulous note in his voice.

“Yes, ‘we’.” Bill told him. “Settle down and take a deep breath, little tree. I want to help.” Dipper turned and met Bill’s eye. The alpha looked genuinely concerned, but hadn’t tried to touch the omega since he’d begun to cry. Now that Dipper’s face was upturned, slender fingers brushed away the tears that tracked their way down his cheeks.

“How do you expect to do that?” Dipper asked. “Do you have some kind of magic under those
sleeves of yours?”

“Not up my sleeves, no.” Bill carefully guided the vehicle back to the road. “But I have quite a bit in my wallet.”

Bill immediately retired to his study when they returned, leaving Dipper standing in the doorway of the manor. Lana was buzzing around him, removing slightly damp articles of clothing.

“Did you have a good time?” She questioned, handing his vest off to someone else.

“Yeah, it was fun.” Dipper told her, avoiding her hands the best he could. “My clothes are just a little damp, I’m not going to catch a cold.”

“I’m not worried about the cold; they’re dirty. You’ve sweat in them for two days.” Lana lectured him. “At least go and change.”

“I think I’m alright.” Dipper told her, skittering away. “I’m actually going to go read for a bit. Rainy days are the best for that sort of thing.” This earned him a soft smile and the hands halted.

“I’ll bring you something sweet to snack on while you do so.” Lana told him with a wink. “Make sure the room’s well-lit, you don’t want to hurt your eyes.”

“Will do.” Dipper agreed. She flounced off, followed by the maid that carried his vest. He let out a sigh of relief and headed for the stairs. “Two days? Man, I’m glad she didn’t know me in middle school.” he muttered to himself, making his way to their bedroom. “She would of had a fit.”

Dipper planned to do just as he said, with minimal worrying about Bill. Or his sister. He wasn’t sure if he’d succeed, but he sure as hell would try. Reaching the bedroom that he and Bill shared, he slipped inside with a quiet creak of the door. Didn’t Bill have the maid’s oil that last week? Shaking his head, he decided to ignore it in favor of kicking off his shoes and socks. It was in the same condition that he and Bill had left it, bed neatly made, clothes carefully stored away or sent off with the maids for laundering.

“Home sweet home, I guess.” Dipper muttered. He walked over to the bay window and slipped Bill’s copy of *Journey to the Center of the Earth* off the shelf. He brought the book up to his face, taking a deep breath. It still smelled as it did when he first arrived; it was almost an almond--maybe vanilla scent. Even though Dipper knew it was the breakdown of cellulose, but it was still a romantic smell. His favourite smell.

Opening the book, he pursed his lips at the first quote his eyes fell upon. “It is only when you suffer that you truly understand.” he frowned and shook his head. He curled up inside of the bay window, settling into the soft, worn pillows. The rain hitting the window was soft and created a calming background noise, helping Dipper fall even deeper into the novel.

Dipper was so focused on the novel that he didn’t hear Lana come in. In fact, he didn’t notice her until she gently tugged at his sleeve; he jumped, eyes widening in fear.

“Did I frighten you?” Lana asked. Beside her, she had unfolded a tray table. On it was a teapot with its corresponding sugar and cream dish and a single cup. Along with the tea, there was a plate bearing cream puffs, miniature fruit muffins and what looked to be fresh-baked cookies.

“A little bit, yeah.” Dipper muttered. “Sorry, I just get so... mesmerized, I guess. Well-written stories kind of draw me in and keep me hostage.”
“You’re perfectly alright.” Lana assured him with a grin. “I simply wanted to inform you that I’ve made you a pot of Earl Gray and brought you some baked treats to snack on while you read.”

“Thank you.” Dipper told her, picking up one of the tiny muffins. “Though I don’t think I’ll be able to eat all of these.”

“They’re there if you’d like to try.” She gave a short bow. “I must attend to my other duties--please, return to your novel.”

“I will. Again, thank you.” he turned back to his book, popping the small treat into his mouth. Within minutes, he was drawn back into the exciting tale that only Jules Verne could spin.

“Dipper?” Bill called into the bedroom. “Oh, there you are.”

“Haven’t left since we got home.” Dipper told him, looking up. The alpha was flushed, golden skin flushed with exertion. The shoulders of his suit were slightly damp, presumably from the rain. “You didn’t go for a run in a suit, did you?” Bill rolled his eyes at the omega.

“If I wanted to waste a couple hundred dollars, I would do it on buying you a suit, not ruining my own.” Bill told him. “Come on, up! I’ve got something to show you.”

“You’re under the assumption that I want to see it.” Dipper teased, folding over the already dog-eared page. “Did your collection of ancient, cursed manuscripts come in?” Bill rose an eyebrow at him, unamused with Dipper. Even then his grin lingered. Dipper stood and collected his footwear. He slipped them on and made his way over to Bill; he seemed extremely excited. It was probably the cutest thing he’d ever seen the alpha do.

“You think you’re so funny.” Bill told him. Dipper stuck out his tongue at him; instead of being offended, Bill captured his mouth, shoving Dipper’s tongue back into his mouth with his own. Dipper let out a surprised grunt, but returned the kiss with equal fervor. “Let’s go, hm?” Bill asked with a soft pant, slipping an arm around the omega’s waist.

“Stop finding excuses to kiss me.” Dipper told him with a smack to the alpha’s chest. Bill laughed at them as they left the room.

“I don’t need an excuse. Your lips are so plump and cute.” he pinched Dipper’s chin. “I could kiss them all day.”

“No you couldn’t.” Dipper disagreed. “You’d get bored. And hungry.”

“Oh ho, and here I was trying to be romantic.” he kissed Dipper’s cheek. “Enough of that though. It’s in the garden.”

“I just got dry.” Dipper whined, and Bill shushed him.

“I already had Lana leave an umbrella by the door.” he pulled Dipper along. “You’re going to love it, I know you are.” Dipper snorted at the alpha’s excitement. “Oh, I made a few calls. I have a plan in regard to your sister’s situation.” The doors to the garden were wide open, yet no rain made it inside. The doors were made of stained glass and had a pattern of flowers climbing up it. The drops of rain stopped short of the plush, carpeted hallway. “I’ll tell you shortly; grab the umbrella.”

“It better be a good plan.” Dipper warned, reaching out for the wooden handle. Picking it up, Bill let him go and basically danced outside. The omega couldn’t help but smile at the older man’s
excitement—he was like a dog that’d been told he was a good boy, or that he was about to be taken for a walk. Opening the umbrella, he took a step outside into the rain.

Chapter End Notes

Well hey there! I'm updating this from the city bus, if anyone is wondering. If you follow me on tumblr, I've already explained this. Long story short, I got moved into my apartment, but it costs 150$ to turn on the wifi there-- so I'm wifi-less until the 25th unless the money magically falls into my lap. So the updates are going to be pretty janky.

Thank you RadioActivity, and I miss you! Two months is going to be a long time ;-

Songs for this chapter:
Care by Bry
All To Myself by Mariana's Trench

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“What the hell is that?” Dipper demanded dryly. In the middle of the garden where the fountain once was, a statue. The statue itself was of a little girl sitting in a wooden rocking chair. There was a sculpted umbrella in her right hand.

“This, my dear one, is the statue of Inez Briggs.” he put his hands on his hips.

“Let me guess, it’s haunted.” Dipper asked. The statue was well made, and seemed to be well-preserved behind the plexiglass. Bill shrugged. “Where did you even get it?”

“It’s ‘allegedly’ haunted.” the alpha told him. “Though I think that it would make a great addition to the garden. I really didn’t expect it to arrive today, however.”

“Bill, where did you get it?” Dipper asked again. Bill pursed his lips.

“I may have acquired it at a cemetery in Chicago.” he admitted, not meeting Dipper’s questioning gaze.

“Illinois? Wait you’re telling me you went to a cemetery in Illinois, saw a haunted little girl statue and bought it?” Dipper asked, finding the entire idea ridiculous. Again, Bill shrugged. Dipper let out an exasperated sigh. “So, what exactly do you mean by ‘allegedly’ haunted?”

“The folklore surrounding this lovely piece of stonework is that the ghost of this little girl--whose name in legend happens to be ‘Clarke’ and not ‘Briggs’--is afraid of thunderstorms. One caretaker in particular said that one evening, while he was making the rounds during a storm, the statue had disappeared from its case.” Bill turned to smile at Dipper, seemingly unaware at the rain that was soaking through the jacket of his suit. “The little girl who this statue is modeled after was struck by lightning when she was six while she was out on a picnic with her parents.”

“Who takes a six year old out on a picnic when it’s storming?” Dipper questioned. “Besides, do you know how low the scientific odds are that of everything nearby, that lightning would hit a little girl?” he adjusted the umbrella, transferring it to his other hand. “Lightning prefers to take the path of least resistance--therefore it would of gone for the tallest object in the area. If this statue is her exact likeness, that would make her at roughly three and a half feet.”

“The thunderstorm was unexpected.” Bill told him with a frown. “You’re really taking the fun out of this, little tree.” Dipper shrugged at him, stepping closer to the statue. He looked at it closely, placing his hand against the plexiglass.

“Haunted part aside, I like it.” Dipper told him. The details on the statue were incredible, that was for sure. In Dipper’s opinion, the statue was lifelike enough that it could’ve been a young girl who painted her likeness to that of stone.

Bill moved to stand beside Dipper, ducking down so that he could fit underneath the umbrella with the teen. He wrapped an arm around the younger man’s shoulders and leaned down to steal an almost chaste kiss.

“It’s well-made.” Another kiss, a bit more pressure on his shoulder to tug him closer. “Wish you didn’t disturb a little girl’s grave for it though.” Bill let out a quiet chuckle.
“And there it is.” Bill murmured. “Let’s move back inside—the rain’s about to pick up, if the clouds are any indication.” The clouds, which had been a silky, non-threatening gray for a good part of the day, were turning back into the black, bruised clouds of the the night before.

“Augh, I wonder how long this storm’s going last.” Dipper muttered as he was ushered back inside. “The rain’s nice and all, but I’d like a bit of sunshine once in awhile.”

“Perks of living in Oregon, hm?” Bill teased, taking the umbrella from Dipper and closing it. He shook it off outside and propped it against the doorframe on the outer side. “Though there are plenty of other things we could be doing.” His tone was seductive. “As I recall, I still owe you.”

“Sexual favors aren’t currency.” Dipper told him. “Besides, I’m not in the mood.”

“I could get you in the mood.” Bill murmured, leaning close to his ear. He ran his hands down Dipper’s shoulders, and the omega could almost feel the desire in the older man’s voice. Dipper took a step forward and the hands fell.

“No thanks. I’m a few chapters away from finishing my novel.” Dipper told him, wondering if Bill would press the issue. It wasn’t like Dipper could deny him, if he really, really wanted to have sex. But he could try his best; Dipper was still tired from their poor sleep the night before.

“Alright.” He heard Bill clear his throat and straighten himself behind him. “I should change into something else, this poor suit’s taken all it can handle. What do you want for dinner?” he questioned. Dipper inwardly let out a sigh of relief. So Bill wasn’t going to be one of those.

“Mabel said that the new Chinese place in town it good. Have you had it yet?” Dipper asked as Bill fell in step beside him.

“No yet.” Bill stuck his hands in his pockets, tilting his head up to look at the molding on the pillars. “Anything in particular you want, or do you trust me?”

“Ordering my food? No, I don’t.” he fiddled with his hands. “Otherwise, yes.” he added quietly, and Bill stopped. Dipper took a few steps forward, then turned slightly to look at the alpha. “I normally get chicken fried rice. Extra soy sauce. They never use enough.” he attempted to steer conversation away from his previous statement. Bill took a cautious step forward Dipper. Gently, as if he thought the omega would break, he took Dipper’s hand and brought it to his mouth. His eye met Dipper’s in a dead stare, and he kissed every single knuckle.

“You don’t know how happy I am to hear those words.” he said, voice quiet. “I trust you too, though I doubt that means much. I don’t think you’ll go breaking my heart.” Bill told him, giving a singsong inflection on the last bit. Dipper snorted and Bill let go of his hand.

“‘I couldn’t if I tried.’” Dipper quoted. “You’re a real nerd, aren’t you?”

“Who doesn’t enjoy Ella Enchanted?” Bill asked innocently. This got a laugh out of Dipper. “Magically enchanted to listen to everything everyone says? What a terribly interesting curse.”

“Seems like a curse I should put on you.” Dipper teased, and Bill waggled his eyebrows.

“Depends on what you want me to do. I’m pretty flexible.” he told the omega. “That reminds me. I ordered something for you.” he dug into his jacket and pulled out his wallet.

“Is it money?” Dipper asked with a fake gasp. Bill rolled his eye and pulled out a sleek, black card. Dipper took it carefully, book long forgotten. “This is a debit card.”
“Yes it is. So it’s kind of like money.” Bill tapped it. “Didn’t have your name, so I had them leave it blank. It’s to my bank account.” he paused to correct himself. “Our bank account.”

“I can’t take this.” Dipper told him, trying to hand it back. Something in him desperately didn’t want the card. He didn’t deserve the card.

“You can, and you will. And the first thing you’ll buy with it is some new clothes.” he held up his hands, as if to stop Dipper from protesting. He seemed unaware of the absolute horror that had taken over Dipper. “I’m not saying you need to change your wardrobe. What you wear is entirely your business. I just really wish it was higher quality.”

“Bill, I can’t take this.” Dipper told him urgently. “This is your money. Your money. I can’t.” Bill frowned at him.

“Last time I checked, little tree, you’re my husband. So it’s our money.” he said as gently as possible. Dipper was completely flabbergasted at this show of faith. “Besides, it’s not like you won’t spend it wisely. You’re one of those stingy types, right?”

“Please, listen to me.” Dipper put his hands on Bill’s shoulders. “You’ve already paid for my schooling. You can’t do this.”

“I can, actually. I already did.” he cupped Dipper’s face. “You’re so sweet, worrying about something so insignificant. If you’re this upset, you’re going to be really mad when I give you your wedding gift.”

“Wedding gift?!” Dipper squeaked. Bill pressed a soft, comforting kiss to Dipper’s mouth.

“Calm down. Let me spoil you. I’ve never had anyone to spoil before.” he pet the omega’s cheek. Dipper was the one frowning this time. “It’s really fun, if you’re wondering. Especially since you’re so feisty.” This got a groan of distaste from Dipper, and he pushed away from the alpha. Bill laughed at him, tugging at stray curl.

“I don’t want to be spoiled.” Dipper muttered. This earned him another laugh, and Bill slipped an arm around him again, this time settling it on his hips.

“Everyone wants to be spoiled. And I really, really think you need to be.” Bill told him; he bumped the sides of their hips together.

“I think you’re confusing me with someone else.” Dipper told him, leaning his head on Bill’s shoulder. “So, what plan did you have? For my sister.” Bill hummed and lead them down the stairs. Their feet stepped in time as they descended.

“I know a relative, my cousin Erin, who is in a similar situation. He, much like your sister, has...certain hurdles that are preventing him from getting married in a conventional manner.” they reached the bottom of the staircase, and he twirled Dipper around so that the omega thumped against his chest. “Freshly waxed floors.”

“My sister can’t marry an alpha. That’s the opposite of what we’re trying to accomplish here.” Dipper told him, partially annoyed at the alpha’s complete disregard for how serious of an issue it was.

“You never let me finish.” Bill brushed Dipper’s hair from his face. “He is not an alpha.”

“You’re telling me you managed to find one of the whole five male omegas in the entire
“state?” Dipper questioned, and Bill shook his head. “Then what are you talking about? Is he a beta?”

“He is an omega.” Bill told him. Dipper narrowed his eyes. What on earth was Bill playing at? “Your nose scrunches up when you’re thinking. It’s cute.” he pressed a kiss to it. “Want me to tell you the secret?”

“Give me a minute.” Dipper told him, sliding his hands up so he could hook them around Bill’s neck. He leaned back, putting all his weight on his arms, swinging back and forth. Bill slid an extra hand around his waist and helped hold him as he swung so as not to hurt his neck. “Marriage is unconventional for him, and he’s not an alpha. He’s not, however one of the five registered omega’s in the state. That means that he’s either pretending to be an alpha...” Dipper thought for a moment. “Or is an omega, but is lying about his gender.”

“Not gender, my dear little tree. But his sex, yes.” Bill hauled Dipper up, preventing the omega from swinging anymore. His face was mere inches from Dipper’s. “We can’t help who we are, after all. He is a man, and a damn good one.”

“So he’s transgender.” Dipper clarified. “How’d he get away with that?”

“Long story short, his mother, Audrey, was diagnosed with ovarian cancer not to long after his birth.” Bill let Dipper go, reaching up to gather one of the omega’s hands in his own. “Her ovaries were removed to save her life, therefore making it impossible for her to have any more children.” he tugged Dipper along, moving towards the dining room. “Audrey swore she would do whatever it took to protect and raise the one child she had the best she could. So when her child came up to her and told her that he identified as a male, she simply accepted it. Her husband, Connobar, didn’t like the idea at first, but he’s come a long way since that day. They’ve spent the past twelve years bribing doctors and hiding Erin’s sex.”

“But he’s getting around that age where he’s expected to marry--and he’s an only son.” Dipper continued for Bill, following behind him with measured footsteps. “If he doesn’t marry, the name stops there. The family stops with him.”

“Exactly. His grandmother has told him that if he doesn’t find a wife within the next year, she’ll strip him of his inheritance as well.” Bill told him. “Unlike me, he hasn’t built his own business. Or written a series of well-received books.” the alpha took a minute to preen, running a hand through his hair. Dipper rolled his eyes.

“Get on with it.” he told Bill, flicking his arm. The alpha chuckled.

“Anyway, Erin’s family can do better than make a bid for your sister’s hand--since Mabel is currently in Gravity Falls, she can’t be forced to sign any paperwork. So if she finds a suitable husband before your parents can clamber up here--”

“-she can make the deal for herself. And get her dowry.” Dipper shook his head in amazement. “You’re a clever little snake, aren’t you?” he leaned up and kissed Bill’s jaw. The alpha beamed at him.

“The most clever.” He murmured, diving in to kiss the omega. Dipper accepted the kiss readily, no, happily. “Do you think Mabel will go for it?”

“I think so. I can call her tonight, run it by her.” They were now standing in front of the dining room table. “You’re magnificent. You really are. Even if you like to buy haunted objects and store them in the house.”
“I haven’t stored anything haunted in the house yet.” Bill whined. “You’re just being a pessimist. Nothing’s actually haunted, you know. That’s just all hocus pocus, mumbo jumbo. Cheap scares for the soft-hearted.”

“That statement is going to come back and get you.” Dipper teased, and Bill rolled his eye.

“Never.” he retorted. “Best call that Chinese place. You said chicken fried rice with extra soy sauce, right?”

“Right. Oh, see if they have any crab rangoon too.” he suggested. Bill snorted.

“You read my mind, little tree.” he teased. Dipper shook his head.

“That’s impossible.” he disagreed. “I don’t think anyone could ever know what’s going on inside that head of yours. I don’t even think you do.” Bill let out a laugh at this.

“Well played, well played.” he told him. “And you call me clever.”

“We can both be clever.”

“I suppose we can.” Bill agreed, a mischievous glint in his eye. “I suppose we can.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey there! It's so hot outside, I'm probably going to melt :’)
Thank you RadioActivity for being my beta on this.

Song for this chapter:
A.A.A by Squalloscope

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They had a lot planned for the next day. When Dipper awoke into the dimly lit room in the morning, he quickly went over the list that he had put to memory the night before. The first thing they needed to do was decide on a place for the statue—if the weather permitted. Outside, the skies were still an ominous black, which cancelled out any bit of sunlight that the open windows might of let into the room. Yet the storm seemed to have taken a temporary break, the thunder a safe distance from the manor. It was a possibility that they’d be able to take care of that bit of business.

Mabel had agreed to come over to the manor that afternoon as well; they needed her to be there in person in order to discuss the plan fully. The older twin had sounded sceptical, betrayed and hopeful at the same time when they had spoken over the phone. Dipper felt terrible for breaking her trust in him by telling Bill, but the alpha had proven himself trustworthy on several occasions. If anyone could get Mabel out of the mess she was in, it’d be Bill.

The alpha in question was nowhere to be found. Dipper had awoken, once more, to an empty bed. If Bill was going to get on to him about waking up early, why did the alpha do it so often? Dipper shook his head.

“One of these days, I’m never going to get out of this bed.” he griped loudly, pulling himself free. Once he'd navigated his way out of the pile of silken sheets, he sleepily made his way to the bathroom. Almost immediately, he came upon his shirt. It was laying in the middle of the floor, crumpled in a sad looking heap. He brought it up and took a wary sniff—it smelled of the Mystery Shack, but nothing more. Shrugging, he decided that it was good enough for at least one more day.

When Dipper entered the bathroom, he began to shake the shirt in his hand. As Dipper shook out his shirt, he noticed something white tumble from the folds. Pausing, he bent down to retrieve what seemed to be a tiny piece of paper off the tile of the bathroom floor.

“A secret?” the omega said dryly, flipping it over. On the back wasn't anything too conspicuous, simply a phone number. It was scribbled in a hurried, slanted script that made it hard to discern the numbers from one another. There was no name and no other details that could possible identify the owner. Dipper couldn't identify the origin of the phone number either; it definitely didn't look like it was Oregon in origin. Or California for that matter. “Who have you been calling, Mr.Cipher?” he wondered aloud.

“No one too shady, that I can recall.” Bill answered, tone warm and full of mirth. “Have you found something that might prove differently?” Dipper held up the slip of paper. The alpha sauntered over and plucked it from his fingertips.

“It was folded up in my shirt.” Dipper told him—he pulled the aforementioned shirt over his head. “Where have you been all morning?”

“Busy.” Bill told him. “I'm not sure I know this number.” he looked at Dipper. “One of your secret admirers?”

“I don't have secret admirers.” Dipper told him, voice flat. Bill let out a soft chuckle.

“You might. They are called 'secret' for a reason.” he squinted at the numbers. “Could it belong to
your sister? Or perhaps whomever lived in that room before we spent the night?” he asked. At this, Dipper shrugged.

“It was great uncle Ford's room.” he told Bill. “He stopped staying in it around thirty years ago—that paper looks in too good of shape to be his.” Dipper shrugged. “I mean, he could went in there to clean and dropped it—but so could Stan.”

“Thirty years? What happened?” Bill asked, placing the paper down on the counter of the sink. Dipper frowned, rolling his bottom lip between his teeth. The alpha wrapped his arms around Dipper, pressing a kiss to the birthmark. “You don't have to tell me, little sugar pine.” The omega sighed, leaning forward and pressing his ear to Bill's chest. The alpha's heartbeat was strong and steady like a drum.

“It's not that. It's just that I don't know. The only reason I can tell you that much is because he and Stan got into an argument about it.” Bill rose a hand to gently stroke Dipper's curls.” It was a really huge blowout between the two—Stan went out and slept in the car and refused to come inside until Ford apologized to him.” he looked up at Bill. “Mabel asked about it when they came back in—she's always been braver than me—but if she got an answer, she didn't tell me. So she probably didn't.” Bill snorted at him.

“You two are so close. I'm almost jealous.” he murmured, tilting his head down to meet Dipper's lips in a soft kiss. “We'd better hurry up in here; we have to go place that statue.”

“Do we?” Dipper questioned, leaning up to kiss Bill again. The alpha met him halfway, lips connecting solidly. Bill gently ghosted his hands up Dipper's sides. “I mean, we should. It's going to rain soon, isn't it?”

“Probably.” Bill told him with an unhappy sigh. His fingers slid underneath the back of Dipper's shirt, splaying against his lower back. Dipper shuddered at the cool feel of cotton against his skin. This caused him to arch slightly against Bill. “Best be on our way.” Bill straightened, hand falling out of Dipper's shirt. Bill took a few steps away, offering the younger man his hand. Dipper let out a frustrated sigh, but took the hand regardless.

“We should put it at a safe distance, just in case miss Briggs decides to visit us one of these stormy nights.” he told Bill, swinging their interlocked hands. Bill slipped the tiny shred of paper into his pocket; Dipper pretended not to notice the action. He'd ask the alpha about it later. They exited the bathroom and then moved on into the hallway.

“What, you don't want to comfort a scared little girl? Storms are quite terrifying sometimes. Imagine it, little tree. What if the last thing you heard before death was the rolling of thunder? The crackle of lightning and the sheer agony and smell of your flesh burn.”

“Bill?” Dipper interrupted him. The alpha paused. Noting the serious look on his omega's face, he coughed and straightened himself. “First of all, your nerves would burn off within seconds. The pain wouldn't last nearly as long as you'd think. Second?” he shook his head. “Statues of little girls who have died in one terrible way or another do not belong in the house.”

“I see. Little girls made of stone are not to be in the house.” Bill repeated, a grin spreading across his face.

“No, haunted statues of little girls are not allowed in the house.”

“Alright. Haunted statues of little girls are not allowed in the house.” Bill clarified one last time. Dipper nodded.
“Good, glad we got that out of the way. Almost sad we had to.” Dipper shook his head. “Though it makes you wonder—what if we put her in a soundproof room? Hypothetically, if her statue was haunted and you put it in a room where not even thunder could reach her-- wouldn't that let her spirit be at rest?”

“I don't know if it works that way.” Bill told him, with no small amount of skepticism in his voice. “You don't believe in ghosts, do you, Dipper?”

“Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to sound like...you know.” he took a breath. “Believe me, that's not how I meant to come off.” the two of them walked through the glass doors to the garden. Dipper took a moment to collect his thoughts, marvelling at the beauty of the glass panels. “But scientifically speaking, there's no concrete proof that humans have souls at all. In fact, the only people that claim that we have souls come religious institutions. Religious sects can't be counted as reliable sources, however.”

“Does that mean you aren't religious? Possibly that you don't believe we have souls?” Bill questioned, and Dipper let out a heavy sigh. He pinched the bridge of his nose with his free hand.

“I'm about as religious as the next eighteen year old.” he replied. “As for souls...for us having souls—I don't know. I don't think I ever will. I'd like to think that we did. Mainly because I don't want to just end. Nobody just wants to end. " he leaned his head against Bill's shoulder. “Science can only prove so much.” Bill pressed a gentle kiss to the mess of brown curls on Dipper's head.

“I think we have souls.” Bill confided. “In fact, I'm sure of it.”

“Why is that?” Dipper asked. The alpha simply shrugged.

“It's just a feeling I have. I don't have any proof, of course.” he grinned at Dipper. “But I have faith. Which is enough.”

“And here I thought you weren't religious.”

“There's a difference between religious and having faith.” Bill told him. “Such as I have complete faith that Inez Briggs won't be in her glass case.”

“Not to be repetitive, but why?” Dipper asked. Bill nodded ahead of them, and the omega almost didn't want to turn his head. Slowly, as if it'd stop the eventual reveal, he turned his head. “Bill, where did you put the statue?” Dipper murmured quietly. The case was empty. Bill let out a hearty laugh as thunder rolled overhead.

“Who knows?” he turned his head to look at Dipper, fangs visible in the toothy grin he was sporting. “Guess we'll find out, hm?” Dipper shook his head and wrenched his hand from Bill's.

“This isn't funny.” he warned, pointing at the empty case. “This isn't funny, Bill.” Bill's grin faltered.

“Dipper. Little tree.” he frowned, brows furrowing together in concern. “I honestly don't know where the statue went. I had no hand in this.”

“You're lying,” the omega growled. “God, can't you grow up?”

“Grow up? Dipper Pines--” Dipper stormed off in the middle of Bill's sentence. His shoes were loud on stone, anger building with the oncoming rain. “--you get back here.” he heard Bill call. He was past listening at this point. What on earth did the alpha have to gain by playing this kind of prank?

“Sir?” Lana asked as he stormed past. He could hear the sound of Bill's shoes behind him. The
muffled movement on carpet made him clench his fists. “Master? What's wrong?” Dipper heard her ask, directing the question to Bill as he passed.

“Dipper, come back.” Bill pleaded. Dipper paused at the top of the steps. This gave the alpha enough time to catch up to him. He snatched Dipper by the arm and pulled him back against his chest. The omega attempted to pull away from him, but thought better of it. In front of him was a flight of stairs; there was no way he would be able to catch his footing in time, and would probably tumble down the steps if he struggled.

Lana made a small noise, one that Dipper couldn't quite place.

“Master, surely there's no need-” she said quietly.

“Do you think I'd hurt him?” Bill snapped at her. She bowed her head, looking down at her feet. He dragged Dipper back from the stairs. “Calm down, you need to breathe.” Dipper hadn't even realized he wasn't—he took a deep breath now, filling his aching lungs with oxygen. “Deep breaths, little tree. Lana, leave us.” There was a moment of silence. “Lana.”

“Very well sir,” she said quietly. She walked around the two. Lana met Dipper's eyes with a sympathetic look, then descended the stairs. Bill held Dipper to his chest in silence for awhile longer until the deep, shuddering gasps subsided.

“How are you doing?”

“Fine. Thank you.” he muttered. Bill pressed a gentle kiss to the top of his head.

“I know this isn't the best time, but I swear to you that I didn't move the statue. At all.” Bill spoke into his hair. His breath was hot on Dipper's scalp. “I promise.”

“Then who moved it? It can't have just gotten up and walked away. The case is sealed.” Dipper told him.

“I have no idea.” Bill murmured into his ear. His arms loosened, and Dipper turned to face him. “I'm sorry it gave you such a fright. Don't worry, I doubt the thing is really haunted. Probably one of the help pulling a prank.”

“You promise it wasn't you and you're just buying time to find a fall guy?” Dipper asked; Bill reached up and gently cupped Dipper's jaw.

“I promise.” he ran his thumb across the omega's cheek, and Dipper found himself leaning into the gentle touch. His eyes fluttered shut as the hand moved down to cup his neck. The alpha erased the space between them, slipping his other arm around Dipper's waist. Dipper had read somewhere that by marking an omega, an alpha was promising to protect and provide for them; he had to wonder if that was why he calmed so easily around Bill. His body simply responded to the alpha that claimed it. “Your sister should be here soon.”

“Should be.” Dipper agreed, opening his eyes to look at Bill. He took a moment to drag his eyes along the alpha's jaw. A pink tongue darted out and swiped along his bottom lip. “Nervous?” Dipper joked, and Bill chuckled.

“What would I be nervous about?” he questioned.

“Seeing my sister again. You're scared of her.”

“I am not scared of your sister.” Bill snapped. Dipper chuckled at Bill's peeved expression.
“Mabel likes you.” Dipper told him, and Bill perked up. He bent his head forward and bumped his nose against the omega's.

“Does she? Did she say that?” Bill questioned, mouth inches from Dipper's.

“She did. So you can relax around her. You're not the only weird one on the planet.” the omega told him. Bill's mouth pressed against Dipper's in a solid kiss; the younger man didn't hesitate to open his mouth for the alpha when a wet, searching tongue presented itself.

“If your sister sees us like this, she'll have a coronary.” Bill teased, pulling away with a wet smack.

“Yeah, yeah.” Dipper licked his lips. Bill tasted bitter—like black coffee and anise; Dipper hoped to god that wasn't what he'd been eating. “You taste disgusting.”

“Well that's kind of rude.” Bill scoffed. “I'm honestly offended at that statement.”

“If you would eat better, I wouldn't have to offend you.” Dipper told him, crossing his arms over his chest. Bill leaned down and stole another kiss, much to Dipper's distaste. “Augh, gross.” he pushed Bill away, and the alpha followed as the omega tried to escape down the stairs.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sitting in a sandwich place and am definitely eating the nastiest salad to ever exist.
Augh.
Thanks for all the well wishes regarding the new apartment, and you'll be happy to know that I am once again employed!
Thank you RadioActivity for being my beta on this.

Song for this chapter:
Slipping by Neil Patrick Harris

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Dipper took the steps two at a time—which in the end was probably a mistake more than anything. His foot caught on a loose lace from his shoe, sending him tumbling forward. He closed his eyes, fully prepared to land against the polished stone floor, possibly sporting a bloody, broken nose at the end of his unfortunate fall. Instead, warm, protective arms caught him.

“Bro, you really shouldn't be playing on the stairs.” Mabel teased, hugging him tightly to her chest. “You're going to get hurt.”

“Mabes! You got here pretty early.” Dipper greeted, pulling his arms free so he could hug her properly. “Glad Stan let you have the morning off.”

“I told him what was going on.” she told him with a shrug. “Well, almost everything.” her eyes flicked up to Bill, who had frozen on the bottom step. His arms were tucked tightly behind him. “They really appreciate what you're doing, Bill.”

“It's no problem.” Bill told her, stepping down. He made his way over to the younger Pines twin and wrapped an arm around him. “You are family now, after all. There needs to be a certain respect between us. Both as siblings and alphas.”

“Ha, too bad that society doesn't think I deserve the same kind of respect.” Mabel told him, running a hand through her hair. Her fingers got caught on a knot, and she spent a moment detangling it.

“I've had the servants prepare brunch for us in the dining room. I would be honoured if you'd join us there; we can speak further on the matter once inside.” he gestured towards the oaken doors.

The servants had indeed made brunch—if they intended brunch to feed an army. Mabel seemed to be pleased, however. Bill pulled Dipper's chair for him, allowing the omega to sit down first.

“Erin should be here soon.” Bill announced. Both Dipper and Mabel turned to face him. Dipper could tell from his face that he completely expected the shocked reaction.

“You didn't say he'd be here.” Dipper immediately accused. Mabel had paled on her side of the table. Her teeth had clenched, and she was staring at Bill—no, she was staring through him.

“I didn't agree to meet anyone.” Mabel told him. “What the actual hell.”

“I know. If I had told you, you wouldn't have came.” Bill told her. His head was tipped up, and he stared the other alpha in the eye. “I expect both of you to be on your best behaviour. After all, the faster that we get this squared way, the quicker you no longer have to have the name 'Gideon Gleeful' hanging over your head, hm?”

“You're a rat, Cipher. A dirty rat.” Mabel hissed, slamming her hands on the table. There was a
knock on the door. Mabel turned her attention to it with a sharp turn of her head.

“Master?” An unfamiliar female voice called. “Lord Oremus has arrived.” Bill rose an eyebrow at Mabel, and she swore softly. She straightened herself and ran a hand through her hair. Bill nodded at her.

“Please show him in.” Bill called to her. There was a soft muttering on the other side of the door, and Dipper imagined him saying the same exact thing he did. Are you not coming with me? The words rang in his ears, and he shook his head to clear them.

Dipper had expected a lot of things from Erin. He expected him to be tall and dashing, with the same shockingly blonde hair as Bill. They were related, after all. At some point, he'd forgotten that Erin was, in fact, an omega.

Erin Oremus, close cousin to Bill Cipher, was something else. His hair was pitch black and slicked back flat against his head. His eyes were a bright blue, but they were soft and not nearly as clever as Bill's was. Erin wasn't nearly as short as Dipper, but he could only have had a couple inches on him.

“Erin, it's always a pleasure.” Bill greeted. Erin nodded at him. “This is Dipper, my mate.” he laid a hand on Dipper's shoulder.

“A pleasure to see you as well, cousin. And it is an absolute honour to meet you, Dipper.” he said softly, eyes flicking to Mabel. Dipper watched nervously. If Mabel didn't like him—they'd have to think of a new plan. The older Pines twin drew up to her full height, and Dipper rolled his eyes. Alphas were alphas, regardless of gender.

“My name is Mabel.” she greeted, equally as soft, so as not to scare the omega. “Come on over and sit down.” She mimicked Bill's earlier action, pulling a chair out for Erin. He gently stepped over to table, taking the offered chair. Mabel pushed his chair in, before taking a seat of her own. Bill was, of course, the last to sit down, taking his place right by Dipper.

“From what Bill has told me, you are in a situation similar to mine.” Erin started, placing his hands on the table. His voice became louder now. He folded his fingers together, keeping his eyes on the table. He took a deep breath, then raised his gaze to meet Mabel's. “I also understand that you are an alpha female.”

“I am. And Dipper is a male omega, funny enough.” she nodded at her brother. “Mom always said that God switched our alignments at birth to vex her.”

“I was made aware of that as well. I don't understand, however, what being an 'alpha' female entails.” Erin rubbed his palms against the solid oak of the table. “Perhaps I could beg an explanation?” Mabel made a soft humming noise, drumming her fingertips on the table.

“As you may or may not know alpha females are incredibly rare.” Dipper started for her. Mabel met his eye and nodded. Erin's focused shifted to look at the male twin. “Increasingly so in Mabel's case. Twins, like our great uncle's, are often the same alignment. They're both alpha's. So when we were born, one male, one female, my parents hoped that one of us was human, or at least, both of us were omega. Turns out, we're a medical miracle.” he placed his hands on the table, using them as he spoke. “Anyway, a lot about female alpha's isn't known—primarily because there are only twelve documented cases in the last two hundred years of medical history. Whether this is because female alpha's simply don't come forward, or due to it being an extremely rare misconfiguration of the genetic code, we've yet to know. Of course, you have your legends and myths that are attached to them due to their uncommon and distinctive features.”
Erin was leaning over the table slightly, listening to the younger twin speak. Bill was also intently listening, face screwed up in what looked to be confusion. Dipper knew that look all too well. He pressed on.

“To be an alpha, the only thing that really needs to be present is the Y chromosome. From there, a male can become an alpha, a beta, or an omega, in my case. Women, however, have two X chromosome's, and therefore, normally, cannot become alpha's. Doctor's don't know why—or how female alpha's come into existence.”

“They share the same traits with male alpha's?” Erin clarified. Dipper nodded.

“Which means if an alpha tried to mark me, you know.” Mabel pointed at the mark on Dipper's neck. The venom had left a dark stain on his neck in the semblance of an eye; Dipper blushed, rubbing the mark gently. The younger twin hadn't paid too much attention to it, to be honest. It was just there to inform the world that he was, for all intents and purpose's, the Cipher heir's property. Bill's hand ghosted over his shoulder, stroking it in comfort. “It wouldn't take, and worse, I might...”

“...kill them?” Erin suggested. Mabel nodded, fiddling with her fingernails. They were coated in chipped pink nail polish. “I see. That would be tragic indeed, at least for the other party and their loved ones.” Erin took a quiet breath. “And with your parents trying to sell you off as an omega instead of presenting you as an alpha, this poses an issue.”

“Yes. And that's where you come in, right?” Mabel said, abruptly.

“If you'd like to put it that way, yes.” Erin agreed. “The details of the relationship can be discussed later of course, but as an omega, I can mark you and not invoke any sort of wrath. I can also gain the inheritance that my grandmother has promised me, therefore making the two of us fairly well off for the rest of our lives. Though I imagine you'd like to keep your job here for the upcoming year. It's no trouble to temporarily move here while you do so.” Bill was looking between the two, eyebrows raised. “We would live in my home of course, once this year has concluded, to keep up with the illusion that I am an alpha and you an omega. Unlike Bill, my parents aren't nearly as overbearing—” Dipper snickered at the jab at Bill's pride. “—so you would be free to run the household as you wish. I have no qualms about the arrangement, personally. It benefits both of us equally. As long as you allow me to live how I wish, we will have no issue.” Bill looked at Mabel, who shrugged.

“Hey, man, you do you.” Mabel told him, and Dipper could tell Bill was inwardly cringing at her. “I'm not the judgemental type anyway. You can't change who you are, just like I can't change what alignment I was born with.” Erin perked up slightly at this. “And if I were you, I wouldn't let anyone tell you different either.” she fidgeted with her hands for a moment longer before turning to Erin. “I don't know anything about this. Or running a household.” Erin let out a soft laugh.

“Don't worry, we'll learn together, hm?” he told her with a bashful grin. “I mean, if this is agreeable to you as well.” The older twin ran a hand through her hair, before offering her hand to Erin.

“Let's do it. Weird to be marrying into the same family as my twin brother, but hey. Means that when we get together for family gatherings we can each bring a grunkle.” she teased. Erin slid his hand into Mabel's, and Dipper leaned his head against Bill's shoulder with a relieved sigh.

“I like your fingernail polish.” Erin told Mabel, running his thumb across her nails.

“Oh, thanks, I need to redo them. I've been picking at them. Nerves you know.” Mabel grinned up at the omega. “I need to take better care of them.” she turned her head to Bill. “Where do you go? Your nails are immaculate.” Bill snorted, admiring the nails on his left hand. They were neatly trimmed, and they had a shiny coat of black polish covering them.
“Little place in Gresham, goes by the name of Nail Days. If you decide to pop in, ask for Lucille. She knows more about nails than little tree here knows about edible wildlife. Probably.” he placed a hand on the table. “I trust you've brought the appropriate paperwork?”

“Yes, I have.” Erin reached into his suit and pulled forth a thick stack of printed paper. Dipper shuddered lightly at the sight. Even though everything seemed to be turning out, those papers still frightened him. Bill noticed and tugged him close. He leaned over and pressed a gentle kiss to the omega's temple.

“Let's leave them.” Bill murmured. “I'm sure they'd like to speak alone, perhaps to get to know one another?”

“If you say so. We could devote some time to finding that missing statue of ours.” Dipper told him, going to stand.

“Missing statue?” Mabel looked up. “How do you lose a statue?”

“We think that the servants removed it from it's case—how, I'm not entirely sure. It's quite heavy, after all.” Bill took a minute to look over his guests. “It was of a little girl with an umbrella. She was sitting in a rocking chair. I know this is an odd question, but have you seen it? Perhaps stashed somewhere outside when you first arrived?”

“I didn't.” Mabel told him, not letting go of Erin's hand. Erin, in turn, frowned.

“Odd question—did you perhaps have two statues, one sitting and one standing?” he asked, looking up at Bill. Dipper paled as Bill cleared his throat.

“Ah, no. We do not have two. Where did you see this statue of a girl standing?” Bill asked, and Erin nodded to the doorway.

“Right outside the doors there. I thought it was an odd place for a decorative art piece, but I have no right to judge your home.” he continued. “Are you sure you didn't have two? There's no way the statue could have simply stood from her chair and left.” Dipper shot up from his chair, moving to the other side of the dining room. He didn't want to be anywhere near Ms. Briggs. Prank or not.

Bill clucked at Dipper.

“Come back over here.” he told him. When the omega didn't move, Bill tried again. “Dipper, over here, now.” he ordered. Dipper crept back over to his side cautiously, eyes on the door.

“This is how horror movies start Bill. Someone messes with something haunted, and then everybody dies.” Dipper hissed. “Why did you buy the haunted little girl statue again? Aesthetic?”

“Dipper, we're not going to die.” Bill assured him, wrapping him in a one armed hug. He brought the omega close. “I'm sure it's nothing.”

“Nothing? You think it's nothing. Great.” Dipper pushed his arm off. “You're going to die first, and I'm going to laugh.” he continued to tell him with a stomp of his foot. Bill rolled his eye. “I'm going to be a widow.”

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“You are not. Quit belly aching.” he crossed over to the door; his shoes made a gentle clacking against the wooden floor of the dining room. The doors opened with a heavy sigh and a breath of a chilled air that gave Dipper goosebumps. On the other side, where Dipper expected something akin to a weeping angel, was an empty hallway. “See? There's nothing here. Nothing to be worried about.”
“That's odd, I swear it was right there.” Erin frowned. “Must of been a trick of the light.” Dipper looked between the cousins, narrowing his eyes.

“Must of been.” Dipper said lightly, joining Bill by the doorway. Must of been my ass.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! :)  
As always, RadioActivity, you can thank her for being my beta for this fic.

Song for this chapter: 
Necromancin Dancing by Bear Ghost

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“So, where should we start looking?” Dipper asked Bill as they left the dining hall. The alpha slid an arm around Dipper's waist, humming softly in thought.

“I'd suggest the garden, since that was where she was last seen.” Bill didn't seem nearly as upset as Dipper expected him to be. Maybe he'd gotten away with jumping between Bill and his sister—or maybe he was just waiting for Mabel and Erin to leave before he lectured him. Either way, Dipper welcomed the lack of tension between them.

“I hope it hasn't been raining too hard. If the servants left her out somewhere in the garden, she could be water damaged.” Dipper told him with a frown. “I mean I'd prefer to find her tucked behind some greenery in comparison to her popping out of a supply closet, don't get me wrong. But it'd be a shame if all the hard work it took to carve her was ruined.”

“I agree.” Bill told him, steering him towards the garden in question. “She's quite heavy, so they couldn't of moved her far—let alone into the house, in my opinion. At least not quietly.” Dipper let himself be led, tilting his head to listen to the soft pattering of rain at the windows and across the roof.

The garden was slightly chilly; Dipper shivered noticeably, running his hands over his arms to warm them. Bill noticed and didn't hesitate to shrug off his suit jacket. He pulled it over Dipper's shoulders.

“You don't have to do that.” Dipper told him, feeling warmer already. Bill carefully buttoned the front to trap in the warmth.

“You're right, I don't have to. I want to.” Bill pressed a kiss to his forehead. “My little tree needs to stay nice and warm so he doesn't get sick.” he ruffled the younger man's hair. “Now, let's see about that statue.

They looked for a good hour; the only reason they stopped was due to the inclement weather. The light drizzle had transformed into a straight up downpour that sent them running back inside.

“Come on Bill, if you don't run faster you're going to be soaked!” Dipper laughed at him, darting for the doors. Bill seemed to be having a hard time finding his footing on the stone pathway that wound through the ground, shoes slipping on the wet stone.

Eventually, they both made it indoors, crashing into each other in a sopping mess of wet clothes and drenched hair. Dipper was laughing ecstatically while the older man simply shook his head and smiled at the sheer glee that the omega was exuding. Bedraggled gloves cupped Dipper's face and then Bill was kissing him, lips sliding against one another's. Their faces were covered in raindrops, making it hard to get any purchase. But when Bill did, it was glorious. It was warm and wanting, full of absolute need. But not a sexual need. It was a need to be close, to be intimate without shedding clothes. When Bill pulled away, they both had lost the ability to breath without gasping.

“You're soaking wet.” Dipper told him, slipping his arms up and around the alpha's neck.
“Oh, look at the pot calling the kettle black.” Bill whispered, bending his head down to nuzzle at Dipper's neck. He pressed solid kisses at the junction where shoulder and neck met, trailing up the pale skin. His hands gripped Dipper's hips and drew him forward so there was little to no room in between them.

“Hey, leave room for Jesus, kids.” Mabel joked, and Dipper let out a strangled yelp. If he wasn't already flushed from exertion, he would have blushed. Erin was standing beside her, eyes wide.

“Jesus wishes we'd leave room for him.” Bill teased, and Dipper playfully tugged the older man's ear. He unwrapped his arms from around his alpha's neck and the hands on his hips left with a gentle stroke along the band of his jeans. Dipper shuddered almost imperceptibly at this, turning towards his sister.

“Did you get everything figured out?” He questioned, as Bill wrapped his arms around him. Even when wet, Bill could have served as a space heater. Dipper found himself relaxing into the pleasant warmth.

“Yeah. I'm going to take Erin on a short tour of the town.” She nodded at Erin, whose face had retracted to a more neutral expression. His hand was interlocked with Mabel's however. “We also need to fax these to the respective parties,” she held up the papers.

“What other kind of tour is there?” Dipper asked sarcastically. “You can see from one end of town to the other. If it takes you more than five minutes--”

“--you better be swindling someone, yeah, yeah.” Mabel flapped a hand at him. “I have the same set of great uncles, you know.” Dipper snorted at her. She released Erin's hand and opened her arms. Dipper slipped from Bill's grip so he could wrap around Mabel instead, squeezing her tightly.

“Is everything going to work out?” he asked quietly.

“I think so. It can't go in a worse direction than it was.” Mabel told him. She pressed a kiss to his temple affectionately. She let him go, placing her hands on his shoulder's and looking him in the eyes. “Take care of yourself. Don't stress yourself to death.” She turned her gaze on Bill. “Come on over here, tough guy.”

“I'm afraid I'll have de--” Bill started, only to be pulled into a hug. “-I'm soaking wet, Mabel.”

“So was Dip-dop, but that didn't stop me.” Her smile had the same wattage a lightbulb might have. “Thanks again—only a month in and you've proven yourself a good brother-in-law. Is it around the six month mark that you start the apocalypse?” she teased. Bill chuckled at her as she let him go.

“If it is, then you'll be the first to know.” Bill told her warmly. Dipper turned to Erin as Bill and Mabel bantered back and forth.

“Hey, don't worry.” he told him, and the other omega jumped. “Mabel's a real softie.”

“I—thank you.” Erin rubbed the back of his neck. “I imagine it was quite frightening for you as well? To hand over your life to someone you don't know on the whim of another.” Dipper frowned.

“Did Bill force you into this?” Dipper questioned, crossing his arms over his chest. Erin's eyes widened and he shook his head violently.

“Oh no, definitely not. I was speaking of my grandmother. Bill simply assisted me in completing my grandmother's wishes.” Erin gave him a comforting smile. “I assure you, Bill is quite wonderful to deal with. My cousin has been nothing but accommodating and polite.”
“Good.” Dipper looked over at the alpha's. Noting they were still engaged in conversation, he leaned forward. “So I have a question.”

“Yes?”

“The speech thing. You know, you and Bill both kind of talk like your entire dialogue comes from a novel written in mid-century Europe. Without the accents, of course. Is that genetic or do you both do a lot of dry reading?” he asked. Erin laughed at him.

“It was taught in the guise of manners, if you'd believe it. Though Bill does do quite a bit of dry reading. You have seen his library, haven't you? It's atrociously boring. I've never seen so many books on accounting.” Erin paused. “Perhaps that's why he's independently affluent at such a young age?” Erin made a small noise, as if he had remembered something. “You and Mabel are twins, correct? Does that mean you're eighteen as well?”

“Unfortunately. Makes it kind of weird to be mated with grandpa over there.” he jerked a thumb at Bill.

“I heard that, little tree.” Bill told him. “What gossip are you spreading over there?”

“I'm spreading utterly extravagant lies about your prowess in bed.” Dipper responded cheekily. “How old are you?” Dipper asked as Bill made his way over.

“Only twenty. Not quite as old as Bill. He's been around for quite awhile.” Erin teased.

“And that's our cue to leave. When Bill starts to get whiney, I get to moving my hiney.” Mabel announced. “Besides, there's not a lot of daylight left, especially with the storm.” Erin took a step forward and Dipper met him in a cautious hug.

“It was an honour and pleasure to meet you, Dipper.” Erin told him. “I hope to see you soon.”

“I hope to see you in the near future, too.” Dipper responded. Erin retracted his limbs from Dipper and slipped his hand back into Mabel's. “See you, Mabes. Don't be a stranger.”

“No one can be stranger than you, dip-dop.” Mabel replied. “Come visit the shack sometime. We've got some new dolls coming in that you're going to love.” Bill wrapped an arm around Dipper's shoulder, offering a wave to the other couple.

“Feel free to visit again, Erin.” Bill told his cousin. “My home is always open to you.”

“And mine is to you, cousin.”

“I like him.” Dipper told Bill. They were stripping down in the bathroom, discarding their clothing on to the tile. Bill made an affirming noise, pulling off his eye patch. “I think he and Mabel will be good for each other.” Dipper began to tug his shirt over his head when he felt the leather patch smack against his side. “Really, Bill?” The alpha had launched the eye patch at him like a slingshot.

“I think they will as well. Your sister is quite charming.” he paused. “In a different way than myself of course.” he had now adopted a power stance in front of the tub in his full, naked glory.

“It's nice to hear you're changing your opinion about her.” Dipper told him, refusing to give in and
ogle like the older man wanted him to do. “I knew you two would like each other once you finished your pissing contest.”

“The real question is, did I win?” Bill asked, a knowing grin on his face.

“Depends on who you ask. I think Erin believes that Mabel did.” Dipper yawned softly.

“And what do you think?” Bill pressed, putting a hand on his hip. He obviously didn't appreciate the way that Dipper was beating around the bush. Dipper walked up to him unabashedly.

“I think that I'm a very, very lucky man. And that my alpha shouldn't be entering any sort of pissing contest, because that's just gross. And I'm a very biased judge.” He splayed his fingers across Bill's upper shoulder's, feeling the hot muscle contract underneath his touch. “Did you ever find out who that third party was?” he asked, removing his hands.

“I did. I didn't think it was necessary to reveal their identity.” Bill responded with a shrug. The omega raised his eyebrows at him and the alpha chuckled. “Do you want to know?”

“Well yeah. I guess it's no longer important but I'd still like to know.” he told him, putting his hands on his hips. Bill hummed, sizing up the younger man.

“I suppose I could tell you, but it'd cost.” Bill offered. “I'll make you a deal—I'll give you the name of the third party, and you give me a kiss.” Dipper rolled his eyes at the older man. Bill waggled his eyebrows and offered his hand to Dipper. Dipper regarded the hand carefully.

“Fine, I'll take your stupid deal. “ The omega told him with a sigh, pretending to be inconvenienced. In honesty, he loved kissing Bill. The alpha was an amazingly talented kisser; since the first kiss, Bill had known the exact angle he needed to kiss Dipper to avoid his nose. He had known that Dipper loved the soft nibbling at his bottom lip and the tingle that richoted through him when Bill shoved his tongue in and swept it through the moist cavern.

Dipper went to shake Bill's hand, but as soon as their skin touched, he knew something wasn't right. Bill's skin seemed to have rapidly cooled down since they last touched—too rapidly for Dipper's comfort.

“Dipper are you feeling alright?” Bill asked, entwining their fingers together tightly. He seemed just as, if not more, concerned about the situation. “You're burning up.” he said softly.

“I feel okay.” Bill brought the omega's fingers to his lips, pressing a kiss to each one of them. “Do you think I have a fever?”

“I suppose we did stand around in wet clothing for awhile. But due to the chilly weather that's due to sweep over the falls, I had the staff turn the thermostat up.” he brought Dipper closer to him. Bill's entire body was cooler than his—it didn't make sense.

“It's probably nothing.” Dipper offered, but Bill didn't seem convinced. Dipper didn't think he could convince himself of that, actually. The alpha studied him for a moment, running his lips over the heated fingers. Suddenly, he dropped Dipper's hand.

“May I try something? I promise I don't mean anything by it.” Bill asked.

“Long as it doesn't involve cutting off a limb, I guess it'll be okay.” Dipper joked. Bill lowered his head to Dipper's ear, and growled. Not angrily, no, but possessively. Dipper's body reacted immediately with a sharp, painful, wanting twist in his gut and he let out a gasp of pain. The alpha caught him as the omega doubled over. The heat, that until now hadn't been felt, began to build
underneath his skin. “No, this--” he looked up at Bill, horrified. “--I can't be.”

“You're going into heat.” Bill confirmed sympathetically. “Could be worse. You could be pregnant.” he teased, as if trying to lighten the mood. Dipper groaned at him, pressing his face against Bill's collarbone. Another painful jolt made his entire body shake—Bill clutched him even tighter, beginning to rock slightly.

“I can't. It's too early.” he gasped; Dipper knew that wasn't true. A first heat could happen as early as seventeen. “Bill.” he let out a pathetic whimper as the alpha's cool hands released him so they could run down his sides in comfort. “Bill.”

“I'll take care of you, little tree.” Bill promised. “I've got you.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for your continued support ;3;
Thank you, RadioActivity, for being my beta!

Songs for this chapter:
All At Once by Bear Ghost
Hurt So Good by Astrid S

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Chapter Notes

I WAS IN SUCH A RUSH TO POST THIS CHAPTER I FORGOT.
I am dedicating this chapter to DarlingDem. When I finished my last fic, Hell of a Scar, they're the one who suggested I do an a/b/o fic. So thank you so much DarlingDem!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dipper would of rather had Bill dip him in tar and toss him down a hill of feathers; heat's were miserable. At least from what he'd seen of them; if you didn't count movies and porn, which either tried to make it romantic or hot. It was hot alright, but not in a pleasant way. He was walking shakily to the bedroom, leaning heavily on Bill for support. The entire way to the bed, he babbled apologies —what else could he do?

“I'm so sorry Bill, I didn't know I was going to go into heat. I didn't want to go into heat.” he told Bill. The alpha was guiding him to the bed in measured steps, barely paying attention to his words. “I know this is an inconvenience—”

“There's no possible way you can think that I'm upset at you.” Bill told him dryly, cutting his words short with a single, unamused look. “As much as we'd like to think we have control of our own bodies, they tend to be unruly.” he lowered Dipper on to the bed. “I'm not going to blame you because of your biology, little tree.” Bill's words were meant to calm; Dipper knew this, but he still felt absolutely awful.

“I...” he began, then swallowed. “Thank you, Bill.” The alpha snorted at him, fingers working to undo the omega's pants.

“You're my omega, correct?” Bill questioned. Slender fingers slipped beneath jean and cotton, hooking underneath the band of Dipper's boxers. The mere touch of Bill's hands near his erection made him squirm.

“Yes.” Dipper agreed; hell, if Bill began to touch him, he'd agree to just about anything. “I am your omega.”

“Then why are you apologizing?” The alpha questioned. The material began the slow drag over his hips and down his thighs, and oh. When it grazed his erection he let out a pleased gasp. He was so sensitive already—this couldn't be normal. “If you remember correctly, this is part of it. Eventually, our bodies will sync up and we'll experience our heats together. But right now, our bodies aren't even close to that.” The pants finally came free, and Dipper cringed when he realized exactly how hard he was. He basically sprung from his boxers, ready for any sort of attention that Bill would give him.

The pain in his abdomen had stopped as soon as Bill was in a certain proximity of his crotch—but the heat was still building underneath his skin. What started as what felt like a mild fever was slowly lighting Dipper's every nerve on fire. Stabbing riots of pain sparked in his joints, and he let out a low whimper. On top of everything else—all the pain, there was a mind-addling need to get laid. It began
to layer over him and he felt oddly like a tub of layered bean dip.

“No one tells you how much this hurts.” Dipper huffed out, trying to retain his sanity for as long as he could. Bill leaned forward and nuzzled his erection, and Dipper let out a pained groan of pleasure. The alpha wasted no time in pressing open-mouthed kisses up the shaft—it was momentarily relief from the pain, but it wasn't enough. All it was accomplishing was making Dipper squirm and moan—Bill seemed rather pleased, actually. He wasted no time in taking the erect piece of flesh into his mouth. He slid down to the base with no reservations, pulling a strangled cry from his omega.

Bill, once again, was a god when it came to oral sex—his mouth was hot, his tongue was talented—and Dipper wasn't just saying that because the heat made him seek sex. Bill knew it too, and used it full and well to his advantage. The best part was that the alpha wasn't the slightest bit afraid of letting out loud noises of pleasure from between Dipper's pale thighs. He'd moan and groan as much as Dipper if he could, his good eye looking at his omega shamelessly.

Dipper didn't last long—heats weren't meant for lasting.

“You still with me, little tree?” Bill asked as the omega flopped back on the bed. His cumulation had felt amazing, but the heat was still there. It pressed him forward, hands grasping at Bill as he came up, licking his lips in pleasure.

“Still here.” He panted out, grabbing a hold of Bill's shoulder and dragging him down. The alpha chuckled and captured Dipper's mouth in a fervent, sinful kiss that made Dipper's entire body tremble with need. It drenched him and drowned him; it made him into a man gasping for air and for sanity.

“Good. I'm going to have fun watching you fall apart at my touch.” Bill whispered, hands slipping down Dipper's body. One of them slipped around back of the younger man, slipping between the already wet cheeks. Fingers prodded and pressed at the puckering hole. Dipper unintentionally rocked back against them. He wanted them inside of him. Well, he wanted something inside of him. Bill pressed a precession of wet, open-mouthed kisses up his body. His fingers explored Dipper's body once again; he found places the teen had been sensitive in before, and some he hadn't. Noticing Dipper's unwillingness to fully given in to the heat, he leaned close to Dipper's ear, hands resting on the younger man's hips.

“Give yourself over to it, little tree. Let it run through you and control you—your body knows what it needs.” he murmured, and Dipper whimpered in fear. “I know you're scared. But you said you trusted me, right?” The omega nodded. “Then relax and let me take care of you.” he kissed Dipper, but this time it was accompanied by the alpha pushing into him—and Dipper lost it. His eyelids fluttered shut, and his hands were up around Bill's shoulders, scratching and scrabbling for purchase. His tongue only allowed an ungodly amount of moans and gasps to spill out. Even if he'd wanted to speak, *if he could of spoken*, he wouldn't of had enough air to get out the words.

Bill's thrusts were hot, hard and satisfying. The alpha was growling words at him that he could no longer understand. Thinking was outweighed by his need for Bill to do exactly what he was doing—dominating him utterly. Giving Dipper every bit of him with every thrust and roll of his body. The only thing Dipper could wish for Bill to flip him over and *mount* him. Like some kind of animal.

It must have been hours before Dipper was ready for a moment of rest. The omega was purring contently against Bill's chest. For now, he was spent.

“Look at that. My little tree can purr too.” Bill whispered against his hair. He sounded tired.
Exhausted. Dipper looked up him, not even trying to mask the devotion and adoration he had for the older man. Bill chuckled at him and kissed his forehead. “Rest, your body needs it.” Dipper gave it a moment of consideration, then cuddled back up against the solid body of his alpha, who had begun to purr gently.

Days. Dipper woke up days later, finally able to think for himself again. The heat was fully drained from his body and had been replaced with a sense of perfect, contented, calm. It made it slightly easier to ignore the sore parts of his body. Beside him, Bill was fast asleep. Looking at the clock, he snorted. It was nine a.m., Bill’s favourite time.

“This fucking sucks.” Dipper muttered at the ceiling. He was in an immense amount of pain, mostly located in his lower back and upper thighs. He carefully sat up—and was greeted with a combination of nausea and the feeling of liquid dripping down his thighs. He gagged at the both of them in equal regard. He turned his head towards Bill. Still asleep. Wonderful.

Dipper carefully extracted himself from the bed to find out that yes, it was Bill's cum dripping down his leg. It was absolutely disgusting. And bad. In fact, during the entire heat, Bill had never bathed him—which if the womb inside him was fully formed, could lead to him being pregnant. He couldn’t know, of course. It wasn't as easy, being a male omega. There were no missed periods that alert him —and pregnancy tests weren't reliable. Only a blood test could confirm it.

“Shit, shit, shit.” he swore. He began to hobble away from the bed, wincing in pain—he was so glad that he slept on the side closest to the bathroom.

The bathroom tile was cool underneath his feet, the slight ridges digging against his heels. Dipper's muscled complained at him, begging him to lay down and rest, but he refused the urge with a stubborn grit of his teeth.

Unfortunately, while gathering the items required for a successful bath, Dipper realized he was completely out of shampoo. Turning his head to the cabinet, he let his gaze wander over the collection of shampoo and body wash that seemed to grow with each passing day. Well, except for one shelf.

It was labelled as Dipper's, and on it were the items he'd brought from home. Along with these, however, were a small selection of toiletry items that Bill had bought for him shortly before his arrival. The omega had avoided them completely, half-hoping the alpha would take the hint and allow him to shop for his own before he ran out. The heat interrupted any sort of shopping trip, however, and now he was left with a tough decision.

The bottle of shampoo Bill had bought him looked expensive. He was sure, however, that everything that Bill bought was decently expensive; or it looked to be, at least, whenever it was in the older man's hands. Inspecting it, he let out an irritated scoff. Of course it smelled like a woodland pine. After all, with a last name like his, why wouldn't he use the most cliché shampoo in existence? He clicked the lid shut and placed it back on to the shelf.

Dipper looked up at the shelf above his. It was Bill's, naturally. The man must have had ten or twelve shampoos tucked up there, all different. Selecting one at random, Dipper plucked it from it's place and uncapped it. He took a deep whiff and the smell of lilies washed over him—the bottle was far from empty, so he searched around in the cabinet a bit more and found the conditioner which was equally as full.

Feeling an awful lot like a naughty child, he carried them with him into the bath. He took a moment
to once again appreciate the Romanesque architecture; it was an absolutely stunning bathroom-- he felt momentarily guilty as he considered asking Bill to construct one similar in their own home.

“Dipper Pines, you will not ask your husband to build a lavish bathroom in your new home.” he told himself aloud, stepping into the bath. He briefly wondering if they kept the bath on and circulating in case Bill decided he needed to bathe at an inconvenient time. “You are a modest man.” Liar. His mind whispered softly as he walked into the deepest part of the tub. The water lapped at his stomach, making him shudder pleasantly.

Dipper had never been so embarrassed in his life, even if no one was watching. Cleaning himself out seemed so much worse by himself than if Bill had been there to help him. But still, he did it. Not that it would of mattered, in the end. Once the unpleasant experience was over, he spent a good twenty minutes devoted to washing his hair. It was so thick that if not washed every other day, it would turn the water of a shower brown from all the dust and dirt it collected. Taking in consideration the amount of sweat he'd worked into it from ruining Bill's sheets, it was absolutely revolting.

“Bathing without me?” Dipper heard Bill drawl. His voice was a rough whisper; Dipper turned to him. He had a smug look painted on his face that made Dipper flush red from head to toe. The worst part was that Lana was right behind him; right behind the very naked Bill Cipher, carrying a breakfast tray. She seemed to be utterly oblivious to the older man leaning against the door frame.

“I brought you something to get your energy up.” Lana told Dipper, manoeuvring around Bill “And you're thirsty, I'd imagine.” she knelt carefully by the edge of the bath and placed the tray in an easily accessible place.

“Thanks.” Dipper squeaked out, looking between her and Bill. The alpha didn't look the least bit bothered.

“You may return to your bath, your lordship.” She told him as she stood. Lana carefully brushed the front of her apron off and then left the room. On her way out, she offered a curtsy to the real master of the manor, Bill. The older man nodded and sent her on her way with a gesture of his hand.

“You were asleep.” Dipper offered to Bill, who was entering the bath. “I felt gross, so I thought I'd bathe.”

“I'm not angry.” Bill quickly amended. Dipper watched as Bill agilely slipped through the water to him. “I'm just surprised you can stand, let alone that you made it to the bathroom.”

“I don't feel too bad, actually. I'm sore, but not sore enough to excuse laying in the bed all day, you know?” Dipper told him, replacing the shampoo in the basket. “These are pretty neat, you know? Using baskets. I wouldn't of thought of it.”

“Yes you would of.” Bill disagreed, finally reaching the young man. He dipped down to press a careful kiss to Dipper's lips. “You've probably thought of ten ways to improve it by now, haven't you?”

“Only eight, actually.” Dipper replied. “But three of them require adept servants and an alpha that doesn't stock enough shampoo to last him for a year.” Bill chuckled, running a hand through Dipper's hair. He hummed softly, tousling it. Then the scent hit him and he froze.

“You didn't use the shampoo I've bought you.” Bill accused.

“Not a drop.” Dipper told him, wondering how he'd react. “I don't like the scent of the pines, ironically.” he tacked on. The alpha still remained silent, sizing up Dipper. After a moment of
listening to nothing but the bubbling of the tub, he looked away from Bill. “Sorry.” he mumbled out.

“I suppose I should waited for you to get here.” Bill finally said, ignoring the apology. He fingered a particularly thick curl, playing with Dipper's hair as he spoke. “I'm a bit surprised that out of my personal collection you'd choose something so feminine.” Bill didn't sound angry, at least.

“I should of asked before using your stuff.” Dipper told him. There was something in his voice, some emotion that he couldn't quite put his finger on. Damn it, get your head on straight. Dipper lectured himself.

“No harm done. You may have it.” he hand left Dipper's hair to stroke his face. “It was given as a gift quite awhile back and I've only used it once.”

“Who gave it to you?” Dipper asked, feeling insanely guilty for having used something Bill had gotten as a present.

“It doesn't matter, I doubt she cares.” Bill told him. “In fact, I think she'd quite like you having it.” he brushed a hand through Dipper's curls once more. “Eat something, I'll be a moment.” he waved a hand at the tray. Dipper sighed. One step forward, two steps back. Just another thing to add to his list of things that he may never learn about the elusive Bill Cipher.

Chapter End Notes

Oh hey there!
RadioActivity is my beautiful beta, as always!

Songs for this chapter:
Fire Escape by Fire, Escape

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The dolls of descending size inside the blue matryoshka doll was supposed to number five—the four that Dipper had found weren't enough. But the smallest that Dipper had reached seemed to be stuck and no matter how hard Dipper twisted and turned at the thin seam line that split it in half, the doll remained unmoved.

“Damn it.” Dipper grunted, giving it a final twist. His fingers slid on the paint, accomplishing nothing. Holding it up to his ear, he shook it gently and heard the doll inside strike against the sides of its predecessor. “Wonder how I get you open?” Dipper muttered. Bill had escaped after his bath to some unknown room of the house to take care of business. It was just a matter of time before the older man showed up again.

The door to their bedroom slammed open, impacting the wall with the harsh sound of metal impacting wood. Without looking, Dipper could tell that the handle had went straight through the drywall. The sound shook him to his core, and the doll slipped from his fingers. Dipper lost track of it after that, mainly because even a child could see that Bill was mad. The alpha's face was twisted in rage. It changed the normally handsome features he possessed into an ugly snarl that made Dipper take a step back.

“Bill, what's wrong?” Dipper squeaked. He cleared his throat, straightening up a little bit. When he spoke next, his voice was soft. “Bill?” he questioned, and the alpha slammed his hand against the foot post of their bed. The wood splintered underneath the older man's strength, but Dipper wouldn't be cowed. He took a set of measured steps towards Bill.

“Don't.” Bill told him, slender fingers wrapping around the foot post.

“If you don't tell me what's bothering you, I can't help you.” Dipper told him seriously, refusing to let his fear command his voice. When Bill didn't say anything in return, Dipper placed his hands on the alpha's shoulders. “Sit down and tell me why you're going around breaking walls and bed frames.” The alpha released the wood from his grip and allowed himself to be pushed down on to the mattress. It sunk down under his weight; he continued to slump forward, drooping in defeat.

Dipper sat down beside him. He carefully drew his fingers down the back of Bill's hand; they travelled over the knuckles and across the tight skin and clenched fists. Dipper could feel the heat of the older man's skin through the cotton. Eventually, the alpha took a deep breath and relaxed his hands against his pants.

“The child you spoke of.” he began, tongue running over his fangs. He brought his hand up, effectively shaking Dipper's hand from it. “I found out its origin.”

“Did you?” Dipper asked, trying to catch Bill's eye with his own. The alpha was having none of it, however. He was keeping at least a half-a-foot between the two of them. Whether that was for Dipper's protection, the omega didn't care. Bill had always comforted him when he was upset; the least Dipper could do was offer him the same courtesy.

“It's my sister.” Bill said lightly. His fists clenched once more. “Baby sister. She's only a couple
months old, if you can believe it. My parents were trying to hide her from me, and I think, without you, they could have.”

“Why were they trying to hide her from you?” Dipper continued, slowly inching back over to Bill, closing the distance between them. Bill let out a stark, mirthless laugh.

“She was born perfectly healthy.” Bill told him. “There's absolutely nothing wrong with her.”

“That's a good thing, isn't it?” Dipper questioned. “Did you call your parents, ask about it?”

“No, Dipper, I simply sat on my hands and hoped the answers would just fall into my fucking lap.” he sneered at the omega. Dipper winced, but the alpha pressed on as if he hadn't seen it. Maybe he hadn't. His head turned so he was staring directly into Dipper's eye. “Of course I called them. I demanded answers and do you know what they told me? Give a guess, since you're so damn intelligent.”

“Getting mad at me isn't helping anything.” Dipper told him quietly. “And you know that.” he continued, and he could see the hesitation that briefly entered Bill's face. The alpha grit his teeth and looked away.

“ She was born healthy. ” Bill hissed. “And my parents, without even flinching told me that because of this development, they've revoked my status as the main heir to both the companies that my father currently controls as well as any rights in their will.” Dipper's eyes widened and he visibly recoiled.

“They wrote you out of the will?” Dipper asked. “Just because of this kid? Why would they put her in the same house as you—that's incredibly dangerous. If you wanted your title back you could just-.” Bill interrupted him with a pained laugh.

“You are hilarious. You don't think that's what my parents expect? I could simply murder the child, reclaim what I think is 'mine' and go on about my business as usual. However I will not kill a child. Let alone one of flesh and blood.” he sunk back down in despair. “I am allowed to remain here, of course, they are not heartless. And they say I will be given a stipend as long as I say nothing for now. Ridiculous.” he pressed a gloved palm to his good eye. Dipper leaned his head on Bill's shoulder.

“You know, this isn't so bad.” Dipper offered. Bill clenched his teeth and looked down at the omega, ready to ridicule him. “I know you're upset and right now that sounds like complete and total bullshit, but hear me out.”

“I've nothing pressing to attend to, so speak.” Bill told him through his teeth. The tips of the older man's fangs were becoming increasingly visible from beneath his lips.

“You don't like your parents and they've always smothered you. Probably due to your disability.” Dipper heard a low growl roll from Bill's throat. “You hate it because you can function perfectly; there's no reason for anyone to treat you different. You're handsome, affluent, intelligent.” Bill slightly settled at the praise, just as Dipper knew he would.

“Go on.” Bill prompted when he realized that Dipper had paused. The omega nodded, then continued.

“Well, suddenly, your parents no longer want anything to do with you. You're no longer what they consider the best option. Though how you got beat out by a newborn, I'll never know.” Bill scoffed in agreement at Dipper's words—his anger was dissipating with every word that Dipper spoke. “What they didn't consider was the fact that you're independently wealthy. You don't rely on their
old money. You manage your own companies, that you built from the ground up. Not to mention you're a popular enough author to have several books in publication.” Bill's face had transformed into one of consideration. “You don't need them. You don't have to sit here and barter with them or live underneath whatever thumb they think they've got you pinned with. Bill, you're free.”

The silence that fell between them was deafening for a moment. It felt like an eternity as Bill turned his head to face Dipper, lips pursed in thought. They slowly broke into a coy grin.

“You are so very intelligent.” Bill complimented carefully, voice genuine and searching for an apology.

“Thank you. I try.” Dipper told him. He felt an arm slide behind him, depressing the bed behind him. Bill sucked his bottom lip into his mouth, running his fangs along it. He stayed quiet for a minute, unable to meet his omega's eyes.

“My anger towards you was unjust.” he finally continued, leaning ever closer to Dipper. “All you wanted to do was comfort me—and I acted as if you were not my mate, but an enemy. Can you forgive me, little tree?” his mouth was hovering near Dipper's cheek. Dipper snorted at him.

“You're forgiven.” Dipper told him, turning his head to kiss him. The arm around his back coiled around him quicker than he could blink; Bill was prying open the omega's mouth with his tongue, kissing him deeply in apology for his rudeness. Dipper's eyelids fluttered shut, making sure that Bill not only heard, but felt the vibration in his mouth as he moaned.

“You shouldn't forgive me so easily.” Bill told him when he pulled away, pressing tiny kisses to Dipper's cheeks as he caught his breath. “But I appreciate it. And I appreciate you. There are downsides to this situation, but you're absolutely correct. This is more of a blessing than anything else.” The kisses began to travel down Dipper's neck, and Dipper pushed gently at the alpha's shoulders. Bill narrowed his eyes and stubbornly ignored the omega's hands.

“Stop that.” he chuckled as the calloused lips tickled him. Bill grunted and fit his body against Dipper solidly, continuing to neck him. He was slowly working Dipper down against the bed, The omega didn't fight him, baring his neck in submission to the older man. Bill let out a hum in pleasure, moving his lips across the freshly exposed flesh.

“Let me show you how much I appreciate you.” Bill whispered against his jaw, and Dipper shook his head.

“Oh no, you have to keep to our deal first. And I'm sore. You said one kiss, and you'd tell me who the third party was.” Dipper told the alpha, who rolled his eye. “Come on, fess up.”

“You are incorrigible.” Bill told him with a whining sigh. “Why do you even care?”

“Because I do. It's something I'm naturally curious about. We had a deal, mister.” Dipper told him, running a hand through the blonde locks. “God, your hair is so soft and pretty.” he murmured. The strands of hair fell from between his fingers, rejoining the others. Bill pressed his face to Dipper's stomach, letting the younger man preen his hair. Bill inhaled Dipper's scent in deep breaths, keeping his nose tight against his abdomen.

“If you're really curious, the third party was none other than the elusive Tad Strange.” Bill answered, long after Dipper had given up hope of an answer. His voice was muffled, and Dipper shuddered as the alpha drew his nose along his stomach. The cloth inched up against the soft, sensitive skin. “He was very upset to hear that his offer was beat out. His exact words were 'I am very upset.' It was odd.” Dipper cracked a grin at him. “Don't you dare.”
“You could say it was--” Dipper began and Bill scrambled up to capture his mouth, shoving his tongue into the opening maw and preventing the younger man from speaking the horrendous pun. Dipper laughed into Bill's mouth and clutched him closer; now that his body temperature had regulated, Bill was back to his overly-warm, wonderful self.

“No puns. They'll ruin the moment.” Bill whispered against his lips. “You must be in a considerable amount of pain—I'm sorry I left so suddenly. When they told me they had the information I desired, I prioritized it. I should have been taking care of you instead.” he sat up. “I'll have Lana bring something up for you—surely you're still hungry. Perhaps an ice pack?”

“I'm not hungry.” Dipper argued quickly. Bill was adjusting him on the bed. Soon Dipper was tucked neatly under the covers, despite his complaints. The blankets had been folded under the mattress so tightly that he couldn't escape. “Bill, you untuck these blankets right now.” The alpha sat down next to the immobile lump that was his mate.

“Never.” Bill teased. “If you stay here, you can't follow me around and mouth me at random intervals.” Dipper snorted at him.

“We also could never have sex again.” Dipper pointed out. Bill let out a quiet hum, leaning over to kiss him softly. Dipper welcomed the lips on his.

“I'd be happy as long as you were safe and sound where I could keep an eye on you.” Bill told him, tapping his eyepatch. Dipper was about to refute this, but he stopped at the genuine look in Bill's eye. “Want to know a fun fact, my sweet little sugar pine?” he was leaning over Dipper still, one hand braced beside the omega's leg.

“I do love facts.” Dipper told him, snuggling down underneath the blankets. He kept his eyes focused on the alpha. “Especially if they're fun.” Bill fidgeted with his fingers for a moment.

“Men tend to fall in love at first sight.” Bill said softly, raising his head to stare at Dipper. “And tend to say 'I love you' after a few weeks.” A soft, uncharacteristic pink ghosted Bill's cheeks. Dipper narrowed his eyes at the older man from over the covers. What was Bill playing at?

“That's definitely a fact. Not sure what makes it fun though.” Dipper told him. He was no longer sleepy—certainly not after Bill mentioned something like that. Love was a strong word, and certainly not one that he had planned on using in the future.

“Mm, point of view perhaps?” Bill suggested. “Stay here, I'll go get you something to eat.” he gave Dipper a final pat, ignoring his argument about not being hungry.

Chapter End Notes

Hey there!
RadioActivity is truly a blessing as a beta. ^3^

Song for this chapter:
Bloodbath For Birds by Squalloscope

I realize that all of you want questions answered; have one in particular you want answered by the end of this fic? Feel free to remind me in the comments so that I can make sure that I get to it!
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HEY GUYS
Hi, how's it going? It's not too good on this front.
As some of you might know, my beta, RadioActivity, is in the hospital. In relation, this chapter has not been beta'd. In fact, it might be the last chapter for awhile, depending upon what happens. Currently, RadioActivity is in a medically induced coma due to her forehead and part of her skull being reconstructed. They plan to keep her in ICU for a good two weeks, and then eventually move her to a hospital room, followed by extensive physical therapy.
Now, again, depending on what happens, I may acquire a new beta, or wait until she's better to continue this story.
This chapter may be terrible. I don't know. I just know it was the last one I wrote before the accident, and I figured I might as well update y'all. And update this story. She'd want me to continue it the best I could. Now, without her, I can't promise this story will be nearly as good. She was a big part of the plotting process.
Anyway, thank you for reading.

Bill returned shortly with a tray of miscellaneous foodstuff in tow. Dipper pouted at him in distaste.
“I told you that I wasn't hungry.” Dipper insisted, struggling to sit up; the blankets were still far too tight to allow him freedom. “I can't even sit up—how do you expect me to eat?” The alpha rolled his eyes. He slid a single hand underneath the covers and tugged them back with a single flick of his wrist.
“You have to be so dramatic, all the time.” Bill teased, his lips spreading in a fond smile. Dipper went to sit up, making an odd assortment of uncomfortable noises as he worked the kinks out of his overly sore body. Bill waited patiently—his face was gentle still, but concern had entered into his eyes. Dipper ignored it, finally getting comfortable against the headboard.
“And you never listen to me.” Dipper grumbled at him, thoroughly unamused with the alpha. Bill bent down and the omega wrapped an arm around his neck, drawing him in close for a kiss as the tray was placed across his lap. The alpha was happy to oblige—his fingers dug into the silken covers, bunching the cloth in his fingers.
“I listen.” Bill defended as he drew away from Dipper's lips reluctantly. “You have the appetite of a bird. It seems like you eat so little. I don't want you starving yourself, even if it's unintentional.”
“You're such a nerd.” Dipper teased, capturing the older man's lips again. Bill let out a soft hum of pleasure. “You don't need to be so concerned about my well-being, Bill. I'm an adult.” The alpha rose an eyebrow in obvious doubt.
“ Barely.” Bill murmured, raising a hand to gently stroke Dipper's cheek. His thumb was soft as it stroked the pale skin. “You're so young in comparison to me. It doesn't actually bother you, does it?”
The omega snorted at him, trying to prevent the tray across his lap from tipping over.

“Not really. Maybe if you were thirty.” He pinched Bill's cheek and the alpha let out a playful growl. “But twenty-two is reasonable, I think.” Bill nodded in agreement, saying nothing as he studied Dipper's face. “You really like staring at me, don't you?” The younger man teased.

“I prefer to call it admiring. You're so beautiful.” Bill looked away for a moment. He met Dipper's eyes when he went to speak again. “You do enjoy my company, right?”

“What? Yeah.” Dipper told him with a frown. That had to be the strangest question that Bill had asked to date. “Is something wrong?” Bill chuckled despairingly.

“Plenty in the world is wrong, little tree. But not between us, no. Not in this case.” he took a deep breath. “You remember, don't you? My fun little fact from earlier.” Dipper's eyes widened.

“Uh, yeah. The one about men falling in love, right?” he managed to squeak out, sounding like a door that needed to be oiled. If Bill—no, he couldn't love him. “Do you think it's true? It's pretty wild.”

“It is a fact, sweet little sugar pine.” Bill told him, raising an eyebrow.

“If you read it on the internet, it's less of a fact and more of someone's attempt at providing us with information. It could be fake.” Dipper rambled. He was trying his best not to be pulled any deeper into the conversation.

“Sugar pine, would you look at me?” Bill murmured. Somewhere in the panicked gibbering that the omega had considered 'conversation', he'd dropped his eyes to stare at his open palms. He slowly raised his eyes; he flipped his hands over to curl his fingers tightly into the blankets. Bill's eye were brimming with an emotion that Dipper didn't want to identify.

“Why do you look so serious?” Dipper questioned weakly. The alpha gently laid a hand over Dipper's.

“I know you don't want to hear this.” Bill began. “It's obvious that every single fibre of your being that you don't want to. But Dipper—Dipper I have to tell you.” the cotton gloves stroked Dipper's hands softly. “I love you.” Dipper stiffened, unable to move, hell, unable to breathe. The words were like a punch to his gut, robbing him of the ability to do anything at all. His thinking process slowed down, and he struggled to swallow.

“But what has that got to do with the price of gold in Asia?” Dipper croaked the joke out, watching as slender fingers tried to pry the omega's fingers free. Bill snorted at him.

“You're so heartless.” Bill told him. “Here I am, giving you an honest confession that I adore you, love you, need you and you decide to joke about it.” Bill was trying to make light of it, but Dipper could tell he was hurt. It was layered under sarcasm, but it was there.

“Bill, I wish I could tell you the same, but I--”

“Again with the apologizing.” Bill chastised, cutting him off. “I didn't expect you to say it back, you know. This isn't some kind of romantic novel of two lovers brought together on the whims of a shitty author.” he brushed the younger man's curls back. His thumb brushed the birthmark on Dipper's forehead affectionately. “I just can't stop myself from loving you. Guess I'm a romantic.” he grinned slyly. “Don't tell anyone. Remember, only say bad things about me.”

“I would never give you a good reputation.” Dipper promised. “As far as I'm concerned you're a
terrible monster whose holding me hostage against my will.” he pressed a hand to his forehead, the other still slung around Bill's neck. “Oh woe is me. Are you not the terrifying Cyclops, he who crafts weapons for Zeus?”

“I am indeed. The thunderbolts that I craft have never yet failed to steal life.” Bill told him, bumping their noses together. “For once, you're over dramatics are required. Greek legend is perhaps the only thing that deserves such dalliances.” he gifted Dipper with a final kiss. “You need to eat your food, it'll get cold.” he pulled away, straightening his jacket.

“And here I was, thinking you'd forgotten about it.” Dipper sighed. Bill narrowed his eye. “Bill, you don't need to worry. I'll eat as much as I can.”

“Promise?” he asked warily.

“I promise.” Dipper responded, trying not to roll his eyes. Bill was just so overprotective; he honestly didn't know what the alpha wanted from him.

If there was one thing Dipper had come to hate, it was Bill's screwed up sleep schedule. Around three a.m., the alpha had crept into the bed. He thought Dipper was asleep—but the omega had been woken by the sound of the bedroom door opening. The light from the door pricked at his tired eyes, and a spark of pain awoke in his forehead. Great, a headache. Hopefully he'd be able to get back to sleep before it set in.

As soon as Bill approached the bed, Dipper wanted out of it. And perhaps out the window. A smell hung around Bill; it was a mixture of sulfur and the sour smell of barbecue, or perhaps a bonfire. Dipper shuddered, feeling bile rise up in the back of his throat.

“Bill, you smell horrendous.” Dipper told him, trying to fight away the growing nausea. It was accompanied by the pain of a migraine spreading across the bridge of his nose and blossoming across his forehead. Bill didn't respond, which was odd enough in it's own right.

Heavy footsteps crossed the carpet, and Dipper's heart skipped a beat. Despite his size, Bill had a very light, quiet step. But who else could it be? All of the servants in the home were quick-footed and soft-spoken. And they certainly didn't smell like that.

“Very funny.” Dipper called out, slightly louder. “I'm not feeling very well. I don't have time for your shenanigans.”

“Who on earth are you talking to?” Bill called, and all colour drained from Dipper's face. Bill's voice hadn't come from behind him, not from the doorway nor from the heavy footsteps. It had come from the bathroom. Dipper's stomach dropped and flipped, and he curled up as it cramped. The contents of his stomach sloshed around threateningly as the stench grew more sour, more putrid. The sickly sweet smell of rotten flowers now mingled with the already horrifying smell.

“Bill!” Dipper screeched, launching himself across the bed, scrambling across the blankets and sheets as he tried to make it to the other side of the bed. Somewhere in the back of his mind he heard the clatter of plastic on tile from the bathroom.

Dipper's chest slammed into the edge of the bed as he pulled away from whomever or whatever was approaching the bed. He flipped off the mattress, lacking grace, but making up for it with speed. He didn't care what it was, not really. The omega reached the window, hearing the ever constant thudding. The ill spell that had taken over him was briefly forgotten as he tugged at the bottom of the
window frame, trying to free it.

“Damn it, why did you paint over these?” Dipper demanded in a screech, splinters digging under his nails. Dipper spared a look over his shoulder; then wished he hadn't.

*She was moving across the length of the bedroom,*

The statue was *walking across the damn bedroom*. Her grey, pupil-less eyes were staring at him, a free hand slightly outstretched towards him in a grasping motion. It was impossible—there was no way that the statue was either possessed or could move towards him. It was made of stone; it shouldn't, no *couldn't* be able to walk towards him, its stone carved shoes depressing the plush carpet as it shuffled forward.

The girl moved quietly, when it came to bodies made of stone. Briefly hovering on that thought, Dipper's mind went into overdrive. She wasn't very fast, and with a child's body, her wingspan couldn't be too impressive. But she was large enough to take up the entire space between the armoire and the bed.

There was the sound of stone against carpet, a soft whispering as the statue dragged her umbrella behind her. Dipper wondered what on *earth* was taking Bill so long. Knowing Dipper's luck, this would be the one time the alpha deemed that he needed to wear clothes.

There weren't many options for escape—he could attempt to dart around her, but there was the risk of her swinging her umbrella and catching him in the stomach or knees. He could go for the bed, but she was so close to it that it wasn't almost worth the risk. And you couldn't exactly talk a possessed statue out of killing you.

There were no weapons at his disposal; just a small selection of broken down books and cushions. He backed up against the window as she rounded the bed.

“*Cold.*” The voice had to have come from the stone, yet the statue's lips didn't move.

“*There are blankets on the bed, help yourself.*” Dipper squeaked out. “*We really don't need them.*” The only hope he had was to escape when she was distracted, or perhaps about to strike.

“*Cold.*” The statue demanded again.

“I’m not in charge of the thermostat.” Dipper reasoned. He really was going crazy; he was trying to reason with a statue that logically couldn't move or speak. “*You should really talk to Bill about that. I'm sure he could make a deal with you about changing the temperature.*” The hand containing the umbrella began to rise, slowly at first as she hoisted it above her head. Dipper jumped from the cushions, tucking and rolling underneath the arm.

He heard the wood of the seat splinter behind him; but he didn't have time to wait around. He scrambled to his feet, trying not to slip on the carpet as he raced towards the bathroom. Bill better have a damn good reason for not coming to his rescue.

Chapter End Notes

I'm praying for you, RadioActivity.
This chapter, once again, does not have a beta.

Songs for this chapter:
Into My Arms by Eliza Rickman
How Do You Love Someone by Ashley Tisdale

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Dipper slammed the bathroom door shut behind him, locking it with a determined flick of his wrist. He gave the bathroom a quick sweep with his eyes; the alpha was nowhere to be seen. Dragging his eyes along the walls, he couldn't see any way for the older man to escape. The bathroom had no windows; the cabinets that lined the left wall were shelved and full of towels. Bill couldn't of folded himself into one even if he tried.

"God-fucking-damnit." Dipper swore, fingers curling into fists. He must have imagined Bill's voice—that was the only explanation that he could think of. Hell, maybe all of this was some kind of hallucination. The statue coming to life, Bill's voice; but if there was one thing that was real, it was the nausea that was climbing back up his throat. It prodded at his momentarily forgotten migraine. Dipper groaned and pressed his palm to his forehead; none of this was good timing.

There was a loud banging on the bathroom door, and Dipper stumbled back away from it. His throat tightened just as a whisper of a noise tried to slip out. He couldn't fight living stone; Miss Briggs was impossibly strong. That's what happened when you became cursed, Dipper supposed. Super strength and a lust for human flesh.

"Cold." The statue hissed through the door.

"That's not my problem." Dipper shouted at her. "Maybe you should invest in a coat?"

"Cold." The voice repeated, and Dipper backed up even further. To walk the length of the bathroom seemed an impossible feat. The stone was slick and cold underneath his feet. The water was cooling down—draining perhaps? Dipper didn't think that it came equipped with that feature.

"Did Bill drown?" Dipper asked himself, peering into the pool. Nothing seemed amiss, except the lack of steam that was normally rising off the surface of the water. "Doesn't look like it." There was another bang against the door, and Dipper heard the wood of the door crack under the weight. "You'd think for a rich asshole, they could have built in some kind of secret passage in the wall. But no. They have to follow every other trope when it comes to being rich, except the useful one." He slammed his hand on the wall, skin stinging where it met stone.

Suddenly, Dipper stumbled forward, slamming against the wall—but it wasn't a wall. It was softer, somehow. Warm, soft and—a gentle pressure. Shaking. Fingers digging into his shoulder.

"Dipper." Bill's voice was soft, insistent. Dipper shook his head. "Dipper, open your eyes." Open his eyes? His eyes were open. He closed them tightly, scrubbing at them with a fist. The sound of running water dulled in his ears. When he opened his eyes once more, the bedroom that he and Bill shared phased into view. "Sugar pine, you with me?"

"Bill?" Dipper croaked out, tears unwillingly beading at the corner of his eyes. He wrapped his arms around Bill's centre, dragging him close. He pushed his face against the older man's chest, breathing...
in deeply. The alpha smelt amazing, and his chest was just the right amount of hard against his cheek. “Bill, oh my god, it was terrifying.” He whimpered. Dipper interlocked his fingers behind Bill's back and the alpha pressed a gentle kiss to the omega's sweaty forehead.

"It's okay now.” Bill promised. “You're fine, we're fine. I've got you. I'm not going to let anything hurt you, my little tree.” he rumbled on, words soothing Dipper's frantic mind.

"The statue, it came to life. It tried to kill me and you weren't there.” Dipper told Bill, almost sobbing into his chest. “You weren't there and, and..” He hiccuped, pressing himself even tighter to the older man. The alpha had taken to rubbing circles into the omega's back. His mouth was busy as well, pressing soft, gentle kisses all over the younger man's forehead and the top of his head.

"But I am here now. And I will never let anything like that happen to you.” Bill mumbled against his hair. “Little tree, oh little tree.” he murmured. “It's okay. My sweet little sugar pine, I would never abandon you.”

“Promise?” Dipper warbled out, tilting his head up to look at Bill. The alpha offered him a soft smile. He tilted his head down to capture Dipper's lips gently, and the omega took the kiss greedily. Bill grunted, readjusting himself so he could kiss the younger man in a full, bruising kiss.

“I promise on my good eye.” Bill told him when they parted. “I'm sorry I brought that damn statue into this home. I didn't know it'd bother you so much. I'll get rid of it as soon as I find out where the servants have taken it off too.”

"You don't have too. You spent a lot of money on it.” Dipper argued immediately. “You can't exactly sell it back.” Bill scoffed at him. He was sitting up, dragging the omega into his lap. Dipper curled up there, sighing in content at the heavy arm that settled across his back.

“You act like money is an obstacle for me.” Bill teased. He bumped his nose against Dipper's cheek, and his lips began a slow trail down his jaw and neck. Dipper easily bore his neck for his alpha. The older man took full advantage, littering Dipper's neck with kisses and soft, possessive nips. “So, in this nightmare, I wasn't present?” The omega took a few seconds to think about his response.

“Well, you asked me who I was talking to. From the bathroom. But you weren't there when I went in there, and you didn't come after me.” Dipper mumbled. “I..I didn't know what happened to you, and I was..” Dipper frowned. “...I didn't know what to do.”

“I didn't come after you?” Bill asked softly. “I'm sorry.”

“You don't have to apologize for something your dream self did.” Dipper told him. Bill shook his head, taking a second to kiss each of Dipper's tear-swollen eyelids.

“A fear like this is unnatural for an omega to have. I am your alpha—if you're afraid of me leaving you, being unable to protect you; I have to try harder. I have to show you that I am here for you at all times.” The alpha told him, capturing his lips once more. “I'll get this right, little tree.”

“Remember what you said?” He finally got out. “About everything being good between us. I think you're right. I think that us being together, I think this is where we need to be. Together.”

"You are such a gem.” Bill hummed with pleasure. The omega blushed vibrantly, tugging on tiny hairs that had begun to sprout on the back of Bill's neck; he winced, but was still grinning.

“Don't get any ideas. I'm not in love with you or anything.” Dipper reminded him, and Bill waggled
his eyebrows. “Ugh, I smell horrendous.”

“I think you smell fine.” Bill offered, not quite ready to let Dipper go.

“For all your airs, you’d think a garbage heap would smell fine.” Dipper argued, still leaning heavily against the older man. “Want to come with?” He offered, pressing his cheek against Bill’s shoulder.

“Yes.” Bill immediately answered. “What kind of question is that? Being in a bathtub with you can be very entertaining. Besides, I don’t plan on letting you out of my sight until we find that statue.”

Bill didn’t attempt to fool around in the bath, but made it quite clear that Dipper wasn’t to shy away from his hands. He held him fast, carefully washing the sweat from every bit of him.

“You squirm too much.” Bill told Dipper, who was sitting malcontentedly by the edge of the tub. His toes dipped into the water, occasionally flicking water in Bill’s direction. A towel was wrapped tightly around him, clutched in tight fingers. The alpha was still in the tub, finishing his own bathing routine. “It’s not like I was scrubbing roughly.”

“It’s embarrassing.” Dipper squawked. “I’m an adult. I can bathe myself.” Bill chuckled at Dipper, turning to face him. Water dripped off of his hair, the fat droplets plopping on to his shoulders and rolling down the hard curve of muscle.

“But I enjoy bathing you.” Bill teased. “You wouldn’t rob me of the pleasure, would you?”

“Maybe I would. It’s not like I get to do anything that you don’t like.” Dipper huffed, tucking himself tighter underneath the towel.

“Mm, I’m not negotiating.” Bill replied, climbing from the tub. “I don’t have to.” He reminded the younger man. “I’ve had Lana fetch you some warmed milk and melatonin. It should help you get back to sleep.” Dipper let out a dissatisfied grumble and stood; Bill was carefully drying himself. The omega wanted to call Bill an ass, or selfish - maybe mean. But considering the circumstances, he felt as if the older man deserved a break from name-calling.

“I’m not tired.” Dipper said instead. Bill shook his head as he wrapped his towel tightly around his waist. The white cloth sat just low enough on the older man’s hips that Dipper could see the satisfying ‘v’ that his hips made.

“You say that now, but having a nightmare is equivalent to getting no sleep at all.” Bill warned. “And then you’ll be complaining in the morning.” Bill took a few steps so that he could hook an arm around Dipper’s waist and press his nose into the wet curls.

“You almost never wake up early enough to hear me complain anyway,” Dipper told him with a snort. Bill chuckled at him.

Dipper may have lied a little bit. He was exhausted. True to his word, Lana was just entering the bedroom with a tray in hand, complete with an expensive cup made of china and a small pill nestled on a napkin. The bed beside him was freshly remade, and considering how sweaty he’d been he was glad for it.

“I really don’t want that.” Dipper told Lana, eyes alighting on her forehead. “Are you okay?” he questioned; there was a pink scar on the left side of her forehead. It started far above her hairline and traveled at an angle across her face, stopping at the corner of her nose.
“Me?” Lana questioned, blinking in confusion. Dipper gestured at the affected area, and she let out a soft laugh. “Oh, I’m fine, don’t you worry about that dear. The Cipher family has a wonderful health-care plan.” she set the tray down on the end table on Dipper’s side of the bed. “I heard you had a terrible nightmare--has your heart settled?”

“Yeah. How’d you get that?” Dipper continued. “The scar. It looks new.” Lana’s mouth screwed up in a frown, and Dipper could feel Bill standing close behind him.

“I was simply in the wrong place at the right time.” Lana told him carefully, eyes focused behind him. Dipper rose an eyebrow. Why was Bill’s presence affecting Lana like this?

“I hate when that happens.” Dipper answered, just as carefully. “I especially hate it when it’s the wrong place and the wrong time. Then you’re late and lost.” This got a rumbling chuckle from Bill and a soft laugh from the maid.

“What a terrible situation to be in indeed. I must return to my other duties. Do try and get some rest.” She gave a short curtsey to the pair; Dipper had never seen the short woman move so quickly to leave the room before. How had Bill frightened her? And what “other duties” did someone have at three in the morning?

“What was that all about?” Dipper questioned Bill, who shrugged. “And don’t you play innocent, she didn’t say anything because of you. What happened?”

“You’re always so quick to blame me.” Bill whined, wrapping his arms around Dipper’s waist. “I didn’t ‘do’ anything. I was just standing here.” The omega tried to pull away, but Bill held him fast.

“I don’t care where you were standing. She didn’t want to tell me because you were here. Which leads me to believe that you know why and how she got hurt.” Dipper told him, trying to turn and face the older man. “And you aren’t telling me.”

"No, I am not. That’s her business. If she had wanted you to know, she would have told you. Regardless of whether or not I was here.” He pulled Dipper over to the bed; it was like Dipper’s struggles were like nothing to him. Like an ant fighting a hurricane. “If you truly think I gave her reason to pause, then you can find her tomorrow. As for now, you need to rest.” This got a long, overdramatic sigh from the omega. Another battle, lost.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys!

Song for this chapter:
The Wolves by JJ & the Pillars

My beta for this chapter was ZoneRobotnik. Show her some love guys!
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The next morning, Dipper found himself wrapped tightly in the arms of his alpha, feeling rather grouchy. He just wanted to push the alpha away from him, he found. He was tired of being treated like some kind of child or possession that Bill could just play with and order around. He didn't feel the need to chastise himself about his behaviour either; last night was still fresh in his mind. Dipper knew that Bill was in charge. The older man was his alpha, after all. But that didn't mean that he was supposed to treat his omega like some kind of invalid.

“Hey. Get off.” Dipper grumbled at the alpha. Why did he always wake up at nine? No matter when he went to bed, the clock always shone that same number in bright red. “Seriously.” Bill opened his eye to look at Dipper, quite unamused.

“You need to sleep.” Bill told him, voice thick with exhaustion.

“No, you need to sleep.” Dipper snapped at him. “I'm going to go do something productive.” Bill furrowed his brows for a moment, staring at the omega with a puzzled look.

“Are you angry?” he asked, arms still heavy and wrapped around the younger man. “Why?”

“I'm not angry.” Dipper told him, not meeting his eye. Instead, he focused over his shoulder. “I'm just tired of laying in this bed every morning waiting for you to wake up.” Bill sighed, closing his eyes.

“What are you upset about?” He asked, and Dipper could hear him trying not to sound exasperated.

“I said I wasn't upset.” Dipper argued. “I just want to get out of bed.”

“No. You're angry at me. Was it about last night? I'm not going to break Lana's trust.” Bill told Dipper. “That's between the two of you.”

“No.” Dipper answered stubbornly. Even if it was a little bit, he wasn't going to tell Bill that.

“Then what? Tell me.” He opened his eye, eyebrows drawn tight. “Please. You know I'll listen, don't you?” The omega grit his teeth, jaw threatening to squeak under the pressure. Bill tilted his head forehead, nose gently down his jaw. “Come on little tree. I don't want you upset with me. Don't bottle up your feelings.”

“I am mad.” Dipper told him. Bill waited for a moment; when Dipper didn't say anything more, he sighed.

“Well that's a start at least. Why are you mad?” Bill questioned. “If it's not about Lana, then what is it about?”

“I...” Dipper swallowed, turning his face from Bill's. The alpha gently nosed his jaw and placed a kiss to the underside of it. Bill was being so sweet. “I feel like you treat me like a child sometimes. Or like something you own.” he said quietly. Bill let out a pained noise, as if Dipper had clotheslined him with his words.

“Little tree.” he responded, equally as quiet.
“And you said you wanted this to be a partnership, but it's more of a slave and master situation.” Dipper interrupted; Bill winced. “And I know you don't want to think about it like that, but you wanted to know why I was upset.”

“Pretty heavy stuff this morning,” Bill joked weakly. “Dipper, I don't own you. Not like an object. I don't see you as one.” he paused, fingers gently walking over Dipper's back. Mapping the skin out with sharp claws, pressing lightly; just enough not to make him bleed. “I just want to take care of you.”

“I know you do.” Dipper agreed. “And it's not like I want you to stop. I just wish we could reach some middle ground, instead of you always telling me what to do. Forcing me.”


“Bill, you know I can't go against a direct order from you unless I'm in danger. You're my alpha.” Dipper reminded him. Bill's nails flexed on his back. “Don't pretend you didn't know.” Bill remained silent for a bit, as if he were thinking.

“You're saying that all this time, you've been listening to me because you had too? As in you physically couldn't resist?” Bill clarified.

“Yes.” Dipper told him, almost in awe of how little the alpha knew about himself.

“So if I told you, right now, that I wanted to fuck you. In fact, if I ordered you to let me, you'd have to?” He asked again, and Dipper could hear his voice crack a bit; why was he so upset?

“I mean, yes. Yes, I'd have too. I wouldn't be happy about it, but if you ordered me too...yes.” Dipper responded carefully. Bill's arms immediately withdrew from him, and he turned his back to the younger man.

“Go.”

“What?” The omega asked. The alpha's personality had just turned on its head. “No.”

“I said go. Leave.” Bill hissed at him, tugging the blanket up around him.

“Bill, I'm not leaving.” he carefully laid a hand on Bill's shoulder, expecting the older man to flinch away. Instead, Bill turned slightly, not enough to see him, but enough to show that he noticed Dipper's touch. “I mean, I'm kind of surprised you didn't know.” he paused. “But I guess it's not something a lot of alpha's know. It's not like they need too.”

Bill sat up and whipped his head around, eye ablaze.

“What do you mean they don't need too? Of course they need to know. They need to be monitored, watched. What if another alpha marked you? An unkind one, a rough one?” Bill demanded, and Dipper's eyes widened. “This is by far the most unjust part of this. I thought it was bad enough that your parents had the legal right to sell you off without allowing you to read the contract, but now I find out that you have to do what I say regardless of how you feel?”

“Bill, it's not that bad--”

“No, it is that bad. This is horrendous! No wonder you were so terrified of me.” he slid his hands up into his hair, growling lightly. “This entire time I've been abusing that power and I thought it was simply respect for me.”
"I do respect you." Dipper murmured. "You know that. Bill, please look at me." The alpha was shaking out of rage, and it took a moment for Dipper's words to reach him. His head slowly turned to look at the younger man. "I like you. A lot. And luckily, the alpha I got wasn't rough or mean. He was you. And I'm grateful for that." Bill's hands slid from his hair; they shakily cupped Dipper's face.

"You're so beautiful." Bill told him. "Do you know that?" Dipper snorted at him.

"Only when you tell me," he teased.

"Then I guess I'll have to record myself saying it, so you can know it wherever you go," he shook his head. "I knew that alpha's had influence on their omega's, but I didn't know it was a chokehold. But you knew. You always did. I bet they told you as soon as you hit puberty."

"More or less." The fingers cradling his face were stroking it now, soft and reverent. "I try and fight against it, but in the end..." Dipper shrugged. "...it's just an omega's nature to be submissive. Even if it's by force." A thumb swiped along Dipper's bottom lip.

"I'm so sorry." Bill told him. "I didn't know. Thank you for bringing this to my attention."

"You're welcome. Just don't use this newfound information against me, okay?" Dipper teased. Bill's hold on his face tightened.

"No. Never." he growled out. "I will never hurt you like that."

"And that's why I'm happy to be yours." Dipper told him. "Just so you know, I don't expect you to stop ordering me around. Sometimes I need it."

"Do you?" Bill questioned, hands slipping from his face so that one could rest on his neck and the other could run along his jaw. "Such as when?"

"Such as when I'm being a butt." Dipper murmured, leaning forward, hoping to be gifted with a kiss. Bill was happy to oblige; his lips were just as warm as Dipper remembered. "I know I can be an ass sometimes."

"My sugar pine? Never." Bill teased. "You wouldn't happen to know a way to get rid of this, would you? Your inability to defy me." he asked, this time his voice honest.

"They say that the longer an alpha and omega are together, the weaker the pull becomes. But I think that it's possible that the pair just find it easier to get along and agree with each other. Less ordering around, more discussions." Dipper told him, ending his sentence with a yawn.

"Looks like someone could use some more sleep." Bill murmured.

"I could. It's weird, you know? Waking up at nine every morning. Know any scary legends about the number nine?" Dipper questioned. "Any hexes that a witch might of put on me out of spite?"

"None that I'm going to tell your over-active imagination." The alpha rumbled. "Let's go back to sleep, hm?" he pinched Dipper's chin.

"I don't want to." the omega whined playfully, being dragged back underneath the covers.

"I'll make sure to make it up to you later if you sleep now." Bill told him, voice low and suggestive. Dipper chuckled, feeling the covers tugged back up around him. "What do you say?"

"I think I could use a few more hours." Dipper conceded, and Bill grinned wickedly, teeth glinting in
the dim light slipping through the slender openings between the curtains. “But not because of the incentive that you're offering.”

“Oh is that just a bonus?” Bill teased. “You know, thinking about it, I suddenly find it very hard to sleep.” his mouth widened slightly, just enough to let his tongue peek through and glide along his top lip. “The idea of being buried between your thighs; it's just so tempting.” Dipper rolled his eyes at him.

“You wanted us to go to sleep.” Dipper told him, causing Bill to exhale a deep sigh.

“So I did.” Bill shook his head mournfully. “I really ought to think before I speak.”

“I'm sure your libido will be perfectly fine when we wake up.” The omega promised, snuggling up close to the older man. “It hasn't failed you yet.”

“With such a handsome husband, I don't know if my libido will ever be able to fail me. I'll be in my nineties and wanting you just as much as I do today.” Bill murmured into his ear.

“That is so gross.” Dipper told him, a frown etching into his face. “God, now I'm thinking of my great uncles. Thanks.”

“They are definitely not ninety.” Bill corrected him, tousling his hair. “They're what, in their mid-seventies? Old men have sex too Dipper.” Dipper groaned and rolled away from Bill; this sent the alpha into a fit of laughter. He scoot across the bed to Dipper, chasing him across the cotton. Once close enough, he slid an arm around the omega's midsection. He nuzzled the sensitive shell of Dipper's ear, getting the younger man to shudder. “I love you.” Bill told him softly.

“I know.” Dipper answered. It was the only thing he seemed to know anymore. And right now, for some reason, that was perfectly okay.

Chapter End Notes

Hey there!

Song for this chapter:
Gone, Gone, Gone by Phillip Phillips

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“Sugar pine, your sister is on the phone.” Bill's voice broke through into Dipper's dream, shattering it with the force of a hammer shattering a mirror. Dipper cracked an eye open to sum up the alpha, frown etching itself on his face. “If you keep frowning, your face is going to get stuck that way.” Bill warned the young man.

“You said Mabel was on the phone?” Dipper asked with a yawn, ignoring the older man's teasing.

“She is. Said she wanted to talk to you.” Bill told him, carefully lowering himself so that he was sitting at the end of the bed. “For what reason, I couldn't tell you. Even if I've already achieved 'brother' status, she's not about to tell me what the two of you talk about.”

“That's a blessing. Last thing I need is you two gossiping with each other behind my back.” Dipper grumbled. He threw off the covers, shuddering as a breeze of cool air twisted around his ankles and ghosted up his thighs. “Jesus, why is it so cold in here?”

“You seem to be doing a lot of moving around and sweating in your sleep. I thought if I cooled down the house a bit, it might ease your restlessness.” Bill told him. He moved over so that Dipper could swing his legs from the bed.

“We could always pick a lighter comforter.” Dipper suggested to the older man. Bill rolled his eye and leaned over to steal a kiss from his mate. “What is so important about this damn bed set?” The alpha gathered him into his arms as he stood, kissing him again, this time slow and sweet. Dipper let out a soft sigh, eyes fluttering shut.

“I just appreciate the pattern and colouring. It looks so beautiful with you laid upon it.” Bill murmured against his lips. “Go get the phone, Lana can't make small talk forever.”

“You are disgusting.” Dipper teased, slipping out of his arms. Bill tried to pinch his ear as he escaped; Dipper ducked down away from him, grabbing Bill's discarded dress shirt from the night before. “Go look for that statue or something.” The alpha sighed, crossing his arms over his bare chest.

Mabel let out a sigh of relief as soon as she heard Dipper's voice though the phone. Dipper was sitting in Bill's study, idly jostling the chair back and forth in a gentle sway.

“Dipping sauce, what took you so long?” She chastised. Dipper rubbed the back of his neck, making an indiscernible noise at her tone.
“I had a really bad nightmare about that stupid statue last night.” he rubbed his forehead; a headache was brewing there. “Bill was letting me sleep in.”

“You had a nightmare about the statue?” Mabel asked. She sounded slightly uneasy; Dipper frowned. “That's horrible. Have you had any luck with finding it?”

“None.” Dipper admitted. “This house is enormous though. It could take days to find it, and that's looking without pause.” he pinched the bridge of his nose, shaking his head. “I don't know who thought it was a good idea to move the damn thing.”

“Uh...maybe they thought it'd be a good joke to play? Bother Bill a little bit, shake that pretty rich boy resolve.” Mabel suggested. Dipper narrowed his eyes, sitting up in his chair. Mabel sounded awfully nervous.

“Mabel, you wouldn't have had anything to do with its disappearance, would you?” he asked, fingers tightening around the receiver. The other side of the phone remained quiet for a long time, long enough for Dipper to send a questioning, curious 'hello' through it to see if Mabel was still there.

“I...might have. Yeah.” She mumbled. “I might have had a lot to do with it, actually.”

“Mabel, what did you do?” Dipper intoned, trying not to let himself sound upset. Mabel never hurt anyone intentionally.

“I may or may not have hid the statue.” Mabel said quietly. Her voice shrunk in on itself. “Look, Dipper, I didn't mean to hurt you. I didn't know that stealing that statue would give you nightmares.”

“But, why did you hide it in the first place? How did you hide it?” Dipper questioned again. He wasn't angry, no. He wasn't even disappointed. Just confused as to why she did it in the first place.

“I got a little lost trying to find the entrance to Bill's house—I had walked from the shack, you know, and I took a wrong turn—I ended up traipsing through his garden. Do you know it's a ten minute walk to the front door? Anyway. When I was making my way through the underbrush version of Dante's tower, I saw Erin.” She let out a breath of air. “I got so angry that Bill would do that.”

“It wasn't fair what he did.” Dipper agreed quietly. “He shouldn't have tricked you like that. But what on earth made you take all that time go back and take the statue? Take the time to hide it?”

“I don't know. I just thought that he ruffled my feathers, so I'd ruffle his a bit. I didn't think it would come back on you.” She continued; but there was something in her voice. Something Dipper knew all too well.

“Mabel.” he warned. “We made an agreement a long time ago, that no matter what happened, we'd never lie to each other. Didn't we?”

“It's not that simple Dipper.” Mabel pleaded. Dipper waited, patiently and silently on the other side. “Augh, fine. Look, I didn't move it by myself. I had help. Please don't be mad.”

“Mabel, you know that I'm not mad at you. Honestly that statue was highkey uncanny valley nightmare fuel anyway. I just don't know why you thought Bill would be upset.” In fact, Bill wasn't terribly protective over any of his physical belongings. If you didn't count his eye patch, that is. The only thing that Bill was protective of was him.

“I don't know Bill like you do, Dip.” Mabel stressed. Dipper stuck his tongue between his teeth, gently keeping it captive while he gathered his thoughts. Mabel wouldn't know how Bill acted when
she wasn't around—it wouldn't make sense for her too. Her opinion of him was composed of a couple hours at the most. “I know it was petty. I do. The statue is in a closet near the back of the manor. It's kind of big and I think it used to contain emergency supplies. Look, I really am sorry.”

“I know you are. Again, I'm not mad. I'm glad you told me.” he ran a hand through his hair, tugging on the messy, knotted curls. “Just. God, I don't know how I'm going to tell Bill.”

“Tell Bill what?” Bill questioned, coming in through the door. He'd dressed in all but his coat, which had been neatly folded over his arm. Dipper's mouth went dry.

“Ah, nothing. Nothing important.” Dipper told him. Mabel had went mum on the other side of the phone. “Finally decide to crawl into some clothes?” He teased. Bill's eyebrows rose towards his hairline. “Mabel, I, uh, I've got to go.”

“Oh okay. Call me when you can okay?” she whispered into her phone. “I...God, I feel so bad.”

“I will. It's going to be okay, Mabes.” He promised her. “I'll talk to you later. Love you.”

“Love you, bye.” She echoed.

“Bye.” Dipper said into the phone, wondering if she has still been on the phone when he'd said it. He placed it carefully in its cradle with a gentle click. Soft fingers brushed down his jaw, tugging on the curls. “Hey.”

“You didn't have to get off the phone because of me.” Bill told him, tilting the younger man's face up to look him in the eye. “What's wrong?” The alpha's voice was soft and inquisitive.

“I said that it was nothing.” Dipper repeated, letting a smile ghost his lips. “Don't worry so much.”

“What? I absolutely adore worrying about you.” he murmured, pressing a gentle kiss to his temple. “And I think I remember hearing something about not telling Bill something. Turns out that Bill wants to know.” he leaned down, kissing Dipper's cheek. “Will you tell me?” Dipper rose an eyebrow at the older man.

“Bill, I'd love to tell you. But it's not important enough to get tied up into knots over, I promise.” the omega assured. Bill let out a low whine and kissed him softly on the lips. “You aren't going to convince me that way.”

“I can think of another way to convince you.” Bill teased, pressing gentle kisses down his jaw. Dipper felt a slight bit of stubble scratch down the side of his face, tickling him. He laughed and pushed Bill's face away.

“You need to shave.” Dipper told him, pulling himself from the chair. “Your face is turning into sandpaper.”

“You've never complained about it before.” Bill whined, walking after his omega. The younger man avoided the searching hands as they tried to grab him and pull him close. Dipper couldn't help laughing again, nearly tripping over the couch in the process of his escape.

“Come on, get that stubble off your face.” Dipper told him when the alpha finally cornered him. Bill wrapped an arm around Dipper's back, pulling him close. He pressed their cheeks together, rubbing softly. Dipper tried to push him away, laughing all the way. “Gross.”

“I will shave if you give me a kiss in return.” Bill bargained. Dipper rolled his eyes, cheeks beginning to hurt with how hard he was smiling.
“You and kisses. Is that all I'm good for?” the omega questioned jokingly. Bill made a soft hum, drawing his bottom lip into his mouth as he thought.

“Not at all.” Bill told him with a grin. “You are not just a cute little fussbudget that I love to kiss and worship. You are intellectually beautiful, and quite skilled at leading me away from the subject at hand. Having me chase you like we're children. What a perfectly devious tactic.”

“What subject?” Dipper asked, feigning complete ignorance. “The kiss?” He slid his arms around Bill's neck. Dipper stretched up to press a solid kiss to Bill's lips; they were always so soft. Dipper really had to find out what kind of chapstick the older man used, because it really worked wonders. When he pulled away, he felt the lips chase him. A low whine escaped the alpha's now parted lips, and Bill fixed him with a single, fiery blue eye. “Was it everything you ever wanted?” Dipper asked, tracing circles into Bill's shoulders with the tips of his fingers.

“No,” Bill admitted, and Dipper felt the alpha's body shift. Bill was adjusting his body into a more dominant stance. The omega's breath hitched in his chest and he had to swallow to avoid letting out a breathless moan of want. The alpha was pushing Dipper away, yet dragging him close in the same movement. “But you are.” he breathed.

“I said you had to shave first.” Dipper told him sternly. Bill let out a frustrated sigh.

“Are you saying that after I shave I can ravish you?” The alpha questioned, eye narrowing.

“And we have to find the statue.” Dipper tacked on, leaning back. He peered at Bill from underneath his lashes, mimicking the alpha's earlier pout. Bill let out a rumble, and Dipper felt tiny claws prick his sides through his shirt.

“You're standing here, wrapped up in my arms.” Bill whined in disbelief. Dipper snorted at his childlike complaining. “In my shirt, bathed in my scent, and you're telling me that you want us to go find the statue?”

“Yes.” Dipper replied resolutely. “Absolutely. It'd make me feel safer.” This seemed to snap Bill from his tantrum. “Please?”

“Of course. Your comfort comes before anything else.” Bill murmured gently, lust dropping from his eyes. Concern replaced it almost immediately and it made Dipper tighten his arms around the older man's neck. “Where should we look first?”

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys!
Sorry I haven't been answering questions about Radio or posting updates. Her parents asked me not to say too much more about it yet.
Song for this chapter:
Hey Brother by Avicii

ZoneRobotnik was my beta for this chapter.

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Dipper led Bill through the second floor of the home, searching for the room that Mabel had described. Bill seemed cheerful enough to follow behind the omega, face now slick and smooth thanks to the younger man's whining.

“Where are we even going?” Bill questioned as they halted in front of a wooden door. The frame was wide-set, and didn't seem like it quite belonged inside of the building. The painting was a bit off on the rough-hewn frame, and it was poorly-built in comparison to the fixtures next to it. Actually, the more he began to look at the house, the less uniform it looked. It had began to look somewhat slap-dash put together, like a child had designed it. “You think it's in here?” The alpha's voice was mildly amused, yet as dusty and dry as bone.

“You thought it would be in the laundry room, and we know how that ended up.” Dipper pointed out, crossing his arms over his chest. Bill had gotten entranced with the sheer amount of clothing in the room, essentially giving a lesson in how to tell if a suit was good quality. As interesting as it had been hearing Bill have a one-sided discussion on whether or not Emporio was comparable in quality to Armani, it wasn't a conversation that he wanted to repeat in the near future.

“In an absolutely riveting conversation.” Bill argued, putting a hand on his hip. “I have a long way to go, don't I?” he asked in a sigh.

“Long way to go with what?” Dipper asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Teaching you how to appreciate the finer things in life.” Bill answered, completely serious. Dipper scoffed at the older man, shaking his head in disbelief.

“Nevermind.” Dipper told him, unable to process what Bill had just said. “What's supposed to be in here?” He asked, pointing at the odd closet. Bill shrugged, leaning against the wall next to it.

“When I was a kid, we used to keep emergency supplies in here. Primarily, large barrels of water, in case a large storm rolled in.” He ran his fingers along the door frame—he was focused on the odd wood as well, narrowing his eye at it. “Since then, we've moved all those supplies downstairs. Who knows what my—our, sorry, I keep forgetting—parents have shoved in here since then?”

“It was a water closet?” Dipper questioned immediately. Bill snorted at him, looking away from the door frame to gently ruffle the omega's hair instead.

“That's as good a name as any.” Bill told him. “A water closet. Hm.” he shook his head in amusement. “I'll open her up and see if our lovely little girl is in here.” Bill stepped in front of the door and wrapped his fingers around the handle. A cold chill trickled down Dipper's spine and he shuddered visibly, shaking his shoulders in distress. The hairs on the back of his neck tightened and stood up in chilled fear.
The feeling reminded him of the moment when the main character reached the point in the story when they realised exactly how fucked they were. When their entire body tenses up, like it knows that something is wrong with their world. That they went the wrong direction, bought the wrong weapon, entered the wrong battle and they know that they aren't going to survive.

A loud creak came with the opening of the door; Dipper couldn’t help but take an instinctive step back, teeth grinding against each other in a painful hiss of bone on bone. But on the other side, there was no monster. The closet was large on the inside, and lo and behold, there was the statue. Still stone, still not a threat to Dipper or Bill’s existence. No change of expression, just a little girl sitting in her rocking chair, umbrella tucked neatly beside her. But the feeling did not leave.

“Well hello there Miss Briggs!” Bill greeted, a grin plastered on his face. He didn't notice Dipper's hard swallow, or his shaking fingers curling into fists. “You've brought us quite a bit of trouble.” He turned slightly, and his grin fell when he saw the expression on the omega's face. “Dipper? Sugar pine?” he asked, turning on his heel and nearly slipping on the carpet as he rushed to the young man's side.

“I'm okay.” Dipper got out through grit teeth. “I guess that nightmare really freaked me out about this thing, huh?” He joked weakly, but Bill didn't seem to be buying it.

“Go back to the bedroom and lay down. You look about ready to faint.” Bill murmured softly. His fingers were gently petting Dipper's cheek.

“No, we need to move this thing back into the garden, don't we? Or wait for the staff to come by?” Dipper questioned, pulling away from the comforting fingers with no malice. “Once it's back in it's case, we can just, you know. Forget this thing, and forget the nightmare.” Bill looked at him with doubt, still cupping his face. Eventually, he let out a sigh and released the omega's face. Dipper caught one of his hands as he moved back to the closet.

Bill entwined their fingers, squeezing them in comfort. He then tugged the omega over to the closet, standing between the younger man and the statue. Dipper was thankful for that; it relieved him that something was between him and the horrifying thing.

“See?” Bill chastised the statue, aware of Dipper watching over his shoulder. He gestured at his mate. “We can't have you scaring my sugar pine so much. So we're going to have to put you back outside.”

“Bill, could you stop talking to the statue like it's alive? Please?” Dipper muttered at the alpha, lips barely moving. Bill nodded at him silently, turning away from the statue. “Thank you so much.”

Dipper released Bill's hand so that he could wrap both arms around the alpha's chest, pressing his face against the soft cloth of Bill's suit. He felt a soft pressure as Bill kissed the top of his head and arms settle tightly around him.

“The staff will take care of the statue, move her back to where she belongs.” Bill muttered, and the omega heard the sound of shoes shuffling against carpet. “Get it out of here. Please.” The alpha ordered to what Dipper presumed to be the servants.

“Are you alright?” Dipper heard Lana ask, and he peeked up from his sanctuary to see her. Her face was concerned much like a mother's.

“Just a little freaked out about the statue.” He mumbled, ducking his head back down in embarrassment. Lana made a soft, comforting noise and gave his head a reassuring stroke; Dipper then heard her walk away from the pair, beginning to give quiet orders to her co-workers. “Hey
“Yes, little tree?” Bill questioned. Dipper looked up in time to see his head tilt slightly to the side, as if he’d caught the attention of a bird, not his husband.

“Can we go back to the study? They’re going to open that door and I have a feeling it’s a bit chilly out.” he told the older man, propping his chin against Bill's sternum. “Kind of only in my boxers and a thin shirt.”

“Ah, yes. I almost forgot that you had an incredibly rushed wake-up call this morning.” One of Bill's hands wandered down, not far enough to make Dipper suspicious of his intentions, but far enough to make him notice. He snorted at the older man and shook his head.

“It does look pretty cold out there.” Bill admitted when they’d returned to the study. Outside, fall was rapidly settling in and making itself at home. There were no red or orange leaves crawling on the ground with the wind just yet, but it was there. A filter over the world, making everything a bit grey. A bit more cold. Dipper let out a low sigh, staring out at it. Time was passing so fast. How long had he been living with Bill, anyway?

“Indoor wedding it is.” Dipper suddenly spouted. Bill let out a snort of laugher, shaking his head at the younger man. “What? I was just pointing out the obvious. I'm not freezing my butt off— If you want to have the wedding outside, you can marry a mannequin that looks like me. I'll even paint up his face real nice.” Dipper paused to make some kissy noises at Bill. This caused Bill's snort of amusement to turn into a full blown laugh, complete with Bill leaning on the desk for stability. “Don't you want to make out with a cold, plastic dummy?”

“Never in my life.” Bill told him. He was smiling as wide as his lips were allowed. “I'd never jeopardize something as important as a kiss from you.” He turned to lean against the desk. Dipper stared at him for a moment, wondering how he leaned on everything so easily. If the omega had tried to lean his entire body weight against the desk, his hip would be in enough pain that he'd stop after about five minutes. “The wedding will be inside. We just need to select a venue.” The alpha continued, pulling his jacket off. Noticing the omega's stare, Bill rose an eyebrow. “Earth to Dipper?” he called, snapping his fingers.

“Huh?” Dipper looked up at him. The amused look on Bill's face was enough to make him blush. “Sorry, I got distracted.”

“I noticed.” Bill teased. “Was it my side profile? This grim lighting makes for a wonderfully loathsome mood on anybody's face. Does it make me seem dark? Perhaps troubled?” He slid his hands along the desk's top, leaning back. Dipper rolled his eyes at the older man and went to take a place on the couch.

“It makes you look like an evil villain about to tell me his devious plan.” Dipper propped up his elbow on the side of the couch, leaning his cheek against his hand. “Something about a tragic past, perhaps? Maybe about to explain how your eye was scarred; tell me how you're going to punish the one who did this to you.”

“Ah, and what a tragic past.” Bill pushed off of the desk, making his way towards the omega with sauntering grace. “But what a wonderful one, if it's led me to such a beautiful creature.” He took a seat next to Dipper. He brushed a knuckle against Dipper's cheek. “So, venues.” He leaned back against the leather.

“What were you thinking?” Dipper asked, adjusting so that he could lean against the older man. Bill let out a thoughtful hum, wrapping his arm around Dipper's shoulders. “I mean, I don't really want to
get married in Gravity Falls. I'd like to do something in a fairly large, open area. Stain-glass windows, but not a church.”

“I don't think there are many buildings with stained-glass windows that aren't owned in order to worship religious entities.” Bill told him, eye focused on the world past the glass of the window above his desk. “If you're saying you don't want to have the wedding in a church for my benefit, please, don't. I may not be fond of churches, but that doesn't mean I don't want to be married in one.”

“Really?” Dipper asked, fiddling with his fingers. Bill nodded, scratching his ear absent-mindedly.

“In fairytales, you always see those huge, white chapels, sparkling with sunlight. Illuminating everything and everyone as they play the bridal march. And then there's my little tree, walking down the aisle with an uncle on each side. Both willing to tear my throat out if I so much as look at you wrong in front of them.” Bill sighed happily, getting a laugh out of Dipper. “Romantic, am I right?”

“Very.” Dipper told him with a grin. “I'm about to faint at the very idea.” Dipper's stomach made a horrendous growling sound and Bill snorted at the omega.

“More like from hunger. You've eaten so poorly over the last few days, I'm surprised that you're not starving.” Bill removed his arm from Dipper's shoulder's. Now that the idea of eating was presented to him, Dipper's stomach gnawed at him.

“I could go for a heavy lunch.” Dipper agreed; Bill extended a hand to him, and the omega took it. Bill easily pulled him to his feet, a playful, pleased grin plastered on his face. “How about you?”

“I am very hungry. I think I could eat a horse.” He announced loudly, leading them from the room. “I say we eat ourselves fat.”

“You're too vain for that.” Dipper told him, shaking his head at the idea. “Though, I wouldn't put it past you to fatten me up.”

“Are you still on that?” Bill asked. “I am not trying to make you fat.”

“I'm sure that you aren't.” The omega told him, cracking a grin. Bill pressed a kiss to his forehead, and Dipper marvelled at the height difference between them in that moment. Bill had to lean over quite a bit to kiss him—it must have been hard on his back. And yet he kissed him all the time. “Hey, Bill.”

“Yes?” his voice was warm and bubbly. Dipper rubbed the fingers of his free hand against his leg nervously.

“Can I get a kiss?” Dipper asked, looking up at the older man. “Please?” Bill let out a soft purr and swung the young man around.

“Need you even ask?” Bill murmured the question, more than happy to capture Dipper's lips in his own. “My little tree, so sweet.”

“Does it hurt your back to bend down? Every time you lean down to kiss me?” The omega asked, swaying slightly and swinging their joined hands as they continued on their trip to the dining room.

“It doesn't. Or if it does, the taste of you blocks it out.” Bill told him, rubbing his thumb against the back of Dipper's hand. “How is your back?”

“My back? It's fine, why--” Dipper stopped. Bill laughed at him as his mouth clamped shut and he narrowed his eyes. “--you wish. You won't be getting any tonight either, with that kind of humour.”
“What on earth are you talking about? I am being a perfect gentlemen.” he told Dipper innocently, the pads of his gloved fingers pressing against his chest in shock. Dipper shook his head. *Perfect gentlemen my ass.*

Chapter End Notes

Hello!

My beta for this chapter is ZoneRobotnik.

Song for this chapter:
Discord by MC Chris

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Bill had to take a phone call right after dinner, so Dipper headed on up to the bedroom. He watched his feet as he did so, wriggling his toes in the plush carpet. They were mildly dirty, and it confused Dipper. He supposed that you could never truly get carpet clean, no matter how wealthy you were.

“Wonder who Bill's talking too?” Dipper asked aloud when he entered the bedroom. He mindlessly unbuttoned his shirt, staring out the darkened window on the other side of the room. Leaves were shaking in the chilled autumn winds that were settling in like an unwanted house guest. Soon, the shirt was draped over the end of the bed frame.

The matryoshka doll was still sitting amongst the fantasy books on the bookshelf, a calm and peaceful mother protecting the tinier dolls within her. Dipper took a few steps until he was parallel with it. The wood was as smooth as it had been when he first picked it up, and he rolled it between his palms. He began to open them one at a time, once again getting stuck on the final two dolls.

“There is no way this thing doesn't open again.” Dipper grunted, trying with all his might to open it. His fingers slid against the painted wood, though he was careful not to scratch it with his poorly maintained nails. Dipper cradled it between his hands, staring at it. Bill was stronger than him—maybe he could open it?

“I can't decide who I hate more.” Bill growled as he stalked into the room. “My parents or yours.”

“I hate my parents more.” Dipper told him, placing the small doll down on the top shelf. “But at least they did something right, pairing me with you.” He added cheekily, meeting Bill halfway. He slid his arms up and around Bill's neck. Bill chirped at him and kissed the tip of nose. “What are they up to today? Wondering when they're going to have a grandchild to ignore?” Bill frowned, amusement leaving him.

“You're closer than you think. They want you to have blood drawn.” He told the omega, brushing his bangs away to press a kiss to Dipper's birthmark. Dipper groaned in frustration.

“Please tell me you're kidding.” Dipper begged; he knew it was true however. “Why do they even care? Seriously, they're crazy if they think that I'm pregnant already. It's been what, a little over a month? Maybe a month and a half?”

“I wish I was making a joke. It wouldn't be a very funny one, however.” His nose crinkled up in disgust. “I suppose we don't have to. But my parents agreed with yours, like a terrifyingly loud church choir. All singing in an ugly dissonance of agreement.” He made a fake retching noise. “And I'd prefer to move all my things from this place before being kicked from it.”
“Bah.” Dipper told him. “Let’s do the damn blood test.” *I'm curious anyway.* He thought, staring at the still scrunched nose of his alpha. It made his normally elegant face look like that of a bunny, or a distressed child.

“Are you sure?” Bill asked, still frowning. “I mean, what will we do if you are?” He questioned. “I'm certain there will be no jumping for joy between us.”

“If I'm pregnant, then I'm pregnant.” Dipper shrugged, trying to squash the bit of nervousness that had crept into his gut at Bill's words. “What are we going to do about it? Cry? I mean we could, but it wouldn't do much good. You know abortions are illegal amongst our kind.”

“Would you get one if you could?” Bill questioned. Dipper’s eyebrows furrowed—his fingers were fiddling with each other on the back of Bill’s neck. “I'm not going to judge you.”

“Honestly? I couldn't tell you. Maybe.” Dipper shrugged. “Though I think...” He took a soft, careful breath. “...it wouldn't be *too* bad. I mean I don't want to have a kid at all. Ever. But we'd make it work.” Dipper grinned slyly up at Bill. “I bet they'd look like you.”

“I hope not.” Bill gasped in horror. “You're the cute one.” He leaned forward, eyes glittering. “If our child was born with half the beauty that you possess, the entire world would fall to their feet in worship.” He murmured, stealing a chaste kiss. “You're always so cold.”

“It's an omega thing.” Dipper told him. “They have a lower body temperature than alpha's.” It felt like he was always teaching Bill something new. “Which is why you feel like you're an inferno.” He leaned forward and nudged Bill's jaw with his nose. Bill hesitated for a moment, before baring his throat so Dipper could press a kiss to the hollow at the base of the alpha's neck.

“I trust you.” Bill murmured quietly, eyelid sliding half-mast as Dipper's cool lips pressed against his flesh. Dipper believed it; he believed it more than anything else. How easily he turned his neck up to his omega, how often he curled around Dipper's body as if he could protect him from the world. “I love you.” He told Dipper, voice still soft. Eye still closed.

“I trust you as well.” Dipper whispered against his skin. “I really do.”

It took Dipper a lot of convincing to get Bill to take him to a local clinic over an expensive private doctor. Dipper's excuse (which Bill hadn't believed nor accepted) was that if he were to be using Bill's money, he should be as frugal with it as possible. Bill muttered darkly about this; he agreed to Dipper's condition with one of his own. They would not be going to a doctor in Gravity Falls. According to Bill, they were all addle-minded quacks. Dipper hadn't agreed, but he let Bill have it.

The clinic they went to was small and neatly tucked away, surrounded by a small suburb. Bill was looking at the houses as if they were going to try and swallow him whole like something out of a horror film. Dipper almost laughed at his nervousness—in the alpha's mind, they might be mugged at any moment, despite being in a vehicle.

“It'll be okay.” Dipper told him as they exited the car, folding their hands together when they met in front of the car. It was chilly outside; Dipper ducked his head down into his scarf to protect the bottom half of his face. His breath was warm and began to moisten the cloth, but he convinced himself that he could live with it. They hadn't parked too far away after all.

“I don't know why you decided on this place.” Bill mumbled, eye narrowed in distaste.

“Because these people need the money more than a private practitioner.” Dipper told him, squeezing
“We could have just donated money to them.” Bill whined. He used his free hand to push the double doors open and pulled Dipper into the warmth that stepping inside brought. The omega let out a relieved sigh, letting it soak into his jacket to reach his skin. His entire body shuddered in pleasured glee as it heated up. It reminded him of Bill, of all things.

Dipper turned his head to Bill, who was staring at him.

“You are so beautiful.” He murmured, disconnecting their fingers so that he could cup his omega’s face and kiss him. “I feel like you need to be reminded of that.”

“You always feel like I need to be reminded of that.” Dipper told him with a bright blush. From embarrassment or the cold, he would never tell. Bill pinched the reddened cheeks. “Augh, let’s just sign in already.” He pushed the hand away. Bill made an ugly, over-exaggerated kissing noise at Dipper, who rolled his eyes.

A nurse took his blood, promising to get the results of the blood test back as soon as possible. They were on their way back to the waiting room when the nurse called Bill's name. The alpha turned slightly with a frown; apparently, the doctor wanted to talk to him before he left, something about where to send the results. Bill gave Dipper a soft kiss to the forehead, a promise that he'd be out soon.

When Dipper re-entered the waiting room, there was a young woman sitting on a chair to west wall, staring down at her feet. Her shoes looked as if they had been recently scuffed, as if she'd been dragging them across the pavement outside.

Even with her head bowed, Dipper could tell that the young woman had been crying. He swallowed, taking a quick look around the room. Instead of taking a seat on the other side of the room, he sat to one side of her, leaving only a seat between them. She didn't raise her head, didn't look at him; she didn't acknowledge him at all. He wanted to ask what was wrong—she looked to be maybe thirteen years old; too young to be so sad.

“Are you alright?” Dipper asked the young girl, eyebrows furrowed together in concern. The girl's head jerked up, and wide, wet doe-brown eyes stared at him. Like a deer suddenly caught in the headlights of a pick-up truck. A frightened squeak escaped her lips, and tears were bordering and overflowing over her eyelids and down her still-chubby cheeks.

“My parents. They hate me.” She sobbed, unable to refrain from drawing her legs to her chest. Dipper shook his head, carefully placing a hand on her shoulder. She didn't draw away, but she did look down at her hands.

“I don't think that's true.” Dipper told her, not totally confident in his words. “At all. Parents don't hate their children. Why would you think that?” He gently rubbed her shoulders, looking around for said caregivers. They couldn't both be in the bathroom, could they?

“I heard my mom say it.” The girl argued, hands balling into fists. “She looked at my father and said I didn't go through all that pain for this monster. Thirteen years and now you tell me you have that filth running in your veins?” The girl's shoulders began to shake as she mocked her mother. “She hates me.” Her voice was quieter this time, as if she was telling herself and not a stranger. Dipper couldn't speak for a moment, lips pursed. He shouldn't have been surprised, honestly. People were horrible. “And they dropped me off here. They didn't even say goodbye. Didn't talk with the lady at the desk. Didn't even come inside. Had my brother push me out of the car like some kind of trash
they didn't want any more.”

At the age of thirteen, children were all required to be tested for a chemical in their blood, known as *pveretus*. If it was present, the parents of the afflicted children were given an option that Dipper did not approve of. They could keep the child and take care of them as they had for the past thirteen years. Or they could drop them off at underfunded government clinics that would attempt to rehome them and eventually mate them off for the families that adopted them. Like they were some kind of misbehaving pet.

That was the real reason Dipper had chosen this clinic. Because they were one of the only places for omegas to go if they were in danger. On top of the rehoming services, they also offered assistance to omegas who were battered or needed to escape dangerous situations. They needed all the monetary assistance they could get.

“I'm not going to tell you that it's okay.” Dipper said softly, after a moment of deliberation. She cautiously looked back up at him. “Because it's not. But I can tell you that it's going to be okay. These people that called themselves your parents, they were toxic.” he told her. “You're better now.” he gestured to clinic. “This place is small—yes. But it's a safe place. You're an omega, right?” She nodded, brushing away tears. “We're lucky to have places like this. Where we can be dropped off. Or, if we're brave enough, run to if we need help.

“You're an omega?” She asked, tears turning into tiny sniffles. “But you're a boy.” she was confused now, and Dipper didn't blame her. She gave him a curious once over and he laughed at her.

“My genetics are pretty messed up. If you ask the doctors, I mean.” He shrugged his shoulders. “But male omegas happen from time to time.” He offered his hand to her, and she regarded it carefully. “My name is Dipper.”

“My name is Rosette.” She introduced softly, taking the offered hand and shaking it weakly. “Did your parents abandon you too?” Rosette asked, almost hopefully. Dipper shook his head.

“No. They didn't. They were one of us.” Dipper leaned forward, bracing his arms and his knees. Her face melted, her expression now troubled.

“Then, what are you doing here?” Rosette asked him.

“I'm actually mated. We're here for a pregnancy test, if you can believe it.” Her expression told him that she didn't. “Do you know how the rehoming system works?” Dipper asked; he tried to restrain his rage when she shrugged. He couldn't tell if that meant no, or that she had a limited knowledge of it, but he was furious. “Have you talked to the lady behind the desk?” Again, she shook her head. He nodded to himself and took a deep breath to calm himself. “I can go up there with you, if you want. They'll try and find you a new place to live. Somewhere you don't have to be afraid.”

“Is your husband nice?” Rosette asked him, ignoring his offer. The question she asked made him shiver. She immediately assumed he was in a forced, unhappy relationship. Rosette was concerned about his safety. “I mean, I don't mean to pry. But you watch the news, right?”

“He's wonderful.” Dipper admitted. “I wasn't happy at the idea of being sold off to his family at first, but he's a good guy.” His shoulders lifted in a shrug as a feeling of listlessness permeated the room. It sunk into him and surrounded him as he realized that he had more in common with a thirteen year old than he did with Bill. She sat with him in silent solidarity, his hand still on her shoulder. “I guess that's all we can ask for, huh? I mean, the clinic tries to pair you with a good alpha. They won't knowingly hand you off to a dangerous one. The news likes to fearmonger.”
“So they will pair me off to one when I get old enough?” Rosette clarified. Her voice shook gently.

“Yes.” That was all Dipper could say in response. Yes. Someone is going to marry you to a man you don’t know. Yes. It’s possible he’s secretly a psychopath. Yes. There’s a chance he’ll never love you and you’ll be miserable. All the questions that she didn’t have to ask. Yes.

“Dipper, you look as if you’ve swallowed something rotten.” Bill told him as he reentered the room; he had easily noticed the dour mood that had settled over his omega. “Are you feeling alright?”

“I’m feeling fine.” Dipper answered, voice muted as he tried not to let the despair eat at him. He nodded at Rosette, who was peering at Bill through hooded lashes. “This is Rosette. Rosette, meet my husband, Bill.” Bill must have noticed her state of misery, because he offered her a hand instead of a formal greeting.

“It is a pleasure to meet you, Rosette.” His voice was warm, and he could see a blush scatter lightly across the girl's cheeks. “As Dipper said, I am his husband. A proud one too.” She shook his hand carefully, looking between the two men. “Unfortunately, we need to be going.”

“Wait!” Rosette grabbed Dipper's arm as he went to stand. “Can you walk me to the desk? I don't know if I have the guts to do it myself.” She muttered. Dipper nodded at her, slipping his hand into hers. “Thank you.” Bill looked at the two, utterly confused at the exchange.

“I’ll be just a moment.” Dipper told Bill; He then walked hand-in-hand to the front desk with Rosette in tow.

Chapter End Notes

Well hello there!
My beta for this chapter is ZoneRobotnik.

Song(s) for this chapter:
Viva Voce by The Rocketboys
Better Love by Hozier

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The car was silent for several minutes as they slid past neatly trimmed yards and well-kept houses. Soon, the trees would fade into a vibrant sunset of oranges and reds. Dipper had his fingers pressed against the fans of the car, capturing the heat in his fingers as it tried to escape into the air.

“What did the doctor want?” Dipper finally asked, breaking in through the quiet hum of the engine. Bill rolled his shoulders, pressing them tightly against the back of his seat.

“Payment information and a call-back number. They told me that their policy prevents them from telling us the results over the phone.” He shrugged. “Which means in four to six days, we have to come back. I guess I was all-to-ready to get out of there and forgot to do both.” Bill was a terrible liar. Dipper pulled his hands back to him and wrapped them around the black of the seat-belt. He leaned back against the seat, peering at Bill through the corner of his eye.

“Why are you lying to me?” He asked, holding on to the seat-belt for what he considered dear life. “I saw you give them both before we left the office.” The alpha winced at the accusation.

“Ignorance is bliss you know.” Bill offered. “Knowing everything could be detrimental to your health.” Dipper scoffed at the older man and shook his head in disapproval. “It's nothing incredibly important, I assure you.”

“If it has to do with my body, it's pretty damn important to me. Since it's my body.” Dipper told him, wringing the seat-belt in his hands. Bill let out a huff of air.

“The doctor said that it's not safe for you to go through with a pregnancy.” Bill told him, fingers drumming on the wheel of the car. Dipper recoiled, but not in horror. “In fact, it could be downright fatal if you were to become pregnant.”

“Why?” Dipper was morbidly curious, if anything. “And why would you try and hide this from me?” Bill let out a quiet hum, the tapping of his fingers increasing in tempo. “In fact, the doctor should have told me before he told you.”

“I agree. She should have.” Bill turned on to their exit. “It should have been the other way around; you should have been telling me all of this. But it's not.” He took a deep breath. “According to the doctor, you're underweight and far too stressed.”

“Why does everyone think I'm underweight?” Dipper groaned, slamming his head against the back of his seat. “I am perfectly healthy!”

“You could put on a few pounds.” Bill muttered, earning him a glare. “Look, even the doctor said you looked skinny. She wanted me to up your calorie intake.” Dipper made a disgusted noise at the alpha. “You have to consider your biological differences.”

“I wish I didn't have to.” Dipper wanted to slam his feet against the floorboard, but instead he turned his head to stare out of the car. Bill let out a soft chirp at him, but the omega wouldn't look at him. “What else did she say?” He questioned after a moment, thoroughly upset.
“There are two possibilities. In both, you would lose the child.” Bill began. “The first, the one that the doctor said we should hope for, would be an early absorbed miscarriage.” Dipper furrowed his eyebrows—he knew he'd heard that before.

“That's where my body will reabsorb the fetus, right?” Dipper clarified. “And that's why she mentioned that I was too stressed out.” Bill nodded. “And if I carried the baby too long and my body tried to reabsorb the child…” He trailed off, waiting for Bill to finish.

“...The attempt could strain your body to the point it could kill you.” Bill muttered, teeth sliding into a tight grit. “I can't let that happen.” He shook his head. “Not to my little sugar pine.”

“There's no way I could carry it to term either, right?” Dipper asked. Bill nodded at him.

“Your body will find a way to terminate it.” He told the younger man.

“Alright, so what are we going to do?” Dipper asked.

“What do you think we're going to do?” Bill asked in response. “I'm not letting you die. That's where I draw the line. My little tree isn't going anywhere.”

“As long as you don't plan on making a pact with a demon, I'm game.” Dipper told him, eyes tilting up to stare at the greyed sky. “I read that Hibiscus and Juniper can cause early termination.” he added lightly.

“The doctor suggested a natural abortion.” Bill told him in agreement. Dipper's head snapped over to look at him.

“The doctor suggested something illegal?” The omega asked. Again, Bill nodded. A nod was such a simple thing, a simple way to say that you agreed with an inclination of your head. Dipper appreciated it more than any other gesture that the human mind could have come up with.

“Doctors are supposed to want to best for their patients, little tree.” The alpha told him. Dipper was utterly astounded; a licensed professional had suggested abortion, knowing that if Bill told the authorities her entire practice would be scrutinized. “She was hesitant to suggest that I also put you under an undue amount of stress for a few weeks. Just in case.”

“I don't think I can handle any more stress.” Dipper told him with a snort. “Living with you is enough stress as it is.” Bill let out a soft laugh at that.

“She doesn't know the details of our arrangement.” Bill reminded his omega, relaxing slightly. “To her, we were just a gay couple trying to figure out why you were feeling queasy lately.” Dipper rolled his eyes at the alpha.

“You didn't tell her I was having symptoms, did you? You shouldn't work people up like that.” he chastised the older man playfully. Bill frowned at him.

“It was a lot better than 'my parents told me to', isn't it?” His tone was slightly chilled. Dipper's eyebrows rose. “I'd prefer that people didn't know that I live underneath my parents thumb.”

“I suppose.” Dipper agreed halfheartedly. At least Bill was being reasonable about the entire situation—if Bill had demanded they try and keep it anyway or hadn't told him, it would have made the situation unbearable.
The servants were bustling around the house when they entered; a few took the time to take the couple's jackets and hang them up, but then they were back to their hurried movements.

“Ah, looks like the lord and lady of the manor are going to be returning soon.” Bill muttered darkly, angrily unbuttoning his cuffs. “This day couldn't possibly get better if I lost my other eye.”

“Don't speak curses.” Dipper warned the alpha. “As much as I love Pride and Prejudice, I don't want to married to Mr. Darcy.” Bill rose an eyebrow at him.

“I think you're thinking of Jane Eyre, actually. Her husband was the blind one. Mr. Rochester, I do believe.” Bill corrected him. “And are you saying you wouldn't love me if I was completely blind?”

“I don't love you.” Dipper told him, kicking off his shoes. Bill's face crumpled at this, but he regained his composure almost immediately. “But that's not the point. The point is is that I would be very disappointed in you if you spoke a curse on yourself and suddenly lost vision in your other eye.” Bill slid a hand around Dipper's waist and tugged him close. Their hips bumped together; Dipper looked up at the alpha.

“I sometimes forget that you don't love me. Not yet.” Bill murmured softly. He pressed a careful kiss to Dipper's forehead. “But you will.” Dipper rolled his eyes at the alpha, giving the older man a kiss in return. But his was on the end of Bill's chin.

“Maybe someday.” Dipper agreed. “So, parents coming home. Do I need to know anything?”

“They're utterly atrocious and I want you to spend as little time around them as possible.” Bill told him simply. “My mother is worse than my father, but I don't want you alone with either of them.”

“Is that a possibility?” Dipper questioned. “I mean, on a scale of one to possibility of catching the common cold.”

“It shares the same probability of you waking up at nine in the morning.” Bill told him. The alpha seemed content to stand in the hallway with an arm around his mate. “I wish my work didn't keep me here.”

“Your new book, or something else?” Dipper asked, leaning against the older man. The rich, heady scent of Bill washed over him and he let out a pleased sigh. The servants swerved around them; noticing, Bill led them out of the way of the door.

“My new book.” The alpha admitted. “If I didn't have to stay here, I wouldn't. Believe me. I've no desire to see my parents.”

“Must be pretty important then.” Dipper agreed; he'd never understood why location mattered when it came to writing, but Bill was the one who had sold books, not him. So the alpha must have been doing something right.

“I really like this bed.” Dipper declared as he dropped down on it. The covers rose in a billowing protest around him.

“Don't flop on the bed like that.” Bill grumbled at the omega. “You're going to ruin the bed frame.” Dipper looked up at Bill, having half a mind to do it again. The alpha's back was to him, so Dipper couldn't read the older man's expression.

“Someone is in a terrible mood.” Dipper announced, stretching out on the bed. The alpha sighed
deeply, but said nothing to the observation. “You really don’t like your parents, do you?” The omega asked in a quiet murmur. Sitting up, he gripped the hem of his shirt and tugged it up and over his head.

“Today has been really stressful, little tree.” Bill finally said, not yet turning to Dipper who was proceeding to pool his clothes on the floor. “First I find out that your life could be in danger; then my parents decide to come home early from Egypt?” His voice was a tired snarl. “It's enough to make me think that the world's conspiring against me.”

“We could probably stay with my great uncles.” Dipper suggested. Now clad only in his boxers, he laid longways on the bed. He hated silk coming in contact with his skin, but that wasn't the point of this exercise.

“They already have Mabel and Erin. They certainly don't want you and I cluttering up their house too.” Bill told him.

“They'd be happy to have us.” The omega argued. “They're nervous having me in a place they can't keep an eye on me anyway.” Bill let out an amused snort at this information. He was watching out the window; why wouldn't he turn around already?

“Neither do I. And I certainly don't like the idea of you wandering around the house alone anymore. I'll have to tell Lana to keep a close eye on you.” Bill murmured. Dipper saw him cross his arms over his chest.

“That reminds me; are you planning on having servants at the new house?” The omega asked. He was studying the canopy above him; it was absolutely festooned with ruffles. He'd never really looked at it before, because he'd never noticed the rather feminine touch amongst the vanilla cloth until now.

“Of course.” Bill answered immediately, as if living any other way was a crime.

“Can we take Lana with us then?” Dipper asked quietly.

“I don't see why we wouldn't. She's one of my own, after all.” Bill finally turned around; the reaction was immediate. “Little tree.” His voice came out in a near purr.

“What?” Dipper asked innocently. Bill shook his head, lips spreading into a mischievous grin. “I didn't know she was your servant, I thought she worked for your parents.”

“Such a short amount of time, and yet you know me so well.” Bill rumbled on, approaching the bed. “I would like to have a painting made of you just like this.” Dipper looked around, pretending not to know what he was talking about.

“Ruining your duvet with my sweat?” Dipper questioned, pushing his heels back against the silk. They slid against the cloth for purchase but found none. “I can't even get up from this damn bed. There's no traction.” It was working; the sour mood that had been surrounding the older man was dissipating at a rapid rate.

“Good. I don't want you to get up. Stay right where you are.” Bill moved so that he was standing at the foot of the bed. He appraised Dipper carefully. “You are so beautiful, it hurts. I've never wished harder for the return of my ruined eye until I met you. One is not enough to take you in.”

“You sure know how to make a man feel special.” Dipper teased. Bill circled back around to the side of the bed hungrily. “I remembered that you said something about liking my skin tone in comparison to the pattern of the duvet. I wanted to make sure that you weren't lying.”
“I could never lie about something like that. My tongue would tie into knots if I tried.” He carefully sat on the end of the bed. He began to remove his shoes, giving Dipper plenty of time to change his mind. Dipper slid down on the bed quietly; Bill's blindside was closest to him, and he was itching to try something.

“Dipper!” Bill hissed as he flinched away from the younger man. Dipper had pressed the bottom of his foot to the side of Bill's face. The alpha wasn't impressed in the least, even as Dipper started to giggle maniacally. “What on earth is with you and being disgusting?”

“It's just a foot.” Dipper reasoned, not even trying to escape as Bill crawled up on the bed. He pinned the younger man down, frowning in displeasure.

“Feet are gross.” Bill told him, slightly straddling him. “You are being gross.” This got the alpha a grin that he couldn't help but return. “And your feet stink.”

“Whoops. Never would have guessed.” Dipper told him, voice full of mirth. Bill pressed a kiss to the omega's cheek. “And I get rewarded? That's not going to deter me at all.” His nose scrunched up in delight. “Guess I should tell you that I like using your pillow as a footrest, huh?” Bill pretended to retch at the very idea, but he never stopped grinning.

“Revolting. I'll have to have the pillowcase washed. Today.” One of his hands ghosted down Dipper's side. Fingers gently played with the hem of his boxers, snapping the elastic. Dipper let out a small yelp in surprise. “Thank you.”

“For what?” Dipper questioned the alpha, genuinely confused.

“For letting me love you. For caring for me.” Bill responded. “For breaking me of that terrible mood I was in.”

“I'm glad that me getting near-naked broke you out of that mood too.” Dipper agreed. Bill chuckled at him, hands wandering down to gently grip the top of Dipper's thighs. “You know, clothes always seem to be the problem.”

“I couldn't agree more.” The alpha told him as he licked his lips. “Though it seems we have one more article to go before the problem is solved, don't you agree?” Dipper reached forward and tugged at Bill's collar.

“A few more than one.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh hai there!
ZoneRobotnik was my beta for this chapter.

Song(s) for this chapter:
Shell Shocked (feat. Kill The Noise & Madsonik)-Fom "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles
Tentakill feat. Nicki Taylor by Falconshield

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“He quite resembles a mouse.” Were the first words to spill out of Bill’s mother’s mouth when she saw Dipper. “Not like a tree at all. Unless you’re counting shrubbery.”

Ersebet Cipher wasn’t what Dipper was expecting—but he should have learned that with a family like Bill’s, it would be hard to expect anything short of arcane, eldritch horrors. She wasn’t tall by any means. She was a few inches taller than Dipper with a softening jaw-line and crow’s feet spreading along the edges of her lips. Ersebet’s hair was a brilliant white-blonde that resembled molten gold underneath the faux light of the bulbs above her. Cold, blue eyes told Dipper that Bill resembled his mother. That is, until it came to his height. That he got from his father.

The man who claimed to be Bill’s father was a tower of a man; his body was built thick and powerful like a jungle cat's. Unlike his wife, his hair was dusted a muddy brown that was combed back to reveal his forehead. They couldn’t have been too old--and that was the bit that confused Dipper the most. They couldn’t have been in their early fourties; everything about them bespoke youth.

“Ah, yes. He isn’t as tall as I imagined.” Leonardo Cipher, the original holder of the last name. He could see Erin in his face; Erin’s mother must have been on his side of the family. He had a thick accent that Dipper couldn’t place; if he had to pick an origin, he’d have to guess the very place the couple had come back from. Egypt. “When you hear ‘Pines’, you imagine towering giants, hm?”

Bill was standing beside his omega, hands curled into tight fists as he calmly regarded his parents.

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“Hi.” Dipper managed, lifting a hand in greeting. “As you’ve probably guessed, I’m Dipper.” Off to an awkward start. Wonderful.

“It speaks!” Leonardo teased. “Since William hasn’t the balls to introduce you to us, or us to you, I suppose we’ll have to do it ourselves.” He offered his hand. “My name is Leonardo. But you may call me Leo, if that’s too much of a mouthful. This is my wife, Ersebet--but I imagine you’ve already been told as such.” Dipper carefully shook the proffered hand.

“William?” Dipper intoned, looking between Leonardo and his son. Ersebet was clutching her wrists tightly across her chest, face set with immeasurable disdain.

“Yes. It’s his birth name, yet now that he’s older, he prefers ‘Bill’.” Bill’s mother shuddered. “Horribly common name. I don’t see the appeal.”

“You don’t see the appeal in many things about me, mother.” Bill told her, words spitting out from behind clenched teeth. “What a tragedy.”

“No need to get into a fight with your mother.” Leonardo told Bill with a soft noise of disapproval.
“After all, we flew all this way to see you.” He turned back to Dipper, flashing him a bright grin. “And your lovely husband as well. We’ve heard nothing of wedding plans. Your mother was hoping to assist.”

“We don’t need any assistance. Not from you.” Bill seemed to seethe. Dipper awkwardly shuffled his feet beneath him. The tension was so thick Dipper could have plucked it from the air around them.

“You are being insufferable.” Ersebet announced, sniffing loudly in distaste at her son. She fixed an eye on Dipper. “I was hoping that he would tame if we took his tastes in consideration when it came to marriage, but it seems he’s just as ill-mannered as ever.” Dipper laid a hand on Bill’s arm. “What do you think of him? No need to lie, young man.” The omega’s mouth went dry. “What do you think of your husband?”

“I like him.” Dipper told her, slipping his hand down and forcing his fingers underneath Bill’s clenched ones. “A lot. He’s good to me.” What harm was there in being honest? “Really good to me, I couldn’t have asked for a better match.” Dipper swallowed. “Thank you.”

“Manners, too.” Leonardo put his hands on his hips. He turned to look at his wife, whose gaze had become inquisitive of the young man they had purchased for their son. “Not bad, coming from a middle-class family of upstarts. Makes up for the lack of…” He gestured vaguely at the omega. “…lack of everything, really. You are quite nondescript. It’s impressive.”

“Especially with that nose.” Ersebet intruded. They both had turned to him, ignoring their son. Bill’s jaw was clenched so tightly that Dipper was worried that the older man was going to crack it. It wasn’t like he hadn’t expected to be pounced upon; they were saying exactly what he’d been hearing since he was old enough to understand his parents’ concern for his future.

“I like it.” Leonardo argued. “It sets his face nicely.”

“I like it, too.” Dipper told the two of them, surprising them. “I mean, it’s on my face, so I have to live with it. But it serves its purpose.” Ersebet cocked her head to the side and Dipper wanted to take a step away from her. But this was his mother-in-law.

“I suppose we should welcome to our family, young man.” She told him, rather formal about the whole thing. “You may call me mother, if you wish. I encourage it. It would be nice to have a pleasant son.” Her last comment was obviously to upset Bill; if he could get more upset, that is. The alpha looked ready to have a coronary. “May I speak with you in private?”

“Absolutely not!” Bill growled out. “I won’t have you bothering him in such a manner.” Ersebet looked thoroughly unamused with her son. “Dipper, I forbid you from this.”

“Bill. It’s your mother. My mother-in-law.” Dipper told him, voice soft. Bill’s top lip lifted in a half-snarl. Dipper lifted a hand and cupped his face in it. The alpha leaned his face down, pressing a gentle kiss to his omega’s lips. “I think I can handle whatever she throws at me.” He muttered against the soft lips. Bill’s resolve cracked at the gentle plea of the omega’s lips on his.

“I don’t trust her.” Bill whispered back. “If you must go, be careful.” He pulled away and brushed a hand through the younger man’s hair. Ersebet knew she had won; the smile on her face was oddly reminiscent of Bill’s.

“I will not do any damage to him.” She promised her son, tilting her head in the direction Dipper assumed they were going. “Come.”
“So, you are content with my son?” Ersebet asked as soon as they were out of earshot. Dipper’s eyebrows rose on his forehead. She almost sounded concerned that Dipper wasn’t. “He is not perfect.”

“Well, nobody is.” Dipper countered. Ersebet shrugged at him, shoulders almost hopeless as they rose and fell. “Something isn’t right here.”

“Many things are not right here.” Bill’s mother agreed. “Things have not been right for a long time in this home.” She paused; they stood next to the entrance to the garden. “But, you did not answer my question. Are you content with my son?”

“Yes. I mean, who wouldn’t be. He’s wonderful.” Dipper told her. Ersebet nodded, folding her arms back over her chest. There was that stupid door to the water closet. It made Dipper’s fingers itch. Why was he itchy? He hadn’t been this itchy since he was twelve; he was always itchy then though.

“You say that something isn’t right here. Something that would directly relate to your situation, and inevitably your relationship with your alpha. You are correct.” Dipper wanted to point out how obvious that had been from the beginning. “But this is not about having your questions answered; I am the one who has pursued you for answers. Not the other way around.”

“I hope I have the answers you’re looking for.” Dipper told her, confused. He thought Bill talked in a confusing manner, but he didn’t have anything on his mother. What were these people, storybook characters? Something about this entire situation was turning Lovecraftian.

Ersebet ran through a list of several menial questions that were related to the upkeep and running of a home. The odd air that she had begun their encounter with hadn’t dissipated throughout the entire conversation. It left Dipper feeling as if he was walking under water. And the way she moved was disorienting; she was graceful, yes. But the more that the omega watched her, the less it seemed like she knew how to move in her own body.

“Bill, your mom freaks me out. A lot.” Dipper told him when they eventually returned to their room. Bill had to basically drag the omega away from the couple. Dipper was glad for it. He didn’t want to have a similar conversation with his alpha’s father.

“Doesn’t she?” Bill asked, tugging at the tie around his neck. “I’m far from ordinary but my parents are..” He shuddered. “..Don’t spend too much time with either of them. Hopefully they leave soon.” he ran a hand though his hair, tugging on the pale strands. Bill’s eyes flicked over to land on his omega. Seeing that he was distressed, he crossed the room and gathered him in his arms. “Can I help?” he asked in a soft murmur, brushing back the curls from Dipper’s forehead. “Don’t listen to them, by the way. You are gorgeous.”

“Oh, I know that I’m nothing impressive.” Dipper told him, blinking in surprise. “That isn’t what bothers me.”

“You are incredibly impressive.” Bill argued determinedly. “Don’t say that about yourself.” Dipper rolled his eyes at the alpha.

“Anyway, your mom said something. Well, a lot of somethings. But she said something particularly unnerving. And confusing.” he looked up at Bill. “Are all of you so confusing or is it just this branch?” Bill snorted at him.
“I think it’s all of us. Mabel might have gotten lucky with the absurd amount of normal that is Erin. Though, I assume she’s weird enough for the both of them.” The alpha told him. “What did my mother say that bothered you so?”

“She told me that things in this house have been wrong for a long time. And that whatever was making this house ‘wrong’ could directly influence our relationship.” Dipper told him; perhaps when he had met Bill, he wouldn’t have told him such a thing. The omega might have kept it to himself, but not now. Bill was frowning now, eyebrows knitting together.

“I can’t fathom what she means by that.” Bill told Dipper; his tone was honest. “She hasn’t been home in months. Yes, we share a vast amount of animosity for one another but nothing that could cause a rift between the two of us.”

“I don’t like it, whatever it means,” Dipper told the older man. “Even if she was just trying to get in my head or whatever.” He involuntarily shuddered again. He didn’t want to share what he thought about Ersebet’s movements—it had probably been his imagination, playing on the inescapable bubble of weirdness that had encompassed the two.

“I don’t like it either.” Bill agreed. “It’s not out of the realm of possibility that my mother was simply trying to make you uncomfortable. But whatever they try to tell you, whatever they say, you are my little sugar pine.” He kissed Dipper solidly, using it as punctuation. “Don’t forget that.”

“I would never.” Dipper answered. “After all, all of this…” He vaguely gestured at himself. “…too nondescript to try and sell off to somebody else.” Bill growled, clearly upset at Dipper’s joke. The omega pet the alpha’s cheek, getting the alpha to turn and try and kiss the soft skin. Dipper let him grip his hand and press kisses to each fingertip and across the expanse of his palm.

“You are far from plain.” Bill muttered against his skin. “You are my own little universe. My own little constellation. You are such a delightful man. Please don’t think so little of yourself.” Normally Bill’s voice oozed with charm when he complimented Dipper. But this time, his voice was a bit more raw, a bit more sad. “You are my world now, Dipper. And you are magnificent.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello guys! How’s it going?
My beta for this chapter is ZoneRobotnik

Songs for this chapter:
I Got No Time by The Living Tombstone
Hollow by Cloudeater

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Dipper had suggested to Bill that they go out for dinner that evening; he was far too tired to deal with any more of Bill's mother's strange behaviour. The alpha had happily agreed to the suggestion. He didn't want to have dinner with his parents either, that much was as obvious as the nose on Dipper's face.

“I've never been to the pizza place in town.” Bill told his omega, shifting the car into gear.

“Really? I thought it was your favourite place.” Dipper asked, shifting down in his seat so he could press his short legs against the glove box. Once comfortable, he looked up at his alpha. The sunlight had quickly disappeared behind the horizon; this left the cool, blue lights of the stereo as the only source of light in the vehicle in the interim between barely functioning street lamps.

“It is. I order out from there quite often; that doesn't mean I've ever been inside.” Bill told Dipper, white gloves almost glowing against the black of the cars steering wheel. “Have you?”

“Several times.” Dipper told the older man, turning to look out the window at the darkened forest that surrounded them. “It used to be our favourite place to hang out, after it was built.”

“Used to be?” Bill questioned, keeping his eyes fixed on the road. It always paid to be wary of deer. And this far north, you could almost count moose being a concern as well. “Did something happen?” Dipper frowned, trying to remember why they had stopped visiting the place as often.

“I...can't remember why. We probably just got tired of it.” He told Bill, readjusting himself and pressing his nose against the chilly glass. He peered at the darkness, feeling slightly uneasy. Trepidation began to trickle through him, starting at the tips of his fingers and working its way inward. He shook his head. “No. That's not it. Why can't I remember?” He asked himself, voice hushed.

“You should ask your sister. Do you get reception farther in town?” Bill asked; his voice was layered with honest worry.

“No. My phone plan is absolute shit.” Dipper growled out, moodily crossing his arms over his chest, glancing over at his alpha. Bill reached into his jacket and pulled out a thin, black flip-phone. Dipper stared at it for a moment, trying not to laugh at the absurdity of it. “You have a flip phone?” Bill rolled his eye.

“What is the purpose of a touch screen phone?” Bill asked, tossing the phone at Dipper. Dipper caught it, lips pursed in an attempt not to smile. “We live in the middle of nowhere.” He pointed at his omega vaguely. “That phone gets twice the reception that your phone does out here.”

“Doubt it.” Dipper told him, flipping it open. Four bars proudly winked at him next to a full-battery symbol. “You have got to be kidding me. There's no way this dinosaur gets four bars. There isn't a decent cellphone tower for miles.”

“I told you. Way better signal.” The alpha told him, smug as a fox in a chicken coop. Dipper fiddled with the phone, messing with the old-fashioned buttons that made subtle clicking noises as he did so.
“I'm assuming you have your sister's phone number memorized?”

“Of course.” Dipper told him, slightly offended that he would think otherwise. “Can I put my phone number in here?” Bill rose an eyebrow.

“Yes. Promptly. And put mine in yours.” Bill told him, the car pausing at a stop sign. “It's odd that we've been together so long and I haven't even thought of that.”

“Probably because you confine me to the house.” Dipper quipped, typing in his information. The omega could see Bill frown out of the corner of his eye. “Not really any reason to call me if I never leave.”

“I couldn't get ahold of you anyway, with your 'shitty' phone service.” Bill grumbled. Dipper didn't say anything else, not wanting to start an argument. The alpha was unnerved by the silence, so he spoke again. “It's not as if I don't trust you.” Dipper made an affirmative noise of speculation. “I just don't trust this town.”

“It literally has a population of two hundred people.” Dipper told him, snapping the phone in his hand shut. He turned towards the older man, trying to keep his voice level. “And ninety-five percent of them believe everything they see in Stan's attraction.” Dipper shook his head and pulled his own phone from his pocket. “If you can't handle me walking around Gravity Falls, how are you going to handle me walking around a large city? You can't keep me in the house forever, you know.”

“I'm not trying to.” Bill told him, voice slightly gruff. Dipper snorted at him and added Bill's information to his cellphone, ignoring the older man. He was brooding now; or was it considered sulking? Either way, it didn't add any warmth into the quickly returning eeriness that permeated the darkness that enveloped the car.

The pizza place; Dipper's eyes widened at it as they approached. The lights inside were brightly lit and spilling on to the dirt path that led to the door; but that wasn't what drew his attention. It was the darkness around the building. It seemed to suck all warmth from the yellowed light, dragging it silently into the night.

“Not what I was expecting.” Bill admitted, peeking out the window at it. “But not bad.” Dipper reached for his door handle, apprehension drowning out his thoughts. A hand carefully laid itself on his shoulder and he froze. “Dipper.” he turned his head, eyebrows dropping close to his eyes. His irritation returned, masking the uneasy feeling in his gut. “I'm sorry.”

“Sorry? For what?” he asked. His fingers were dancing on the door handle. They curled around the cool plastic, pinching and wringing it between them.

“I'm overprotective of you. I know that.” Bill told him softly. “You shouldn't be stuck in the house forever. Give me another week, please. Just one more, sugar pine.” his fingers moved up to card though the omega's hair, tucking a stray curl or two behind his ear.

This was a mistake. The moment that they stepped into the restaurant, Bill froze in what Dipper could only describe as absolute terror. The noise level was unbearable; screaming children that were up past their bed time darted between the exhausted feet of parents, covered in the remnants of half-eaten dinners.

For all of Bill's charisma, he had terrible anxiety. The alpha couldn't handle a crowd of new people;
one or two at a time, maybe. But nothing more than that if the older man could help it. Even meeting his great uncles, he had frozen in the doorway of the Shack, unable to speak at first. Dipper should of dissuaded Bill from pursuing this plan. He had been selfish in not wanting to eat dinner with Bill's mother. Now look at the mess he was in.

“Go back to the car.” Dipper told Bill without hesitation. The alpha tilted his head slightly to look at him. “I'll pick up some extra pizzas and we can eat at the Shack.”

“I'm fine.” He told the omega, voice soft and unsure as he looked at the sea of people. Dipper laid a hand on Bill's arm, a stubborn frown etched into his face.

“You are not fine. I can order pizza, you know.” Dipper smiled up at the alpha, who swallowed hard. “Bill, there's nothing wrong with being uncomfortable. And there's nothing wrong with you returning to the car and letting me order us something to eat.” he leaned up and pressed a kiss to the corner of Bill's mouth.

“I am not so much of a coward-” Bill argued, teeth grit together. Dipper rose an eyebrow at him.

“I never said that you were a coward, Bill.” he cut him off and lifted a hand to cup Bill's cheek. “I know that you aren't.” the alpha pushed up against the hand on his face, closing his eyes at the subtle comfort it gave him.

“I will wait outside. But not in the car.” Bill told him reluctantly. “That's where I draw the line.” Dipper chuckled at him, letting his hand drop. “Thank you for understanding, sugar pine.” he leaned over and kissed his omega's cheek. “I love you.” The younger man tried to duck away, but got another kiss in response to his attempt at avoidance; he'd temporarily forgotten that they were in public.

That was why Bill froze once again when he realized the entire pizza place was staring at them

“Get on.” Dipper teased the older man. A bright blush had worked it's way to the surface of Dipper's cheeks. It wasn't exactly news to the townspeople that he and Bill had been mated together, but their had to be some sort of shock value that came with seeing them in person. “Before they realized that we've noticed.”

Bill's arms withdrew carefully from his mate and it was almost with an ill-practice half-slink, half-shuffle he left the restaurant; it was almost graceful. Like a cat who'd been punished by their owner and was plotting feline revenge behind their back.

“I can't believe I froze up like that.” Bill was muttering as Dipper exited the restaurant, piping hot pizzas tucked safely in his arms. The unease that came with the night settled back over him and he shuddered. Coming closer, he realized that Bill was talking to a small plant that was growing beside the wooden frame of the building. It looked scraggly and like it had been stepped on far too often; but it was surviving. “You understand right?”

“Bill, you're talking to a plant.” Dipper told him, tone more inquisitive then accusatory. The alpha's shoulders jolted forward a fraction. The omega had startled him. Bill stood quickly, making sure to dust off any dirt that had accumulated on his pant legs.

“Do you think that your great uncles would mind us dropping by? What if they've already eaten?” Bill questioned, sparing a last glance at the downtrodden plant.

“It's seven-thirty.” Dipper pointed out, opening a door to the back seat. He set the pizzas in the back
and strapped the small stack in with the seatbelt. “They don't start dinner until eight-thirty. Nine if Ford is cooking—you have to basically drag him up the stairs. He needs to do us all a favour and marry his lab already.” Bill let out a snort of laughter at that comment. “Jokes aside, he can cook pretty well for an old guy whose definition of domestic comes from the dictionary.”

“He is pretty dedicated to...science, is it?” Bill asked, leaning on the curved roof of the Mercedes. Dipper nodded, double-checking the pizzas and their safety before shutting the door.

“Yeah, he is. As for stopping by, we've already won over Mabel and Stan. Stan likes free and Mabel likes pizza. And I can ask her about this place in person.” He jerked his thumb at the restaurant. Bill narrowed his eyes playfully, drawing his gloved fingertips across damp roof.

“Is this all a plot so that you don't have to use my flip phone?” Bill teased.

“Completely.” Dipper answered, deadpan. “I feel like it'll break if I strain it too much.” He pulled it from his pocket and waggled it at Bill over the roof of the car.

“Keep it for now.” Bill told him, opening his door. “I'm not going to die without a cellphone, like your generation.” Dipper scoffed at him, but tucked it back into the pocket of his jacket. “If we stand out here any longer, the ground is going to swallow us up.”

“And I'm pretty sure that your nipples could cut glass right now.” Dipper added, opening his own door and swinging inside before Bill could fire back a retort. The alpha followed him to the vehicle at lightning speed, most likely to punish Dipper for his sassy response. “You really should invest in a jacket.” Dipper shrieked in glee as Bill came across the console, door shutting behind him with a soft snap. He couldn't help but smile and playfully try and wrestle away from the older man.

“Can cut glass, hm?” Bill challenged, thrusting his chest forward. “Look a little closer.” Dipper let out another uncontrollable burst of laughter as he was pressed against the lack of cleavage that Bill possessed. The fabric of Bill's shirt impossibly soft as it pressed against his cheek.

“Definitely can cut glass.” Dipper told him, voice muffled against the cotton. The smell of Bill's detergent mixed with his sweat and Dipper took the opportunity to inhale deeply. As per usual, the older man smelled amazing. Was that just something that rich people could do? Smell amazing constantly? “Surprised your shirt is keeping these bad boys safely away.” He tipped his head up as Bill's hands began to stroke his hair. The alpha chuckled at him, tugging at Dipper's curls.

“The pizza is getting cold.” He rumbled out, looking as if he didn't want to leave Dipper. Reluctantly, he sat down in the driver's seat and fixed his hair in the side mirror. With the odd combination of the street lamp to their right and the bright light that seeped from the pizza parlour's windows, it wasn't an impossible task. “I hope you're right about your great uncle's not minding. I really don't want to bother them.”

“I do.” Dipper told him with a grin. Bill shook his head at the younger man and reached up to start the car. Bill looked perplexed for a moment and clicked the overhead light on. “Something wrong?”

“My keys are missing.” Bill told Dipper, patting his pockets. The omega's eyebrows shot up.

“Did you take them inside?” Dipper asked; the alpha shook his head.

“I didn't expect for someone to steal them; we live in the middle of nowhere. You don't see a lot of crime around here.” He opened the console, shuffling some of the stuff in there around. Most of it seemed to be trash. Receipts, some bottles of lotion and other miscellaneous junk.

“Could they have fallen by your feet?” Dipper asked, unbuckling his seat belt so that he could lean
around and look. “You could have jostled them loose when you came across the car.” Bill shuffled his feet around and heard the tell-tale jingle of keys being jostled. “Logic, one, thieves, zero.” Dipper announced, settling back into his seat. “You're too paranoid.”

“Paranoia has saved many lives.” Bill argued. “I'd rather be paranoid and alive then cocky and dead.” He slid the key into the ignition; the way he stressed the word made Dipper hesitate. Like there was a more personal story behind the statement.

Not that Dipper would ever learn it, of course. He sighed inwardly, eyes sliding shut. He was exhausted. The car's rumbling underneath his feet was a lot like the sound of Bill's purr; it was comforting. He flexed his toes, spreading them and pressing them against the bottom of his shoe. Dipper needed to buy a new pair soon. The soles were almost worn out of the ones on his feet. And as shoes did after constant use, they smelled horrible.

“Sleepy little tree.” Bill whispered at the omega; he must have thought that Dipper was asleep. His voice was warm and adoring; it wrapped around Dipper as he settled against the leather. “I'm going to hate waking you up.”

Chapter End Notes

Well hello there! Look how far this story has come. This is the longest thing I've ever written ;-;
My beta for this chapter is ZoneRobotnik

Songs for THIS chapter:
Run by AWOLNATION
Hard to Be the Bard by Christian Borle, Rotten Ensemble

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“Well, look what the cat dragged in.” Stan grunted as he answered the door, shotgun in hand.

“Hey, Grunkle Stan.” Dipper greeted, a bright grin on his face. “We brought pizza.” The old man snorted at his great nephew and opened the screen door.

“Get in here, kid. Bring that bastard with you too.” He jerked his head at Bill, who had also adorned his face in a dazzling smile. Dipper laughed at him, hustling into the house as quickly as possible. Bill followed behind, nodding at Stan.

“Wonderful to see you again, Stan.” Bill greeted. Stan grunted at him and shut the door; he locked it with a quick turn of the deadbolt. “We aren’t interrupting, are we?”

“‘Course not.” He set the gun down on the left side of the door, leaning it next to the coat rack. Bill considered it for a moment. “Don’t worry about that. Isn’t even loaded.”

“Fear tactic for wandering salesmen? In the evening?” Bill questioned as Dipper laid the pizza down on the coffee table. Stan was less than impressed by Bill’s jesting.

“Worse things than salesmen out this late.” He grunted, hobbling his way to the kitchen. One of his hands was pressed to his hip. “Damn it all. Ford!” He shouted. There was a clatter from downstairs.

“Dipper and his husband are here. They brought pizza.”

“Ford’s night to cook then.” Dipper affirmed. Bill ambled over to couch.

“Go get your sister and that little punk she’s got hitched too.” Stan told Dipper gruffly. “I’m going to try to drag Ford’s ugly old ass up the stairs.” The omega couldn’t help but laugh at this, shaking his head. Bill was leaning on the back of the couch, staring at Dipper as he turned around.

“Want to come with?” Dipper offered, rounding the couch so he could meet the older man on the other side. Bill hooked an arm around his waist. He kissed the tip of Dipper’s nose.

“I’d love to, little tree.” Bill agreed. “Nothing pleases me like seeing that terrifyingly loud sister of yours.” This pulled another laugh from Dipper and he entwined their fingers tightly. “Hopefully her and Erin aren’t...engaged in inappropriate activities.” The omega rolled his eyes at Bill.

“These stairs are squeaky enough that they’ll hear us.” Dipper assured him. “Believe me.” he began climbing the steps up the narrow hallway, closely followed by Bill.

“-that’s cheating.” They heard Erin mutter dryly from behind the bedroom door. “You can’t possibly expect me to believe that’s how this game is played.”

“I don’t make the rules.” Mabel replied, every word dripping with painfully cheerful aggression. Bill looked at Dipper, raising an eyebrow in question. The younger man shrugged.

“You should see her play chess. She decimates the competition.” Dipper told him, raising a hand and knocking on the warped wood. “We were banned from playing after we broke a window with the
board.”

“How on earth did you manage that?” Bill questioned as they heard a scuffle from inside the room. One of the couple was coming to answer the door. Dipper shrugged.

“You ever tried using one as a frisbee?” Dipper questioned in response. Bill shook his head in amusement, lips twitching into a smile. “Don’t. The really nice ones are pretty heavy.”

“Dipper!” Mabel greeted as she wrenched the door open. Erin was sitting on the floor, looking at a game board, obviously perplexed. The elder twin wrapped Dipper in a hug and the omega returned it in fervour, clutching her tight to him. The scratchy wool of her sweater felt like home to him as it dug into the soft flesh of his cheek. “You didn’t tell me that you were coming over.”

“It wasn’t planned.” Dipper admitted, letting her go. “But we did bring pizza.” He told her. Erin looked up from the board at the two new arrivals. Dipper lifted a hand in greeting.

“Greetings.” Erin stood from where he’d been cross-legged on the floor. His body was graceful, rising like a cavalier to meet his ballerina for a pas de deux. “It has been awhile, has it not?” He gave a short bow to Dipper, but met Bill with a firm shake of his hand.

“A couple days.” Dipper told him, peeking at the board game. “You’re never going to win.” he told Erin, voice sad. “You’re done for. You should never have picked Scrabble.”

“I see that now.” Erin told him, lips pressed into a firm line.

“Don’t feel so bad.” Bill teased, ruffling the young man’s hair. “I’m sure she’d slaughter us all. Dipper says she’s excellent at board games.” Erin let out an irritated grunt at his cousin. “You should see the pizza place in town. It’s dreadful.” He told the younger man, hooking their arms together. He waltzed them through the door, chattering on, giving Dipper and his sister a moment or two alone.

“You two getting along alright?” Dipper asked, waiting to hear Bill’s shoes on the wooden steps before stepping into the stairway. Mabel shrugged at him, mouth screwed into a disconcerted frown. “That’s not a good answer.”

“It’s not that we’re not getting along.” Mabel quickly corrected, voice quiet. “It’s just...he’s always so eager to please me.” Dipper’s eyebrows shot up in alarm. “In that department too.” She added, lips twitching in amusement. “But that’s not the point. It’s weird having someone just kind of sitting around, ready to do whatever you say. He doesn’t even argue with me.”

“That’s what omegas are supposed to do, Mabes.” Dipper told her quietly, eyes lowering to stare at the scuffed wood under his feet. “They’re supposed to be submissive. Obedient. You know that.”

“But I grew up with you. You’re not like that at all.” Mabel whined. Dipper snorted, shoving her playfully.

“I’m kind of a special case.” Dipper told her, eyebrows still hovering around his hairline. “That doesn’t sound very positive though. You don’t like him doing what you tell him to?”

“Yeah, I mean I do.” She slipped her hand underneath her hair, rubbing at her neck. Frustration oozed her pores as she fought herself to find the right words. “I guess it wasn’t what I was expecting. I do like him though. He’s really sweet. And handsome.”

“Isn’t that what you look for in a partner?” Dipper asked, leaning against the wall opposite Mabel. “Sweet and handsome?” When she didn’t respond to his teasing, he sighed. “Are you going to be okay?”
“Oh, yeah. I’ll be fine.” Mabel grinned at him, toothy and spreading from ear to ear. “I’m going to take care of him. Treat him the best I can.” She tugged a piece of hair away behind her ear, eyes glittering. “Who knows? Never let anyone say that Mabel Pines doesn’t try her best.”

“I’m proud of you.” Dipper told her; this caused a blush to smatter her cheeks with a light pink. “I think the two of you are going to be great together, in the end. It’s only been a couple days. You’ve heard the same horror stories I have. He might just be scared of how you’ll react if he acts out.” Mabel pursed her lips at this.

“That’s true. God, it’s pretty bad when people start looking at you like you’re a monster in a fairytale.” Mabel shook her head. “I never thought that I’d be in this situation.”

“Did any of us?” Dipper asked, trying not to sound incredulous. “I certainly didn’t.” Mabel laughed at him, loud and throaty. The omega rolled his eyes at her. “Hey.” she immediately quieted.

“What’s up? Something wrong?” Mabel asked, voice returning to a more manageable level.

“Not really. I mean, there’s some weird stuff going on at the Cipher estate. But that’s not the most important thing right now.” It was Mabel’s turn to raise her eyebrows. “The pizza place in town. Do you remember much about it?”

“Hoo-Ha Owl’s Pizzamatronic Jamboree?” Mabel asked, trying to clarify. “Well, I suppose there aren’t any animatronics left in there. So just Hoo-Ha Owl’s Pizza.”

“Yes, that’s the one.” Dipper frowned. “I can’t remember why we ever stopped going.” The elder twin went to answer but her face melted into a more troubled expression. “You can’t remember either, can you?”

“No. I mean, we used to love that place. And it’s not like we slowly grew out of it. We just stopped going.” Mabel shifted her weight from one foot to the other. “Come to think of it, didn't it used to be in the mall?” Dipper shrugged, equally as confused. “Do you think the Stans might know?” Dipper hadn’t thought about asking his uncles.

“They might.” Dipper told her. “We might as well ask.”

“No question is a bad question.” Mabel agreed; she attempted to hook a thumb into the front pocket of her jeans and let out a disgusted sigh. “Fake pockets. They don’t even look good.”

“Fake and shallow pockets exist because ladies should always carry things in their purse. It ruins a woman’s appearance to have anything that deviates from the natural line of her leg.” Dipper quoted their mother at Mabel, who narrowed her eyes at him. The younger twin snorted at her.

“I’m so done with you.” Mabel told him, shoving him into the wall before beginning her descent down the stairs. Dipper recovered quickly, stomping down the stairs after her, instigating a chase.

“Where’s the fire?” Ford asked as the twins rounded the corner, blocking their path. Mabel screeched to a halt, but Dipper didn’t have the time. He bowled right into Mabel, who was forced forward into Ford. They all collapsed to the ground in a heap of tangled limbs.

“Dipper, get your elbow out of my back.” Mabel grunted, trying to roll off of Ford.

“I would but Grunkle Ford’s got me pinned with his old, fat butt.” Dipper snapped at her, trying to extract himself. Ford scoffed at his great nephew.

“Well, excuse me. I am extremely fit for a man in his early seventies.” He groused.
“You three are a disgrace.” Stan commented as he came out of the kitchen bearing plates. “Get off the floor and act civilized.”

“Says the man in his boxers.” Ford snapped at his twin, finally getting free off the Pines pile. “Come on kids.” He offered each a six fingered hand. They took them gratefully and with a heave they were hauled to their feet. Bill was beside himself with laughter, gloveless fingers pressed together in delight.

“Laugh it up.” Dipper muttered darkly to the older man. “I know where you sleep.” He took a seat right next to the alpha; Bill wrapped an arm around the Dipper’s shoulders and tugged him close so he could press a kiss to his temple.

“Right next to you.” he whispered, lips warm and slightly damp. Dipper sighed and tilted his face up so he could press a kiss to Bill’s jaw. Erin’s eyes were wide and staring at the couple when Dipper looked across the room. His face heated momentarily and pulled some pizza slices to his plate.

“Hey Stan, I had a question.” Mabel broke the silence, taking her seat next to Erin. A blush dusted his face at Mabel’s proximity. Instead of leaning away, however, he leaned a bit closer. Without thinking about it, Mabel’s hand ghosted down to give Erin a reassuring squeeze. Dipper smiled to himself with a shake of his head. They’d be just fine.

“What’s that?” Stan asked, already digging into his own pizza. Ford had settled on the couch next to his brother.

“Why did we stop going to Hoo-Ha Owl’s?” Mabel asked, balancing her plate on her knees. Stan froze in the middle of chewing.

“Whaddya mean?” He asked through a mouthful. He swallowed a moment later, hard. “Ain’t no reason. The two of you just got tired of it. Came home one day crying, saying something about never going back.” Dipper was instantly suspicious of the old man. Mabel didn’t seem to believe it either, but turned to her food.

“They still have pretty good pizza, whatever the reason was.” Mabel told him, driving the conversation away. For now.

Chapter End Notes

Well hello there friends!
ZoneRobotnik is my beta for this chapter.

There's no song for this chapter.
What do you guys like to listen to? :D

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Dinner was a short affair; too short, in Dipper’s opinion. Bill was ushering them out the door as the bright red lights of the digital clock nearby told them it was ten-thirty. It felt like the night had gone by in a single, introspective blink.

“You be safe driving home.” Stan grunted at Bill, shaking his hand vigorously. Bill nodded at the old man; Dipper could already see a healthy respect growing between the two. “Don't want to hear about you on the mornin' news.”

“I'll be safe.” Bill promised, patting the old man's hand. “Haven't seen any moose or deer yet, but it's just a matter of time.” He turned to Erin, who was hovering close to Mabel's side. “And you.” He pointed at his cousin. “You behave.”

“I am behaving.” Erin huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. “Furthermore, you should be worried about yourself. You have your parents to return home to. If anyone needs to behave, it's you.” Dipper snorted at the other omega, slipping a hand into Bill's now free one. Dipper's alpha groaned in distaste.

“Great. Now you're sassing me. It's bad enough with him.” He tilted his head at Dipper, who stuck out his tongue in defiance. Despite his complaints, he smiled at his cousin. “It was good to see all of you again.” He nodded at Mabel. “Thank you for letting us interrupt your evening.”

“Not a problem.” Ford told Bill, placing a hand on his shoulder. “You two should come over more often. It's nice having guests.” He admitted, before withdrawing his hand. Mabel swept forward and pulled Dipper from Bill. Her arms held her brother tight against her chest.

“Come back soon, baby bro.” Mabel murmured into his ear, squeezing the breath from him. “I miss you.”

“I miss you too, Mabel.” Dipper told her quietly. “Too much.”

Dipper was expecting an ambush when they returned to the manor; however, the only person waiting for them when they returned was Lana. Her hair was pulled from her face, her scar still pink and prominent. Again, the omega wondered where she had acquired it. He added it to his list of things to get answers to in the future; the list was getting exceedingly long.

“Good evening, master.” Lana greeted, taking Bill's coat. “Your parents were quite disappointed when you didn't come to dinner.” She said pointedly. She was shrewdly inspecting Dipper out of the corner of her eye. He clenched his jacket tight to him, shaking his head.

“Let them be.” Bill told her, hooking an arm around Dipper's waist, effectively protecting him from Lana's attempts at taking his jacket. “I was visiting my in-laws.” He bent down and pressed a silent kiss to Dipper's forehead. “I am exhausted. Ready for bed?” Bill teased, pulling Dipper with him as he made his way to their bedroom.

“Not hardly.” Dipper lied, as a steady, heady thrum of fatigue poured over him. “I think you're just too old for so much excitement.” He teased. Bill growled playfully at him in response, pausing in
their path so he could press another kiss to Dipper's face, this time on his chin.

“I'm so in love with you, it's sickening.” Bill told him as he opened to door to their shared bedroom. Dipper shuffled past him, yawning. The door closed behind the two of them with a silent click and the omega heard Bill lock the door behind him. Arms wrapped tightly around him, settling heavily around his waist.

“Hey there.” Dipper teased as a cold nose pressed itself against the side of Dipper's neck, inhaling deeply. “What's wrong?”

“Nothing's wrong.” Bill told him, tugging him so close that his back was flat against the alpha's chest. Gentle kisses were placed up the expanse of his neck, but the hands around his waist didn't wander. “You smell wonderful.” He told Dipper softly. The omega tilted his neck up to give Bill more room to work with. “Addicting.” He breathed out; Dipper shuddered softly. “How's Mabel adjusting?” Bill questioned, trying to use the question as a diversion. His hand was tugging at the hem of Dipper's jeans.

“She likes Erin, but she isn't sure she likes how willing he is.” Dipper told Bill, feeling the button of his jeans pop open. Bill's other hand was sneaking underneath his shirt. His nails hadn't been trimmed recently but the pointed tips were painted in the ever present black of the alpha's nail polish all the same. They drew thin lines of red along his lower abdomen as Bill cradled the flesh.

“Willing? He is willing Dipper; his marriage to your sister saved him. Probably not in as big a way of Mabel's marriage to him, but she didn't have to do it. He's grateful. He wants to make her happy but he's not sure that he can.”

“Did he tell you that?” Dipper breathed, feeling the sharpened nail gently scratch along the line of his boxers as well. “Bill.” He breathed softly as the alpha hooked a finger underneath the elastic band.

“He did. Erin is very worried that he won't be a good omega to Mabel.” Bill kissed the curve of Dipper's ear. “Does she want him to act out? I doubt that even I could wrangle that from Erin.”

“Well, no.” Dipper told him, reaching a hand up and laying it across the one Bill had on his stomach. “I'm sure it'll be fine when they get more comfortable around each other.” The alpha hummed at him, fingers deftly plunging beneath Dipper's boxers.

The omega couldn't help but keen as Bill's hand wrapped around his cock. Bill's breath was hot against Dipper's ear as he let out a pleased chuckle.

“Not fair.” Dipper accused in a gasp. “Definitely not fair.”

“You could have stopped me at any point. You still can.” Bill murmured, drawing his hand up Dipper's cock in slow, gentle tugs. “But, do you want to?” Dipper shook his head vigorously, taking his bottom lip between his teeth. He worked it carefully between his teeth, trying to deprive Bill of the sounds he wanted to make.

“Thought you were exhausted.” Dipper huffed out, eyes sliding shut. The hand on his stomach left his stomach, skating up his body to pinch at one of Dipper's nipples. The younger man's breath hitched. So much for trying to stay quiet. He groused inwardly as Bill continued to play with the sensitive bud, flicking at it and rolling it languidly.

“I am. But, you are not. So, I compromised.” He pressed his thumb against the slit of Dipper's cock, rubbing it a bit too roughly and getting a broken moan. “I tire you out whilst getting to hear all these lovely little noises of yours.” He kissed the base of Dipper's jaw. “I think that they've become my
favourite set of sounds.” Bill pressed a kiss to Dipper's mate mark, nosing it with a pleased sigh. “Right next to your laugh and the soft, deep breaths you take while asleep. I could watch you sleep forever.” Dipper whimpered, which earned him a laugh. “I think that one is my favourite.”

“Do you ever shut up?” Dipper groaned with no real heat. “Bill.”

“No.” Bill told him confidently. “If I didn't tell you how wonderful you were, who would?” He teased. Bill had him there, he supposed. Instead of responding, he widened his stance a bit, trying to shove off his pants so the older man could move his hand quicker, hell, maybe even fuck him. Bill clicked his tongue but obliged, shoving both Dipper's jeans and boxers down over the omega's thighs. “Not tonight, little tree.”

“Libido taking a vacation?” Dipper groaned, eyes fluttering shut. The feel of the cotton on his cock was intoxicating.

“Libido is going to be on vacation from now until my parents leave, or we do.” Bill grumbled lightly. Dipper laughed despite himself. “But that doesn't mean that I'm not going to make you cum.” He whispered, flicking his wrist. Dipper felt a warmth twisting and tightening in his gut sharply. “Come on, baby.” Bill encouraged. “Right into my hand. Want to lick it off like melted ice cream cone drippings.”

“You're so disgusting.” Dipper gasped. “Bill, damn it.” He hissed through his teeth.

“Then that makes us evenly matched, doesn't it?” The alpha told him, taking the omega's ear lobe between his teeth, ever careful of his fangs. “Cum for me.”

Dipper's heels dug against the floor and he let out a soft cry of his mate's name, doing exactly as he was instructed. Bill gently ran his thumb under the head of Dipper's cock.

“Stop.” Dipper whined in a panting breath. Bill paused, then carefully detached his hand from Dipper. The alpha pressed a loving kiss to the younger man's cheek.

Bill bathed him. He always bathed him. Like it was some kind of ritual. Then he'd bathe himself and whisk them away to the bedroom. Even with their new understanding, Bill was steadfast in his decision.

“One day, I'm going to bathe you.” Dipper warned, crossing his arms over his chest in defiance. Bill was pulling back the covers, shaking his head in quiet amusement. “I will. Just you watch.”

“I welcome the day.” Bill told him. “Come to bed.”

“Wait, you're serious?” Dipper asked, crawling into bed. Bill pinched one of his ass cheeks, snorting when the younger man yelped. “What did you do that for?” He asked, a peeved expression crossing his face.

“Your ass is very nice. I was making sure it felt appreciated.” Bill told him innocently. Dipper rolled his eyes and pulled the covers up around him. He pet the bed next to him; instead of walking around the bed, Bill simply climbed over him, almost elbowing him in the face. “And yes. You're free to wash me whenever you wish.”

“Man, if I knew that earlier,” He began to whine, but was quieted by a kiss.

“You know for next time.” Bill told him with a peck to the nose. He slid an arm around Dipper's
waist, pulling him insanely close. “I'm sure we'll bathe again.”

“I think Lana might have a heart attack if we didn't.” Dipper teased. Bill was so warm. So present in his arms. For a moment, he let an unexpected wave of shock roll over him. He simply stared at the older man. He was laying in the arms of a man that he had been forced to mate with. A man that, instead of abusing his power, had done everything in his power to accommodate him. Dipper was floored. He didn't deserve this.

“Sugar pine?” Bill questioned, raising a hand to gently cup Dipper's face. “Are you alright?”

“Yeah, I'm fine.” Dipper answered, voice slightly thick with restrained emotion. Bill let out a soft, comforting churr, pressing his lips to the corner of each of Dipper's wet eyes in turn.

“Did I hurt you?” Bill murmured. “I know I haven't trimmed my nails recently.” He carefully brushed his palm across the scratch marks on Dipper's stomach.

“No, no. It's not that.” Dipper clarified, snuggling closer to the alpha's warmth. “I just really, really appreciate you and everything you do for me.” Bill frowned, hand lingering.

“Dipper, you don't have to lie-” Bill began.

It's Mason.” Dipper told him abruptly, cutting him off. Bill blinked slowly, as if registering the name.

“Is that your birth name?” Bill questioned, still a bit unsure. Dipper nodded, eyes darting down to look at Bill's chest. Telling the older man already felt like a mistake. Peeking up, he noticed the older man testing its weight on his tongue, caressing the name with his lips.

“I, uh, got the nickname when I really little. It stuck enough that my parents actually put it down on my enrollment paperwork for school—they had to correct it, of course, but by then it was too late. Everyone knew me as Dipper. Not that I mind. Mason's too stuffy for me.” Dipper chattered, trying to make the silence between the two less awkward.

"Mason, Alexander, Cipher.” Bill said aloud, pausing in between each name to get a good feel for it. “Mason Cipher.” He turned his head down, still stunned by the knowledge gifted to him. He carefully tipped Dipper's face up, connecting their mouths in a kiss. “My Mason.” He tried again, eyebrows furrowing. Another kiss, this time with more fervour. His eyes were lighting up now. “Mason, Mason, Mason.” He chanted in devotion, kissing Dipper forcefully now, sweeping the young man up into a whirlwind.

“Bill.” Dipper couldn't help but laugh at the older man that was pressing kisses to every inch of Dipper's face. “Calm down. It's just my name.”

“It's not just your 'name'. ” Bill rumbled. “It's the name of my husband. The name of the man who shares my household and my bed.” His hands released his face so he could wrap them around Dipper's back and pull him close. “It's the name of the man I love.” He whispered against Dipper's collarbone.

The omega was confused. Yes, the name was something he'd withheld, but it wasn't so important that Bill needed to freak out about it. He relaxed into the hold, however. If Bill was happy learning his birth-name, then so be it.

“Do you prefer Dipper?” Bill asked after he'd calmed down, hands stroking Dipper's back in reverence. Dipper, who had begun to daze off, jolted awake.

“Uh, yeah. I like Dipper better.” He told Bill with a yawn. “It's what I'm used too.” He murmured
sleepily.

“Dipper it is, then. But I will keep your name here. With me.” He tapped his forehead. “For it is an honour to possess.”

“Nerd.” Dipper told him with a roll of his eyes. “Come here.” He tilted his head up and was rewarded with a kiss.

“You never cease to amaze me.” Bill muttered against the younger man's lips. “I love you, Mason.” He told him, blue eye staring directly into Dipper's. Dipper's heart fluttered weakly in his chest; he swallowed dryly.

“Sap.” He croaked out, willing himself not to tear up again. Bill chuckled and pressed their foreheads together.

“Goodnight, sugar pine.” Bill told him, kissing the younger man's forehead.

“Goodnight.” Dipper echoed quietly, chest feeling oddly tight.

A warm haze had settled over Dipper as he sat in Bill's office, curled up on the leather couch. An afghan, courtesy of Lana, was tucked over him after he'd complained the the couch was chilly. Was he becoming domestic? No, he decided, looking up at the maid sitting in the chair beside him. He was happy.

“I noticed a different scent about you today, Dipper.” Lana told him, carefully embroidering what looked to be a pillowcase. “Quite like that of lilies.” Her brow furrowed. “It's quite familiar.” Dipper's eyes snapped up to look at her.

“Familiar?” Dipper questioned lightly. That didn't bode well. “I found it amongst Bill's shampoo. He said it was a gift; I tried to apologize but he insisted that I use it.” Lana made a small noise of understanding.

“I see.” She took her bottom lip between her teeth and worked it carefully. “It is good. That he's letting you use it.” Her mouth twitched.

“Do you know about the person who gave it to him?” Dipper pressed; he'd consider this day successful if he could answer at least one of his questions. Lana's eyes darted to the door, before she turned her body to Dipper.

“I suppose the story can't hurt. It's been a long time since it's been told.” She fiddled with the cloth that hung outside the embroidery ring. “As for your question, I only met the woman once, so I know very little from personal experience, but I have heard stories.” The omega scooted closer to her, leaning on the armrest and gathering the afghan around him. She laughed at him. “You look like a child about to hear his favourite bedtime story.”

“It's been bothering me is all. And I can hardly ask Bill about it.” Lana's lips pursed as she withheld a grin.

“Before I tell you, you must promise not to tell Bill. I'm not sworn to secrecy, and I doubt he'd fire me. But I don't want him to be upset.”

“I promise I won't mention this to Bill.” Dipper told her with a nod. Lana took a careful breath and put her embroidery to the side.
“I was hired four years ago by Bill to help manage his estates. It's evolved since then into being part of his entourage and more, but that's of little consequence.” She drew her knees up, and they disappeared underneath the hem of her dress as she crossed her legs. “Before me, he had a handler and private tutor by the name of Alessa. She'd been with Bill for quite some time, hired by his parents when he was roughly five years old.” Her hands were braced on her legs as she looked straight ahead. “They were great friends, best friends even. Or so I've been told. "Unfortunately, her contract was set to end when Bill became of age; in preparation, she searched for a new employer. In Russia, I think.” Lana smiled. “I do miss Russia.”

“Are you from Russia?” Dipper asked. Lana laughed at him, clearly amused.

“Goodness, no.” she told him between titters. “My sister's husband is Russian. I lived with her for a year or so in between work.”

“That's amazing. Do you ever plan to go back?” Dipper asked. Lana took a moment to think about her answer.

“Only if Bill were going. Or he dismisses me.” Lana told the young man, eyes closing. “Alessa was a beautiful woman; she always smelled of lilies, though callas were her favourite. She would make her own shampoo you see, from the flowers in the garden. According to Bill, he used to plead with her to make him some, or at least give him the recipe she used. Each time she refused.” Lana took a breath. “I met her a few months before her contract was supposed to end - August, I believe. That was when I was first invited to the manor, you see. Well, she brought him a large, handwoven basket with exactly that.” The guilt in Dipper's gut twisted and churned, making him queasy.

“Something happened to her, didn't it?” Dipper asked, voice near shaking. Lana let out a sigh, hands folded over her lap now.

“I don't know the details. I only know that a few days later, I was promptly hired and told to start. A week after that, there was a funeral. Closed casket.” She leaned back in the chair, staring at the ceiling. “That was the only time that Bill's washed his hair with that shampoo, I believe. I've never smelt it since, in any case.”

“I'm wearing the shampoo given to him by his dead mentor.” Dipper clarified. Lana nodded at him. He promptly stood, discarding the afghan. It slid from his shoulders, falling onto the edge of the couch and pooling onto the floor.

“Dipper?” Lana questioned, getting to her feet as he made his way to the door. “Where on earth are you going?” She continued to ask, following him. He stopped in the doorway, turning his head to look at her over his shoulder.

“To wash my hair.”
True Love Cafe by Nicole Dollanganger

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An arm shot out to block him off as Dipper attempted to swing into the bedroom. If he had been thinking a bit clearer, he might of thought that the door being open was odd.

“Dipper?” Bill spoke his name in surprise. “Are you alright?” he asked, unceremoniously gathering the younger man into his arms. Dipper's breath left him as he was pulled tight to his alpha. He hadn't been aware of how fast his heart was beating until it began to slow, breath coming to him in gentle puffs as he tried to calm down. Bill began to stroke his back gently, murmuring soft words of comfort into the younger man's ear.

“Fine.” He spoke into Bill's shirt, voice slightly muffled by the cloth. “Bill, I'm fine.” he repeated; he received a soft cluck in return. The older man was definitely not going to buy that.

“You spun in here like the devil himself was on your heels.” Bill argued, leaning back so he could look at his omega. Bill had taken up a serious look, his blue eye bright and suspicious. “What's wrong?” Dipper worked his lips soundlessly for a moment, thinking of some kind of cover for why he'd taken the corner so quickly.

“Nothing's wrong.” Dipper lied; the look on Bill's face was easy to read. The alpha didn't believe a word of it. Not that Dipper had sounded extremely convincing. “I just wanted to wash my hair; I still feel super horrible about using that shampoo the other day.” The older man arched an eyebrow in disbelief.

“Lana told you, didn't she?” Bill questioned, arms locking around Dipper as the omega tensed. An attempt to wriggle free from the iron grip told Dipper that he wasn't going anywhere. He shook his head vigorously in denial. “Don't lie to me, sugar pine.” the older man told him, voice dropping to a gentle murmur. “I'm not going to be mad if she did.” the omega clenched his teeth, running his tongue along the backs of them. He'd promised Lana that he wouldn't rat her out.

“Bill, I promised.” Dipper told the older man. He cringed; he sounded small and cornered. Bill pursed his lips.

“Dipper, please.” Bill prodded, his bright blue eye staring into Dipper's brown. “Lana will suffer no punishment. I won't even tell her you broke your promise.” he brushed their noses together. “This will hang over your head, otherwise.” Dipper's frown deepened. “Sugar pine, please.” The ‘please’ was what did it. The way Bill said it was a beg, a plead that made Dipper's heart twinge. Accompanied by the gentle whisper of soft lips on his cheek pulled an uneasy, regretful sigh from him.

“I..yes.” Dipper muttered out guiltily. “Lana told me about Alessa.” Bill let out a sigh at the confession. “Don't be mad. I asked her to tell me.” Fingers ghosted Dipper's forehead, brushing his hair back. Bill pressed a kiss to his birthmark, lingering a bit longer than the omega felt necessary; heat blossomed on his cheeks.

“I'm not angry. A bit disappointed, but I'm not angry.” Bill told him lightly. “You received your answer, hm? And that means that you will continue to use the shampoo.” Dipper's head snapped up.
“Bill, it was given to you by someone very important to you. I can't continue to use it. Why would you even want me to?” Dipper's words left him in a rushed stream. He was still a bit breathless from his earlier burst of energy. “I'm not even close to the same level that Alessa was. I can't be. I can never be.” he told the alpha, thumping his hands against the older man's chest weakly. The alpha was shaking his head at Dipper, eye closed. “Are you even listening to me?”

“I'm listening.” Bill answered, cracking his eye open. “And I don't have an answer that you'd accept. I want you to know that I love you. And I loved her.” his fingers ran through Dipper's hair. “But they aren't the same kind of love. You can't compare the two. I know it's hard to accept.” he tilted Dipper's head back, kissing away the tears that the omega hadn't noticed pooling at the corners of his eyes. “But you are just as important to me now as she was then. As she is now.” The emotion on Bill's face was heartbreakingly beautiful and bare. A smile, crooked at the corner that melted the cold discomfort that had begun to build in the omega's chest since Lana's telling of the story.

It was all it took to pull a muffled sob from Dipper's lips. Bill descended on to them to capture it, drawing the hiccuping sound into his mouth. Bill's arms were tight around Dipper once more, holding him close.

“It's okay.” Bill murmured into Dipper's mouth, not wanting to pull away completely. “I promise sugar pine.” the omega's hands scrambled up, slipping underneath Bill's collar. He grasped it weakly, chewed nails scratching against the expensive silk of the older man's tie.

“I hate you.” Dipper warbled out from trembling lips, shaking his head and pressing up on the balls of his feet so he could kiss the older man again. The alpha's lips were pliant and warm, all too willing to accept the wet kisses. When Dipper seemed to have calmed down a bit, Bill pressed a single kiss to his temple.

“No you don't.” Bill told him bluntly as the omega shakily stole another kiss, messy and wet.

“I definitely do.” Dipper disagreed, eyes brimming with tears again. His alpha's lips were a flurry as he tried to kiss them away before they cascaded down pink cheeks. “I hate you so much. You make me want to stay here.”

“Here?” Bill questioned, although he knew exactly what Dipper meant.

“Here. In your arms. Next to you. And it's all your stupid fault.” The omega accused with a hard swallow. “You're too damn caring and sweet. And you have too many damn secrets.” Bill chuckled at the younger man in his arms, leaning down to nuzzle against the base of Dipper's neck. “I wasn't this irrational before you.”

“I don't think that you're irrational at all.” Bill told his mate playfully. “I think that you're just a bit unsettled. You will be for quite sometime.” his fingers were drawing circles into Dipper's lower back. “You don't really hate me, do you?” Bill asked, tongue darting out almost nervously to lick at his lips. Dipper took a shaky breath, regaining a bit of his sanity.

“No. Never.” Dipper answered, voice almost sharp as the answer tore out of his mouth. “I could never hate you.” Bill's lips curved back up into a smug smile.

“Good.” the alpha murmured, leaning down to gift the omega with another kiss, whispering his next words against the younger man's lips. “Because I love you.” Dipper slapped his arm weakly, eyes sliding shut in delight.
“Look at this.” Bill shoved the opened newspaper in Dipper's face, pointing at a black and white photo in the centre. Dipper rolled his eyes, pushing it back so that he could actually look at the image that the alpha had been trying to show him.

“A rare books exhibition?” Dipper questioned, raising an eyebrow at Bill, shifting on the bed so he could lean even closer to the alpha's warmth. His skin seemed excessively heated today. “It sounds interesting; we should go take a look.” Bill shook his head and jabbed his finger a little harder, fingernail almost piercing the paper.

“No, look.” he was pointing at a blurry item in the photo. Dipper squinted at the paper. “The scroll.”

“Scroll? How can you even tell that that's a scroll?” the omega asked. “I didn't know that being an alpha came with super-vision.” Bill rolled his eye, slipping an arm around Dipper's middle and sliding a leg over his mate's. He was smothering Dipper in his scent, trying to embed it into the younger man's skin. Trying to meld it with the omega's.

“It's a scroll, trust me.” the alpha told him. “It's actually the original Ripley Scroll.” Dipper's eyes widened in amazement and genuine excitement.

“You're kidding me.” Dipper mouthed in awe, voice barely above a whisper. “That scroll is over three hundred years old. What on earth do they think they're doing? Shouldn't that be in a museum, not in a travelling exhibit?” he smoothed his fingers over the wrinkled newspaper. “Is it in Latin?” he looked up at Bill, ignoring the smug look on the alpha's face. “Do you know?”

“It's the original; of course it's in Latin.” Bill answered.

“We have to go and see it.” Dipper told the older man, pressing up against him tightly. His eyes were still wide, silently begging his alpha to agree. “I have to see it in person. Please?” Bill let out a soft rumble of pleasure at the omega's soft body rubbing against his.

“I'll buy the damn thing for you.” Bill almost hissed out, pushing the paper away so he could roll over on top of his young husband. Dipper squeaked, half in indignation, half in glee. “Would you like that? I can do that for you.” his voice was warm and honeyed; it pooled in the omega's stomach like a long drink of hot chocolate.

“You can't buy a late sixteenth century scroll.” Dipper laughed, feeling a cold nose press against his neck as Bill pressed devoted, open-mouthed kisses there. “Bill, get off.” he repeated, no real heat in his voice. Normally, he would of received a snarky response from the older man, but instead there was a gentle snuffling from his shoulder. “Bill?”

“Hm? Oh, yes.” his focus seemed compromised by something. Disquiet trickled into his belly and made a home there. “Scroll.” his brow furrowed as he tried to reclaim the train of thought. “The Ripley Scroll. It'll be in Gresham next weekend. We should definitely stop by. It'd be a nice present for you. You deserve it.” his voice was warm and honeyed; it pooled in the omega's stomach like a long drink of hot chocolate.

“Bill, what's wrong?” Dipper questioned, trying to draw back to look at Bill's face. Bill snarled at him quietly, dropping the heavy weight of his chest on to the omega's to keep him pinned. Dipper's mouth snapped shut. Realizing what he'd done, the alpha cleared his throat. But he didn't move away.

“Nothing.” he replied, voice curt. “Nothing is wrong. There is absolutely nothing wrong.” he reiterated. It sounded as if he were trying to convince himself more than his mate. Dipper narrowed
his eyes, trying to shift underneath the older man. Another growl, more commanding as he heaved himself up and off of Dipper's body, keeping the omega in place with his lower half. He lifted his head to stare at Dipper, eye sparkling in an emotion that Dipper didn't want to identify. A confused whimper left Bill's lips.

Dipper's hands carefully rose to cup Bill's face. The heat radiating off of it was becoming ever-apparent beneath the omega's chilly fingers. There was no way that the younger man was ready for this. An alpha in heat was downright dangerous in Dipper's mind. It was terrifying; alphas weren't like omegas. If you denied them, they didn't simply writhe in pain at the lack of release. They got violent. They took what they needed if not restrained, with or without permission.

“Sugar pine.” Bill whispered to the younger man. Dipper cracked a weak grin at him.

“What happened to your libido being on vacation?” he joked weakly. He wanted to run; lord knows he wanted to slip from underneath Bill and through the bedroom door. But he couldn't. Not only because of Bill hovering above him, but because it wasn't fair. Bill could of left him when he was in heat, but he hadn't. That meant that Dipper couldn't back out now.

“I'm going to ease off of you, and you need to leave. Before this goes any further.” Bill told him, voice a husky whisper. “You've still got time.” Dipper shook his head. “Dipper, I'm not giving you a choice.”

“There isn't a choice to be made.” the omega told him, trying to relax against the bed. The pheromones that Bill was emitting would reach him soon. “Remember? You're my alpha. This is part of our relationship.” A low growl erupted from Bill's throat.

“You aren't ready.” Bill snarled at him, slamming his hand beside Dipper's head. “You aren't ready for me to go into heat.”

“Your body says differently.” Dipper told him quietly. “Wasn't it you that said I had to take into account my biology? Well, my biology says that it's ready to deal with this.” he ran a thumb along the curve of Bill's ear. “Let's trust it just this once, okay?” Bill's body heaved forward in defeat, expression still heavy with worry.

“If I hurt you...” Bill began, but trailed off. “Sugar pine, I love you. I love you so much.” he told him, forehead pressing against Dipper's with a painful resignation. “I don't want to do this. I don't want this. Not now.” Dipper nodded, slipping his hands up and into Bill's hair. “Little tree.”

“I know.” Dipper replied softly. “I know.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Today has been rough let me tell you.

My beta for this chapter is ZoneRobotnik.

Songs for this chapter:
Anchors and Diamonds by D at Sea
Die Right Here by Sew Intricate, Joel Faviere

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Bill's heat rolled over Dipper like a steamroller; it laid him flat out on the bed, unable to breathe for a series of mind-bending, blissful moments. His chest constricted in a gasp when white-hot lips pressed an open-mouthed kiss to the base of his neck. The alpha let out a pleasant chuckle, suckling on the flesh that he'd caught in his now wandering mouth.

“I love you.” Bill murmured against the flesh. “I'm going to breed you.” He breathed, breath hot and damp against the omega's jaw. “Breed you like you deserve.” Dipper swallowed, trying to dislodge the lump that was growing in his throat. The feeling in his gut was felt like fear, but it was more...hollow. Hungry. He licked his lips, tasting the salty sweat that had gathered along the top.

The lips travelled back down Dipper's neck in a determined line, humming in delight at the taste of the younger man's skin. Claws dug into the cotton of Dipper's shirt and tugged, shredding the cloth and pulling it free from the omega's body. Pulling and tugging, he eventually got all of the restraining material out of the way of his lips and he continued down.

“In love you.” Bill repeated against the quickly darkening flesh, sucking and nipping at every piece he could reach. His hands were mapping out Dipper's skin; lightly pinching and massaging the flesh, willing him to relax. Not that it took too much convincing, now that the pheromones had sunk in. It was better this way; the more he relaxed, the easier this would be on him.

Dipper's pants were next. The omega was already beginning to self-lubricate due to the overwhelming scent of the alpha and Bill was ecstatic. His nose was pressing sharply against the soft of Dipper's stomach, nudging and bumping it as he inhaled the musky scent of his mate.

“Need to get these off.” Bill rumbled, digging his fingers underneath the hem of Dipper's pants. He tugged at them, trying to pull them down. They didn't move at first, and he let out an unhappy growl. Dipper slipped his hand down and unbuttoned his jeans for the obviously addled alpha. Bill tilted his head up and frowned at the younger man. The clawed appendages were a bit more gentle when they tugged them down now, drinking in every inch of pale skin that was revealed with his movement.

In retrospect, Dipper decided that his original fear hadn't proven itself necessary. Bill hadn't done anything incredibly harmful to him yet. Currently, he was dragging his lips over his stomach and nipping at his hip bones in possessive glee. When he finally wrangled the jeans and striped boxers from his mate, a hungry growl echoed out of his chest. The hands that had been so dedicated to removing the articles of clothing snapped up to grip his hips and drag them up. Dipper inhaled sharply and winced; the new angle strained his breathing a bit as his lower half was pulled higher than his chest.

Dipper nearly shrieked when Bill dove his face between his ass cheeks, using his nose to nudge them apart. A wet, warm tongue slid out to slide across his entrance, licking at the liquid that had gathered...
“No, Bill, that’s gross.” Dipper argued, voice lilting into a high pitched whine. Bill simply grunted and continued to lap at the liquid happily, causing his omega to squirm. It wasn’t entirely unpleasant but it was disgusting. Even though he cleaned regularly, the idea of anyone essentially making out with ass was enough to make him nauseous. Bill paused, causing Dipper to look up at him in confusion. The alpha looked conflicted; after a moment he gently placed the younger man's hips back on the bed and his hands went to fiddle with his belt.

An amused snort left Dipper as he watched the older man struggle with the leather; eventually, he managed to figure out and was almost smug as he got his pants off with a bit more ease. The omega's shoulders relaxed against the pillows as the alpha rid himself of his boxers as well.

“No, Bill, that’s gross.” Bill's voice was husky as he clambered over the younger man, lacking his normal grace. The nickname caused Dipper to shudder deliciously; if this had been any other situation, he would have laughed at the alpha's use of his nickname. Instead, he carefully rose a hand and ghosted it along the leather eyepatch. Trying not to aggravate the aggressive alpha, he slowly pulled it from its place. It slipped down onto the bed.

Everything spiralled out of control from there.

Bill's hands shoved Dipper's thighs apart, apparently not willing to wait any longer. His heavier body thudded against Dipper's in a tight pin and he was clumsily lining himself up against Dipper, breath coming to him in rough huffs. For the first time since they'd lain together intimately, Dipper had a brief burst of pain as Bill entered him. The pain wasn't excruciating by any means, but it baffled Dipper. He'd been so wet, it was hard to believe he'd felt anything.

The omega was snapped from his thoughts by a rough thrust from his alpha, who obviously had stopped caring about whether or not his omega was prepared. He set a hard, ass-reddening pace that set sparks of pain along his spine. Dipper grunted in disapproval but didn't deny the older man. Bill wrapped an arm around Dipper and let out a possessive rumble, head dropping next to Dipper's ear. “Mine.” he muttered. Dipper let out a soft groan at the word. That's why he was doing this, wasn't it? In the end it was because he was Bill's. And he wasn't talking about it in a romantic way, no. This was his duty as an omega. “You are mine.”

“Yes. All yours.” Dipper breathed as the pain receded to an ache. Bill kissed his throat almost tenderly, his free hand travelling down to rub the top of his ass crack in soothing circles. Was Bill trying to soothe him? He was so utterly confused, so many questions tumbling over themselves, begging to be answered first.

A sharp nip at his jaw made them all scatter as he was shoved into the cloth beneath him.

“Pay attention to me.” Bill let out the words in an angry snarl, claws piercing the skin on Dipper's side. Dipper let out a soft whimper and arched his neck to show his submission. Bill let out an almost relieved grunt and began to nip at the flesh, apparently too upset to reward the skin with kisses. “Need you to pay attention to me.” He whispered, nipping harder and actually causing blood to bead in tiny red pearls at the surface.

No tongue emerged to catch them and Dipper was acutely aware of them as Bill continued to pound into him, mouth pressed tightly to the base of his jaw and suckling hard. Dipper clutched at the sheets beneath him, trying to retain his grip as Bill's hips continued to rut against him; the alpha wasn't
aiming for his prostate, naturally, so he was all but missing it with every thrust. Dipper let out a groan of frustration. He'd expected some kind of pleasure from this, after all. Couldn't have everything, he guessed.

Bill's orgasm surprised the alpha as much as it did his omega. His claws dug into Dipper's side, breaking skin and slickening the pads of his fingers with his mate's blood. Dipper squirmed as they sliced into him. Not deep enough to do any damage, but damn it hurt. Like a cardboard paper cut. Bill let out a satisfied rumble as he emptied himself into the young man beneath him, finally kissing the bloodied bit of flesh on his neck as he collapsed against him. His tongue darted out to clean it, wiping any and all evidence away in careful swipes.

The alpha pulled himself from him, rubbing the hand on Dipper's side. The omega shuddered at the feeling of his own blood smearing along the skin there. The alpha started in surprise and rose his hand to look at it. He seemed to inspect it for a moment before flipping Dipper on to his side. All breath left him as he was flipped and he heaved in a shuddering breath of air; what was Bill doing now?

Bill leaned over him and cautiously sniffed at the broken flesh. Dipper was watching him carefully, still trying to catch his breath. In a sudden moment of association, he met Dipper's eyes and shrieked. He flung himself from Dipper, tumbling off the bed and on to the floor with a painful-sounding thud. Dipper scrambled up, ignoring the blunt pain that pricked at his side.

The older man looked horrified. When he saw Dipper he let out a warbling whine, rolling over on to his belly and flattening himself on the floor in fear.

"You're getting blood on the floor." Dipper told him mutely. He didn't know what was going on, but Bill was distressed. "Come back to bed." he kept his voice soft and non-threatening. Bill slowly crept over to the edge of his bed, keeping his eyes lowered. Dipper shifted back on the bed, allowing Bill space to climb back on.

Once Bill was back on the bed, Dipper found himself rolled on to his stomach. Bill was leaning down to his injured side, nosing it carefully. When Dipper didn't cry out in pain, he slid his tongue along the small cuts, washing them in his saliva. That's when it hit Dipper. Bill felt bad. One of Bill's hands began to stroke Dipper's thigh, letting out an excited trill as his omega opened them for him.

If Dipper had been baffled before, it couldn't even begin to compare to the utter disbelief that was currently occupying his mind. This was not what he'd expected. Bill had been rough during their mating; that much was obvious. He most likely would be for the rest of his heat. But the absurd gentleness when they weren't joined was insane. Bill actively didn't want to hurt him. In fact he was horrified at the very idea of it. If Dipper was in a more academic situation, he'd consider it a breakthrough in alpha-omega dynamics.

Bill's cock was nudging at his entrance again, still hard. Dipper widened his thighs and let out a soft sigh as the alpha settled back into him. Back to the expected. There was a moment of no movement as he heard a series of soft snaps above him. He frowned, not realizing what was happening until a now dull-nailed hand rested on his hip. Dipper started—did Bill bite off his nails? As the second hand came to rest on his lower back, he shuddered. He had.

"Please, forgive me." Bill whispered against his neck, chest pressing against Dipper's tightly as he began to thrust again, just as hard as before. They were oddly sane for an alpha in heat. Bill's now blunt nails dug into the flesh of Dipper's hips. The omega whimpered at Bill; the new angle gave Bill a bit more stability in the way he moved and caused his cock to slam directly against his prone mate's prostate. Dipper was panting and letting out high-pitched keens that only spurred the alpha above him on.
“Fuck.” Dipper moaned into the pillows. The fabric underneath his mouth was becoming uncomfortably soggy and he went to turn his head to have some relief. Bill's hand shot forward and slid into his hair, twisting it back so that it was pressed against the pillows. Not hard enough to suffocate him, but with enough force that no amount of struggling would break him free. He bowed his head a bit more, pressing his chin against his chest, hoping the could get away with that at least. Bill didn't seem to mind, at least.

“You bow so beautifully to me.” Bill rumbled out, breathless. Dipper catalogued that in his mind as well. Bill was fully capable of speech during his heat, it seemed like. Another thing that he wasn't supposed to be able to do. Now, it could have been an isolated case; Bill was the strangest creature he'd ever met. It would make sense for him break every single law that his biology was supposed to follow. But on the other end of the spectrum, talking about mating was so taboo that it was completely possible that it had just been swept under the rug, just like everything else.

A cracked, rumbling purr broke from Dipper's chest as the hand on his hip slid down to pet the area above his leaking cock. The constant abuse of his prostate had brought him to full attention but it wasn't enough. It was just bobbing there in between his legs, dripping and heavy. He let out an exaggerated, encouraging moan at the wandering hand; then it banked a right and wrapped across his stomach to rest on his other hip. He could feel the damn smile against the side of his neck and he wanted to curse. Of course Bill would tease him, heat or not. Dipper jolted in surprise when a purr echoed his. Bill's was stronger, of course, causing his entire back to vibrate with its powerful rumbling.

The alpha was pressing down on him, each thrust harder than the last. Dipper's stomach turned as he felt the alpha's knot press against his hole with each one and he realized that the alpha wanted to knot him. He hadn't expected it, and he sure as hell didn't want it. Bill didn't care, however, and continued on his attempts to force it into Dipper. After a few more failed attempts, his hand fumbled to take hold of Dipper's dick, giving it a few experimental pumps and causing the omega to slump down in relief; he hadn't realized that he'd been tensing up.

On Bill's next thrust, Dipper was stretched open painfully, the knot sliding into him. Bill let out a choked groan and pulled back; whether if it was to check to see if they were truly knotted or to attempt to thrust again, Dipper wasn't sure he was ever going to find out. Either way, his mind was wiped of all coherent thought moments later, letting out a broken moan over the reverberating purrs and coming into Bill's hand as the alpha poured into him from behind, trilling in absolute delight. Again, the hand lingered, drawing small, pained gasps from him as his over-sensitive cock was played with. He struggled a bit against the hold.

Bill growled at him and continued his work, mouth clamping down on the mate mark on Dipper's shoulder. It was too much. The combined pain of Bill's hand and the knot swelling inside of him was enough to make him whimper. He was going to have a serious talk with Bill when this was over with.

The alpha wiggled his hips slightly, and then carefully manoeuvered the two so that Dipper was balanced uncomfortably on Bill's lap. His legs were splayed awkwardly wide facing the headboard as Bill continued to trace patterns down his limp dick, wiping all of the cum off of it with precision. The older man's head hung over Dipper's shoulder, watching in fascination as his ministration began to be less painful and more arousing, bringing the omega back to hardness.

Dipper was huffing and puffing and there were tears in the corners of his eyes. His legs were shaking and he tried to shift himself slightly to ease the odd feeling of the knot inside of him. He couldn't explain the feeling of it; he wanted to say that it felt like he was straddling the arm of a chair, but that didn't quite convey it.
As he shifted, he felt Bill's cock, still hard and attentive, press against his thoroughly abused prostate. Bill's eyes flicked up at the resounding groan and shifted his hips so it stayed right fucking there.

“Can you stop being a jerk?” Dipper asked, knowing full well that the alpha didn't care about what he had to say. “God,” He keened, and he was rewarded with a soft slap to his thigh. “Alpha.” he tried, and Bill nuzzled his neck in approval. “Bill,” he murmured as the alpha sucked and licked at the mark on his neck with obscene, wet noises.

Dipper turned his face to try and look at the older man, maybe beg for a kiss and was met with sharp fangs biting at his jaw. He winced back; this wasn't a playful nip; this was an order for him to turn his head back. He did as he was instructed.

“Watch.” Bill murmured as if he didn't just bite his mate. His tone was reverent, as if here were admiring a piece of art work in a museum. Dipper swallowed, hard, and tilted his head down to watch Bill leisurely jack him off. “Aren't you gorgeous?” he asked. Cum from Bill's first orgasm was dripping down his thighs, and his own had painted his belly in thick white streaks. Bill's hand was covered in it. Dipper let out an aroused, shuddering breath, unable to move his eyes as the slender finger traced the tip. Bill was relaxing behind him, breath gentle and caressing. If Dipper tilted forward a bit, he could see where he and Bill were joined and gods how was the physically possible? He moaned and leaned heavily on Bill's chest. “That's right. Beautiful.” He murmured. The questions that Dipper had pushed away earlier began to arise again; his brain battled against the pleasure, finding the pursuit of answers a challenge worthy of pursuing right that instant.

Dipper dragged the balls of his feet against the silken bedspread, searching for purchase of the cotton below. He'd just had the fabric in his hands and now he was subject to the slick material. It would have been positively boner killing, considering how he'd already came. But Bill's hand was a firebrand, not letting up for a single moment. Dipper's eyes slid shut, feeling Bill shove up into him from below, testing how far he could thrust while currently locked into his mate. He let out an dissatisfied growl as Dipper tensed around him, eyelids fluttering shut as he came for a second time into the alpha's hand. This time, Bill let go of the organ once he was sure that he'd milked all he could from it, wiping his hand on Dipper's right thigh. After a moment, he tried to thrust again. Much to his disappointment, he couldn't get very far.

“You got yourself into this situation.” Dipper huffed out, trying not to sound confrontational as he came down from his high. The last thing he needed was Bill trying to rip himself from Dipper's body. “Now you have to wait.” Bill let out a soft, pleading whine. “Well, what do you want me to do about it?” he asked, arching an eyebrow even though he knew the older man couldn't see it.

Bill let out a huff and laid his forehead on Dipper's shoulder. He wasn't content to wait it out; but he also realized that he didn't have much choice in the matter. Dipper let out a soft sigh and felt the alpha nuzzle his mate mark in disappointment. It was enough to make the omega laugh at him quietly.

Curious fingers travelled down to press against the small wounds on Dipper's sides that had started to drip blood again. Bill wiped the blood away from the wounds carefully. Because of their current situation, he couldn't dip his head down to lick at them like he had earlier, so he did his best to clean them substantially.

“Won't hurt you again.” Bill murmured huskily into Dipper's ear. Dipper lolled his head back against Bill's shoulder, letting the alpha take all of his weight, trying his best not to shift his lower body too much. “Gonna breed you.” His normally impeccable English slurred a bit. “Gonna breed you.” He whispered again, nipping at the mate mark. Dipper had no doubt of that.
Oi! This tuckered me out!

My beta for this chapter was ZoneRobotnik.

Songs for this chapter:
La La Lainey by Forever The Sickest Kids
Hands Down by Dashboard Confessional

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Dipper awoke to the feeling of covers being tucked neatly around him; he didn't move for a moment, trying to locate all of his thoughts before attempting to do anything. There was the soft scraping of cloth against wood, causing him to stir underneath the blankets.

“Be still.” Bill's voice was small and pained, coming from the side of the bed. Dipper frowned; he should be on the bed, not the floor. “During my heat I tore you; nothing substantial but it needs to heal. It's better if you don't move around too much.”

“Bill.” Dipper's voice was a croaked whisper. He reached his fingers out into the dark beside him, searching for the blonde haired man. Slender fingers grasped his carefully, rubbing a thumb along Dipper's knuckles. “Get up here.”

“I don't deserve to lay in the same bed as you.” Bill replied quietly. “I don't even deserve to look at you.”

“You're overreacting.” Dipper told him sternly, voice strengthening with each word that left his lips. “I mean, no, I can't move. But, I was expecting a lot worse.” He added, wondering why it was so dark in their bedroom.

“And what does that say about me? What does that say about your perception about me?” Bill asked in a hiss. “That you were expecting worse than what I've done to you--” His voice cut off in a choked noise, not quite a sob but not emotionless either. “--God take me.”

“No 'God' is taking you anywhere.” Dipper told him, annoyed. A steady ache was building in his body, and he wanted to get back to sleep before it turned into pain. “Get on the bed before I have to get off of it.” This got Bill to his feet, hand pressing down on Dipper's shoulder.

“You are not getting up.” Bill told him harshly. “You are staying in this bed until I deem you fit to leave it, understand?” Dipper frowned, pressing up against the hand trying to pin him down.

“Is it too much to ask for a little bit of comfort?” Dipper asked, exaggerating the misery and pain in his voice. This seemed to snap Bill from his reluctance to climb on the bed.

“Dipper, I'm sorry. I should have realized.” Bill's voice had dropped back down, back to being filled with self-hatred. His hand left Dipper's shoulder and he could hear the sound of Bill undressing from whatever little clothes he'd pulled on.

It took way too long, in Dipper's opinion, for the other side of the bed to depress. A strong arm wrapped around his middle, trying not to jostle him too much. Dipper let out a sigh of relief, closing his eyes. Bill tentatively nosed Dipper's shoulder.

“Mm?” Dipper turned his head towards Bill and was rewarded with a gentle, apologetic kiss. “Why is it so dark in here?” he asked.

“Black out curtains.” Bill replied, now actively pressing soft kisses to Dipper's lips and cheeks. “I was afraid the light might wake you. You need to sleep.” He pressed their foreheads together. “I love
you, Dipper. Thank you for doing so much for me. I don't deserve this.”

“I know you do.” The omega answered with a sleepy smile. “And you did the same for me when I was in heat. It really wasn't as bad as you're thinking. You only get to see the aftermath, after all.” He tilted his body, trying to roll on to his side so he could press his face against Bill's chest.

“You haven't seen yourself. You look like a domestic abuse victim.” Bill murmured, allowing Dipper the space to roll over. It took a bit of effort and some help from Bill, but eventually he made it into the position that he wanted. “As soon as my doctor gets here, I'm ordering heat suppressants.” Dipper's eyebrows furrowed. Bill was overreacting.

“Doctor?” Dipper questioned. “Bill, you shouldn't be put on suppressants just because you don't think I can handle this.” Bill's hand ghosted down his side, pressing lightly against the bandaged cuts on his side. “Stop that, those aren't even that bad.”

“Dipper, when I came to, your entire side and neck was covered in blood.” Bill inhaled sharply. “I thought I had killed you.”

“My neck?” Dipper went to raise a hand to feel it, but Bill bat his hand back down. “The cuts probably opened when we were having sex. Not a big deal. They aren't infected, are they?”

“Not to my knowledge; Lana cleaned them and bandaged them.” He pressed his face into Dipper's neck. “I apparently bit you multiple times along your mate mark and shoulder as well.”

“Bill, you can't blame yourself for something you did while you were mentally indisposed.” Dipper told him, lightly wrapping an arm around Bill's waist. “I don't blame you.” It hurt, but he tilted his head up to press a kiss to Bill's jaw. The pain was nagging at him now; every inch of his body started to murmur angrily at him.

“Go to sleep.” Bill repeated again. “You're not ready to do too much moving around or asking questions.” Warm lips brushed Dipper's forehead. The omega grunted in response, trying to push aside the pain so he could revel in the sanity and overbearing nature of his alpha. It was a comfort to know that things were finally back to as normal as they could be.

“Augh, Bill, get off.” Dipper groaned at the older man, who had draped himself over the smaller man. Bill woke up with a start, blinking sleepily.

“Sugar pine?” He mumbled out, squinting at the younger man. Dipper smacked at him weakly, fingers brushing his cheek.

“Shot.” He grunted. The alpha, even not in heat, was crazy warm. “Way too hot for you to be laying all over me like that.” Bill rolled off of him with a grunt, stretching out on his side of the bed as he woke up.

“How are you feeling?” Bill asked gently when he was awake enough, inching up so that he could brush Dipper's bangs back and press his hand to the younger man's forehead. Dipper tried to push his hand away.

“Like you pushed me down a rocky hill. While laughing.” Dipper groaned at him. He went to turn over, but thought better of it when the subtle ache in his hips sparked up in pain. Bill let out a whimper at the younger man's resounding yelp.
“Stop moving.” Bill told him quietly. “You're going to make it worse.” He climbed off of the bed. “You need to eat something; I'll be right back.” Dipper tilted his head towards the door, eyebrows climbing on his face at the sound of the door; a dim light poured in and then disappeared as the alpha slipped out. Looking around, he noticed that the alarm clock had also been unplugged.

“I'll be right back.” Dipper mocked, turning his head to stare into the darkness of the room. The black was impenetrable; the curtains made it seem like time itself wasn't real. In fact, it made it seem like he wasn't real. If not for the pain that was working it's way through his body in tremble-inducing shock waves, he might have questioned his own existence.

Dipper liked it. The feeling of being swallowed up by the void that surrounded him. The heavy comforter layered on top of him and the sound of the clock on the wall were a quiet serenade when mixed with Bill's breathing. His eyes began to slide closed before his heart stuttered in fear. Bill wasn't in the room. What the hell was breathing beside him. He refused to look, swallowing hard.

“There's nothing there.” he told himself aloud. There was no response, and he let his shoulders relax back against the sheets. He was just tired, sore, and prone to imagining things.

“Hey.” A voice muttered and Dipper screamed, scrambling to get out of the bed before who or what was in it with him decided to speak again. The door slammed open, light pouring into the room and over Dipper's side of the bed. The light pricked at Dipper's eyes but he didn't care; he couldn't care. He was too busy falling on to the floor, scrambling for the strength to stand and lurch towards the open doorway. Towards his husband. Towards Bill.

“Dipper? Sugar pine?” Bill crossed the room in lengthy strides, bending down and scooping the aching omega up and on to his feet when he reached him. “What's wrong?” Dipper's nails scrambled against Bill's bare chest, heart trying to punch through his chest. “Darling, little tree, sweetheart, calm down.” He murmured, arms closing tightly around him.

“Something in the bed.” Dipper wheezed, pressing his naked form against Bill. “There was something in the bed and it talked to me.” Bill immediately took a step back, pulling Dipper back with him. Lana was bustling in behind the two, quickly placing the tray of food in her arms on the end table. The lights flicked on.

“Lana.” Bill's voice was an order in itself. The maid nodded and approached the bed, full of malicious intent for whatever had bothered Dipper's rest. She tugged back the covers, and upon finding nothing there, she bent down and flipped the bed skirt up.

“What did the voice sound like?” Lana asked, standing up and rounding the bed to check the other side of the room for intruders. “Could you recognize it if you heard it again?” Dipper nodded, unable to say anything more. They were taking him seriously, and it spoke leagues for the omega's comfort. Cradled against Bill's chest, his breathing began to return to normal.

“The window.” Bill pointed out, pulling Dipper's face against his chest so he couldn't look. The omega didn't even try and resist. Lana made a soft noise of distress. “The curtain's torn, isn't it?”

“And open on the other side.” Lana confirmed. “It would taken an almost inhuman amount of speed and stealth to have gotten through this window before we entered the room.” She told him carefully.

“Well, I didn't hobble my ass over there and open them.” Dipper snapped at Lana. Bill lightly tapped the back of his head. Dipper's cheeks heated up in embarrassment. “Sorry.” He muttered. “I didn't mean that.”

“You're quite alright.” Lana told him gently. She turned her attention back to Bill. “It's highly
unlikely that it's anything supernatural. But birds cannot open windows that have been latched from
the inside either.”

“Are you suggesting that birds can open latched windows?” Bill questioned, and Dipper could hear
him trying not to smile. He rolled his eyes. She must have given the older man a disapproving look,
because he cleared his throat. “What do you think we're dealing with?”

“In my opinion, a practical joke gone wrong.” Lana told him, voice dropping. “Nobody is stupid
enough to break in here, after all. Since it's near impossible that they escaped out of the window, I'd
say our new prankster is still in here.” There was something cold in her voice. “But that's simply a
theory.”

“What's going on in here? I wasn't aware that we were throwing a party at two in the morning.”
Leonardo asked, voice rich with merriment. Dipper could hear the small growl that rumbled through
Bill's chest. “Dipper? Shouldn't you be in bed?” The concern was evident.

“Bill, I'm very naked and your father just walked in.” Dipper hissed. Bill pressed a kiss to the
younger man's forehead.

“Bring something for Dipper to dress in.” Bill ordered. Lana nodded and turned to open the drawer
at the bottom of the armoire. She began to paw through it for something to dress Dipper in.

“Someone came in through the window.” Bill told him curtly as Lana came over with a pair of old
shorts that Dipper was sure he'd never seen before. Lana was assisting Dipper in dragging them over
the Dipper's hips when Leonardo spoke again.

“You're kidding me.” Leonardo announced, baffled by what his son had said. “Someone came in
through the window?”

“We believe they're still in the room, sir.” Lana told him, giving Dipper a reassuring hug. For a single
moment, Dipper considered himself to be the safest man in the world, sandwiched between the two.
Then Lana pulled away to more directly address the older man. Dipper tilted his head up to look at
Bill, who was looking over his shoulder.

“For fuck's sake, the guards were hired for a reason.” Leonardo's footsteps were heavy as they
rounded Bill. “Was Dipper accosted?”

“No. The only injuries he's sustained were from my heat.” Bill replied, keeping his tight grip on his
omega.

“What are the use of guards if they can't guard? It's in their name.” Leonardo muttered, getting a
snort from Dipper. He turned to face the couple. “Dipper, are you alright?” He asked the omega
directly this time.

“Yes.” His response was muffled by Bill pushing his head back against the alpha's chest. He
wrapped his arms around the older man, locking them there so as to let Bill know he had no plans of
escape. Bill's grip didn't ease around him all the same. “As okay as I'm going to be.” Another kiss to
his forehead.

“Good, good. Lana, I trust that you can keep watch while I do a thorough sweep of the room?”
Leonardo asked the maid.

“Yes sir.” She replied, prompt and punctual as if she hadn't just woken up. If she had been, of
course. Dipper still remembered the last time they'd had an incident in the evening, Lana had been up
doing her 'duties'. Whatever those were.
“Put me down!” Dipper demanded as he felt himself hoisted up into the air by Bill. Being cradled in the strong arms relieved a bit of the pain in his legs, but it was embarrassing. To their credit, Lana and Leonardo didn't even blink. Dipper's eyes shot away from Leonardo's half-naked form immediately. The last thing he needed was to be sexually attracted to Bill's father, after all. For a man supposedly in his fourties, Leonardo looked down right powerful in a way that Bill could never pull off.

His mind took a minute to contemplate this. Both Bill and Leonardo reminded him of the muscled, stalwart cats of the jungle. Even Erin had shown a sort of feline grace in the way that he moved; it could have been coincidence. Dipper would have to watch his sister the next time he saw her and see if he was just ignoring her mannerisms because he'd gotten used to them.

“You can't walk, and I'm not dragging you down the stairs.” Bill told him deftly. “We're going to the kitchen. Alert us when you've either found the intruder or cleared the room.” This was directed at Lana more than Bill's father. Bill was out of the room almost as soon as the words left his mouth, carefully holding Dipper in his arms so he didn't jostle him. “We're going to take care of this little tree, don't you worry. No one's going to touch my sugar pine.”

Chapter End Notes

Well hello!!
Sorry about this being late!

ZoneRobotnik is my beta for this chapter.

Song for this chapter:
Love Me Blind by Thick As Thieves

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“I'm sorry.” Bill apologized as he shifted on the kitchen chair. Dipper was sitting in his lap, legs on either side of the older man's hips. It wasn't particularly uncomfortable due to the current state of his body, but it was nice to be near Bill. “Are you comfortable?” He murmured, pressing a kiss to the base of the omega's jaw.

“Mm. Comfortable as I'm going to be.” Dipper replied, pressing his cheek against Bill's shoulder. Bare fingers were loosely cupping his thighs, briefly disengaging to stroke them in reverence. “Why do you always smell so nice?” He asked. Bill let out a snort.

“Probably because I bathe on a daily basis. That's probably why you smell nice too.” Bill told him, turning his head to press a kiss to Dipper's temple. “What a wonderful thing running water is.”

“Not really the time for you to mouth off.” Dipper grumbled, raising his head to kiss his alpha. The older man let out the beginning of a purr, the noise raising out of his chest like the crackling of static. He returned the kiss without pause.

“How are you feeling?” Bill asked, nosing his cheek. Dipper had fallen back asleep for an hour or two, only to be waken up to the older man talking in a hushed voice to his father. Leonardo hadn't stuck around very long, leaving as soon as he realized that Dipper had awoken.

“Not too good.” Dipper answered honestly. “My lower back is on fire.” Bill let out a grunt of malcontent. “And it's making me a bit nauseous.” One of Bill's hands slid up to gently rub Dipper's back in soothing circles.

“I'm sorry.” Bill repeated. “We'll get you back into bed here soon, alright?” he murmured, kissing up his mate's jaw with gentle pecks. “The clinic called. They want us to come in today; they refused to say anything over the phone.” Dipper groaned and pressed his forehead against Bill's collarbone. “I know, I know.” Bill told him, hushing him. “I know that you're not feeling very well. We don't have to go. I was just making you aware.”

“We should go.” Dipper told him. Gentle kisses were making their way down his neck. “You know, they say that the morning after pill can work up to one-hundred and twenty hours after sexual intercourse. Since you and I have both had our heat cycles, we could get contraceptives.”

“Dipper, if you are not feeling well enough to go out, then we aren't going to.” Bill told him resolutely. “I won't have you hurting yourself any further than I have.” The omega rolled his eyes.

“Would you stop your ridiculous pity party?” Dipper demanded, pushing himself up to look into Bill's eye. “Seriously. I wanted to help you during your heat and I did.” he carefully lifted a hand, pushing back the nausea that roiled up at his movement. “You gave me a choice and I decided that I want you. That's why I did it.”

“You're so selfish.” Bill breathed, staring up at him. A wicked grin split his face naught but a second later. “Told you that you'd fall in love with me.” he breathed, tilting his face up. Dipper leaned away from him, arching an eyebrow.
“I never said that I loved you. I said I want you.” Dipper corrected. Bill chuckled at him, a delicious, joyous noise.

“Ah, I forgot. Those three little words are so important just the way they are, aren't they?” Bill questioned, kissing the tip of Dipper's nose. “Very well. Perhaps I'll try again another day, hm?” Dipper shrugged and leaned forward to press a kiss to the scarring around Bill's eye. In all the commotion, he hadn't retrieved his eye patch. “Do you really want to go to the clinic?”

“Yeah. I'd like to get my sore butt on contraceptives as soon as possible.” Dipper told him, wincing as pain laced through the muscles in his back. “Speaking of sore, you know what would make me feel better?”

“Percocet?” Bill suggested, pulling a laugh from Dipper.

“No. Well, I mean, yes.” He shifted a bit, getting a concerned grunt from his alpha.

“I can get you some.” He offered, fingers returning to their soothing massage. Dipper shook his head.

“I think I'll survive.” He told the older man, leaning back down to lay his cheek against Bill's heated flesh.

“Then what else can I do to make you feel better?” Bill murmured, mouth close to his omega's ear. “Name it. I'll do anything.” Dipper swung one of his legs gently, pulling his bottom lip into his mouth and ran his teeth along it before answering.

“How'd you really lose your eye?” Dipper asked; Bill froze underneath him. A few agonizingly slow seconds ticked by, the silence only interrupted by the alpha clearing his throat.

“I...should really think before I speak.” He finally said, squeezing the one thigh he still had hold of. “You are very devious, using my nurturing nature to steal all my secrets.” Dipper smiled coyly at him, getting a sigh. “You are so beautiful.” Bill muttered in defeat.

“And you owe me a story.” He told Bill, before closing his eyes. “Come on. Tell me.” He poked at Bill's side, getting a snort of laughter.

“Do you really want to hear it? It's not a fun story.” Bill warned, voice low and bordering on pained. “You aren't going to like it.”

“I want to know everything about you.” Dipper replied. The alpha grumbled something intelligible in response. He took a deep, steadying breath.

“I've always been an odd person. And children are cruel. They often made fun of me, you know.” He was still stroking Dipper's back, but his muscles were tense. “You'd think that we'd all of been friends, as wealthy and well-mannered as we pretended to be. But we were not.” Another deep, steadying breath. “I think her name was Sydney. It's been so long now, it's a bit hard to remember.”

“You can't remember the name of the girl who did this to you? I'm guessing you aren't the vengeful type.” Dipper told him, voice slightly muffled. Bill let out a soft hum at his question.

“Perhaps I am the vengeful type but I've already got my revenge?” He responded, quieting the omega. “It was chemistry class. She was a bit older than me and had attained the title of teacher's assistant. That meant she had the key to the chemical closet.” Horror was beginning to grow inside of Dipper's chest.
“No.” He told the alpha, voice a quiet murmur. He felt Bill nod.

“Sydney never liked me. I don't know why. Perhaps I broke the mould a bit too much.” Bill shrugged underneath Dipper. “So, one day she was feeling a bit vindictive. Or at least I hope she wasn't simply feeling like maiming a fourteen year old, anyway. I do remember where I was, even if her name isn't very clear.”

“Oh my god, Bill-” Dipper began, but Bill quieted him again.

“I was in the cafeteria, eating lunch. Mother had actually made my lunch that day. She'd felt spontaneous I suppose. Tuna fish. Always have hated seafood.” he shuddered. “But mother made it, you know? And you are always supposed to eat what mother makes.” The hand on Dipper's back traveled up to play with the curls at the base of Dipper's neck. “I was about to take a bite of my sandwich when a hand slid into my hair and yanked my head back. I let out a shout of surprise, and then pain. Then I remembered nothing.” Dipper moved his body back up so he could look at Bill. “I fell back into her; knocked her and I to the floor. I hit my head and blacked out, only to wake up in the hospital.”

Dipper couldn't bring himself to speak, only to stare. Bill didn't look sad; he looked indifferent to the entire story. But he refused to look Dipper in the eye all the same.

“I couldn't see out of my left eye. I panicked, I screamed, I shook the entire bed. What on earth had happened? After they'd explained it to me, explained that I'd never see out of my eye again, I was furious. How dare that bitch steal my sight from me?” Bill shook his head, chuckling without mirth. “Hydrofluoric acid, if you're wondering. I suppose I'm a bit more broken then I let on, hm?”

“Broken? Bill, you aren't broken.” Dipper snapped, sharper than intended. “There is nothing wrong with you. At all.” he rose his hands to cup Bill's face, turning it so he could stare into the hard lines of the alpha's face. They were curved into troubled folds.

“You only say that out of pity.” Bill told him softly before closing his eyes. “But after the incident I was home schooled. By Alessa. I was shut off from the world. I didn't want it. In a matter of days, it had become such a terrifying place to me. It was such a sudden betrayal; what if something similar happens when I'm out there? With you? To you?” He opened his eyes once more, staring into Dipper's.

“Bill.” Dipper murmured softly, leaning forward, resting his forehead against the older man's. “I'm not expecting you to jump back into society. You don't have to, and I'm not going to make you.” A weak trill erupted Bill's lips at this. “You have every right to be paranoid and scared.” he brushed his thumb against the mottled, chemically burned skin and swallowed. “But you're a force of nature now, Bill. Look at you. You're powerful, not only in name but in form.” He ran his hands down Bill's neck and over his shoulders.

“I just tried to breed you for four days in a row. Getting me hard is the exact opposite of what you should be doing.” Bill teased weakly.

“Get your mind out of the gutter and keep your dick in your pants.” Dipper ordered flatly.

“At least keep it in your pants while you're in the kitchen.” Lana suggested from the doorway, causing both men to turn their heads to look at her. “Your mother could walk in at any moment, master. I don't think that she'd appreciate the view as much as Dipper would.” Dipper's cheeks immediately heated up, temporarily staining his face a bright red.

“Bah, my dick is a work of art.” Bill disagreed, worry melting from his face. “Would you make sure
that the car is ready? We're going for a drive here shortly.”

“Drive? Dipper isn't in any shape--” Lana began. She stopped short at the look on Dipper's face.

“The clinic has the blood test results back.” Bill told her. “They don't want to reveal the information over the phone. Dipper and I are not only curious about the results, but we are also interested in contraceptives—if there is a chance that we can prevent pregnancy, then we're going to take it. But we can't wait too much longer, Lana. Surely you understand.” Lana head bowed, not as much of a nod as a muted acceptance. Dipper narrowed his eyes at her; she continued to become more and more curious as the days went on.

“Yes, master, of course. I'll bring the car around.” She gave a short bow, eyes flicking to Dipper.

“I have a bit of shopping for you to do today; get you out of this dreadful house.” Bill told her. “There should be an updated list on your PDA.”

“Ah, yes. I took a look at it a few minutes ago. Getting started on wedding purchases, I see?” The corner of her mouth twitched up in obvious amusement. Bill waved her off and she couldn't help to let her smirk blossom into a full-blown smile. “I will return in a moment, master.”

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhh I had to work today :(

My beta for this chapter was ZoneRobotnik.

Song for this chapter:
Stardust by New Politics

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When the couple reached the vehicle, there was a heavy quilt tucked and layered over the passenger seat of the car, presumably to make it more comfortable for the aching omega. Dipper, at least, appreciated it. The cloth was soft and kind to his bruised form.

“How are you feeling?” Bill asked as he buckled the younger man in. He was granted a warm smile from his omega.

“Better than I was.” Dipper told him, stretching up. As if reading his mind, Bill leaned down to give him a chaste kiss. In this instance, he enjoyed the doting nature of his alpha. He chased Bill's lips as they left, receiving a chuckle and another gentle peck.

“As much as I'd love to stand here and kiss you all day, that's not the reason I've packed you in the car.” Bill told him, bumping their noses together playfully. Bill pulled himself away from Dipper and shut his door. The omega crossed his arms over his chest, staring the alpha down as he rounded the car.

The road was altogether too bumpy for Dipper to enjoy it. With every slight dip, his back twinged in discomfort. Bill wasn't oblivious to this, trying his best to avoid the potholes on the road. It was the thought that counted, Dipper supposed. Leaning forward, he fiddled with the radio, annoyed at the distinct lack of anything decent.

“I can't wait to move out of this hole-in-the-wall.” Dipper muttered underneath his breath. Bill removed a hand from the wheel to place it on Dipper's, entwining their fingers and pulling the digits away from the knob. Patsy Cline again, sad and lovesick as ever, tittered out of the radio as Bill lifted Dipper's hand to his face, brushing his lip across the knuckles.

“I can't wait to start my new life with you, out of this hole-in-the-wall.” Bill remarked quietly against the flesh, never taking his eye off the road. “Think about it, little tree. You and me, five, maybe ten years down the road.”

“Still gross and sappy as ever?” Dipper questioned, voice void of heat. Bill's lips were soft and worshipping against his skin. “I think I can aspire to that.” The alpha let out a soft trill. “Not to ruin the mood, but did Leonardo or Lana find anything in our room?” The word 'our' still threatened to stick in his throat. He cleared it quietly.

“No.” Bill answered, laying their joined hands down on the console between them. “Which is horrifying in its own right.” He leaned forward, squinting at the road. “I would suggest putting bars on the windows, but I would hate for an emergency to come up that would require it to be a viable escape route.”

“I'm assuming you mean something like a fire.” Dipper supplied, not liking how Bill ended his sentence. Bill let his shoulders rise and fall in a disquieting shrug. “You do mean something like a fire, right?”
“If that makes you feel better, yes.” Bill told him, leaning back against his seat once more. “But who knows. Maybe we'll elope in the middle of the night?” He teased, running his thumb across the back of Dipper's hand.

“You can't elope if you're already legally married.” Dipper told him. The sky was a pale grey, not yet close to threatening rain. A mist, maybe. “I think that's just called running away.” Bill scoffed at him.

“You have to be the most logical being I've ever met.” Bill told him, shaking his head. Dipper resisted the urge to disconnect their hands and flick the older man in the face. “My father's contacted the police department; they're looking into the break-in. But since we're rather wealthy and closed off from the community, you can imagine how poorly they're investigating the case.”

“Shouldn't it be the other way around?” Dipper inquired, eyebrows raising in concern. “I thought rich citizens had the local government in their pocket.”

“Only in books and films, and this is neither.” Bill sighed. “Unfortunately. Imagine how easy our lives would be if we knew how everything played out, hm? No need to worry.”

“That'd be boring.” Dipper replied; the shock at the omega's answer was evident on Bill's face.

“You are full of surprises, my little tree.” the alpha announced, unable to regain his composure. “Not wanting a comfortable, carefully planned-out life? What have you done with my sugar pine?” he teased.

“Just because I base a lot of my reasoning on logic doesn't mean I want to be a homebody.” Dipper argued, nose crinkling in distaste at the very word. “I want to experience the world. Go on adventures.” Bill was smiling now, so Dipper continued, flipping Bill's hand over so he could examine the dull fingernails. “Chase monsters, fight in daring battles to save the world. Do you think I could balance that with school?” He questioned. Bill slipped his hand out of Dipper's so he could run his fingers down Dipper's jaw.

“I think that with your personality and my pocketbook, you can do just about anything you set your mind on. Goodness knows that I'm not going to stop you.” He pet the omega's cheek. “I think that after I finish this book, we should go on a honeymoon overseas. Do you need to renew your passport?”

“No. I went to Europe last year.” Dipper told him, leaning into the hand. For some reason, he felt the need to simply be close to Bill. His touch was a safety blanket, surrounding and shooing away his fears. “Why overseas?”

“To follow adventure, after all.” Bill answered, bringing his hand back to the wheel. “I'm sure we could squeeze in a bit of time before you race off to Princeton, hm?”

“Maybe.” Dipper agreed, settling back into his seat. But in his mind, a different answer echoed. An indisputable yes.

“Bill, you are not carrying me inside.” Dipper argued, pressing himself against the seat. He couldn't actually fight the older man off, but if Bill expected him to go quietly...

“Well, you aren't walking.” Bill informed him, leaning his head into the passenger seat, arms braced on the door frame. “You either get carried by me or I get a wheelchair from inside.” The omega narrowed his eyes in obvious rebellion.
“I'll take the wheelchair.” He finally told Bill. “At least there's a bit of dignity in that.”

“I feel very dignified when carrying you.” The alpha told him, pushing off of the vehicle. “You stay right there.”

“Where am I going to go?” Dipper asked, voice projected at Bill's back as he turned. The alpha shook his head, shoulder shaking in laughter. “That's what I thought.” Dipper tacked on in a quiet mutter, crossing his arms over his chest.

Bill returned rather quickly with the wheelchair, smiling as if he'd won a game show. Dipper couldn't help but roll his eyes at the older man's obvious glee.

“Your chariot, your lordship.” Bill teased, parking it beside the open car door. Strong arms slid up and underneath the quilt, dislodging it and bringing it with Dipper as he lifted him into the air. The omega let out a squeak and attempted to flail but Bill held him close. “You shouldn't move around so much. Not in your state.”

“I'm not going to break.” Dipper argued as he was lowered into the chair. “I'm a person, not a vase.”

“Regardless of whether you are a person or a vase, you are still a piece of art and will be treated with the same delicacy.” Bill told him, leaning down so he could press a warm kiss to Dipper's temple. “Speaking of artwork, that rare books exhibition is going to be open for a few weekends.” Dipper's eyes widened at the words.

“I'm so excited.” He breathed, leaning his head back to stare at Bill. “We have to go this weekend.”

“We are not.” Bill told him, pressing the small, silver handicapped button. “After our little escapade today, you're going to be put on bed-rest until you can move without wincing.” Dipper groaned in protest, shuddering as the door opened and a warm breath of air brushed over him.

The building was empty of patients, though it was not completely surprising. It seemed that they were expected; the nurse stood from behind the desk as soon as they entered, casting a concerned look over Dipper. He rose a hand in greeting.

“Hello.” He told her with a bright smile. Her eyes travelled up to Bill, full of a cautious judgement.

“It's nice to see you again, Dipper.” She greeted, ignoring the older man. Bill pouted heavily, leaning against the handlebars of the wheelchair. “The physician would like to see you.” Her eyes darted up to Bill. There was no fear in her eyes; Dipper briefly wondered if she knew who she was dealing with. “Alone.”

“Alone?” Dipper questioned in unison with Bill. She nodded, stance becoming braver, more aggressive as she looked up at the alpha. Dipper looked between the two; Bill was either oblivious to the tension between the two, or he was choosing to ignore it.

“I suppose there's no harm in it.” Bill told her, taking a step back from the wheelchair and offering it to her. She slipped into the space easily, gripping the handles tightly enough to turn her knuckles white. Dipper was thoroughly confused at the exchange.

“Please, take a seat.” The nurse instructed, not looking up at the older man. Bill rose an eyebrow and rounded the wheelchair, shooting a questioning look at his mate. Dipper shrugged at him, equally unsure of what was going on. “I'm sure that this won't take too long.”
“What was all that about?” Dipper questioned as he was wheeled into the empty room. It was bright in contrast to the rapidly darkening sky outside. The omega pursed his lips as the nurse didn't reply to his question.

“She doesn’t like working on Sundays.” A woman in a white lab coat bustled into the room. Her purple-framed glasses were sitting askew on her face as she flipped through the chart in her hands. “Nor alphas, for that matter.”

“That's obvious.” Dipper remarked dryly. The doctor chuckled at him, sitting down on the hard seat opposite him. She seemed drained; as if she hadn't had a good night's rest in a long while.

“My name is Dr. Bones. But Bones is fine.” Bones greeted, clutching the clipboard in her hands tightly. Almost as tight as the nurse had gripped the handles on his chair. “It's a pleasure to meet you face to face.”

“That's not exactly confidence inspiring.” Dipper told her, trying to force a bit of mirth into his otherwise tepid voice. With the strained smile on her face, he knew he wasn't in for good news. “So, exactly how illegal is my life about to get?” He asked. Bones let out a soft chuckle, shaking her head.

“You aren't pregnant, Mason.” She told him, flipping through his chart once more. Her lips pursed, thinning and pressing into a tight line. “Oh no, that's not the problem we've encountered, you see. A pregnancy wouldn't have required me to be called in on my only day off.”

“Dipper. That's what I prefer. I feel like we're about to get to know each other pretty well, after all.” Dipper told her with an anxious smile, running his hands over the armrests underneath his hands. The black plastic was worn and quickly warming underneath his ministrations.

“Well, let's start with the fact that you aren't pregnant. Congratulations.” Bones told him. She unclipped a few of the papers from the clipboard and laid them on her lap. She then handed the board to Dipper, who took it with cautious, careful hands.

“Divorce papers?” The words were a whisper that came from the back of his throat. Bones nodded, hands folding underneath her chin. She refused to meet Dipper's eyes. Dipper's eyes shot down to look at the papers once more. Arranged marriages were extremely difficult to dissolve. He scanned the papers, eyes falling on the box that said 'allegations'.

**Inability to conceive.**

The clipboard shook, the fell from his hands. It bounced off his lap and onto the floor with a wooden clatter. Bones eyes shut tightly at the sound, as if it physically pained her.

“I'm sorry.” She told him, unable to open her eyes. “I'm so sorry.”

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**Chapter End Notes**

Did you have fun?

My lovely beta for this chapter was ZoneRobotnik

Song for this chapter:
Left Behind by Dagames

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There was silence between the two of them for a good ten minutes; Dipper carefully leaned down and picked the clipboard back up. Hands now steady enough to hold on to it, he carefully peeled the first page up to peek at the second one.

No signatures. Relief swept through Dipper as he found the amassed paperwork was littered in blank boxes. His heart returned to its safe and steady beat within his chest, no longer banging against his ribs like a frightened bird.

“It's required by the government that we give the option of divorce to both the alpha and the omega once you are tested infertile.” Bones explained, answering Dipper's question before he had the chance to ask. “Normally we tell the alpha first, but I think that it'd be better if we discuss your options without Bill present.”

“Why?” Dipper intoned; Bill was fairly rational, after all. Bones took a deep breath, meeting Dipper's eyes. Her mouth was set in a grim line.

“It's common for alphas to become violent when they find out their partner is infertile.” the doctor told him. Dipper blinked in confusion. Bill, violent? There was no way that the older man would ever do anything to hurt the omega. Not on purpose. “I don't know much about Bill. He seems like a decent man. But...” She looked at Dipper, eyes ghosting over his bruised frame.

“Oh, no.” Dipper held up his hands to stop her from presuming the worst. “Bill just came out of his heat, actually.” Bones rose an eyebrow and Dipper blushed, fiddling with his fingers. Her shoulders relaxed a bit and she let out a sigh. The omega could tell that she didn't completely believe him.

“That would explain why he was reluctant to bring you in. We feared the worst.” Bones lifted a hand to scrub at her eye, attempting to shove away some of the exhaustion that had been encompassing her for the entirety of the visit. “You don't know how many omegas come in here in similar conditions, but not because their alpha was in heat.” She sounded so empty, so tired.

“I can imagine.” Dipper told her, mouth tasting bitter. “Domestic abuse between alpha and omega pairings are at an all new high this year. It's risen five percent since last September.” Bones nodded at him, folding her hands back in front of her.

“It's good to know some of my patients keep themselves updated. And those cases are only the ones that are reported. Most of them are long after we can help the victim.” She shook her head. “And I know that you're claiming this is just heat-related—and god do I want to believe you.” Bones tapped her forefingers against her lips. “But I want you to answer a question first; as honestly as you can.”

“I don't see why I'd lie.” Dipper told her.

“Do you think that there's any possibility that Bill could get upset at this news? Angry?” She asked, looking him dead in the eye. “If there's even the slightest bit of fear in your mind that he might act out at this information, then I'm begging you to take those papers and sign them.” There was a banging outside of the room, causing the two of them to jump. Dipper's eyes were turned towards the small white door protecting him from the outside hall. “We can call security and get you out of here.
without ever seeing him again.” Bones continued softly, eyes focused on the door. “I don’t want you to become a statistic, Dipper.”

Dipper took a moment to really think about what she asked him. It was only fair. It was a big question. He shuffled though his memories, trying to find some reason that Bill might be upset or aggressive when hearing that his omega was unable to bear children. As the days Dipper had spent with the alpha welled up in his mind, he realized how colourful they were. They may have been spent locked up in that old mansion, sometimes without company, but they were warm. They felt like home. Just like Bill.

“Bill would never hurt me.” Dipper finally told the doctor, locking his fingers together. He fought away the blush that tried to stain his cheeks. Bones inhaled deeply, then straightened herself. She stood up from her chair and walked over to the counter to the side, shuffling through the drawers. When she returned, she was holding a business card.

“I believe you.” Bones told him, holding the small white rectangle out to Dipper. “But take this, just in case. If you suddenly feel threatened, don’t hesitate to call the number on the bottom of the card.” The omega could hear an argument breaking out in the lobby, and he wondered if it was Bill fighting with the secretary. Looking down at the light, flimsy piece of cardboard, his throat tightened. A battered omega hotline number was neatly printed in a black, professional font.

“Thank you.” Dipper whispered, before tucking it away in his pocket. “Who do you think is making all that ruckus out there?” He teased. Bones shook her head at him and returned to the counter that had held the business card. She picked up the scuffed grey phone and placed it to her ear, pressing against the keypad almost leisurely.

“Hello? Julie? Yes. Yes, I know, I can hear him out there.” Bones replied, being barraged with questions as soon as the secretary picked up on the other side of the phone. “Send him on back.” Dipper strained to hear the secretary's reply, but couldn't from where he sat. If he knew Bill, things were about to get very, very interesting.

Dipper expected Bill to be angry, when he first came into the room. Instead, a solemn, reserved expression was painted over his normally cheerful demeanour. He paused beside Dipper's chair and dipped down, pressing a gentle kiss to his cheek.

“Hey.” He murmured, voice barely above a whisper.

“Hey, handsome.” Dipper murmured back; had they even told Bill why they had been called in? Bill straightened himself, nodding at Bones.

“It’s good to see you again, Doctor.” He greeted. His eye was searching Bones' face. “No mincing. What’s wrong with my little tree?” Bill laid a hand on Dipper's shoulder, squeezing it. “It doesn't matter what it is, but I’d like to start looking into treatment right away. Most illnesses can be treated if found in the early stages.” The shock that crossed Bones' face was almost comical. Bill remained stoic, however, fingers clenching Dipper's shoulder almost painfully.

“Bill, your husband isn't sick.” Bones began, but Dipper cut her off.

“Yeah I am, sick of you being so overprotective.” The omega told the alpha, tilting his head back so he could look at the older man. Bill brought a hand up mindlessly, beginning to run it through the bouncy curls. His face remained on the doctor, contorting his face into one of confusion.
“Dipper isn’t sick? But then why are we here? If not something serious, then why did you need to speak to him alone?” The alpha demanded, suddenly distressed.

“I never said that it wasn’t serious. Please, take a seat.” She gestured to the seat on the other side of Dipper. Bill pursed his lips, but took the offer. The plastic let out a small gust of air as he sat down, groaning like an old dog getting up from his bed on a cold day. Slender fingers found Dipper’s, slipping in between the rounded digits and gripping them tightly.

Bill tilted his head to look at the clipboard in Dipper's lap, trying to read them. Dipper slid an arm over the header; this was not enough to deter Bill. He slid his free hand underneath Dipper's arm and tugged at the clipboard. Dipper smacked his hand in retaliation, narrowing his eyes.

“Let me see.” Bill hissed quietly. The omega shook his head, pressing his arm down even tighter. He stuck his tongue out at the older man.

“No.” Dipper told him sternly, mouth setting his mouth in a firm line. Bill narrowed his eye at the omega, tugging at the clipboard again. “Going to order me to hand it over?” The alpha's hand retreated.

“Of course not.” Bill admonished, obviously hurt by the suggestion.

“Then stop acting like a kid and wait for Dr. Bones to explain.” Dipper told him, keeping a firm grip on the clipboard all the same. Bill grumbled something intelligible and sat back in his chair. His thumb began to rub gently over the top of Dipper's hand.

“Are you...?” Bill's voice trailed off, unable to finish the question. His eyes darted down to Dipper's stomach.

“Dipper is not pregnant, Bill.” Bones told him; she had taken her seat again. The crinkled papers from earlier were held carefully in her hands. Bill's eyes snapped up to look at her, no longer focused on the omega. “Based on his oestrogen levels, it's more than likely that he doesn't even have a womb. We'd like to do a pelvis MRI to make sure, but with such low levels, it's highly unlikely that one exists.” Bones nodded at Dipper, who carefully picked up the clipboard from his lap.

“What does that mean?” Bill asked, tilting his head once more to try and peek at the papers.

“It means that I can't have children.” Dipper replied, fiddling with the papers underneath his fingers. Bill took a moment to think about the new information, eyebrows furrowing. “I already made my decision.” He murmured quietly, offering the clipboard to his husband.

Bill's fingers were shaking as they slipped around the faux wood. Dipper watched as the alpha skimmed the papers; rage was unfolding on his face like a freshly-lit lotus candle. He flicked to the second page, scanning it as well. Noticing that there wasn't a signature, he looked up at Dipper.

“You didn't sign.” He said, voice soft and hopeful. The omega shrugged.

“Why would I?” Dipper asked, trying to sound nonchalant. “Who would you spoil if I left?” Bill let out a soft trill. He leaned across the small barricade between them and pressed a kiss to Dipper's cheek.

“I love you.” He whispered against the reddened cheek. “I love you so much, do you know that?” Dipper turned his head, meeting Bill's eye with his.

“I do.” His voice was just as quiet and soft. The clipboard was pushed off of Bill's lap, clattering against the floor for the second time that day. The alpha rose a hand to cup Dipper's face, pulling him...
close as he pressed a fierce, possessive kiss to his omega's lips. Dipper let out a pleased grunt, trying to twist his body so he could access the older man's mouth better.

Bones cleared her throat loudly, getting both of their attention and subsequently breaking the kiss. She bent down and grabbed the abused clipboard. Bill wasn't embarrassed at all, much rather smiling like he'd won the lottery.

“I'm sorry to interrupt, but I'd like to discuss some options with you.” Bones told them.

“Of course, sorry. He's very handsy.” Dipper told her, re-entwining their fingers. Bill brought them up to his lips, kissing at the tips as the omega flexed his fingers. “Bill, pay attention.”

“I am. To you.” Bill whined softly. Bones shook her head, a smile stretching across her face.

“I suppose the first question I have for you is this; are you two interested in having children in the future? Dipper's informed me that you two weren't intending to, but I wanted to go over it once again.”

“I have no desire to have children.” Bill told her, reluctantly pulling himself away from his mate.

“Neither do I.” Dipper concurred; Bill was taking this extremely well. “I never have.” Bones nodded.

“Just in case, I'd like to make you aware that there is a new clinical trial that's accepting infertile male omegas. Currently, the drugs they're using can increase your chances of developing a womb. I'll have Julie put an information pamphlet in your paperwork, just in case.” Bones frowned at her pant leg and picked at a piece of lint. “Adoption is always an option. There are hundreds of children that have been abandoned by their parents at this clinic alone. They are a bit older, but they need homes nonetheless. And that's just of children with alpha, beta, and omega alignments. Not to mention the hundreds of human children without parents.”

“I often forget that we aren't classified as 'human'.“ Bill remarked dryly.

“Because people are afraid of what's different.” Dipper told him, squeezing his hand. “If they classify us as something different than them, it makes it easier for them to justify hate crimes. Makes it easier for them to keep an eye on us.” He frowned. “I have a question, Bones.”

“Go right ahead.” She told him; the doctor had relaxed in her seat, watching the two of them.

“If I was never fertile, why did I go into heat?” The omega asked, eyebrows pulled tight together. The doctor frowned, expression mirroring Dipper's.

“Heats are when you're supposed to be the most fertile, not when you are.” Bones told him. “It's really based on your surroundings; how often you have sex and how potent your partners sperm is.” She looked at Bill. “Since you're in a relatively stressful situation, your body might of decided that having a heat would strengthen the bond with your alpha and allow you to relax a bit more. Based on your answers from your previous visit, the two of you are having sex at least once a week, correct?”

“Yes.” Dipper squeaked out. A smug smile was growing on Bill's face, causing Dipper to slap his arm. “Wipe that look off of your face.”

“What look?” Bill asked innocently. Dipper frowned at him. He was about to speak again, but Bones cut him off.
“We haven't taken any sperm counts from your husband, but I don't doubt that that's really the deciding factor in this case. He was relatively close to his own heat, so his counts were rising. Therefore triggering your body to believe it was time to go into heat.” the smug look on Bill's face was quickly being replaced with a decidedly guilty one. “It's nothing to be alarmed about, of course. It just means that if you continue to have heats in the future, then it's more than likely that they'll overlap.”

“I suppose contraceptives aren't a requirement then?” Bill intoned.

“Oh, I doubt it.” The doctor answered honestly. “I'll clear you to use them, but given the situation, you don't need them.” She pulled a pen from her pocket and began to scribble on the papers in front of her. “Now, I'm going to tell Julie to set you up an appointment for a pelvic MRI—we don't have the required equipment here, so I'm going to refer you to a bigger hospital, most likely St. Vincent's in Portland. Again, this is just a precaution. Just in case you've pulled off a medical miracle.”

“Thank you very much, doctor.” Bill told her. “You may not believe it, but you've taken a very big weight off my shoulders. I was so worried about my little tree.” He squeezed Dipper's hand. “I'd give up the world just to make sure he was safe.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello!
Long week, amiright?

My beta for this chapter was the wonderful ZoneRobotnik!

Song for this chapter:
Nowhere To Go But Down by Ron Sexsmith

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Bill was all too happy to load his exhausted omega back into the vehicle and drive him back home. In all honesty, Dipper was just as pleased as his mate. The entire trip was a roller-coaster of emotions that he never wanted to ride again.

“McDonald's?” Dipper inquired as they pulled into the parking lot. “Is this a little too common for someone like you?” Bill shrugged at him.

“Honestly? Yes. I don’t eat here. Ever.” His Mercedes slid up behind the cars currently in line. “But you do. And you haven't eaten today.” He fished out his wallet. “Fast food is always high in calories.”

“Bill, I can wait until we get home.” Dipper argued immediately.

“I'm not going to take the chance.” The alpha replied, subtly pressing on the gas and inching them forward. Dipper crossed his arms over his chest; he wanted to protest again, but he really was hungry.

“Fine. But only if you eat too. I didn't see you eat anything today either.” Dipper grumbled out. Bill pursed his lips in distaste, but he didn't respond to the omega's words. Instead, he turned to the small speaker box. It was like Dipper had blinked and they'd arrived at the order point.

“Welcome to McDonald's, please order when you're ready.” The voice was slightly muffled by static. Bill squinted up at the menu, then looked at Dipper.

“What do you want?” He questioned, pointing at the menu board. “Lord, what's on this menu that doesn't taste like grease?” Bill continued to mutter, ducking down near the steering wheel so he could look a bit more closely.

“Bill, they can hear you, you know.” Dipper hissed, smacking his arm. “I...uh...give me a number one.” It felt like forever since he'd had anything that wasn't specially prepared for him by the cook at Bill's manor. “With a sweet tea.” Bill reiterated what Dipper told him, speaking in a staccato, slow rhythm to the box.

“And give me a...” Bill looked at Dipper for help, gesturing at the board. The omega rolled his eyes. “Just get a number two. Can't go wrong with cheeseburgers.” Dipper offered. Bill repeated what he said, cautiously adding a sweet tea as his drink as well.

“Does that come with pickles?” Bill asked the order taker, leaning a bit out of the car. “I really don't like pickles.” He turned to Dipper. “They can take those off, right?” The lady laughed over the speaker, confirming that she could, in fact, have them taken off of the sandwiches. Bill let out an audible sigh of relief.

The alpha insisted that Dipper eat on the way home, cringing as some of the orange-white sauce
dripped down the side of it and landed on the nest of blankets around his mate.

“That is the messiest thing I've ever seen.” Bill groused. “My sandwiches don't look like that horror-terror, do they?”

“No, yours are pretty normal.” Dipper told him, using a fry to clean up the mess he'd made. Bill's hand reached over and snatched it from his hand. The car swerved a bit but Bill kept it on the road. Without as much as a thought, Bill rolled down his window and threw the sauce covered fry out of it. “Hey.” Dipper protested. “I was going to eat that.”

“I knew you were. Which is why I threw it out.” Bill told him sternly; the younger man couldn't help but laugh at his alpha. His face was so stiff and serious, he looked as if he was discussing a murder. “Ha ha, yes, laugh it up. That doesn't mean that I'm going to let you get away with it.” The omega shook his head at the older man, wiping his mouth and fingertips on a napkin.

Dipper carefully opened the glove box and pulled the papers that Bones had given them free from the other junk that was accumulated in there. A strange feeling sunk through him, settling coldly on his bones. Frowning, he stared at the pamphlet in his hands. It was paper-clipped on top of a rather thick stack of test results and information packets.

The omega's silence was enough to get his alpha's attention.

“Dipper?” Bill murmured his name softly in question, noticing what he was looking at. “Is everything alright?” The younger man nodded; numbness, that's what it was. It was spreading over his limbs and accentuating the aching that was already pulsing there.

“Yeah.” Dipper told him, just as quiet. “I guess I should feel happy, you know? That I can't have kids. I mean, it's not like I ever wanted them anyway.” He flipped open the packet, not really reading the words. His eyesight was getting a bit blurry; he felt the car carefully guided to the side of the road. Bill's fingers slid up to brush away the tears that were threatening to fall.

“Sugar pine.”

“I really am fine.” Dipper told him, barely audible over the sound of the stalled vehicle. “It's just different when you can't make the decision.” he leaned into the cotton of the gloves. There was a stretch of silence between them as Bill continued to wipe his face, mouth locked in a frown.

“Little tree, if you want to try the trial when you're physically able to, we can.” Bill told him, lifting the omega's face so he could stare him in the eye. Dipper shook his head.

“No, it's not worth it, honestly.” Dipper rose a hand and laid it over one of Bill's. “I mean, they'd all come out looking like you anyway.” Bill let out a gentle trill and leaned forward, kissing Dipper's nose.

“And what a shame that would be. I should show you some baby pictures; man, I was an ugly kid.” Bill told him, a soft grin spreading on his face. He withdrew himself, settling back into his seat. “That reminds me, I've had Lana make a list of venues to pick from. Not to mention that we need to make arrangements for the florist, pick out a band, put together the guest list—god, there's a lot to do when you're in a rush. We should have been planning since day one, honestly, and even then we'd have to crunch for time.” The car was guided back on to the road, eating up the pavement once more.

“Why are we getting married so soon again?” Dipper questioned with a low groan of disapproval.

“Because you don't want to make your sister and great uncles fly all the way to New Jersey to see us get married.” Bill remarked dryly. “It was your idea, not mine. I wanted to get married as far away
from Gravity Falls as physically possible.”

“Oh. Yeah.” Dipper scratched his chin, frowning at the stubble that was growing there. He needed to take care of that when he returned home. He hated facial hair. It just didn't go well with his effeminate features.

“Change your mind yet?” Bill asked, voice laden with hope. Dipper seemed to think about his answer for a moment before shaking his head.

“Nope.” His mouth popped softly on the 'p', and Bill sighed.

“Perhaps if I continue to remind you of how stressful this entire wedding planning thing is, you'll rethink your answer. But after I reserve the caterers, that's it.” Bill lifted a hand from the wheel to waggle a finger at the omega.

“You seem to be handling it just fine.” Dipper told him, cocking an eyebrow in question. “At least, you're handling pushing it off on Lana just fine, anyway.”

“I am not pushing it off on her.” Bill told him, voice indignant. “She's much better at handling this sort of thing.”

“Uh-huh. Sure. And she also handles intruders. And has work to do at three in the morning.” Dipper crossed his arms over his chest.

“I'm going to have to plead the fifth on that one, little tree. As for the intruder,” Bill fidgeted with the steering wheel underneath his fingers, peering out of the car as he avoided looking in Dipper's direction. “No one was found in the room.”

“No one?” Dipper asked, mouth going dry. “You're kidding. Bill, there was someone there, I promise. I wouldn't lie about something like this.” Bill shook his head at the omega.

“I never said I didn't believe you, little tree.” The alpha told him, cutting off anything else he might of said. “I'm just telling you that there was nothing in there, the windows were open and that makes me pretty damn uncomfortable.” He rumbled out. “Anyone who thinks they can slip into bed with my omega makes me pretty damn angry too.” His hands began to wring the steering wheel now.

Dipper carefully placed a hand on Bill's arm.

“Thank you for being there for me.” He told him softly, gently squeezing the flesh. Bill's shoulder's relaxed at his omega's touch. A few drops of rain plopped onto the wind shield, rolling down the glass at a lazy, relaxed pace. It felt as if the world slowed down around them as a quiet patter began to surround them; it made Dipper aware of the lack of music in the car.

“Sugar pine, I will always be there when you need me.” Bill told him, voice losing some of its heat. “I will do everything in my power to keep you safe.” The silence returned, this time near-deafening.

“What are we going to do?” The omega questioned, not moving his hand. Bill sighed heavily, running his tongue along his top lip.

“I'm not sure. There are a few rooms in the house without windows, but they've been closed for so long that they'd take a couple days to air out and be made livable.” The car turned into the manor's driveway, wheels turning from the bumpy gravel to smooth pavement. “I fucking hate these roads. I'm going to pay to have them all paved my damn self.” He swore, noticing the pained grimace on Dipper's face fade at the transition.
“You aren't going to waste your money paving the road.” The omega told him, suddenly not wanting to get out of the vehicle. It had become too comfy, even with all the bumps; he briefly wondered how much it would take to convince Bill to let him remain in the vehicle. He shook his head after a moment. If he thought the car was comfy, he couldn't wait to get back into bed.

“It's not a waste.” Bill argued, parking the car. He was about to open his door when he saw Lana bustling out of the house, holding her hands out in front of her. Bill paused, hand hovering on the door handle. Lana was mouthing something that Dipper couldn't make out and waving her hands. “Dipper, lock your door.” He muttered, locking his own. The omega did as he was told, blinking in shock.

“Bill?” Dipper questioned, looking at Lana, then back at him. Reaching down, Bill grabbed the gear stick and shoved it into reverse.

“Hold on.” Bill almost snarled—Dipper clutched at the door as the car's wheels let out a high pitched shriek as it barreled backwards. The omega yelped in pain at the sudden jerk, digging his feet against the mat beneath him for purchase. The brown sack with Bill's food flew up in the air, napkins and cheeseburgers spitting out of the top like vomit. “Sorry, I'm really sorry, just deal with it for a moment. Please.” Rubber crunched against gravel once more; the car sped off, back in the direction they came from.

Chapter End Notes

Oops.
Hey guys!

My lovely beta for this chapter was ZoneRobotnik

Song for this chapter:
Holding Out For A Hero by Bonnie Tyler

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Bill had his phone out before they reached the highway. With fumbling fingers he punched in a number; Dipper was trying to shift back into a comfortable position.

“Pick up the damn phone.” The alpha growled, merging on to the near empty road. The phone flew at the dash, flicked from Bill's fingers in frustration. “Fuck.” he looked over at his mate, who was uselessly trying to settle back into his nest. “Dipper, I'm sorry.”

“You better be.” Dipper almost snarled; he recoiled immediately at his tone. Bill didn't seem to mind, eye focused back on the road. The omega tipped himself forward, picking up the phone that the alpha had thrown. It seemed to be in one piece. “So are you going to tell me what the hell is happening?” Bill pursed his lips and lifted his hand from the wheel. He extended it to Dipper. “May I have my phone back?” He inquired quietly. Dipper couldn't breathe for half a second. Bill wasn't even refusing the omega. He was ignoring him.

“Bill. I didn't ask you to tell me. I asked if you were going to.” Dipper told him, clutching the phone in his hand. The alpha grit his teeth, hand returning to the wheel. A few minutes ticked by, air thick and electric with tension. “I'll take that as a no.” He relaxed against the seat, flipping open the phone in his hands. “You don't mind if I look through this, do you?”

“Dipper.” Bill's voice was a low, attention-grabbing growl. The omega looked at him, pretending to be unimpressed. In all honesty, he was absolutely terrified about the entire situation. Not to mention his entire body still ached like he had been used as a punching bag.

“What?” He asked, arching an eyebrow. “Is that a problem? You told me you weren't calling anyone shady.” He fiddled with the phone until he got to 'recent' and shook his head. “I thought you said you didn't know the number on that slip of paper?” Bill twisted the steering wheel and took the car to the side of the road, stopping it with a hard press to the brakes that made the tires shriek and squeal.

“Dipper, please give me the phone.” Bill told him through grit teeth. The omega swallowed minutely; he considered giving it to the alpha for a moment. Instead, he slid it underneath his thigh.

“I get it. You like keeping secrets. But keeping secrets and lying are two different things.” The omega leaned back heavily, wishing he had some ibuprofen or aspirin. A gloved hand gently cupped his face and Dipper cringed back. Bill's fingers flexed, almost drawing back.

“Do you need something for the pain?” He murmured quietly, tilting the younger man's face up. “You must feel even worse then you did before, with how roughly we pulled out of the driveway.”

“Don't change the subject.” Dipper told him. “You've been brooding for the last hour.”

“I was not brooding. I was thinking.” The older man defended.

“Angrily.” the omega replied dryly. Bill's hand was so warm. “I'm not going to break, you know. You can tell me what's going on.”

“It's not that easy.”
“It is that easy.” At Dipper's statement, Bill let out a disappointed sigh. The alpha leaned over the console, gently bumping their noses together.

“May I kiss you?” Bill murmured. The question was out of left field; the overwhelming need to have the alpha's lips on his hit him like an impromptu rain storm.

“Uh...yeah.” Dipper replied. “Yes. Definitely.” The older man let out a relieved sigh and crossed the space between them, pressing his mouth against Dipper's in a solid, grounding kiss. “Why did you need to ask?”

“Because I realize I've never asked permission.” Bill told him, capturing his lips again. This time, the kiss was with intent. A warm tongue slipped past pliant lips to dance with Dipper's. “I'm sorry that I can't tell you anything just yet.” The alpha murmured when he pulled away, licking his lips. Dipper blinked at him, dazed by the sudden, heated affection. “I will. Soon. But we need to get you somewhere where I can get you stable and comfortable. Is that alright?” Slender fingers pet along his jaw and then down his neck.

“I...guess. For now.” Dipper agreed hesitantly, the taste of the older man still invading his mouth. “You still haven't eaten.”

“I'll take care of that too.” Bill promised, eyes crinkling in amusement. But there was something sad about the smile that stretched across his face. Dipper frowned at him.

“Not to sound cliché, but is everything going to be okay? We're not in danger, are we?” The omega asked, voice quiet and careful. Bill shook his head.

“Later.” The alpha told him, running a hand through the messy curls atop his head. A sharp tap on the glass pulled Bill away from his husband. “Oh boy. A police officer.” He rolled down the window, tilting his head up to look at the cop.

“Is everything alright here?” The officer asked, peering into the vehicle. Dipper lifted a hand and waved at her.

“Everything is fine; my husband isn't feeling too well and we were going to Portland for a weekend away from the in-laws.” Bill lied, pulling out his wallet. Pulling out his ID, he handed it to the middle-aged woman. “Dipper, can you hand me my insurance?” The omega nodded and opened the glove-box. He rose an eyebrow at the small pistol that was stored there; that was new.

The papers made their way to the officer, who was looking at Dipper. Her face was one of mild concern.

“Can I get your license as well sir?” She questioned; the shiny badge on her chest displayed the name 'Harrison'.

“Of course.” Dipper shifted around, trying not to wince as he did so. He sifted through his wallet and eventually found his ID swimming around in the miscellaneous receipts, wrinkly bills and candy wrappers. He really needed to clean it out—and by the look on Bill's face, the alpha looked about ready to do it himself.

Harrison took the license from Bill and looked it over briefly.

“Your husband said you aren't feeling well, is that correct?” She asked.

“Ah, yes. We're newlyweds.” Dipper told her, feeling the familiar heat ghost his cheeks. “First heats are the roughest, you know?” He tried, eyes falling to stare at the console in embarrassment. She
nodded absentmindedly, eyes darting over to his. Meeting his eyes, she frowned; the movement drug the tell-tale signs of aging with it, pulling at the wrinkles around her mouth and eyes.

“I’m going to go run these.” Harrison told them, holding the licenses up.

“Thank you, officer.” Bill told her as she strolled away as if she had all the time in the world. Once she was settled back in her car, the alpha turned to Dipper, face unamused.

“Don’t look at me, you’re just so menacing.” The omega teased, reaching up to pet his cheek. He gently rubbed his fingers over the stubble that had begun to sprout there. “Everyone thinks you’re abusing me.”

“I would never hurt you.” Bill replied immediately, sliding a hand up to cup Dipper’s. His eye stared into Dipper’s, sharp and honest. “Never. I’m going to spend the rest of my life making sure that you never suffer. Not at my hands, and sure as hell not at anyone else’s.”

“Sap.” Dipper declared, tugging his face down so he could kiss Bill gently. “My sap.”

“Always. I feel like I was made to love you.” Bill murmured. “And you. You’re so perfect. Are you sure you’re not made of the night sky, sugar pine?” The grin that settled on the alpha’s face was radiant.

“Last time I checked I was a sack of meat and blood.” Dipper told him. “Why?” he asked through Bill’s laughter.

“Because the week before I met you, when I was told I was being arranged to marry an eighteen year old omega from Piedmont, I made a wish on a shooting star for him to be wonderful and understanding when it came to my flaws. And I’m pretty sure that the moon heard me and gathered up a collection of sky and star and made you in response.” He brushed Dipper’s bangs back. “And that’s why you have this.” He leaned forward and pressed a kiss to the birthmark. “To remind you of home.”

“You are probably the most romantic idiot in the world.” Dipper told him, shaking his head.

“Probably. But that stays between us.” He pressed a finger to his lips and tapped it there.

“Yeah, yeah, only say bad things about you.” The omega reiterated.

Harrison didn't find anything worth writing a ticket for, and let them go with as well of wishes as she could muster. Bill pulled back onto the highway, still oddly lacking in traffic. He carefully watched his speed, even after the police officer was out of sight in the rear-view mirror. Dipper questioned his caution, but didn't grill him about it. Not yet.

Bill eventually pulled off at a random exit that announced that there were a slew of hotels in the area; they drove for awhile longer in silence, Dipper dozing off in the passenger seat. The road was smooth underneath the wheels and darkness was beginning to fall around them.

“Sugar pine.” Bill murmured quietly as the car parked. Dim lights glowed on the other side of Dipper's eyelids and he pulled a blanket up and over his head to block them out. The omega shifted, turning his back to the older man. “I’ll be right back.” Dipper grunted at him, not wanting to reopen his eyes. Bill's door opened and shut with his exit, leaving the younger man alone in the vehicle.
It could have been hours, pressed up against the hard plastic of the door. Dipper wouldn't have been aware; the entire world had paused for him. It spun around him, spun around with him, drawing him in a sleepy, timeless dance. His thoughts settled into quiet murmurs in the darkness.

There was a soft tap on the window and he let out a frustrated sigh. All he wanted to do was sleep. Lifting up a corner of his blanket, he noticed that it was Bill. Dipper's mind took a moment to remember how to unlock the door and he did so, tugging it up to allow the alpha inside.

“My sleepy little tree. Let's get you into an actual bed, hm?” Bill asked in a soft murmur.

“Please.” Dipper asked, voice muffled by the cloth that was pulled up around his mouth. Bill's arms slid underneath him; he lifted the omega easily, pulling him out of the car and into the chilly night air. The younger man shuddered instinctively, thankful for the thick quilt still wrapped around him. “Are you holding me with one arm?”

“Yes, yes I am.” Bill replied, sounding awfully cocky. He paused for a second before locking the door and shutting it. “Are you impressed?”

“Very.” Dipper replied; sleep threatened to take him again. Now cradled into his alpha's arms, it was even stronger than before. “Where are we?”

“We are at the most run-down excuse of a hotel I've ever seen in the middle of nowhere.” Bill replied in distaste. “Not because I want us to be, of course. But it's the best thing we have right now.”

“What, no Marriott's within a hundred mile radius?” Dipper asked, voice dripping with sarcasm.

“None that had any openings. Believe me, I checked.” Bill told the younger man. “I spent a good hour or so looking for something—anything. And this was the best they had. So, here we are.” The slight chill that had began to settle over Dipper disappeared as Bill pushed inside the hotel's lobby, and he took a few minutes to soak in the warmth.

“I think that you're just whining.” Dipper told him; he peeked out from his blankets. The young man behind the desk was looking over at the couple with a curious, cautious eye, but didn't call out to them. Bill swept them through the moderately decorated lobby without a second thought, making his way for the silver doors of the elevator on the other side.

“Dipper, I have a question for you.” Bill asked in the quiet of the empty elevator. He had uncovered Dipper's face and head, causing the young man to squint at the sudden change of lighting.

“I have quite a few myself.” Dipper replied, staring at the carpeted walls. “Starting with who the hell thought that this colour was a good idea.” He expected Bill to laugh, but the alpha was silent. “What's wrong?”

“Dipper, do you believe in monsters?”
Made To Love by Toby Mac
I Love Ya (feat. Yo Gotti) by Tank

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Dipper took Bill's question as a serious one; it was so silly that the alpha had to be serious. It wasn’t until they entered their hotel room that the omega spoke.

“What kind of monsters are you talking about?” Dipper asked as he was carefully set down on the bed. He winced slightly, readjusting. Bill let out a soft growl and the younger man stopped moving. Slender fingers began to carefully remove his omega's clothing down to his boxers and re-position him on the bed.

“Four-armed, demon-eyed monsters. The kind that you make up to scare children into not going out after dark.” Bill replied once he had his mate tightly tucked into the bed. “I've ordered room service; they should be up shortly.” A chirp unwillingly bubbled up from the omega's lips as Bill went to rise.

Bill resettled back against the bed, laying a hand on Dipper's chest. His fingers drew patterns against the blankets, staring at his husband with an undying affection that made the omega's cheeks heat up.

“Monsters like that don't exist, Bill.” Dipper mumbled, looking away from the older man. Bill shook his head at the younger man and leaned up to press a kiss to the omega's forehead.

“Why do you say that?” Bill questioned. “Is it simply because you have never seen them?” Dipper frowned at him for a moment. It wasn't because he had never seen them. But he'd never been questioned on the matter before.

“It's just illogical. By now, we'd have found them.” Dipper told him, eyebrows furrowing in thought. Bill cocked an eyebrow at the younger man. “You're crazier than I thought if you believe that monsters actually exist.”

“I'm probably crazy. I can almost bet on it.” Bill grinned at him, fangs pointed and deadly sharp. “But that's not the point here. You want answers.” The alpha sighed and slumped forward heavily, smile dropping from his lips in time with his shoulders. “But before I give them to you, take a second and ask yourself if you actually want to hear them.”

“I do.” The answer was a bit too fast. A bit too sharp. “But you have to promise you'll be completely honest with me.” The alpha nodded at him, bringing his fingers up to steeple them in front of his lips.

“I'll try to be.” Bill answered, fingers sliding down to interlock. He lowered his forehead, pressing them against his knuckles. “Where to start?”

“As an author, you should know the answer to that.” Dipper teased with a smile. When the alpha looked up at him in confusion, he shook his head. “The beginning.”

“The beginning? We don't need to go that far back. Besides, you already know who I am. William C. Cipher. Eccentric billionaire.” Bill swung his legs up and onto the covers, spreading them widely.
so he could place a leg on either side of his husband. “Before I start, I would like to apologize; I have been lying to you since the first time we met. And you deserve better than that.” he ducked his head, splaying his hands out in front of him on the ugly covers. “I'm sorry.”

“You aren't forgiven.” Dipper told him, eyebrows raising high on his forehead. Bill winced at his words, unable to look at him. “By the end of this conversation, you might be put on parole with the possibility of being forgiven.”

“I...yes. I understand.” the alpha murmured quietly. He plucked at the stitching on the blanket for a moment. “We aren't sure who, or what was in your room. And if they have, then Lana has decided that answering isn't top priority.” He pulled his phone out of his pocket and spared it a glance.

“What was she mouthing? In the driveway. Obviously it was something you recognized.” Dipper told him, not letting him get away that easily. Bill snorted at him, running his hands up Dipper's legs, massaging them through the blanket.

“She was telling us to leave.” the alpha replied. “And Lana happens to be the only person I trust. If she tells me to leave, or run, or go. I do so. I only hope that she's okay.” He looked up at Dipper, worry evident in his face.

“I'm sure that she's fine.” Dipper unintentionally promised; fear was just as prominent in his face as the worry was. Bill nodded, eyes dropping back down. “What about the phone number?”

“The phone number?” There was a soft snap as the alpha broke one of the many stitches in the blanket. Dipper slapped his hand.

“Don't destroy their stuff just because you're upset.” The omega told him; Bill sighed in response.

“The owner isn't shady.” Bill offered, eye flicking up to look at his husband. “In fact, you know her fairly well. You see, ever since the accident involving my eye, I've had reservations in interacting with other people in person. I often visited secure chat rooms instead. To vent, I suppose.” Dipper nodded at the older man, urging him on. “There was a user in one of my favourites—I now know that user is a girl. I always assumed that they were a woman, despite her profile stating otherwise. It was an all-alpha chatroom, after all. Her user name was shooting star. With a little underscore underneath.” He drew the underscore on the blankets as he said it.

“It was her phone number?” Dipper asked, suddenly suspicious. “Why did you have her number? Better yet, why did you hide it from me?”

“After she heard about my situation, she felt bad for me. She told me that if I ever needed to talk, that she would be there.” He fiddled with his fingers. “As for why I didn't tell you, it was because I didn't think it mattered.”

“You didn't think it mattered?” Dipper questioned; jealousy was bubbling and boiling up in his veins. He tried to push it away, trying not to let it infect his words. “I get that this was stressful for you and you needed someone to talk to, but you could have just told me about it, Bill. I wouldn't have gotten mad if you'd have explained it to me.”

“Dipper, if I had told you that I've been speaking with your sister for months before I met you, would you have believed me?” Bill intoned, looking the younger man in the eye. Dipper's mind froze in its tracks. “Mabel Pines, the beautiful shooting star, the all too willing to listen moderator.”

“That's not Mabel's number.” Dipper squeaked out. “I have her number memorized.”

“I wondered about that too, you know. The number in your phone for your sister is far different from
the one that I have.” Bill went through his phone? “That revelation in itself would normally have put the entire thing to bed. I would have simply put it off as a coincidence that her voice matched with the woman's that I spoke with.” he shook his head. “But it was your sister that called me out.”

“She doesn't have two phones.” Dipper argued, jealously melting into heated disbelief. “I mean, Mabel messes around on the internet a lot, so I could believe that by some twist of fate you met her online, but...Bill--”

“--I know it sounds ridiculous.” Bill interrupted, mouth set in a permanent line. “I didn't want to believe it myself but Dipper, she told me. She regurgitated months of private information that my parents aren't even aware of.” He brought a hand up to card it through his hair. “Believe me, I'm deeply unsettled that my sister-in-law knows so much about me without even having to try.”

Dipper didn't know what to think. Part of him wanted to just write this off as Bill lying to him again, but something stopped him. Maybe it was the desperation in the alpha's voice at the look on Dipper's face. The way the older man's hands shook against the covers as he spoke; scared of the omega's judgement. Gone was the confident, powerful air that the man possessed.

“So when you said that you wished on a shooting star, you told her about being married to me? Not my name, but to a male omega you didn't know.” Dipper questioned. His voice was wavering, but he had to push forward. “And what does any of this have to do with monsters?” Bill winced. “You thought I forgot, didn't you?”

“I might have been hoping for that, yes.” the alpha admitted. “But yes. I told her my predicament and I made my wish. It was a silly thing to do, to wish for happiness. Especially in our situation. But then I saw you. I met you. And I thought, that maybe, it could be better then I'd wished.”

“Don't try and be cute.” Dipper told him, his fingers curling into fists and gripping at the blankets. “You are definitely not off the hook yet.”

“And they say that the Spanish Inquisition was terrifying. I'm glad they never met you.” Bill teased weakly. Dipper took a deep breath, letting his fingers relax. He rose one of his hands to offer it to Bill. The alpha took it hesitantly, bringing it up to his mouth to press small kisses over the knuckles.

“Monsters?” Dipper prompted again. Bill groaned in distaste. “Bill, you brought this up.”

“I know. And I'm regretting it. Deeply.” he clambered up the bed, kneeling beside his omega. “Can't I just kiss you until you forget all of this?”

“You know I won't forget any of this.” Dipper told him sternly. Bill let out a grumbled string of curses and he adjusted himself so he was sitting up beside the younger man. Dipper's mind was reeling, trying to take in the idea that his sister had been hiding something this big from him. They shared everything with each other.

“Monsters exist, Dipper. Gravity Falls is full of them.” Bill told him, pressing tightly against his side. “The world is full of them. We live in a world that is balanced so finely on the edge of a blade, we're in danger of cutting ourselves. The fact of the matter is this—whatever slipped into your bed this past evening wasn't human.”

“How do you know that? How do you know any of that?” Dipper questioned, folding his arms tightly across his chest. He was looking up at the older man, trying to find some semblance of sanity in Bill's words. “And don't you try and pull any of that Twilight 'I know what you are' bullshit. You're just as human as I am.”
“But Dipper, we aren't human. Can't you tell? We aren't like them.” Bill told him, sounding exasperated. “This is why I didn't want to tell you, because you won't believe it. We're just the stepping stone into a world that is fast encroaching our own.” His fingers slipped underneath Dipper's jaw and tipped it up. “But you're so much like them, don't you know? You're blind to it. To the world.” The alpha almost seemed in awe. “You're in your own little world; it's so beautiful.”

Something clicked inside of Dipper's brain and the entire room suddenly became too loud. The ticking of the decorative clock on the wall. Bill's breathing against his face. The pulse of alpha, transmitted through his fingertips sounded like thunder, rapping and rolling over him in steady waves.

“You're talking in conspiracy theories.” Dipper muttered, gaze locking with the older man's. “We're just an evolutionary offshoot of the human race, nothing else.”

“Are we?” Bill's voice was soft. “Sugar pine. Think carefully about everything you know about us, ignoring our appearance. Do you really think we're even the slightest bit human?” His voice had dropped to a whisper. “Our genome is so diverse from humans we're basically a whole different species.”

“Is that offer of kissing me until I forget all of this still open?” Dipper joked weakly, ignoring his last statement. Bill let out a soft trill and nudged their noses together. He gently stroked Dipper's cheek with his thumb as he kissed the omega. “Okay, good. Good.” Dipper breathed when the alpha's lips left his. He reached his hands up, slipping them into Bill's hair. “This is a lot to expect me to take on faith.”

“Perhaps if you heard it from someone else?” Bill asked; Dipper could hear the hurt in his voice. “Mabel might be able to explain a bit better than I.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey everyone :p

My beta for this chapter was ZoneRobotnik

Songs for this chapter:
Turn The Lights Off by Tally Hall
bodyache by Purity Ring

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Berenstein

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Dipper attempted not to laugh at the older man.

“You're kidding.” He shook his head, unable to force the smile from his face. “This is some kind of joke, isn't it?” Bill rose an eyebrow at his husband, waiting for him to stop chuckling. “Tell me this is a joke. Mabel really isn't involved in this, is she? This fucked-up, crazy bullshit that you're spewing?” Bill pulled out his phone and offered it to the omega.

“Call her.” The alpha told him. The suggestion was simple. “Tell her what I've told you; if she denies it, then I'll admit myself to the hospital myself.” He wiggled the phone at the omega. Dipper frowned at it, taking a second to breathe and refocus. Bill was irritated at him and his disbelief, but honest to god what did the alpha expect? Dipper just to roll over and accept everything he said?

The omega pulled his legs up to his chest, pressing his face against his knees. The phone immediately dropped from Bill's hand and landed on the covers, sliding away from the couple.

“Sugar pine?” Bill intoned softly. The omega didn't respond for a moment, and was startled when Bill leaned forward and nudged his jaw gently with his nose.

“Give me a moment.” Dipper responded, refusing to look up. The alpha let out a quiet whine, directly in his mate's ear. Even though they hadn't been mated for too long, he knew that noise better then he knew himself. Bill wanted his attention. He carefully raised his head, looking his alpha in the eye.

“Sugar pine.” Bill proceeded to rumble again, pressing a kiss to his forehead. “I know it's hard to believe me. I'm not asking you to. But I want you to be happy. And if answers make you happy, then I'll give them to you.” Dipper let out a huff of breath, lips turned down in distaste.

“It's just...” He lifted a hand and pressed it to his forehead, shaking his head back and forth. “..Alright, I'm going to circle on back to this monster business.” He let his fingers relax. “You say that we aren't human. That we're...monsters. Is that correct?”

“That is correct.” Bill agreed, pulling his long legs up underneath him, testing the limits of the cloth covering them. Dipper nodded, trying to ignore the obvious denial that his brain was trying to force upon him. He needed to hear Bill out.

“I assume you have some kind of research to back this up?” The omega asked, eyebrows fixedly knit together on his forehead as he looked at the older man. Bill's face lit-up at the idea of Dipper giving him a chance to explain. He showed as much by capturing omega's lips in his, pouring out his thanks into the kiss.

The older man almost dove off of his bed, grabbing a briefcase that Dipper hadn't noticed; he must have brought it up when he first purchased the room for the night. The omega couldn't help but find the disorganized scramble adorable—if Bill could ever be considered adorable, that is.

“I was going to present my findings in January at the Keystone Symposia in Olympic Valley, but I think that you'll find the information that I've already gathered quite convincing.” Bill's voice was
raising in pitch as he continued to speak, clambering back up on to the bed with his case in hand. The case clicked open and he gathered up a series of paper-clipped stacks, scooting up the bed to his omega.

“The Keystone Symposia in January is focused on cell research, isn’t it?” Dipper asked, taking the papers in his hands. He began to flip through them as Bill nodded.

“Well, that’s what this is. Cell research.” He settled back against the headrest, leaning over to press a kiss to the messy curls on top of Dipper's head. The omega leaned against him, pressing his cheek to the older man's shoulder. “I’ve always been incredibly suspicious of our place in the human society. You've heard of the Human Genome project, correct?”


“Five years ago, I read up on the Human Genome project. Seeing the results, I decided that I wanted to test something; see if, perhaps, my genetic make-up is similar to a humans as closely as politicians want us to believe. I had the money, so it wasn't that hard to collect a similar team of scientists that were on the original project and the technology required.” The alpha told him, slipping an arm around the omega's shoulders as he continued. “When the results were first given to me, I thought that it might just be evolutionary, but—”

“-it's not.” Dipper finished, placing the stack of papers in his hands down. “Bill, this is insane.” He shook his head. “This is amazing.” He hurriedly picked the stack back up and flipped through it. “I've no doubt that you printed off the correct, raw image here—but look, it's completely different. Evolution isn't nearly this fast.”

“Isn't it fascinating?” Bill agreed, crowding him with his large form as he pointed at the paper. “Genetically speaking, we're closer to animals. Which is fair enough, we share similar traits with animals. Fangs, claws, heats.” He sifted through his briefcase. “As for the monster bit, well. Your sister helped me figure that bit out.”

“Oh boy, this is going to be interesting.” Dipper remarked, a corner of his mouth tilting up when he saw the sheer amount of joy on Bill's face. “Why does she think we're monsters?”

“Well, monsters can be considered an animal that's been mutated since birth.” Bill pulled at one of the papers on Dipper's lap. “Look at this.”

“What are these?” Dipper questioned. Looking over them carefully, he noticed that the genetic strain continued to get more and more deformed as the list progressed. “Family members?” The omega guessed. Bill nodded, pointing at the topmost one.

“Great-grandmother, grandfather, father, and myself.” He pointed at the closest the bottom the page. “Our genes are continuing to mutate through each child born. The more we breed with others of our disposition, the more the genes mutate. Normally, this would be a bad thing.”

“And why isn't it?” Dipper asked. “And where did this start?”

“Because we keep getting stronger. Faster. We heal quicker and age slower with each new generation. As for where it started—Dipper, something that wasn't human bred with a human, creating the first half-breed.”

“Something that wasn't human? But if you're classifying us as monsters, then this...thing. What
would it be? A demon?” Dipper questioned. Bill was making an incredible amount of sense. With his findings at least. Bill's shoulders rose and fell in an unknowing shrug.

“I'm not sure, I don't have anything for comparison.” The alpha responded. “But I do know this; whatever it was had traits that we're now inheriting. They may have gotten lost along the way and are now resurfacing, but it's happening.”

Dipper carefully put the papers he was holding down, fingers interlocking with each other as he attempted to absorb all of this. The alpha argued a good case, genetically. They didn't share the same genetic code as a human being, if the data in his lap was correct. He didn't doubt that it was, however.

“You're going to need a way better speech if you're going to be presenting this.” Dipper finally said. “I'm sure that you can't just cuddle into bed with the scientists at the convention.” He reached up and gently pinched the alpha's chin. “And they aren't going to find you near as cute.”

“I think that everyone finds me considerably cute, whether they're cuddling in bed with me or not.” The older man told him in a dramatic huff.

“Debatable.” Dipper responded dryly. “So, what month is it? October? That leaves you two months to do research on the origin of the genetic mutation and why it happened in this way.” The omega pursed his lips, eyes darting down to look at his hands.

“I could use the help of a very bright little tree.” Bill offered, nuzzling the patch of skin beneath his ear. “If he wants to help.” Dipper tilted his head to the side to let his alpha kiss and nip down his neck, avoiding the hickeys already there.

“I'm not even a scientist. I can't be too much help.” Dipper answered. The same cracked purr bubbled out of his throat at the gentle affection. “So you're telling me that Mabel thinks that we're monsters because of a dictionary definition? I'm pretty sure that you said something about 'four-armed and demon-eyed' monsters.”

“That is something I'm leaving out of my presentation.” Bill answered; he had pushed the case away from him so he could focus on worshipping the flesh he was presented with. “And something that you won't believe quite as easily.”

“If that was easy, then I can't wait to see 'quite as'.’” Dipper told him. There was a sharp knock at the door.

“Room service.” The voice called through the door. Bill let out a frustrated sigh and removed himself from the bed. Dipper slipped a hand up to rub against the area the alpha had been kissing, nose scrunching up in distaste at the saliva that had accumulated there.

“That is so gross.” Dipper muttered to himself, pulling up the blanket to wipe the excess liquid from where it had accumulated on his neck and shoulder. Bill peered through the eye hole for mere seconds before yanking the door open.

“Lana.” Bill's voice was heavy with relief as he darted around the metal service cart to gather her up in his arms. Her laughter rang out as she was enveloped in the strong arms, unable to break free no matter how much she squirmed. “Goodness, what are you doing stealing hotel food carts?”

“I didn't steal it.” Lana stepped into the room, raising a hand to Dipper. Her shoes were shiny with water; was it raining outside? “I merely borrowed it from the young woman on the way up to your room.” Bill released her, carefully looking her up and down.
“What on earth is going on?” Bill demanded, putting his hands on his hips like a disgruntled housewife. “You’ve a lot to account for.” Lana nodded at him apologetically.

“I will, of course. But I insist that you and Dipper eat first. I didn't 'borrow' this cart for nothing at all.” She brushed past the alpha to go to the omega's bedside. “Are you feeling alright?” She questioned, instinctively putting her hand to his forehead. “No fever.”

“I'm feeling fine.” Dipper told her, ducking his head away. “I am pretty hungry though.” He told her, eyeing the silver domed plates. Bill shut the hotel room door and locked it; he carefully wheeled the cart over to the maid and his omega.

“We will eat.” Bill announced, parking the cart. “And then you will explain.”

“Gladly, master.” Lana answered cheerfully. Dipper's mouth screwed up; something was off about the young woman. Her dress was the same. The same shoes with the stark white, over starched socks. Dark hair, pulled atop her head in a tight bun. But still. What was it? Another quick once over; was it glasses?

“Lana, do you have contacts?” Dipper questioned. The maid rose an eyebrow at him.

“No. I've never had a problem with my vision.” Lana told him, looking thoroughly confused. The omega looked at Bill, then back at her. That wasn't right.

“I swear that you used to wear glasses.” Dipper pressed. Lana shook her head in denial again. Bill frowned at the two.

“Lana, how long have you served me?” Bill questioned, garnering her attention. She turned to him.

“Roughly six years now, master.” Lana replied, standing still beside the omega. Bill crossed his arms over his chest, now looking equally as confused.

“Nothing else freaky, strange or life-threatening better happen.” Dipper interjected, switching his gaze between the two. “Because I can’t run right now.” Bill held up a hand, silencing the younger man.

“And in all of those six years, you haven't worn glasses?” Bill continued as if Dipper hadn't said a thing. “Not once?” Dipper didn't like where this was going.

“Not a single day.” Lana replied—and that's when the omega realized that it wasn't the lack of glasses that he noticed.

It was the lack of a scar.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys, we're back to our scheduled programming.

My beta for this chapter is ZoneRobotnik.

Song for this chapter:
Bernadette by IAMX

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“Dipper, is something wrong?” Lana questioned, leaning over to inspect his face. Dipper let out a yelp, pressing his back tightly to the headboard.

“Step back from him.” Bill told her carefully. The maid looked up in surprise, but did as she was told. Her shoes squeaked quietly as she proceeded all the way to the wall. “Sugar pine, I need you to answer a few questions.” He murmured; he slowly approached the bed and knelt beside it. As his knees sank into the carpet, he stretched his fingers across the covers, offering them to the younger man.

Dipper carefully took the slender digits in his own. They were warm and solid, twisting in his and clenching his own fingers tighter. The omega lifted his head to look at Bill; pursed lips and a single, concerned eye met his gaze.

“What the hell is going on?” Dipper asked, trying not to sound like he was on the verge of crying. The lump in his throat was ever-present with each word that fell from his lips. “I just want to know what's going on and I don't understand anything.” He continued thickly, a wavering hiccup escaping him. Bill let out a gentle trill and brought Dipper's fingers to his lips, pressing a kiss to each knuckle.

“I told you. The world is a lot bigger than you see.” Bill murmured, pressing his forehead to the back of his mate's hand. “Now, little tree, you said that the Lana you remember wears glasses, correct?”

Dipper's eyes flicked up to look at the maid; she looked utterly confused and distraught in the same breath. Her eyebrows were drawn tight over her eyes as she observed the scene, fingers clenching at her jacket clad arms. Lana's skin was pale and when he locked eyes with her, he could see she was shaking. Minutely, but she was.

“Yes, she's worn glasses since I've met her. But...Bill, that's not what I'm concerned about. Not anymore.” Dipper told him. Bill cocked his head to the side, raising an eyebrow at the younger man. “Do you remember the night I had the nightmare about the statue? When Lana came in?” Bill grunted, running his fangs along his bottom lip. He accidentally snagged a bit of flesh, drawing small beads of blood from underneath. Dipper leaned forward and brushed the blood away, drawing it along the alpha's bottom lip.


“Lana doesn't have the scar. You know that thing I threw a huge fit about because you wouldn't tell me?” Dipper asked, hoping to reach the alpha. Hoping that wasn't just going crazy. Hoping that he could swallow the damn lump in his throat. He couldn't talk normally with it sitting there, heavy and weighing down his chest. “Tell me you remember, please.”

“Lana doesn't have a scar?” Bill questioned; he turned to look at the maid. “Where was the scar at?” Dipper's mouth went dry, tongue sticking to the roof of his mouth. He pulled his fingers from Bill's, pulling his hand back to him and curling them into tight fists. The alpha let out a concerned chirp and rose, leaning over the bed. He gently slid his fingers across Dipper's jaw, trying to tilt the omega's face up but failing.
“On her face.” Dipper replied quietly, still refusing to look at the older man. “This is all a dream, isn’t it? All of this,” he squeezed his eyes shut, shaking his head back and forth. He wasn’t going to cry. He wasn’t going to do it. “Everything is going to hell.” he slid his fingers into his hair, tugging at the curls. “Who am I kidding. This has been hell since I got sold off to you.” The alpha let out a pitiful whimper in response to this.

“Dipper, please don't take this out on him.” Lana pleaded quietly from where she was near-stuck to the wall. “I think I might have an explanation.” Dipper didn't raise his face.

“Give us a moment.” Bill told her, dipping his head down to kiss Dipper's cheek. “Dipper, please,” another kiss to his brow. “Look at me sugar pine. Please.” His voice was soft and pleading. The omega shook his head, teeth clenched tight. He wanted to wake up. Nothing was making sense anymore.

Gloveless hands cupped his face and tried to lift his face again.

“Leave me alone.” Dipper choked out.

“No.” Bill told him sharply. “I won’t.” One of the hands left Dipper's cheek, slipping down and around his waist. The alpha pulled up the omega in a single, effortless tug. The younger man squeaked in fear as he was brought up and against Bill. His arms were strong and heavy around Dipper, holding him up against the alpha.

“Bill, I'm serious. I am going crazy. Do you understand me? I am going insane.” Dipper told him, turning his face up to look at his concerned alpha. Bill kissed the side of Dipper's nose, holding him close. “Do you even care?”

“I don't believe you're going crazy.” Bill argued.

“If you blame it on stress I swear to god--” Dipper began, but was interrupted by Bill.

“--Dipper, why would I think you were crazy? Why would I blame it on stress? Why wouldn't I take you at your word?” Bill asked, voice rumbling with an underlying attempt at a purr. Dipper sniffled away a tear, rubbing his face against the alpha's jacket. Bill was trying to make him feel better and it hurt. “If you believe that Lana wore glasses and had a scar at some point, then I believe you, okay? That's what being in a relationship is about. Trust.”

It was like everything slowed down as the word left Bill's lips. Trust. This entire time, Bill had trusted him. In everything he said. In everything he did, Bill had not only trusted him, but had believed him. Dipper inhaled sharply, trying to ground himself in Bill's scent. The comforting smell of shoe polish and leather.

Smooth circles were being rubbed into his naked back as the older man hummed and purred and nuzzled his face. Lips pressed themselves to his cheeks and nose, travelling up the side of his face to kiss his eyelids. His tongue darted out to catch any tears that were trying to escape.

“Why do you try so damn hard?” Dipper asked weakly, shaking his head in disbelief.

“I love you.” Bill responded easily. “Isn't that the easiest answer? I love you so much and you...” The alpha paused, opening and closing his mouth like a fish gasping for air before he spoke again. “...It seems like you don't even love yourself. So, I can't afford to be greedy or selfish when showing you affection.”

“You're an idiot.” Dipper told him in warbled words.
“Probably.” Bill agreed, nosing his neck and pressing wet kisses down his omega's neck. The purr was still there, underneath his words. Like the hum of a tv in the background. “You said that things aren’t as they once were, and I believe you. But Lana also said that she might have an explanation. I'm sure she'll explain why she shooed us off as well, isn't that right?” He lifted his head to look at the maid, who nodded.

“Of course, master.” Lana told him, clasping her hands in front of her. They twitched as if she was going to part them, but she didn't. “But please, accept my apology. I had no intention of upsetting you, Dipper.” The omega said nothing, and she cleared her throat. She reached into her pocket and Dipper heard the sound of wood smacking together. “Master, I was speaking to the florist when I overheard your parents; and I admit that I am ashamed that I did so, but I took a moment to eavesdrop.”

Bill proceeded to rearrange them, much to Dipper's chagrin. He didn't want to let go of the older man now that he was safely tucked into his arms. He was now sitting in his lap, legs folded neatly as the alpha pressed their backs tightly together, letting the heat from his chest radiate against Dipper's back. His arms were slung protectively over Dipper's body.

“What did you hear them say?” Bill questioned, chin balanced on Dipper's shoulder. Lana's hands did come apart this time and she dug into her pocket once more. She withdrew a flip phone, and Dipper couldn't help himself.

“You have a flip phone too? How old are you?” He questioned, mildly amused by the appearance of the cheap plastic. Lana offered him a small smile.

“Master insisted.” Lana told him, fiddling with it for a few moments. “I recorded the conversation for you.” The alpha nodded at her. After a few moments, the phone crackled to life.

“We can't keep this up forever.” Leo grunted over the grainy quality of the phone. “I'm not worried about Dipper; you see that kid? Cute as a button. Doesn't really go with the whole eye-patch look Bill's trying to pull off.” There was some kind of shuffling in the background.

“He's too smart for his own good. He already knows something is off about us.” Ersebet responded.

“Maybe if you weren't a shitty actor, he wouldn't have.” Leonardo responded. “The longer we stay here, the more danger we're in of being found out. If Dipper finds out because you can't keep your disguise, then Bill is going to find out. Do you want him to find out his parents were killed?” Bill froze. Lana's finger hovered above the stop button, but Bill slowly shook his head.

“You are not pinning this on me if we fail.” Ersebet snapped.

“I am. You're the one who wanted the company for that little brat of yours. You're the one who suggested this plan.” There was a clattering noise, and the recording promptly stopped. Bill's teeth were clenched tightly together.

“And then there's this.” Lana continued, clicking the phone shut. Bill opened his hand and crooked a finger at the device. The maid tossed it over without a thought; the older man caught it with ease. From her pocket, she pulled out the blue matryoshka doll; a large crack was split down it's middle, rendering it and the dolls inside it broken. Except the tiny one in the middle, unpainted and made of a pale, white wood. “This is what I think has affected your memory; perhaps not even your memory.
“Maybe just the world around it.”

“How did it break?” Dipper asked after a moment when neither Lana nor Bill spoke. “What did I tell you two about weird shit happening?” He expressed further, eyebrows drawing over his eyes in frustration.

“I’m not sure. I found it like this on the bookshelf.” Lana replied. “I had gone into your bedroom; it was the closest room, you see, and I certainly couldn't be found overhearing your faux parents. The moment I found it, I knew that you were due back at the mansion at any moment and I suppose I panicked. I didn't want you to come back until we found out exactly what was going on.”

“Jesus fucking christ.” Bill swore.

“Alright, the whole parents thing makes sense. But why would the doll being broken change anything?” Dipper questioned. Bill's arms locked over him again, feeling the omega tense in his hold. Lana looked at Bill, causing Dipper to turn his head up to look at the alpha.

“Don't look at me like that; I didn't know it was haunted. It was just a rumour.” Bill muttered, unwilling to meet either companions eye. Dipper smacked his arm, upset.

“You told me your parents got that for you.” Dipper almost hissed.

“They did. After I found out it was haunted. I couldn't help myself, I was a kid.” Bill whined, thrusting his face into Dipper's neck and pressing his nose to Dipper's collarbone.

“And then you gave it to me.” The omega reached up and tugged at the older man's hair harshly. Bill nipped at his neck in retaliation. “What is with you and gifting me cursed objects? What's the story with this one?”

“It is rumoured that a matryoshka doll without a painted centre can cause uncontrollable things to happen.” Bill supplied, almost hesitantly. “Which isn't something you would take seriously; but lately, the oddest things have been happening. Misplaced objects around the house; a new tattoo on the back of my leg that I can't for the life of me remember getting but Lana swears up and down that it's always been there. The canopy on the bed? We had one, didn't we?” Dipper's face scrunched up.

“We...did. Didn't we? When I first moved in. I hadn't thought about that.”

“Doors looking out of place.” Lana supplied. “As if they weren't built for the manor.”

“Lana without glasses or a scar. But you can't really blame that on a tiny little Russian nesting doll, can you? I mean.” Dipper was trying to find some logical argument against their 'theory', but alternate realities weren't completely illogical. “And your parents. Dead. What is that about?”

“I told you my parents are rumoured to work with the cartel. They most likely died by some rival in the drug trade; that's not a big surprise.” Bill didn't seem to sound sad about it, simply like he was accepting a fact of life. “I knew my parents had been acting weird, but to not even be my parents at all?” He shook his head, pressing his forehead even tighter against the omega's shoulder.

“At least we don't have to invite them to the wedding now.” Dipper muttered under his breath, getting a laugh from his husband. “Those invites you bought are like, twenty dollars a piece.”

“They're pretty.” Bill argued.

“Pretty expensive.” The omega told him, raising an eyebrow. “And why do they need hand-painted calligraphy?” Dipper shook his head. “Nevermind—what are we going to do about this?”
“About my parents? I don't know, it's horrible that they'll never have a proper burial but they weren't very religious people anyway.” Bill told the omega. “As for the imposters, I really don't think it's a problem to let them continue pretending to be my parents.” Both Lana and Dipper visibly recoiled.

“What?” They both asked in unison, faces incredulous.

Chapter End Notes

My beta for this chapter is ZoneRobotnik

Song for this chapter:
Here (In You Arms) by Hellogoodbye

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This chapter is dedicated to Roboticspacecase, who happens to share a birthday with our favourite eccentric one-eyed alpha, the man who puts "Bill" in billionaire, Bill Cipher! Let's get a big round of happy birthdays for these two!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Bill, that's not a good idea.” Lana took a few steps forwards, her soaked shoes made soft, wet noises against the ugly carpet. The colour was like a burnt red, crusty and dark. Most likely to hide miscellaneous stains that guests might cause during their stay. “These people have infiltrated your family, taken the place of your parents and have used that advantage to gain control of your late father's largest monetary asset.” her eyes flicked to Dipper's pleading for assistance in making her case.

“Lana, if I was to uncover these scoundrels, then whomever killed my parents would come after me next.” Bill reminded her, not even sparing her a look. “And by extension, they'd try to harm Dipper as well.” Dipper shifted uncomfortably in his lap as his mind wrapped around what Bill was saying.

“You're saying we need to be careful of the threat we know of instead of worrying about one that might not exist.” Dipper supplied, leaning back so he could look into the fiery blue of Bill's eye. The alpha nodded at him. “But what if your 'parents' become a bigger one?”

“A bridge to be crossed if we come across it in the future. As for now, they seem to be in it only for the money and status. As long as we don't interrupt their plans, then they shan't bother us.” Bill tilted his face up and pressed a kiss to the corner of Dipper's jaw; a small growl rolled out from the alpha's stomach, causing the omega to laugh at him.

“You need to eat something.” Dipper reminded him, slipping his fingers into the older man's hair, preening the semi-greasy locks. Bill made a soft noise of thought, cocking his head to the side.

“Can I eat you?” he asked, running his nose along the soft line of the omega's jaw. “That's what I'm really hungry for.” Lana cleared her throat, and Bill let out a low whine of disappointment. After they'd eaten, Bill had gathered him into his lap once more, keeping him as close as possible.

“Master, I know that once you've set your mind on something, it's hard to dissuade you.” Lana began again, taking a seat in the chair opposite the bed. “But what if these imposters decide that you're an obstacle? Or that Dipper is?”

“They won't.” Bill told her, arms cradling his omega. An aching need for sleep had begun to settle in Dipper's chest; he nuzzled his face against the hard line of Bill's collarbone. “Do you want to go to sleep?” the alpha's question was followed up by pressing the older man pressing his lips to the younger man’s forehead.

“No.” Dipper protested like a small child, trying not to succumb to the sudden urge to yawn. “Just full. And warm.”

“We can have this conversation when you wake up.” Bill suggested. “Your body needs its rest to
“My body can rest once I have some more answers.” Dipper responded. Even he could hear how heavy his voice was becoming with sleep. Bill let out a breathless chuckle at Dipper's obstinate nature. The alpha's lips pressed against his the side of his mate's head, nuzzling against the bouncy curls.

“Dipper, you're exhausted.” Bill murmured into his ear, voice laden with warmth as it poured into Dipper's ears. The omega shook his head, even though he knew it wouldn't do any good. As soon as Bill had suggested he sleep, his mind had grown fuzzy. His entire body was slumping against Bill like he was a marionette who'd had his strings cut. “Good.” the alpha praised him as he did so.

“I don't want to go to sleep.” Dipper murmured. It was becoming increasingly hard to keep his eyes open; each time he closed them to take a blink, he almost couldn't open them again.

“You need too.” Bill insisted, hands beginning to stroke the younger man's back. “I'll be right here when you wake up.”

“But when I wake up, you're going to have come up with a thousand reasons why I shouldn't be told about what's going on.” Dipper protested; Bill was shifting him off of his knees and on to the bed. Dipper grit his teeth as a low whine tried to climb out of his throat. Bill was so warm in comparison to the blankets now beneath him.

“Shush.” Bill murmured. Dipper rolled away from the alpha's hands that tried to grab him.

“You are not tucking me back in.” The omega argued, throwing his legs over the other side of the bed. He clumsily got to his feet, fighting off the exhaustion. Bill let out an irritated huff.

“Very mature.” the alpha quipped, rising off the bed so he could go collect the younger man. “It's nearly three in the morning.”

“Then why aren't you getting ready for bed?” Dipper questioned, propping his hands on his hips. “You've been awake longer than I have.”

“Would that make you happier? If I went to sleep as well?” Bill asked, voice still soft and gentle as he spoke to the younger man. “Because I'm exhausted.” The omega regarded his mate carefully, debating if he could trust him. “Sugar pine, my little tree.” he continued to coo. “Come to bed.”

“Not until we figure out what's going to happen in the morning.” Dipper argued as the older man rounded the bed, coming within a few feet of him. Bill cocked his head to the side.

“In the morning? Well, I suppose we make our way back to the manor.” Bill told him, carefully removing his gloves and tossing them on the bed. Questing fingers gently ghosted his jaw; the alpha's shoulders slumped down in relief when Dipper didn't flinch away. “Or I will. I'll drop you off at your uncle's home.”

“Why?” Dipper asked as the alpha tilted his head up. “If you think that the people pretending to be your parents are safe for me to be around, then why drop me off there?” Bill was closing the space between them, the warmth of his body calling to Dipper like a siren's song. Soon the older man's arms were closing around him, drawing him forward and against his chest.

“I want to make sure that the manor is going to be safe for you when you finally return. Faith is a wonderful thing, my little tree, but it's not a guarantee.” he murmured.
“Damn it.” Bill hissed, slamming his hands on the steering wheel as they sat outside of the Mystery Shack. “You don't have another change of clothes, anything to bathe with.” he leaned forward, pressing his forehead against the leather of the steering wheel, tight enough to hurt.

“I'll be fine.” Dipper murmured, uneasy with the idea of leaving Bill to deal with whatever was in his home. In the same breath, he also wanted absolutely nothing to do with it. Faux parents? A reality altering matryoshka doll? No thanks. Bill shook his head at Dipper, the alpha lifting his head up.

“I should of prepared for this.” He muttered, almost too quietly for the omega to hear. Dipper cocked an eyebrow, but didn't question the older man as he turned the car off. “Let's get you inside,” he tilted his face up to peek out of the windshield. “It looks like it's going to rain.”

“It always looks like it's going to rain.” Dipper muttered, peering out of the windshield as well. Light grey clouds were playing across the sky in slow, cheerful tumbling. “You've lived in Oregon for awhile now, haven't you?”

“Ah, no.” Bill admitted, opening his car door and slipping out into the mildly chilly air. The door slid shut behind him and he crossed in front of the car in brisk, hurried steps. Autumn was really beginning to make it's home in the Falls; Dipper could see the slight tremors of chill shaking the alpha.

“No?” Dipper questioned when the older man opened his omega's door. Bill shrugged at his omega, the black of his suit jack a sharp contrast against the lightened sky. “Where did you use to live?” he questioned swinging his legs out of the car. They protested weakly, but Dipper could stand with a fair amount of ease. Bill hovered nearby, soft clucks coming from his mouth in concern, almost too quiet for Dipper to hear.

“England. And before that, Scandinavia.” Bill told him, finally deciding that Dipper was steady enough to walk without him hovering. He took a place at the omega's right side, slipping their fingers together.

“Scandinavia? Really?” Dipper questioned, eyebrows high on his forehead in interest. “Were you born there?” Bill nodded, running his glove-clad thumb over the base of Dipper's thumb.

“Yes, actually.” The alpha told him; the gravel of the parking lot crunched underneath their shoes, tiny pebbles spraying forward and clacking quietly against the cracked and crumbling parking chocks that decorated the parking lot. “My mother was Scandinavian, and my father is actually from Egypt.”

“I would of never guessed.” Dipper admitted. “Well, I could of guessed England because of the accent, but never Scandinavia.” he stepped closer to Bill's side, resting his head against the older man's shoulder. Bill let out a soft trill and pressed a kiss to Dipper's forehead.

“It's really beautiful there—my summer home is there, actually. We can visit any time you'd like, after this nonsense is over with.” the older man offered, kissing Dipper's temple. Dipper tugged Bill to a stop, widening his eyes and attempting to look as pathetic as possible as he looked up at the older man.

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“Do we have to wait until this is all over?” He asked quietly. Bill slipped his fingers out of Dipper's, using his hands to cup Dipper's face instead. He brought their lips together in a solid, warm kiss.

“I'm sorry, sugar pine.” Bill murmured, rubbing his thumb along Dipper's cold-reddened cheek. “I really am.” the bright blue eye was searching the omega's brown. “We have to stay for just a bit longer,” when Dipper cast his eyes down, Bill let out a trill, bringing his attention back up. “Just a
little bit longer, please.”

“Okay.” The omega told him with a sigh; he found himself kissed again, but this time it was a chaste beg. “I know you need to stay.” he whispered against Bill's lips. The alpha started at this. Pulling back, Dipper could see a revelation in his eyes.

“Yes, I need to stay.” he murmured, running a hand through his hair. His eye locked on Dipper. “But you don't need to.”

“No.” Dipper argued immediately. “I'm not leaving without you.” he told him, shaking his head in the alpha's grip. “I can't.”

“You can. It'd be safer for you.” The alpha was really getting excited now. “Where do you want to go? I can send you anywhere in the world.”

“I want to stay with you.” The omega told him, voice quiet as he looked up at him. “I need to stay with you.” This caught Bill's attention, and he frowned.

“Sugar pine.” he murmured. Dipper shook his head and slipped his fingers into Bill's. “Little tree, it'd be safer for you.”

“No, it's safer with you. I can't protect myself.” Dipper almost winced at himself. Yes, he was playing the 'helpless omega' card. But the idea of leaving Bill was painful; god, what was this man doing to him? “Plus, I...Bill, just...” he shook his head. “I can't imagine spending longer than a day without you. I'd go stir crazy if I didn't have to deal with your obstinate ass.”

“You are such a romantic.” Bill teased, tugging the omega towards the Shack once more.

“I try.” Dipper told him. “It's one of my best qualities, I think.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys!

This chapter is unbeta'd.

Song for this chapter:
Rock Bottom by Hailee Steinfeld

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This fic will now be updating once a week.

"Dipper?" Ford greeted him, voice thick with confusion. The sleeves of his sweater were rolled up above his elbows, and a thin sheen of sweat shined on his face. "Ah, Bill is here too." He stood there for a moment, staring at the couple. Bill looked at the old man and then at Dipper. He was about to speak when his other great-uncle's voice spilled out the open door.

"Ford, close the damn door! I ain't payin' to heat the outside." Stan barked from somewhere in the living room. Ford shook his head, as if trying to clear it.

"Oh, of course. Please, come in." He opened the door wide, sweeping an arm out to allow them inside. "Sorry about not inviting you in at first."

"Pointdexter's got the manners of a wasp." Stan told them, a perfect image of nonchalance. "Just in the neighbourhood?" He asked lightly, picking up the remote control. Bill cleared his throat, fingers tightening around Dipper's.

"There's been an incident." Bill told Stan, his Adam's apple bobbing slightly. Dipper gently rubbed his thumb along his husband's knuckles, feeling each tense ridge as he swept over them softly. Stan's eyes snapped up to look Bill in the eye.

"What kind of incident?" He asked, voice dropping dangerously low. Ford stepped between the two, tugging his sleeves back down over his forearms. "Ain't goin' to start anything Ford." Stan told his twin, though the tone in his voice refused to mirror the neutrality of his words.

"Nothing involving Bill." Dipper quickly offered, eyes drifting up from where it had been locked on his shoes. His beat-up tennis shoes were so worn and old, so different in comparison to that of Bill's Oxford's. Stan's eyes traced over the fading bruises on his great-nephew's neck. "Heat." He explained, gently pressing a hand to his neck as a blush rose to cover his cheeks.

"I'd rather Dipper not be around my parents. I have doubts of their true intentions, and I want to make sure the manor is safe before bringing Dipper back." The alpha told Stan, unable to hide the fear in his voice. Dipper cocked his head to the side, looking at the older man. His jaw was set, but the omega could trace the tiny tremble that ran through it. "In short, I was wondering if Dipper could remain here while I took care of the issue with my parents."

"Of course he can." Ford answered immediately before his brother could say a word. "Dipper is always welcome to stay here, whenever he likes." He stepped forward and carefully placed a hand on his great-nephew's shoulder. A smile unfolded on his face, bright and welcoming. He looked up at Bill, grin never fading. "We appreciate your concern for Dipper's safety; it says quite a lot about you."

"He is very important to me." Bill told Ford; Dipper registered Stan rising from the couch and shuffling towards the kitchen. "I know it's hard to believe, but I do love this little tree." He lifted his
free hand to gently brush it against Dipper's cheek. The feel of cotton against his skin was something that the omega now relished.

“Do you want some coffee or somethin’?” Stan grunted as his slippers went from scratchy carpet to the cool tile of the sunlit kitchen. Squares of golden light slid across the bare, wooden table in the middle of it. Ford lifted his hand from Dipper's shoulder and did a quarter turn towards the kitchen. He was about to respond when Stan spoke again. “Not you, pointdexter. You've already drank seven cups and you only got up a couple hours ago.”

“I'll take a cup, Grunkle Stan.” Dipper told him, tugging Bill towards the couch. The alpha went willingly, leaning back slightly to peek into the kitchen as he passed. Ford followed the older twin into the kitchen, a frown etched into his face.

“I will as well, if the offer stands for me as well.” Bill called to the older man. Dipper insistently tugged at his hand and the alpha let out a soft trill, a quiet plea for his omega to slow down. Dipper unwittingly matched his trill, echoing the affectionate noise. Bill's eyebrows shot up on his face.

“Don't you say a word.” Dipper warned; heavy arms wrapped around him and a playful set of kisses were pressed down the side of his face. “Hey, stop that.” the omega protested, laughter spilling through his words.

“That was quite possibly the cutest thing you've ever done.” The alpha murmured, capturing Dipper's lips in his. The younger man let out a soft snort, slipping a hand up to play with the collar of the older man's shirt. He briefly imagined what Bill might look like in a t-shirt. Awkward, he decided. Bill's tongue lapped and pressed against the thin seam of the younger man's lips, trying to push past them.

“For fuck's sake, can you keep your mouths to yourselves?” Stan cursed, setting the coffee mugs on the table. Dipper let out an undignified squeak, pushing away from the alpha. Bill let out a chuckle, grin full, fanged, and without an ounce of remorse. “I mean I get that you're just newly mated but Jesus Christ.” Ford let out a quiet chuckle as he entered the room behind him.

“Sorry, Grunkle Stan.” Dipper muttered and his face fell; he sat down on the couch, fingers slipping between his legs and hanging limply there. Bill sat down beside him, leaning over to gently nose at his jaw and nip playfully when he thought Stan wasn't looking. The omega bat at him, unable to stop the grin from spreading across his face again. “Is Mabel working?”

“Yeah, they're doing inventory today.” He grunted; he picked up his own coffee; it looked like it had been long cold. Dipper flicked his eyes between the worn lettering on the side that claimed he was the 'world's best great-uncle'. Mabel had made it for him over the first summer they spent away from the Falls, with a matching one for Ford.

“Inventory? Wow, I didn't know it was that late in the year already.” Dipper commented; it really was getting late he supposed, and the impending wedding that hung over his head on top of the everything else made his stomach churn over itself. “Guess time doesn't wait, does it?” Ford shrugged, coming up behind Stan's chair and bracing himself against it with a single, six-fingered hand.

“Time's a man-made construct.” Ford told Dipper, voice serious. “In fact, time-keeping wasn't made accessible to the general public until--”

“--Ford, for fuck's sake, I don't want a headache.” Stan groaned, pinching the bridge of his nose. The younger twin let out an offended scoff and gently smacked the back of the older's head. “Get on, ya big ol' nerd. Why don't you go do something useful, like get a room ready for Dipper? 'Stead of
“You call me as soon as you get there.” Dipper murmured, wrapping his arms around Bill's neck and pressing up onto his toes to kiss the older man. The alpha wrapped him tightly in a hug, returning the kiss with a hungry, soft mewl. Dipper's toes curled tightly at the noise.

“I will.” Bill breathed when they parted. He was drawing his tongue along his top lip, eye tracing the features on Dipper's face. He leaned forward, mouth inches from the omega's ear. “I can't wait to get you home and back into bed.” He rumbled softly.

“My ass still isn't ready for that.” Dipper murmured back. Bill's hands slipped down, gently squeezing the omega's ass cheeks. He squeaked indignantly and smacked Bill on the side of the head lightly. Bill ducked away, trying not to laugh. Instead, he pushed his bottom lip out in an innocent-looking pout.

“My hands slipped.” Bill whined, hands moving back up to rest on Dipper's sides. The omega narrowed his eyes. “I promise.”

“For some reason, that's not entirely believable.” The younger man muttered, stretching up to kiss Bill again, this time sweetly. “I'm going to miss you.”

“I love you.” Bill replied, pressing the tips of their noses together. “I'll get this sorted out as soon as possible.” Dipper nodded slightly, mouth dipping down into a frown.

“Be careful.” Dipper murmured, eyes slipping closed. “I...well, I don't know what I'd do without you at this point.”

“Nothing bad is going to happen to me, my little tree.” Bill promised, locking his eye with Dipper's. “I promise.”

“Promises are just another thing you have to take on faith.” The younger man reminded, playing with the ends of Bill's hair. “They aren't a guarantee.” This pulled a chuckle from Bill, who carefully took a step back, arms leaving the omega as he opened the car door behind him.

“Using my own words against me. Cheeky.” he pinched Dipper's cheek for emphasis. When the omega didn't smile, Bill let out a heavy sigh. “I'm going to be fine. Lana will be with me.” Dipper fidgeted with his hands, eyes sliding away to stare at the mismatched gravel that was spread around them.

“Kiss for the road?” Dipper mumbled, stuffing his hands into the pocket of his coat. Bill trilled gently and cupped his omega's face, turning it towards him. Bill pressed a kiss to each corner of his mouth, the area where the bridge of his nose was the thinnest and smack dab in the middle of his forehead.

“If you keep wanting me to kiss you, I may never leave. We'd have to move in.” Bill teased lightly. “I do need to go.” He whispered.

“I know. I just don't want you to.” The omega murmured. He kicked at the rocks beneath his feet and Bill looked down. His eyebrows shot up.

“You need new shoes.” Bill told Dipper. “You have the card.”
“I don't want to use your money.” The omega whined lightly; he did need shoes, but he couldn't just use Bill's money. It felt wrong.

“Buy yourself a new set of shoes, Dipper. Please. Your toes are going to freeze in those when it snows.” Bill's hands left his face, frowning. “I love you. You know that, right? I love you with every fibre of my being.”

“I know.” Dipper murmured, gently clasping his hands together as he watched his husband climb into the car. “I know.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed :)

My beta for this chapter was ZoneRobotnik

Song for this chapter:
End of the World by Juliet Simms

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“Hey bro-bro, what are you doing down here so late in the day?” Mabel asked as her brother stepped into the shop. The bell clattered and chimed as he did so, announcing him into the mostly-empty store. Erin was fast asleep, cheek pressed against the glass of a counter-top. An inventory sheet was laying off the side of him, stickers neatly filled out and completed.

“Eh, Bill's parents are apparently bat-shit, so he wants me to hang here for a few days while he takes care of it.” He leaned against the glass counter, ignoring the subtle ache in his body. It was a good ache. Mabel was sitting atop an old stool, doodling in the margins of the sheet in front of her.

“Cute, isn't he?” Mabel asked, nodding to the sleeping omega. She reached a hand out and gently pushed some hair from his face. Her eyes were soft and a devoted grin unfolded on her face. “I really lucked out.” Her eyes flickered to Dipper's, before dropping to the floor in guilt. “I...I'm sorry, you know. It was because you were forced to mate with Bill that I had this chance.” She shook her head. “Still taking care of me, aren't you? You do realise you're the younger twin, right? I should be taking care of you.”

“Just by a couple minutes.” Dipper told her, turning his eyes to the trinkets in the display case. “Besides, if mating to Bill means you don't have to deal with, well.” He shrugged. “If you were forced into my situation, things would be a lot worse, you know.”

“But that doesn't mean things are good for you.” Mabel told him in a near-whisper. “I...I just. Your entire life was stolen from you.” She continued to murmur, turning her head to look at Erin. “So was his. It's not fair for either of you.”

“Life isn't fair.” Dipper told her, shoulders slumping forward. His eyes travelled to an empty corner behind the counter; they followed up a single crack there that spread into a spider web as it climbed up the wall. “You've always known that I never had a chance at living a normal life.”

“I...Dip.” Mabel spread her hands out on the inventory sheet in her lap. “I'm sorry, I really am. We really haven't had a lot of time to talk about this.”

“And now isn't a good time either.” Dipper told her, pushing off of the counter. “Not with Erin right here. Asleep or no.” He shoved his hands into his pockets, fiddling with the old candy wrappers and loose change sliding around in them. “I'm okay, Mabel. I am. Bill's a good guy.” Mabel shifted on her stool, the heels of her boots hooked into the supporting beams of it. “I...I'm happy. I'm happy with him.” The older twin peered up at him, eyebrow cocked at the shake in his voice.

“You're happy with him?” Mabel questioned, leaning down whilst shaking her head. She grabbed the edge of a box, tugging the half-empty object up and into her lap. “You don't sound very sure about that.”

“What other choice do I have?” Dipper snapped; he really didn't want to fight with her about this. Not now. “Don't you think I'm confused enough?” Again, Erin stirred, and the air hung silent again. This time, a single blue eye cracked open; a sleepy smile flashed at Dipper.

“Well, hello.” He greeted, carefully sitting up. Erin swayed lightly in his seat, and Mabel's hand shot
out to steady him. “What are we all yelling about?”

“Dip is trying to tell me how to inventory correctly.” Mabel lied, the words falling off her lips easily. “We switched to a new system this year though, so I'm pretty sure I got to deny you on this one, bro-bro.”

“I guess I’m just not really good with change.” Dipper teased, faux smile adorning his face. “Could you teach me? I've been feeling kind of restless these last couple days. Can't do much on bed-rest.” He shrugged his jacket off, laying it on a nearby, empty sales table.

It wasn't until later that evening until Dipper had to think about the topic again. But this time, it wasn't Mabel who approached him. It was Stan.

“Hey.” Stan gruffed, shuffling into the kitchen. Dipper was drying the dishes and slipping them into the beaten up dish drainer beside him. The omega turned his head, smiling at his great uncle. “You okay?” Dipper paused, considering lying to Stan for a moment; in the end, he let out a sigh.

“No.” He answered as small droplets of water rolled down his fingers and plopped on to the slightly damp towel that he had been using to dry the dishes.

“Is it Bill?” The old man asked, leaning against the counter. Dipper nodded, unable to take his eyes off the thin stream of water that was slipping down the silver of the sink and down the drain. “Did he really give them bruises to you while he was in heat?” Stan pressed, looking his great nephew over with a careful eye.

“Yeah. It wasn’t terrible.” Dipper told him. He reached forward and turned off the water. “I was expecting worse from it, honestly.” Stan grunted, crossing his arms over his chest. Dipper braced his hands against the sink, sucking in a deep, steadying breath. Stan simply waited. “I’m so confused.”

“What’re ya’ confused about?” the old man asked. “Maybe I can help. Is Bill actin’ weird or somethin’?” Dipper went to shake his head, but grinned instead. Bill was always weird.

“Yes, but that's relatively normal.” Dipper swallowed, forcing his face to return something a bit more sober. “It's not really about him, I guess. It's about me.” he flexed his fingers against the rapidly cooling metal beneath him. “I'm having a hard time separating my thoughts from the hormone driven ones..” He rose a hand, staring at the skin, a frown etching into his face.

“Gonna explain that?” Stan asked, voice dropping to a low, soft tone that he rarely used. It encouraged Dipper to continue.

“I can't live without Bill, but...” He sighed. “...I don't love him, you know? I feel like I should, but I don’t.”

“Why do you feel you need to love 'im?” Stan asked, raising a single bushy eyebrow. Dipper's frown deepened. “Is it cause he says he loves you?”

“I...maybe. I don't know.” The omega admitted, drawing his bottom lip into his mouth. He ran his teeth across the skin, wishing he had the answer.

“You know you don't gotta love him just cause of that.” Stan told him. “You can take all the time you need to understand how ya' feel. Bein' confused is a natural reaction to somethin' as sudden as this.” Dipper's eyebrows furrowed, eyes not focusing on anything in particular. “Hell, even if you didn't have them newly mated hormones runnin' through you— you wouldn't have to label how you
felt. Again, take it at your own pace. Nobody's rushin' you to fall in love with a guy you just met.”

“I should know that. It's just...” Dipper pushed off from the sink, turning his head and looking at his great uncle. “...He's just so genuine, every time he tells me that he loves me. And I keep thinking that if I could love him back, this entire situation would be easier.” Tears were welling up in his eyes now. “But I can't.” Strong arms wrapped around him, tugging him into a bone-crushing hug.

“Don't think that way.” Stan told Dipper. “You don't need to be dwelling on things like that. Just focus on you. Focus on gettin' to know Bill instead.” He pulled away from his great nephew, wiping away the young man's tears. “Okay?”


“Yer welcome. Now finish them dishes; Wheel of Fortune is comin' on.”

They were in the middle of the show when Dipper's phone rang; the others, Erin included, sent a mild glare in his direction for interrupting the show. Dipper held up his hands in defense and slipped out of the living room and into the hall.

“You told me that you'd call when you got there.” Dipper hissed into the phone as soon as he picked up.

“Why did I know that would be the first thing out of your mouth?” Bill asked, sounding rather irritated.

“Because you know that you didn't keep your word.” The omega stated, leaning heavily against the wall. “Do you know how worried I've been? Do you even care?”

“Of course I care.” The alpha snapped. There was a few seconds of silence, and then Bill spoke again. His voice was softer this time. “Of course I care, sugar pine. I'm sorry I didn't call you as soon I got here. Can you forgive me?”

“Yes.” Dipper replied, imagining the slender fingers gripping his sides. A cold nose pressing against his collarbone as Bill spoke; he missed him. “I'm sorry I snapped.”

“You're fine.” Bill reassured him. “Are you resting? You shouldn't be up and moving around too much just yet.”

“I can't lie in bed forever.” Dipper huffed, kicking at the wall opposite him. “Besides, I'm feeling much better. Might even go for a hike in the woods tomorrow.” Mabel had asked him during dinner, explaining that she though she saw the top hat of the odd statue; she was convinced that the thief had brought him back and returned him to his proper place. Not wanting others to take him, Mabel was going to do the one thing she could do to prevent it. Steal it herself.

“A hike?” Bill's voice was sharp in disbelief. “No. Absolutely not.”

“What are you going to do about it?” Dipper asked, briefly holding his cellphone to his shoulder with his cheek so he could dig out a piece of gum from his pocket. Bill let out a soft rumble over the phone, a warning.

“You can't just gallivant into the woods.”
"I said I was going for a hike, not that I was going to go prancing with a group of satyr," Dipper told him dryly. "Besides, Mabel is going to go with me. I think she can more then handle anything that's prowling around the woods."

"The woods are dangerous, regardless." Bill argued. "With an alpha or no, you could get seriously hurt."

"Stop playing mom, Bill."

"The woods are dangerous, regardless." Bill argued. "I've been in these woods a hundred times; just because you're my alpha now doesn't mean I'm going to stop."

"I know you care, Bill. I really do, but you have to give me some space once in awhile."

"I do give you space."

"Stop playing mom, Bill."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry. Do you find out your parents are fake every other year or is it more of a decade thing?"

"It's different with you."

"Is it because I'm an omega? Is that it Bill?"

"You can't."

"You can't."

"I...I don't like that."

"That's not what I meant."

"Talk about anything you like. Just don't hang up yet. Just let me hear you a bit longer, please." Dipper pursed his lips.

"Why? There's nothing to talk about."

"Talk about anything you like. Just don't hang up yet." he asked again, and Dipper could hear real longing in his voice. "It's...lonely, without you here. Hard to sleep without you." The omega's throat tightened.
“Bill, do you want me to talk to you until you fall asleep?” Dipper’s voice warmed immediately, cheeks blossoming into pink. Bill sighed on the other end of the phone, and he heard the alpha shift in the bed.

“Yes. Please.” Bill admitted, trying hard not to sound ashamed. “It’s not the same as having you with me, but it’d help.”

“I can do that.” Dipper carefully slid down the wall, stretching his legs out in front of him. The toes of his tennis shoes brushed the wall opposite him. Tomorrow, he’d go into town and replace his shoes. Tomorrow, his mind would return to dwell on what he felt for Bill. But tonight, he would be there for him.

Chapter End Notes

Happy, happy, happy All Hallow’s Eve! I hope you all go trick or treating and get tons of tasty candy!
Also, watch out for killer clowns if you’re in the US, cause that shit is fuckin’ wild right now. (Though as a general rule you should probably watch out for killer clowns?)

My beta for this chapter is, of course, ZoneRobotnik.

Song(s) for this chapter:
I Don't Love You by My Chemical Romance
Malfunction by Steampunk Giraffe

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dipper woke up to the loud cries of crows, cawing early morning welcomes from beyond his window. With a low groan, he pulled his pillow to cover both of his ears in an attempt to go back to sleep. But the cawing was insistent and he rolled over to shoot a half-hearted glare at the window.

“Just what I needed.” Dipper muttered; he sat up on the old mattress and winced when the springs underneath him squeaked. “Squeaky bed, cryptic alpha.” he shuddered when his feet touched the hardwood, but rose to stand anyway. He pulled the blanket up, draping it over his head and letting it tumble down around his legs to snap and sway around his ankles.

Outside, a tree had grown parallel with the window; it was still clinging to life with not-yet orange leaves. That in itself wasn't odd, plenty of trees were still green and laden with nuts. What was off was the amount of crows that had made their temporary home in its branches. Dipper glared sleepily at them and flipped the swivel lock, successfully unlocking it.

“Look, I get it.” Dipper told them as he stuck his head out the window. “You're birds. You like being loud and obnoxious. I get it.” he gestured at the sky—it was barely dawn, the golden colours of an autumn day bleeding up and into grey. “But it's really early, and some of us are having a pretty hard week, so could you keep it down?”

“Dipper, are you trying to have a rational conversation with crows?” Dipper jumped, startled by the voice. He snapped around to face the intruder. A rather awake looking Erin was peering at him curiously. He carefully appraised the older man and the dark silken pyjamas he wore, buttoned from his waist to his throat with round, white buttons.

“Well they're pretty intelligent. Thought they might just go away if I asked.” Dipper told him, wondering why he'd opened his door in the first place. “What are you doing up this early?” He asked cautiously. Erin shrugged.

“I couldn't sleep any longer, I suppose.” A hesitant step into his room. “I heard you speaking, and thought that this was perhaps the best time to speak to you. I don't wish to intrude, of course.”

“Oh no, come on in.” Dipper told him, shuffling over to it on the chest at the end of the bed. “I probably won't be able to go back to sleep, to be honest. Not with a murder going on outside.” The joke pulled a laugh from the other omega.

“They are rather loud, aren't they? And they seem to have made their home right by your window. You haven't been making deals with tricksters, have you?” Erin teased; now welcome in the room, he approached Dipper with an unabashed stride.

“I wouldn't doubt that I've unintentionally made a deal with one, at this point.” He pulled the blanket tighter of his head, looking at the scratched floor. “My life is a mess.” He told Erin, laughing with no real mirth. Erin laid a hand on Dipper's shoulder.

“Come now, it's not nearly as bad as you think.” Erin told him gently, gently squeezing his shoulder. “I mean, you are mated to Bill, which is probably the root of...” he paused, drawing his bottom lip
into his mouth as he thought. “...perhaps eighty percent of your problems?” This time Dipper's laugh was genuine and he scooted over so his sister's omega could sit down beside him.

“You mean ninety? Or how about all?” Dipper continued to joke. Erin cracked a grin at him.

“He is a handful. You have an interesting life in front of you.” Erin continued to tell him, grin never waverling, merely turning warm and familial. “Speaking of mates—would you mind answering a few questions about Mabel for me? I understand if you don’t wish to reveal anything about your sister to me. I would gladly answer questions about Bill in return, to the best of my ability, anyway.”

“What did you want to know?” Dipper asked, weighing the pros and cons of discussing their individual alphas.

“Well, the first thing I'd like to know is...is she okay with me?” Erin's voice was soft and hesitant. “I can't tell if she's just being kind.” His eyebrows furrowed together, fingers interlocking on his lap.

“What? Okay with you?” Dipper frowned. “What do you mean by that?”

“Her sexual preference. Do I fall within it?” Erin asked, cheeks heating up. “It is simply because she still hasn't marked me and I fear that she never intends to and.” The older omega's jaw clenched, and he swallowed. “--I just feel as if she'll never do so. I feel as if she'll never deem me suitable enough to mark. It's not like how it was with my cousin and yourself. He...he tells me that the moment he saw you he wanted to mark you. Like an ache inside of him. With Mabel, I feel like she has no such desire.”

“Gross.” Dipper remarked; Erin's head snapped up. “Not about you and Mabel. Bill wanting to mark me right away.”

“I think it's kind of romantic.” Erin murmured, eyes falling back down to the floor.

“Guess I'm not a romantic.” Dipper told him with a shrug. “But Mabel likes you. A lot. And she feels really lucky to be able to be with you.” He paused, watching the blush creep down Erin's neck.

“And Mabel, well, she's not into labels. But I think that you're not just what she likes, but exactly what she needs.” Erin weakly slapped at his arm, cheeks and neck burning a bright red.

“I highly doubt that.” The older omega told him, fidgeting with his fingers. Dipper shrugged.

“I don't know why she hasn't marked you yet. She might be waiting until she knows you're ready for it.” Dipper told him. “I would talk to her about it, maybe tell her that you're ready. Tell her how you feel.” He slid a hand through his hair, shaking out the knotted curls. He let out a hiss as he accidentally tugged on one a bit too harshly and the hair snapped. “Fuck.”

“She won't get offended?” Erin questioned. Dipper shook his head.

“Not Mabel. She believes that communication is the most important part of a relationship.” Outside, the crows had decided to increase their volume. Somewhere below him, he heard someone curse loudly.

“I suppose it's about time for breakfast.” Erin told Dipper. “Or it will be here soon.”

“Probably.” Dipper agreed. “I do have a question about Bill.”

“Go right ahead. I did say that I would answer any that I could.”

“Can I trust him?” The younger omega asked, locking eyes with Erin. A series of emotions flit across
the older man's face before it settled on one of great disquiet.

“When he tells you he loves you, that is what you must trust.” Erin finally said. “As for anything else? No.” He stood from the chest. “Watch him, Dipper.”

“That's not exactly comforting.” Dipper told him, also rising to stand.

“I wish I could have given you a better answer. But I wish to honest with you, as you are with me. You deserve nothing less.” He went to turn away, but stopped when he felt Dipper's hand on his shoulder.

“I have one more question.” He waited for Erin to turn to look at him, removing his hand. “Do you know anything about a package that Bill might have picked up in August?” The older omega's eyebrows shot up in surprise. “A yes, then. Is it haunted too?” Erin looked at the door, before taking measured steps to it. He shut the door carefully, the silence loud enough that Dipper could hear the lock click into place.

“I suppose breakfast can wait a little longer.” Erin told him, straightening. “If you're still hungry after this, I suppose.”

“Dipper.” Bill's voice was warm as he answered the phone. He'd picked up on the first ring. “How is my little sugar pine today? Are you feeling well? Eating enough?”

“I'm doing alright. Missing you.” Dipper answered softly, a hundred questions racing through his head. “I'm walking into town right now, actually. I realised that I can't go hiking without decent shoes.”

“Walking? Are you by yourself?” Bill asked, concerned. Dipper took a moment to answer, watching his breath form white clouds and spin up lazily towards the waiting sky.

“Yeah.”

“Dipper, is something wrong?” The alpha asked, and Dipper heard him rustling around. “Nevermind, where are you?” The jingling of keys could be heard through the phone. Dipper looked up, staring at the long expanse of trees, the small town nestled below him.

“I'm just outside of town—you don't have to come get me, I'm perfectly capable of walking to town by myself.” Dipper told him, though his tone of voice was unconvincing.

“I know I don't have to. But I want to. I want to hold you again. Kiss that scowl that you have on your face right now.” Bill purred; Dipper hadn't realised he had been scowling until it turned into a smile.

“You're ridiculous.” Dipper told him. “I actually need to talk to you. About something.”

“Good thing I'm on my way then.” The alpha told him. “Stay right where you are. I'll be there soon. I love you, Dipper.” His voice was as soft as silk, and it made Dipper shudder. “Goodbye.”

“Bye.” Dipper whispered into the phone. He stared at the message flashing at him, telling him his call was ended. Slipping it back into his pocket, he felt something already occupying the space. Frowning, tucked his phone in the opposite pocket. “What the hell?” He muttered, grasping at the thing within his pocket and tugging it out.
Dipper froze. The matryoshka doll.

“How’d you get in here?” He asked it quietly. “Actually. Wait. Don't answer that.” There was a snapping, cracking sound of boots on branch and his head snapped to his right. Nothing. “You know, when you tell someone not to answer, they expect you to, you know. Not.” He whispered, clutching the wooden doll. Another crack, causing Dipper to stumble back.

“What are you running from?” A familiar voice asked. Dipper's blood turned to ice, and he could feel his heart beat hard against his ribs with sharp, painful pricks. The voice from the bedroom. “Pretty little omega.” A cool breeze snuck underneath the collar of his jacket, causing him to shudder.

“Don't you have better things to do?” Dipper asked; it had briefly crossed his mind to mention that Bill, the Bill Cipher was his alpha, but he didn't need to fling the older man's name around. It wouldn't have mattered.

His hat was ripped from his head and thrown to the ground, the bright blue colour of it bleak and staid against the black pavement as a hand slid into his hair and yanked his head back. Knees buckled and feet scrabbled against gravel as he tried to stay upright, flailing an arm back. He hit nothing and he wasn’t ashamed to let out a high-pitched, terrified scream. This had to be some kind of fucked up nightmare.

“Bear that pretty little neck for me.” His attacker hissed, yanking his head up once more. Fingers shoved his scarf down and claws pressed against his throat. Testing, dancing, feeling his pulse beat erratically. His mind was constantly repeating the same thing, *Bill is going to be here soon.*

Chapter End Notes

Mm, today is a good day!

My beta is ZoneRobotnik.

Song for this chapter:
Circus Monster (Music Box) by CircusP

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Dipper had experienced fear, in his life. But nothing compared to the feeling of a stranger's hand—a stranger's *clawed* hand—tightening around your throat. The younger twin wasn't going to waste his oxygen begging his attacker to let him go. Instead, he attempted to kick behind him, fingernails digging into the tender flesh on the back of the alpha's hand.

It didn't seem to have any affect on the larger man.

“You smell intoxicating.” A low voice hissed as the alpha drug Dipper back, slamming against his back with enough force to wrench a gasp from the omega's mouth. Lips pressed to the area just below his ear, pressing hard. “Even though you're mated to that sorry excuse of a man.” the voice was utterly terrifying; Dipper grit his teeth as his throat tightened. Not today.

The hand around his neck shifted to his jaw, tilting his face up. The omega could feel the barest brush of fangs nudging at the unmarked side of his neck. He tried to wrench his head away from the iron grip, gaining barely inches before claws bit into his skin, drawing beads of blood to pool on Dipper's skin.

“You are so feisty.” the alpha snarled, yanking Dipper's head back in the optimal position. “Your previous alpha is far too lenient with you.” The omega's temper flared as he felt the fangs graze his neck again. This time, Dipper dug his thumb sharply into the meaty area between his attacker's forefinger and thumb, getting a startled snarl; the hand loosened, just enough for Dipper to tug himself free and sprawl on to the gravel beneath him.

The mixed, dirty rocks bit into his palms and he scrabbled to stand. Like every cliché horror film, his tennis shoes failed to find purchase on the loose ground. The alpha marched over, and Dipper could hear the purpose in his step. He had to get up. He had to get to Bill. His alpha. A hand reached down, gripping the collar of his jacket--

And that's when Dipper heard it. A very, very familiar rattling rumble. Dipper twisted his body around to face the larger man and with a great amount of effort planted his foot right in the middle of his chest. An audible swear flew out of the attacker's mouth as he stumbled back, right into the left lane of the poorly paved road.

The sickening noise of bone twisting and snapping sounded like the harkening of the lord God himself.

“The Stanmobile.” Dipper called, unable to recall the last time he was so happy to see the beat up convertible slam to a stop in front of him, the likely dead perpetrator laying in a bloody heap on the black asphalt not too far from him. “Grunkle Stan and-” his next call was interrupted by a sob that heaved it's way out of his chest. The weight of the situation he had been rescued from crashing down around him.

Shaking hands rose to brush away tears as Dipper tried to calm down. Stan was climbing out of the vehicle and rushing to his great nephew, face twisted in a wordless rage; the older man seemed unable to express himself for a moment.

“ Fucking hell.” he finally muttered. “When Mabel said ya were walkin’ to town, I didn't think I'd find ya gettin' jumped.” Ford was right behind his brother, trench coat snapping in the chilled wind.
“Are you alright, Dipper?” Ford questioned, falling into a crouch beside his great-nephew. Dipper swallowed, trying to find the words to explain that no, he was not alright. Nothing about what happened was ever going to be alright. Ford picked up Dipper's scarf; it must of unwound itself from around his neck and been taken by the wind.

“He...He tried to mark me, Ford.” Dipper told him quietly, brown eyes wet and wide as he turned them to look at him. The honorary 'grunkle' fell off in his confusion. “Why would he do that? Alphas don't do that.” His words were shaky at best, pushing past his lips without any real conscience.

“I don't know, Dipper.” Ford admitted. “Did he hurt you, Dipper?” The question was soft yet demanded an answer as the old man pushed Dipper's curls from his face. Noting the marks left by the claws that had dug into the omega's face, he grit his teeth.

“No. Not in that way, no.” Dipper replied as his uncle inspected his face. “Just the claw marks.”

“He cut you pretty deep.” Ford mumbled. “Stan, do we have a first aid kit in the convertible?”

“Think so.” Stan was remarkably quiet, eyes darting between his great-nephew and the limp body that was partially in the road. “I'm going to pull the car to the shoulder of the road.”

“Good idea. Bring the kit back with you, will you?” Ford requested. Stan rolled his eyes and climbed back into the clunky red vehicle. Stan tugged down his beanie that had started to slip off of his head.

“Need ya to help me get this out of the road first.” Stan gruffed, nodding his head at Dipper's attacker. “Much as I'd love to run him over again, we already got enough to explain.” Ford tilted his head to the side, brown eyes troubled for only a second.

“Sit right here.”

The body was drug from the road and haphazardly strewn out of the way of the vehicle. Once it and the convertible were moved out of the road, Ford came back over to the still shell-shocked omega with the first aid kit. Before Ford could begin to bandage the cuts, there was the screech of tires.

“Well, he's a bit late for the party, isn't he?” Ford muttered at Bill's camaro slipping off of the road and onto the side of the road directly behind Stan's convertible. The car was hardly shut off before the alpha was climbing out of it. Bill didn't even take the time to evaluate the situation, crossing the front of his car and sailing past the body on the side of the road.

“Stan. Ford.” Bill greeted, eye locking on Dipper. He knelt beside Ford, reaching to take the first aid kit from him. Dipper didn't give him a chance, launching forward from his sitting position to wind his arms tightly around the alpha's chest, pressing his face into the warm, heady scent of the older man.

“Bill.” Dipper murmured, voice cracking as he rubbed his wet eyes against the freshly ironed dress shirt. “Bill, I...” he fisted his hands into Bill's shirt, chest heaving and shaking with silent sobs. Bill's arms locked tightly around him, lips finding Dipper's and kissing him solidly.

“My sweet sugar-pine.” Bill murmured to Dipper, hands smoothing over his back. “Dipper, Dipper, my sweet, little tree.” He was bumping their foreheads together, gently rubbing his temples to his omegas. Bumping their noses and pressing gentle kisses across Dipper's cheeks, he let out gentle, comforting purrs in short bursts.

“Ford an' I just came back from Gresham. Had to go there early this mornin' for a doctor's appointment.” Stan crossed his arms over his chest. “When we came back to the shack, Mabel said Dipper had walked off towards town and we figured that we'd come an' pick 'em up. Too cold to be walking 'round too much.” He nodded towards the unmoving body. “Came across this fuckwit tryin'
to jump Dipper. Then Ford hit him with the car.”

The snarl that ripped from Bill's throat echoed in Dipper's ears and the arms around him drew even tighter. A cold nose pressed itself to the base of the omega's neck, scenting the area. Ford took a few step back to confer with his brother about the body.

“He tried to mark you.” Bill rumbled out. “I can smell it.” The alpha began to gently lick the offending area, coating it with his own scent the best he could. His fangs nicked the area here and there, but he didn't bite the omega. “Are you okay?” He asked in a quiet murmur. His hands were stroking the omega's back now.

“No.” Dipper admitted. “But, Bill--” Kisses were planted up and down his neck. “--Bill, listen for like, two seconds. Listen.”

“I'm listening. I promise.” Bill told him, nuzzling his neck. “I just have to get his scent off of you, little tree. You are mine. I will not have you smelling of another man, let alone another alpha.” Bill kissed his jaw. “I am aware that it isn't your fault. But I..” a low snarl slipped out. He cleared his throat. “...I have a strong desire to mark you again, and I'm trying to restrain myself from doing so in front of your great-uncles. This is the only thing I can do to control myself at the moment.” Dipper let out a soft hum in acknowledgment.

“Bill, that man is the same one that was in our bed the other night.” Dipper told the alpha, lifting his head and bearing his throat. Bill let out a pleased trill and greedily kissed and nipped at the flesh offered to him as the omega continued to talk. “His voice is exactly the same. And I think that it has something to do with that doll.”

“Something to do with the doll?” Bill asked, pulling back so he could look Dipper in the face. “The doll isn't even--” Dipper turned his head and Bill followed his gaze. The cracked doll lay not too far away from the couple. “--How'd that get here? It was in my suit pocket.”

“I don't know. But it was in my jacket pocket. I pulled it out and suddenly...” He nodded towards his attacker. Stan was nudging him with his foot, probably saying something vulgar about him. “...He came out of nowhere, he crept up behind me and--” He swallowed, trying to calm his tightening throat. Bill shushed him.

“Don't think about that. Don't think about that at all.” Bill purred into his ear. “Plenty of time for that later.” He was standing now, hands slipping down and hooking underneath Dipper's thighs. “Let's return to your great-uncle's home, get you cleaned up.” He turned to look at the Stan's. “Is he dead?”

“Good as.” Stan grunted, delivering a solid kick to the man's side. Dipper's stomach turned at the bloody mess of the man's face, barely recognizable from where it had scraped against the concrete.

“We aren't going to kill him, Stan.” Ford told him, face pinching into a peeved expression.

“Well, we ain't lettin' him live. Y'know what comes after markin', Ford? Matin'. And that means this sick fuck--” Another solid kick. “--tried to rape our great-nephew. If ya think I'm lettin' that go, if you're thinking of lettin' this go, you ain't half the man I think you are.” Ford's face briefly flashed to rage before settling on discomfort.

“Bill, take Dipper back to the house. Stan and I will do something about all of this mess.” Ford told the couple, voice level. Dipper wrapped his arms around Bill's neck, keeping himself tight to the older man. He had his face pressed against Bill's chest so he didn't have to see the mess.

As Bill turned, Dipper heard the satisfying sound of wood crunching underneath the alpha's heel.
Chapter End Notes

Hello :3

My beta for this chapter is ZoneRobotnik

Song(s) for this chapter:
24 Floors by The Maine
Dan Da Du Dou by Hins Cheung

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Bill carried Dipper from the car in his arms, sweeping up the driveway and into his great-uncle's home without as much as a knock. The alpha was cooing and chirping at Dipper in comfort, he kept the younger man close to his chest; he didn't seem to register the chill of a house long empty. Mabel and Erin must have already left to the Mystery Shack.

“Bill, it's freezing in here.” Dipper told him, trying to shift closer to the alpha if possible.

“I'll turn the heat on.” Bill told him, voice still soft as he gently set the omega down on the couch, taking a moment to nuzzle his cheek. “Stay right here.”

‘Where do you think I'm going to go?’ Dipper questioned, raising an eyebrow in question. Bill tugged on one of his curls lightly in response. “Alright, I won't leave the couch. Floor is lava and all that.” He told the older man. The car ride had calmed his nerves considerably, and now his mind had kicked back into full gear.

After Bill had flicked the thermostat on, he slunk back to the couch. Turning the arm of the couch quickly, he slammed his hip against it with a painful thud. Cursing, he paused, rubbing the sore area before continuing on his mission to his husband.

“Hey, wait a second.” Dipper grunted as Bill climbed on top of him, pushing him back against the tan, musty cushions of the sofa. “Bill, get off of me.” he whined, trying to get some kind of grip on the older man's suit jacket. Bill was heavy. Legs on either side of Dipper, barely fitting their two bodies on the narrow space.

“I'm just re-marking you.” Bill told him, fingers brushing down Dipper's jaw, the pads of his fingers gently ghosting his cheeks. “Your face is so cold.”

“You can't re-mark me on the couch.” Dipper argued as Bill dipped down, pressing a kiss to the omega's forehead. Adjusting his hips, he bent himself even further over the omega. “I'm serious, you need to stop.” The younger man continued, pushing him harder. The alpha didn't even notice the hands against his chest. “You're being a possessive creep.”

“I can't bring you back to the manor just yet.” Bill argued, fingers dipping to press against the inky black mark on Dipper's skin. “It'll only take a minute, I promise.” Lips, still chilly from the brisk wind outside, pressed firmly to the twin's. Dipper let out an angry hiss, yanking his face away.

“I said get off.” The omega told him, kicking his legs. Bill let out a soft snarl, a warning for the omega to lay still. “You don't scare me, Bill. You might be my alpha, but this is my body. Not yours.” Some part of his statement must have reached the possessive, older man, because he recoiled off the younger man in horror.

“Sugar pine, I--” Bill began. Seeing the cold, hard look on his omega's face, his mouth snapped shut. He swallowed hard. “--there's no excuse for my actions. I'm sorry.” He whispered, clasping his bare hands together, eye darting to the floor. Dipper sat up, struggling a bit before righting himself. He took a deep, calming breath, before turning his head to Bill.

“I don't mind if you re-mark me.” He began, laying a hand on his husband's thigh. “But not on the
couch.” Bill nodded in understanding. Dipper scooted across the couch, pressing his leg against Bill's. The alpha let out a quiet trill, hesitantly looking at the omega.

A trill echoed his, and his shoulders sagged in relief.

“We need to talk.” Dipper told the older man.

“We always need to talk.” Bill muttered with a sigh. “When do we need to simply enjoy each others' company?”

“If everything you did wasn't shady as hell, we might be able to.” Dipper quipped sharply. The alpha winced at the statement, physically flinching away from his husband. He looked away from the omega.

“You can't expect me to simply roll over for you.” Bill told him, voice quiet and accusatory. “You expect me to immediately give up information that has little to do with you. I will cater to your every whim, Dipper, but some things are none of your business.” His voice was stronger now. “In fact, many things in my life have nothing to do with you, and it will remain that way.”

“We're married, Bill.”

“That doesn't mean that you get to pick through my life.” Bill snapped, fingers curling up into fists. “That doesn't mean that you need to know every little thing about me. You don't need to be such a nosey fussbudget twenty-four hours a day. I shouldn't have to have my guard up around you.”

“You shouldn't have to, you're right.” Dipper agreed, clamping down on the anger that was attempting to riot through him. Forcing it down, he squeezed Bill's thigh lightly. Patience. Mabel whispered gently at him in his head. Thoughts of her were enough to pour a bucket of cold water over the hot rage that he was wrestling with. “I'm sorry that I pry. I...I just...” he clenched his teeth. “I just feel like it might make all of this easier. Knowing more about you might make all of this easier to accept.”

“What's hard to accept?” Bill demanded. His head whipped around, eye flaring. “I'm willing to worship you, every hour, every minute of your life. Isn't that enough for you? Isn't the fact that I love you enough to garner a bit of trust?”

“No.” Dipper answered shortly, meeting Bill's eye. “It's not. Just like knowing that I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself isn't enough for you to trust me.”

“Excuse me? I trusted you, and you were almost raped by another alpha.”

“Don't you fucking dare say you trusted me for a single minute.” Dipper told him, lips drawing back in a snarl. “Don't you lie to me about that. You haven't trusted me since I was sold to you, and you know it.”

“I didn't —” Something inside Dipper snapped as Bill attempted to defend himself.

“I know what was in the box, Bill. Your parents had nothing to do with me marrying you, except signing the damn check.” The alpha paled immediately, fear trickling into his features. The look on his face was enough to convince the omega of his guilt. Dipper opened his mouth to confront the older man when the front door slammed open.

“Dipper, are you okay?” Mabel's voice was high-pitched and panicked. Erin bustled in behind her, eyes wide. “Stan told me what happened. Fucking hell, we can't let him go anywhere, can we?” The joke was empty, meaningless, and directed to the frozen alpha on the couch. Something to fill the
space as she reached the couch and gathered her brother into her arms.

“Mabel, I'm fine.” Dipper told her, voice coming out a bit muffled against her chest. This didn't stop her from pulling him tighter.

“What's up?” Her voice was only quiet enough for him to hear. “I heard you two fighting from outside.”

“I'll tell you later.” Dipper lied, rubbing his cheek against her sweater. Erin hovered nearby, eyes still wide, trying to hide the fear as he looked between his cousin and the hugging twins. Mabel let him go, eyebrows furrowed together as she looked down at her twin. The confusion dipped into the same fear that was shared between the cousins, before snapping back to a concerned frown.

“Sugar pine.” Bill murmured quietly, opening his arms. Dipper flocked back to him, climbing on to his lap and settling there. “Sugar pine, please don't be mad.”

“I'm not mad.” Dipper whispered back. “Bill, I'm not mad at you.” He reiterated. Bill let out a quiet coo, pressing a kiss to his jaw.

“Would you like some coffee?” Erin asked, breaking the uncomfortable silence that had settled over them. “I imagine it was quite chilly out there.” Dipper almost wanted to laugh; Erin was attempting damage control in his own weird way.

“I'll take a cup.” Bill told him, eye falling on Dipper's pale neck once more. “Little tree, you should drink some. You were out in the cold much longer than I was.” he murmured. There was something sad in his eye now, something broken. Mabel trailed behind Erin, throwing a concerned look over her shoulder at the couple on the couch.

“Can I share yours?” Dipper asked quietly, pressing their foreheads together. Bill nodded.

“Of course you can.” he agreed, lifting a hand to cup Dipper's face. “I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Mason.” The use of his real name shook the omega, and he nodded. A weak grin flashed on his face.

“It's not okay.” The younger man told him. “But it will be.” He leaned forward, kissing Bill gently. The alpha let out a soft trill in response to the affectionate gesture, returning the subtle pressure tenfold. A surge of guilt nipped at Dipper's conscience. “L...I really am sorry about prying, you know. I shouldn't be.” He told him.

“Oh no, no, my little tree.” Bill murmured. “I shouldn't snap at you in such a manner. You're under so much stress. I'm no help, I imagine.” He nosed Dipper's jaw, relieved when the young man tilted it up for him to investigate. “Why aren't you mad at me?”

“Because you're a gigantic idiot.” Dipper replied as lips pressed kisses down his neck. “A giant idiot who believes far too much in the idea of fate.” His grin became genuine. “And I like you. Maybe it's Stockholm, but I think you're a perfect mystery for me.”

“You always know what to say to get into my pants.” Bill teased lightly, slipping his hands into the back pockets of Dipper's jeans. “Or should I say to get me out of them?” His fangs were non-existent as he kissed up the sensitive neck. “How did you find out about the box?”

“I'm a 'nosey fussbudget.’” Dipper answered, eyes slipping shut.

Inside the box was a set of scrolls, found waterlogged in a Norse warship. It had been sunk off the coast of Sweden. They contained several stories, all concerning to the same thing. Ragnarok.
Well.

That and a man born with a piece of the sky burned into his forehead.

Chapter End Notes

Hey there!

My beta is ZoneRobotnik

Song for this chapter:
Explode by Patrick Stump

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“Dipper.” Bill's breath ghosted his collar when they'd retired to the room he'd shared with Bill on their last visit. The omega stepped away from him, avoiding searching hands. Turning on his heel, brown eyes met the bright, burning blue of Bill's. His face was contorted in a frustrated grimace. “Please, sugar pine. Let me re-mark you.”

“The scrolls.” Dipper cut him off, pointing at the bed. Bill crossed his arms over his chest, hip jutting out in defiance. “You knew what they contained before you signed the contract.” The alpha seemed unamused.

“Do you even understand how much this hurts?” Bill hissed out, running his tongue over his fangs, trying to soothe them. “How painful the scent of another alpha is on you? Do you even care?” He stalked across the room, arms snaking around Dipper before he could so much as blink. “I don’t think I can wait much longer, little tree.” His fangs glinted in the poor lighting. “But I won't do so without your permission.”

“Promise to explain the box to me?” Dipper asked timidly, eyes darting to the ground. The arms loosened around him, and slender fingers ghosted up his side.

“Look at me.” Bill muttered; Dipper locked eyes with his alpha once more. “I will explain the box to you. I also promise I'll be gentle, but I need to do this.” The omega sighed before gently tilting his head up, baring his throat for the older man. Bill let out a quiet trill, dropping his head to gently nuzzle the skin there; he pressed against Dipper, moving him back towards the bed until his knees hit the edge of the mattress.

“When aren’t you gentle?” Dipper finally asked as he laid back. *Heat excluded.* He grumbled to himself. Bill grunted, licking and kissing his neck in reverence. The alpha was completely focused on his task. A knee slipped between Dipper's legs, pushing them apart with the ease of a hot knife through butter. Slipping his arms up, Dipper locked them around Bill's neck.

“This is going to hurt a bit.” Bill murmured quietly, breath warm and wet against the side of his neck. “Forgive me, please.” Then the alpha was sinking his fangs into the previously made mark, digging them deep into the flesh and muscle; Dipper let out a sharp cry in response. It hurt so much more than the first time that Bill had marked him. The venom pulsed through him, feeling like molten lava sluggishly moving through his veins.

A choked sob left his lips, and was met with an equally as choked noise from his husband. He could feel the blood dripping and slipping down until it touched the collar of his shirt and stained the material. So much *blood.* Had there been this much blood the first time around? There must have been.

“I'm sorry.” Bill murmured when he pulled away. He tentatively ran his tongue over the bite; when Dipper yelped, he winced. “I'm so sorry. Here, let me clean it. Hold still.” Clawed fingers tugged down the collar of his ruined shirt, and he gently licked the blood away. The whimpers from Dipper
grew louder as he approached the source of the pain, and Bill cursed. “Is this all I do?” He muttered, almost too quiet for the omega to hear. “Hurt you? It is, isn't it. No wonder you can't love me.” His lips brushed the mark and Dipper attempted to twist away. Bill rose a hand, cradling his neck and holding it still.

“Stop, please.” Dipper nearly sobbed, heels digging into the sheets. Bill's mouth paused. “Hurts too much.” The lips left his neck to capture his mouth instead, and the omega shuddered. His blood was smeared on the older man's lips and it made the kiss taste of iron.

“Rest for a moment.” Bill begged quietly against his lips. “My poor little tree. My sweet sugar pine. I'm so sorry. I wasn't aware that it would hurt this bad.” He let out a quiet, pained laugh. “I suppose that's my fault, isn't it?”

“No. No, remarking hurts for most omegas.” Dipper wheezed out, trying to calm his heaving chest. “Hurts bad.” Bill's eyebrows rose. Vision swimming, Dipper tried to focus on the older man above him.

“What? Why?” Bill questioned. Dipper swallowed. His legs were shaking and twitching and he wanted them to stop. He just wanted everything to stop for a second and let him regain his ability to think.

“If an omega and an alpha are already mated, the alpha's venom will affect his mate stronger. Which means I'm more--” He hiccuped as another jolt of lingering pain stabbed through him. “--means I'm more sensitive to it.” Another swear left Bill.

“Why don't they tell us this?” He snarled. “If I'd known remarking you was going to affect you this way, I would have pulled my own damn fangs out first.”

“Don't be silly.” Dipper grunted; he tilted his bloodied neck back up. Bill's eye fell on it, before flicking to Dipper's pained expression. “Alpha, please clean me up.” He breathed, trying not to grit his teeth as Bill lowered his head back down.

Long, loving strokes of Bill's tongue began to remove all traces of blood. Fighting the pain, Dipper continued to speak.

“Y-you see, remarking used to be used to strengthen a bond. Not only is the mark more painful to make, but it also makes the area around it far more sensitive than before. Some claim it becomes an erogenous zone.” Dipper babbled. “G-Guess we'll have to try that out?”

“How can you even think of ever laying with me again?” Bill chastised. “Everything that's happened until now has been my fault. If I'd have simply stayed with you, you never would have gotten near that alpha.” His claws pricked the side of Dipper's neck where it still held the heated flesh. “If I'd have never dragged you here, you wouldn't be laying under a man you dislike, forced to endure this.”

“Stop playing pity party.” Dipper hissed; Bill shied away from the skin he'd been cleaning. “The truth of the matter is this—I could have signed those divorce papers. I could have denied you during your heat. I could have screamed and kicked and cried until you got so damn tired of me that you willingly let me go.” He slipped his hands up, gently brushing the tiny hairs on the back of Bill's neck before burying themselves in the alpha's hair. He tugged the older man's face up, forcing Bill to look at him as he spoke. “But I didn't. Because, believe it or not, Bill. I like you. I like you a lot, despite you being a crazy idiot.” Bill rose an eyebrow, lips twitching up playfully. “And yeah, I'm upset that the entire reason I'm here is because of some stupid fucking prophecy about the end of the world that you're trying to pull off—"
“I am not. It's novel research.” Bill whined. “The apocalypse isn't actually going to happen.” He bumped their noses together. “And yes, I originally wanted to be your mate because of your birth mark. I apologize. But I have always wanted you happy. I have never had any intention of hurting you. I still don't. The falling in love thing was simply a lucky break on my end.”

“Was it?” Dipper asked, slowly beginning to sit up. His arms were weak, but Bill slid off of him, helping him sit up with an arm braced around him. “You don't sound like you like someone poking through your business, but now you're stuck with me.” Bill gently pinched his nose.

“Turn your neck back up.” Bill murmured; Dipper did as he was told without hesitation. “As for your natural curiosity in regard to my business--” He pressed a kiss to Dipper's jaw. “--I'm not going to give away all my secrets to you, little tree. There are certain things you don't need to know.”

“Almost everything is something that I don't need to know.” Dipper whined. “How are we going to explain my shirt? Or yours?”

“Text your sister and explain what happened between us.” Bill murmured, pressing his face against the mark now that it was clean. “We're going to go take a shower; hopefully she'll come through for us, hm?”

“Can't you text her? On her super secret Bill-only phone?” Dipper asked, shakily moving away from Bill so he could stand. Strong arms locked around him and drug him back.

“Knew that would come back and bite me.” Bill teased, nipping at Dipper's ear. “Stay here.”

Saying that Mabel was 'unhappy about the turn of events' was an understatement. Her eyes dug daggers into Bill as they swept into the living room. Bill was puttering around Dipper, not leaving his side for even a moment as he let out quiet questions of concern. She had found clothing for the two of them, however.

Bill had never looked so...awkward. Stuffed in a band t-shirt and a pair of comfortable, well-worn jeans, he looked like he had stepped out from the twilight zone. It was unnerving for Dipper to see

“Bill, can I talk to you?” She nearly growled out, eyes flashing dangerously. “Alone.” Bill's jaw twitched.

“Of course.” he said stiffly, fingers curling and clenching at his side. The alpha leaned over and pressed a kiss to Dipper's head.

“Kitchen.” Mabel told him, jerking a thumb over her shoulder.

“Dipper, are you alright?” Erin demanded as soon as they were alone. “Lord have mercy, he really bit down hard, didn't he?” He was across the room, fingers gently tugging at Dipper's shirt to look at the mark; it had lengthened down the omega's chest, twisting and turning over his breast in a complicated pattern.

“I think his fangs extended actually.” Dipper told the other omega, relaxing as the cool fingers brushed the angry red skin around the bite. “You know, like in those crappy romance novels?” Erin chuckled. “God, it hurt. But...” Dipper shot a look towards the kitchen.

“...But it was worth it, wasn't it?” Erin asked, settling on the couch beside him. “Speaking of
“Did she?” Dipper asked, eyebrows shooting up. Erin nodded, the blush on his cheeks turning a vibrant shade of red. “I guess you’re a Pines now, huh? Welcome to the family.”

“Thank you.” Erin murmured. “Though I still carry my family’s name, it is nice to find a second one here. The four of you are so friendly and caring, it’s...wonderful” This time, it was him looking towards the kitchen. “Do you want to see?”

A resounding shout and clatter came from the kitchen, and the two omegas locked eyes.

“Maybe after we stop those two from killing each other, huh?” Dipper said dryly, easing to his feet.

“That would be preferable, yes. I doubt they’ll listen, but perhaps if we play the 'terrified' card, they’ll stop fighting and come comfort us instead?” Erin suggested. “I can scream if you pretend to be in pain.”

“Who says I’d need to pretend?” Dipper joked. The sound of glass breaking ceased the banter; the two omegas dashed into the kitchen doorway. Bill was shoved against the wall, shards of shattered decorative plates littering the floor beneath his feet.

“Dipper, go back into the living room.” Bill grit out through his teeth. He had them bared at Mabel, a low snarl building in his throat.

“No?” Dipper told him, almost a question. “Mabel, put him down.”

“Like hell I will.” Mabel's fingers were twisted in his collar. “This is between us, Dipper. Take Erin and go back into the living room.”

“I am not going anywhere.” Erin told her, putting his hands on his hips. “You will put my cousin down and talk this out like respectable individuals.”

“Ha, that would require Mabel to learn the definition of 'respect'.” Bill barked out in a mirthless laugh. He was shoved harder against the wall. Unwelcome fear shot through Dipper, and he tried to shake it off. It was just his omega instincts telling him to run due to the two powerful alphas on the brink of physical violence. Turning his head, he saw that Erin wasn't holding up near as well, lips twitching and wobbling as a high-pitched whimper left his throat.

“Respect? Respect involves not bullying my brother into taking your damn mark again.” Her eyes were flashing. “He didn't need that, not so soon after having to go through your heat with you. Not so soon after almost being raped. Don't you think he's been traumatized enough today?”

“I didn't bully him into it.” Bill grabbed her wrists, yanking them from his collar and shoving her back. She stumbled, knocking against the kitchen table. “And that's tough talk coming from someone who didn't bother to mark their omega for a month. He's in the same situation as your brother, and you can't even respect his choice at giving you his life.” He pointed at Erin. “Don't you talk to me about marking. At least I care enough about my omega to do so.”

“Care?” Mabel steadied herself on her feet. “You don't care about him. You care that you possess him--” A loud gunshot interrupted the two, and they both froze in the midst of their argument. Turning their heads slowly, they saw Stan standing stoically in the doorway. A scowl pulled at the wrinkles on his face, proclaiming that yes, he was far too old for this. The smoking barrel of a shotgun was pointing directly at the ceiling, a finger still wrapped around the pulled trigger.

“A'ight. Now that I got yer attention.” he lowered the gun, leveling it between the two. "Which one
of ya broke Sixer's ugly ass bird plates?"

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! I hope that everyone is doing well!

My beta is ZoneRobotnik.

Song(s) for this chapter:
Difendimi by Heller
Reaper Man by Mother Mother

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"I broke them." Bill replied before Mabel could open her mouth. "I stumbled back and slammed into them; I will pay to replace them, if it's a possibility." The look on Stan's face said that he didn't believe a word of it, but he lowered the shotgun.

"You sure about that?" Stan asked. "They're pretty expensive."

"It's my fault." Bill responded. "I shouldn't have been so clumsy. My chequebook is in my jacket--Dipper, could you fetch it for me?" The request was said with an air of tense nonchalance. Dipper rose from the table, locking eyes with his sister for only a moment before turning out of the kitchen and heading for the bedroom he'd been staying in the last few days.

Thoughts bubbled and popped in his head, mind reeling and replaying the event in his head. It was obvious that the two alphas had been fighting. That the plates had been broken in the midst of it. But instead of arguing, Bill had simply shouldered the blame and carried on.

"You are really old." Dipper muttered, opening the door to the bedroom and finding the jacket lain across the baseboard sloppily. "Sixty year old grandmothers carry chequebooks, Bill. Not twenty-two year olds." The statement made him pause. Bill's birthday was soon, wasn't it? He pulled out his phone, double-checking himself. Seven days. He cursed to himself as he shoved his hands into the alpha's pockets, easily finding the slick black book.

It wasn't like Dipper could just go buy something for the older man. Well, he could, but what would the point of that be? Bill could buy anything that he wanted himself; in fact, what didn't the alpha have? Dipper slid the book into his pocket and slipped from the room and back into the wooden hallway. Faced with descending the stairs once more, he decided that he didn't want to.

These last couple weeks had been rough. Both physically and mentally--he shuffled to the side of the hallway, leaning against the wall. Dipper knew that Bill needed his chequebook, but now that he was alone, he really didn't want to slip back into the madness.

"What am I supposed to do?" Dipper asked to no one in particular, simply reclining his head and looking at the dusty lightbulb cover above him. "I just want to sleep forever." He murmured, slipping and sliding down so he sat on the floor. He pressed his forehead against his knees, clearing his mind with deep, even breaths.

"Dipper?" Bill's voice floated upstairs in a concerned murmur.

"Sorry, I'll be down in a moment." Dipper called back, about to get to his feet.

"No, I'm coming up." Bill answered, and Dipper scooted away from the steps as he heard the alpha ascend. Heavy, bare footsteps on cold wood announced his approach and soon Bill had reached the top.

"Hey." Dipper greeted, drawing his knees close to him once more. Bill's legs folded gracefully beneath him as he jointed his omega on the floor. "Sorry I was taking so long, I didn't mean to." A warm arm slid around his waist and a gentle kiss was pressed to his cheek.

"Don't worry about it." Bill said, slipping a hand up to cup Dipper's face and tilt it up, allowing him
Bill, I gave you permission. I'm not upset with you about it." Dipper told him, trying to turn towards the alpha. Bill's hand slipped away and twined around his back, interlocking with the other. Bill muttered something under his breath at this, pulling Dipper close and pressing his forehead against Dipper's shoulder.

"I want to be a good alpha to you." Bill told Dipper, the cold of his nose sending a shiver through the omega. "I don't want to keep secrets that upset you. I don't want to make you angry or give you a reason to hate me."

"I will never hate you." Dipper told him. The arms tightened around him. "You could never give me a reason to hate you." The silence that fell after his words was an uncomfortable one. It saturated the air with an unmistakable melancholy that dripped into Dipper; like cold air, it slipped in between his joints and chilled his fingers. He slipped them underneath the thin tee that Bill was wearing and the alpha shivered.

"It was about a year ago." Bill muttered, voice muffled by Dipper's shirt. "A diving crew hired by Oracle Shipyard made a lucky find when dredging Rogen lake for a series of crew members that had gotten lost in the area."

"'Gotten lost?'" Dipper questioned.

"We have reason to believe that the native residents disposed of them." Bill replied; his hands were gravitating to Dipper's hips, alighting there and rubbing at them. "I had to try everything to retrieve their bodies at least. They had families and funerals are hard. Even harder without a body in the casket." Dipper made a soft noise of understanding, urging Bill on. "You see, the problem with diving crews is that you hire them, you don't own them. I suppose I could piece one together, but I've not the time nor the desire to focus my energy on it." He rose his head a bit to press a kiss to Dipper's neck. "Especially not now."

"Get on with the story, you sap." Dipper murmured. Bill was slowly pulling the omega on to his lap with gentle tugs.

"Anyway, the insignificant little prick that led the diving crew assumed that he was entitled to some of the treasure that they found aboard the wreck." Bill's fingers dug into Dipper's hip, and the younger man could feel the beginning of Bill's claws regrowing and biting into him. "It took me three months to track down the missing items after I heard about what he'd done." Bill took a breath to steady himself, drawing himself back so he could look Dipper in the eye.

"What?" Dipper asked as the eye softened. Bill leaned forward, kissing the curls on his forehead.

"The scrolls were in Norse. Took a week or two find a good translator but when I did--the instructions were so clear that it was if Thor himself had handed me the key to ending everything." Bill snorted at himself. "Well, if everything even had a chance to end. It spoke of symbols and signs of Ragnarok. The one in particular that references you was folded and stored underneath the panelling in the chest they'd come in."

"And on what planet do you find an old Norse instruction manual on ending the world and just happen to associate that with me?" Dipper asked, crossing his arms over his chest. "Even if it mentions someone with a constellation on their forehead, that doesn't mean it's me."
"That's the thing." Bill murmured. He sat forward, slipping a hand in his back pocket to pull out his wallet. Opening it up, slender fingers found the edge of a worn piece of paper. It looked a bit waterlogged, but in remarkable shape. Setting his wallet aside, Bill carefully unfolded it for Dipper's inspection.

"That's weird." Dipper stated immediately at the sight of it. "This can't be what you actually found. I thought it just mentioned me. Like offhandedly." It was a bit blurred, again from the water that the paper must have absorbed, but there was no denying it. A pencil drawing, near scratched into the paper, of Dipper. In the image, his hair was pushed back to reveal the constellation on his forehead, a mirror image of the omega sitting on the alpha's lap.

"I swear that it is." Bill told him. "I know I've lied to you. I'm not going to anymore." The alpha took a deep breath. "This is what I found. I thought to track you down, put this face through every piece of facial recognition database in the world on the off-chance that you existed. That's when I met Mabel. These websites are completely anonymous, you know. People let their guard down. She told me about her daily life and in turn I would share my own fears and stories. That's how I heard about you. Her twin brother, born a male omega with a constellation on his forehead."

"Mabel didn't know she was helping you, did she?" Dipper asked; he was greedily absorbing the information.

"No. Not a bit. And I hope that she never does." He shifted a bit, loping his arms back around Dipper's back. "I traced the IP address of your sister's computer. Found out her address, found your parents and found you. When I learned that you were coming of age, I panicked. What if you'd already found a suitor? There was no way that he'd let an unknown alpha become close to you so soon after becoming official. So I submitted an offer on the day of your birthday, under the guise of my parents."

"And you didn't even think about it, did you?" Dipper asked; anger was building back up in him. "That maybe you stole me away from a happy relationship? Away from my sister? Anything?"

"No, I didn't. I was selfish. I told myself that I could make you happy enough here. How hard was it to keep another person happy, after all? Money, sex. Those I could provide you with. Besides, I had no better plans in regards to marriage."

"But why? Why did you want to find me?" Dipper asked, shaking his head in disbelief. Bill's face contorted into guilt. "Oh, please don't tell me that it's research. Don't tell me this whole damn arranged marriage was novel research for your damn book."

"This whole arranged marriage wasn't about novel research?" Bill tried meekly, eye dropping to look at the floor.

"Oh my god it is. You tied yourself to a stranger and ruined my perfectly good life plan for your stupid damn book."

"I didn't ruin it. I like to think I enhanced it." Bill immediately argued, trying not to raise his voice. "Your schooling is paid for. I'm going to give you everything and anything you want or need to become successful. I'm going to keep you safe, keep you loved. It's not a terrible deal now, is it?" he tried to reason. "You don't even have to bear my children now." Dipper pinched the bridge of his nose. Bill was equivalent to a child in a toy store with his mom's credit card.

"Certainly. But I'm a mess who's madly in love." Bill told him softly, lifting his face back again. He placed a lingering kiss to Dipper's cheek. "And who is very, very sorry for being a mess and begs your forgiveness."

"I hate you so much." Dipper sighed, knocking their foreheads together.

"Do you?" Bill asked, tilting his head to the side. Dipper couldn't help but smile, shaking his head.

"No." Dipper told him. "Not at all." He pressed their mouths together in a solid kiss, gripping the tee underneath his hands and clutching it tightly. Bill's scramble to return the kiss was so desperate against Dipper's mouth that he nearly melted against him. "We're stuck together, Bill. You said that yourself. And you're going to spend that time making up for this clusterfuck."

"Every day, if you give me the chance." Bill murmured. "Every. Single. Day."

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys! I inhaled a cornflake by accident! ;3;

Song(s) for this chapter:
Happy by the Maine
Herp de Deep by Bean, Stephen Lamar, and the Gregory Brothers

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Chapter Notes

Sorry this is late this week!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Nobody said anything as Dipper and Bill entered the kitchen. Once again, Bill was hovering around Dipper, gently touching the small of his back and guiding him to a chair. Stan was missing from the kitchen; where he'd gone was anyone's guess. Mabel was standing in front of the stove, and Dipper could smell the familiar smell and crackling of frying bacon. Propped up at the table in its very own chair was the statue that Mabel and Dipper had found in the forest on their first summer in Gravity Falls.

“Hey there, little guy.” Dipper greeted, gripping the top of his tophat and shaking the triangular statue. It's single, unblinking eye was staring forward, hand outstretched for a shake; or perhaps to seal a deal. A tiny bowtie was settled on the statue's chest, neat and even. Bill's eye widened as he sat Dipper down.

“Well, hello handsome.” Bill greeted the statue, leaning over the back of the chair. His hands left Dipper and he fiddled with the statue's hat, eyes slanting in glee. “Aren't you a cutie?” Mabel turned her head to look at the other alpha over her shoulder. She looked at Dipper, lips turning up with mild amusement.

“You're so weird.” Dipper told him dryly, raising an eyebrow. “Stop messing with that statue.”

“But it's adorable. Reminds me of me.” He teased his husband, running a finger along the rim of the statue's top hat.

“Hey, hands off.” Stan grunted; he swung in from the living room, jacket long abandoned on the coat rack. “That's Mystery Shack property as of ten minutes ago.” Bill frowned, withdrawing his hand.

“I'll buy him off your hands.” Bill offered without a second thought. “What do you want for him? Name your price.” Stan eyed him critically, running a hand through his hair. He nodded before a moment or two.

“Five grand.” He announced, a smug smile growing across his face. The pan on the stove clattered against the burner, but otherwise Mabel didn't say or do a thing. Bill pulled his chequebook from his back pocket, motioning for a pen. Stan's eyebrows shot on his face and he muttered something quietly under his breath.

“Deal.”

“You aren't seriously going to pay five thousand dollars for something that my great uncle found in the forest, are you?” Dipper asked. He was flabbergasted at the very idea. Bill was handed a pen by Erin, who seemed nothing short of amused with the situation. “Erin, don't you—Bill, give me that.” Dipper demanded as he reached for the pen, huffing irritably. “Bill, I'm serious. Grunkle Stan, you can't let him buy this piece of junk.”
“Let the man do what he wants.” Stan told Dipper, a greedy glint in his eye. Dipper narrowed his eyes at him, crossing his arms over the chest. Bill was humming lightly to himself, filling out the cheque.

“Bill is not buying the statue.” Dipper looked up at his husband. “You are not buying that statue, Bill Cipher.” He hissed. “End of story.” Bill's eye flicked to the statue, and then Dipper's great uncle. He lowered himself so that his mouth was beside Dipper's ear.

“Sugar pine, I really, really want the statue.” He whispered. Dipper reached back, snatching the chequebook from the alpha's hand. He tucked it underneath his thigh.

“You are not paying that outrageous amount of money for a rock.” the omega hissed back, putting his entire weight on the leather bound book. “Why do you even want it?”

“I told you. It reminds me of me. I want it for the bedroom.” he whined quietly, pressing a kiss to his cheek. “Please? Please let me buy it.”


“What if I don't put it in the bedroom?” Bill attempted to bargain. “Please?” Stan was watching the two of them carefully; Bill pressed his mouth against Dipper's ear. “I'll do anything.” He murmured seductively, nipping at the omega's earlobe playfully.

“That's not going to work.” Dipper told him, flicking the underside of chin. Bill let out a begging whine, nosing his jaw. He kissed the corner of it. “Stop making out with the side of my face.”

“Seriously. It's gross.” Mabel told the two, coming over to the table; she set two pre-made plates on the table in front of the couple. Dipper looked over, noting the faint red hue that Erin's cheeks had taken on. This, in turn, caused his own cheeks to redden.

“Thanks, Mabes.” Dipper whispered quietly in embarrassment. Bill took the seat to his left, occasionally peeking at the statue with a childlike pout that made the omega want to pinch him.

“Stop, you aren't buying it.”

“I don't think you understand how much I want it.” Bill reinforced. “I feel this connection to it.”

“No, you think it's weird and you want it.” Dipper clarified for the older man, pulling a plate towards him. Grabbing a fork, he jabbed it in Bill's direction. The alpha let out another quiet whine that had Stan rolling his eyes.

“Just take the damn thing. I was kiddin' anyways.” Stan grunted, quietly thanking Mabel when she handed him a plate. Bill brightened, lips widening into to happy grin. Dipper let out a disgusted sigh, staring at Stan with a heavy amount of disapproval. Stan rolled his eyes, before sitting up in his chair to dig into his food. Dipper shook his head, knowing that he'd lost.

Stan got up from the table, finishing his food in record time. He begged off with some excuse of helping Ford, slipping out the door after grabbing his jacket.

Out of the corner of his eye, Dipper saw Mabel lean down and place a plate in front of Erin, kissing him softly on the mouth. Warmth bloomed in the omega's belly at the scene and he couldn't help but smile, trying not to let a happy laugh bubble from his lips. Bill kissed his cheek lightly, gathering his attention.

“You need to eat.” Bill murmured softly against the pale skin. Dipper rolled his eyes at the
overprotective alpha. Bill tugged his own plate forward, watching his omega dig into the pile of eggs on his plate. Once he was satisfied that Dipper was eating with vigour, he began to pick at his own food.

“Didn't your mother ever teach you not to play with your food?” Dipper admonished, clacking his fork against the alpha's plate. He was pushing the eggs around on his plate; his previous expression of delight had fallen into one of mild concern.

“She did. You prefer comfort food. I'm going to inform the cook and have him adjust your meals.” Bill informed him. “It would fit your current caloric needs.”

“Are you seriously still on about this? I'm eating. You watch me eat.” Dipper grumbled. “It's not my fault I can't gain any weight.” his eyes flicked up to look at the alpha. The omega picked up a piece of bacon, tearing the cooled flesh into tiny pieces and popping them into his mouth as Bill continued to eat.

“Yes, I'm still on about this.” Bill told him; Mabel and Erin had fallen into soft conversation on their side of the table, occasionally shooting looks towards the couple opposite. “No matter how much you eat, you never gain any weight; as your alpha, this concerns me.”

“It's not my fault.” Dipper reiterated stubbornly. “I'm scrawny. That's just how it is, Bill. I can't change my metabolism.” Bill rolled his eye.

“When we go to get pelvic MRI, I want to get some more bloodwork done.” The alpha told him; the omega's head snapped up, eyes narrowing.

“And why is that?” he asked, keeping his voice polite and level.

“Because I'm worried about you.” Bill murmured softly as he locked an eye with Dipper's. “I promise there isn't an ulterior motive.” Dipper snorted at him in disbelief. Bill trilled softly at him and leaned over to press a kiss to his cheek. Despite his earlier complaining, Dipper enjoyed the soft kisses the alpha often gifted him with.

“You're always worried about me.” The omega murmured in response, turning his head to seek a kiss from Bill. The alpha jumped at the chance, connecting their lips with a deft, hungry press. “Shouldn't you be worried about you?” Dipper questioned in a whisper. Someone cleared their throat from across the table, and the omega pulled away, cheeks burning brighter than before.

“You are always getting in the middle of my fun.” Bill told Mabel in a voice as dry as an Australian summer.

“Only because you're always making out in front of me.” The other alpha remarked, equally as dry. “Can't you keep your mouth off of him long enough for me to eat breakfast?” She asked. Bill narrowed his eye. In an obvious act of defiance, he turned to Dipper; he cupped the omega's face in slender, slightly greasy fingers before slamming their mouths together in a rough, sloppy kiss. Dipper grunted but readjusted. Bill tugged the omega's bottom lip into his mouth and sucked playfully, pressing against him with a soft, wanting moan that made Dipper's legs turn to jelly.

“I apparently missed something.” Ford announced with the sound of a creaking door; he was standing in the middle of the doorway to the kitchen, eyebrows raised in alarmed suspicion.

“Bill's really bad about PDA.” Dipper answered in a pant; Bill had pulled away from him, a smug grin stretched across his face as he licked his lips. The omega was inwardly mortified that Ford had seen Bill bent over him, tongue shoved down his throat. “Get off.” Dipper grunted, pushing him
“That's a promise for later.” Bill whispered in his ear before allowing himself to be bullied back into his chair. Ford was shaking his head back and forth, trying to stifle a laugh.

“Kids.” he murmured with mirth, the corner of his mouth twitching up. He gave a half turn, then frowned. “Where did my plates go? Did Stanley put them away while I was in the shack?” he asked himself quietly. “Dipper, Mabel, did you see Stanley move them?”

“No.” Mabel answered, voice smooth and unwavering. “I haven't seen them at all today. I thought you'd put them up sometime this week without me noticing.”

“Huh.” Ford brought a hand up to rub the stubble that decorated his chin. “You know I don't like it when you lie to me, Mabel.” She winced visibly, and Erin laid a hand on her arm. Dipper scrambled to think of something that his great uncle would believe in place of Mabel's ill formulated lie. When no one offered anything else, Ford shook his head. “So no one is going to tell me what happened? Erin?” he turned to the omega, who immediately turned his head to stare at the wall to the left of him.

“Who the hell taught ya' to bury a dead body?” Stan's head popped into the open door. “Get yer ass back out here Ford; I'll teach ya' how a man does it. And who the hell do you think pays the heatin' around here? Don't leave the fuckin' door open.”

“Coming, Stanley.” Ford called. “I hope that the four of you have some sort of story together by the time I get back.” His voice was a low warning before he was heading back out the open door, shutting it with a quiet turn of the handle.

“I think that's my cue to leave.” Bill stated, standing. He causally grabbed the statue by its tophat, lifting it with ease into his arms. “Dipper, before I leave, there's something on the coffee table for you.”

“Coffee table?” Dipper tried to crane his head to see around the alpha; he could only see the top of a brown paper sack before the alpha dipped down and kissed him. His lips were warm and fleeting. “Hey, wait, what did you get me?” he asked.

“You'll have to see for yourself.” Bill teased, kissing the tip of his nose. “I'll call you tonight.” he promised, brushing their noses together in an eskimo kiss. “I love you.”

“I know you do.” Dipper found himself letting out a sigh when the alpha pulled himself away. “Be safe.”

“I'll work on it.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey!
My beta is ZoneRobotnik

Song for his chapter:
Judas by Lady Gaga
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The brown paper bag on the coffee table smelled faintly of chemicals; the kind that were often associated with new clothing. They were bathed in the scent of shoe polish and leather, and Dipper took a moment to take in and appreciate the scent before opening the bag to find out what was tucked inside. It smelt so strongly of his alpha that Dipper had to brush away small tears that he’d unwillingly let bead at the corners of his eyes.

Crinkling and crackling in protest, the top of the bag was unfolded. The scent was stronger now, and the omega relished n the smell of Bill. Peering into the darkened bag, he refused to let a silly grin pin itself on his lips. A pair of tennis shoes, brand new and fresh out of the box, were right on top. Dipper shook his head and pulled them from the bag, inspecting them with a harsh eye.

“Those are fancy.” Mabel commented, strolling into the living room. An arm was tucked around Erin; the omega stayed close to his alpha's side, eyes half-mast at the comfort that the hold provided. “Gel insoles too, huh?”

“They are pretty nice.” Dipper agreed. “I bet they're going to be easy to break in.”

“Knowing Bill, they're most likely broken in already.” Mabel drew Erin on to the couch with her. The alpha watched in interest as the shoes were placed on the table and fingers dipped back into the bag; the next thing he pulled free was an outfit, also brand new. A comfortable, grey sweater that felt like cashmere underneath Dipper's fingertips with a pair of black, freshly ironed slacks.

“You'd think he'd learn that I don't like this kind of stuff.” The male twin murmured softly, checking the size on the pants that had been folded beneath them. “Why did he pack this in here anyway?” he tipped the bag over, peering inside. An envelope tumbled from where it had been stuck to the bottom and Dipper caught it between his fingers.

Dipper flipped the envelope's flap up, snorting in amusement when he found out it wasn't closed. Bill would never lick an envelope; the omega couldn't see him ever doing something so mundane. With careful, curious fingers, he pulled a folded paper from within.

“What is it?” Mabel questioned, trying to crane her neck to see. Dipper shook his head at his twin sister; a smile had finally won out.

“It's an advertisement.” Dipper revealed turning it towards Mabel. “For a rare book exposition that's in town for a few weekends.” he tapped the bottom of the page. October 16th was written in thick, black marker.

“Is this your way of saying we're going out for your birthday?” Dipper asked; he was lying on his back on the bed in Ford's old room. Bill chuckled into the phone.

“Do you want to go?” the alpha asked, and Dipper heard him shift around with a squeak of leather.
The omega wondered briefly if he was sitting in his study. “I still have to buy you the Ripley scroll, after all.” Dipper suddenly wished for Bill to be there, just so he could see him roll his eyes.

“You don't need to buy it.” Dipper’s voice was stern. “You waste enough money on me.” the end of the line was quiet.

“I've never wasted money on you.” Bill finally said, voice low and warm. “Dipper, I've never wasted a dime on you.”

“You tried to buy a five thousand hunk of rock. You've got a long way to go before you can convince me that you don't waste money.”

“I never said I didn't waste money. I said I never wasted money on you.” Bill sounded irritated. “How could I possibly be wasting money when you deserve it? You deserve everything.” he was really getting riled up now. Dipper picked at the thread on the quilt he was laying on. “Dipper, my little tree. You deserve so much; don't ever think that you don't.”

“Yeah, sure.” Dipper muttered. Bill let out a quiet, warning growl from his end of the phone. He quickly cleared his throat. “I would like to go, if you're up for it.”

“Well I certainly wasn't going to spend my birthday without you.” Bill replied; any sign of being annoyed dropped from his voice. “I booked us a hotel in Gresham, so we don't have to drive back that evening.”

“That's convenient.” Dipper teased lightly. “You sure that it's not just a way to get me alone and naked on your birthday?”

“Oh, that will certainly be the outcome.” Bill rumbled. “I plan on keeping you pinned beneath me for hours.” Dipper shuddered, pressing his thighs together at the warmth that began to pool in his belly. “All of that pale, unmarked skin; I have so much work to do. Not to mention those beautiful thighs of yours, locked around my head as you try not to rock into my mouth. I'm getting hard thinking about it.”

“Lord have mercy you're a monster.” Dipper hissed into the phone, no real heat in his voice. Bill laughed, loud and unrestrained.

“Only in the best way.” the alpha purred. “Wouldn't you like that?” the younger man rolled over on the bed, willing himself not to get aroused. “My fingers digging into your thighs and I fuck you into the mattress? All those beautiful, hungry mewls and groans dropping from your lips as you desperately try and widen your thighs more, to accept more of me.” Bill's voice seemed on the brink of strain; his own thoughts seemed to be getting to him.

“Bill, I--” A knock on the door had him swallowing down his words. “--someone's at the door.” A disappointed whimper left the alpha. “I'll call you back.”

“You better. I have so many things I'd like to do to you. So many things that I want you to know that I want to do to you.” the knock again, louder this time.

“I'll call you back. Bye.” Dipper hissed, ending the call and tossing the phone on the bed. He quickly straightened his clothes and made sure he could speak without his voice squeaking before answering the door.

“Am I interrupting something?” Ford asked, eyebrows raising high on his forehead. Dipper shook his head.
“I was just on the phone with Bill is all.” Dipper answered. He was inwardly trying not to cringe. “What's up?”

“Dinner's ready.” he told his great nephew. He cocked his head to the side; Ford gently laid a hand on Dipper's shoulder. “Are you alright? You've been stuck up here all day since breakfast.”

“My neck still kind of hurts.” Dipper answered. “Now that Bill's not around, it hurts worse, actually. It's making me kind of nauseous.” It wasn't a lie, exactly. Now that he was no longer on the phone, the nausea had set back in.

“Come on down to the living room; did you take anything for the pain?” he was about to tug Dipper into the hallway, but the omega slipped out of his grip so he could grab his phone from the bed.

“Ah, no. Not yet.” Dipper answered. He met his uncle back in the doorway and let himself be ushered into the hallway. “I haven't really thought about it.”

“Well I'll grab some aspirin from the bathroom. It might help you feel better.” Ford's voice was gentle. It made Dipper think. Both of his uncles were alpha's and were soft-spoken and almost subdued around Erin and himself since he'd matured. He wondered if it was sympathy that they garnered for being omegas.

“Thanks Grunkle Ford. I'll meet you downstairs.” he told the old man, taking the steps carefully. His stomach roiled threateningly but he fought it down. He suspected that whilst part of it was the pain, it might of also been the grease from that morning's breakfast.

“You don't look so good, bro.” Mabel told him, placing down her game controller to size him up.

“It's the mark.” Erin replied instantaneously. Mabel turned her head to him, frowning. “It may be complete but his body hasn't adjusted to the venom just yet.” he turned the page of a sleeveless book in his lap. Dipper nodded at the other omega, settling himself into an armchair.

“I should feel better by bedtime.” Dipper assured her, even though he wasn't certain. “Tomorrow morning at the latest.” Mabel frowned, picking up her controller and rotating it in her hands, testing the weight in her palms.

“Look, Dip, I know I know a lot about omegas—but why don't they have venom? How do alpha's even make venom?” she asked, eyebrows furrowed in a mixture of confusion and frustration. Dipper let out a quiet hum.

“Scientists have discovered that male alpha's have venom glands attached to their canine teeth.” Dipper tapped the area above his top lip, right at the top of his canine. “Omegas also have venom glands, but they don't make venom. They're useless.” he shifted, wincing as he jostled his stomach. “Extensive research on alpha skulls reveal that the evolution is similar to that of euchambersia, which is a genus of the therocephalian family.” Mabel and Erin both looked at him, looking confused. “They're mammal-like reptiles.” he told them.

“Oh.” They both said in unison, listening with interest.

“As for why they have venom or went through the evolution in the first place, that's a mystery that scientists all over the world have tried to figure out the answer too.” he pinched the bridge of his nose. “The venom that alpha's have is very potent, and can even kill a human if it's injected in a big enough quantity.” he was rambling now, but talking seemed to help distract him from the nausea. “An omega, in place of venom, have scent glands that double as the area where their bodies create an anti-venom suited to combat the poisonous attributes of an alpha's bite. The scent glands are located
“So does the venom stain the skin?” Erin asked, sitting up.

“Yes. Again, all venom is different and spreads through an omega's body in a different manner. Which is what creates the distinctive mate mark.” he tugged his collar down, motioning to the eye that was permanently burned into his skin.

“It really is a fascinating topic.” Ford said, coming down the steps into the living room. Dipper jumped slightly. “Here's your ibuprofen; the two of you really need to clean up that cabinet. It took me forever to dig through it.” this last bit was spoken to Erin and Mabel. “Dipper is a bit of an expert on the subject. As much as one can be.”

“The number one rule is to know yourself, isn't it?” Dipper told him as Ford handed him a glass of water. Ford chuckled, gently ruffling his hair.

“And know your enemy.” Ford told him, turning to the kitchen. Dipper's eyes slipped down to stare at the small red pills in his hand. He slowly curled his fingers around them; but who is the enemy?

Chapter End Notes

Hi!
I hope that all of you are having a wonderful holiday and the you all passed your finals/are doing well at work/etc!

ZoneRobotnik is my beta for this chapter.

Song for this chapter:
Everything Is Glue by Jenna Marbles

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“I didn’t think that you could get any cuter.” Bill breathed in awe when he saw Dipper in the outfit he had purchased for him. He gathered the omega into his arms, pressing his nose into the freshly washed curls of his husband, snuffling them in glee and the omega chuckled at the alpha's sudden adoration. “And you smell so good.” He whined. “Better than normal.”

“Happy birthday, you big nerd.” Dipper told him, kissing the alpha's chin. “Getting to be an old man, huh?” Bill trilled at him gently, nuzzling his omega's jaw.

“It's been a long three days.” Bill breathed into his ear, kissing the lobe. He pulled back, another trill leaving his lips, interrupted only by a cracked, broken purr. “I've missed you. More than I thought I would.”

“I missed you too.” The omega told him, leaning forward to capture Bill's lips in a gentle kiss. The alpha seemed surprised, but took it in stride, gently raising a hand to cup his husband's jaw, skating his fingers down the soft skin. “How's the parent situation?”

“Working itself out.” Bill answered, pulling Dipper towards the car. “Come on, into the car now. We don't want to be late for the exposition, do we?” The alpha pulled Dipper to the side so that he could open the passenger door for his omega. “God, you're perfect.” Dipper heard the alpha whisper, lips ghosting the younger man's jaw.

“Sap.” Dipper replied, turning his head to kiss him again. He'd missed Bill more than he would ever admit to the alpha. Bill chuckled, tugging on one of the omega's curls. Dipper slipped into the vehicle, making himself comfortable in the leather seat. Gloved fingers ran along the dashboard, unable to feel the bumpy texture of the plastic beneath. Warmth poured from the vents, rolling over his gloves and slipping between the small cracks of his clothing, teasing his chilled skin with soft puffs of air.

“Well hello, gorgeous.” Bill purred as he entered the car, buckling himself into the driver's seat. “What did I do to get such a wonderful birthday present?” He leaned over the console, capturing Dipper's lips in a teasing, warm kiss.

“I'm not sure, to be honest.” Dipper playfully teased, snuggling into the seat. Bill stuck his tongue out at the omega, slipping a key into the ignition and bringing it to life with a comforting hum. “It's not like Christmas, where your presents are based on how good you are. Maybe you just got lucky.” Bill rose an eyebrow.

“I definitely got lucky.” Bill breathed, letting his eyes ghost down Dipper's form. He didn't move the car, not just yet. He focused his eyes on his husband. “Dipper.”

“Hm?” The omega turned towards him, curling his fingers towards him, scraping his nails on the plastic beneath his gloves. “What's wrong?”

“Nothing, absolutely nothing.” His hands left the wheel and he offered them up to Dipper. The omega rose an eyebrow, but took them in his anyway. “I know I say this often. But I want you to know I love you.” Bill paused, taking in a deep, focused breath. “And I want you to know how sorry
I am that we met this way.” The omega shook his head, entwining his fingers with his alphas.

“Thank you.” Dipper told Bill, pressing his lips against the leather gloves of his husbands fingers. “I appreciate the apology.”

“I also want you to know that I've never been so excited as I am today.” Bill continued once he was sure Dipper was done speaking. “I am so happy that I have someone—you—to celebrate my birthday with. Thank you for being here with me. Thank you for not hating me for what I've done to you.” The omega smiled at him gently.

“I thought I told you that I could never hate you.” Dipper teased lightly, drawing away so the could relax against his seat once more. Bill sighed in pleasure at the younger man's words, unwillingly pulling their fingers apart.

“This place is huge.” Dipper said in awe, staring up at the domed building the exposition was being held in. “I think it's bigger than your house.” Bill chuckled at him, wrapping an arm around the omega and pulling him tight to his side.

“Only by a smidgen.” The alpha retorted, pinching Dipper's reddened nose with his free hand. “Are you warm enough?”

“I'm very warm. Might have to strip down when we get inside.”

“Oh no, you don't.” Bill warned; he lowered his head next to Dipper's ear. “Only I get to see this.” His fingers curled tighter around the omega's side, fingers digging slightly into the skin there. “This beautiful, wonderful body of yours.” Dipper smacked his chest, then pushed him away. Bill whined and nuzzled against the side of his cheek, only to be pushed away again.

“We're in public. Save that for the hotel.” The omega told him with a cheerful, cheeky grin. A cold nose pressed against the corner of his jaw gently.

“Promise that I get to play with you later?” Bill whispered as they approached the front door of the building. Dipper tilted his neck up and the alpha's eyes dilated in pleasure. His teeth made a weak attempt at gnashing hungrily. “Oh, sugar pine.” He whined.

“I can't wait to see that scroll.” Dipper stated sharply, pulling Bill forward. He paused in his words, looking away from Bill for a moment. “Do you--” He cleared his throat. “--do you think that they'll really let you buy it? I mean, I don't mean you have to. In fact you shouldn't.” Dipper was babbling but he was so excited. Bill cocked an eyebrow, lips twisted into a happy, cunning smile.

“Everything and everyone has their price.” Bill opened the building's door, tugging his omega into the warmth. It wrapped around him like a tight blanket, chasing away the cold that had momentarily slipped underneath his sweater. Eyes turned on him as Bill slipped away from him for a single moment as he handed over his tickets. Dipper suddenly felt very, very conscious about his appearance.

Dipper suddenly remembered the curls that bounced atop his head, messy and mussed from Bill's attention. His sweater was slightly wrinkled, slacks barely ironed before he was rushed into them and into the arms of his alpha. Dipper wrapped his arms around himself, lowering his head down to stare at the tile beneath him; he'd never felt this way before. Rarely had he felt so embarrassed about standing side-by-side with Bill. Bill Cipher, rich and wealthy. Handsome. Never a hair out of place unless you counted the time that he spent fucking Dipper into the mattress.
“Sugar pine? Are you alright?” Bill's voice interrupted his thoughts and his head snapped up to look at his alpha, eyes wide. “Little tree?” Gloved hands set themselves on Dipper's shoulders. He leaned forward, lips pressing against one of the omega's cheeks. “What's wrong?”

“Nothing, I just.” Dipper's hands slipped up, clenching at his upper arms. He took a steadying breath. Bill loved him; Bill wanted him. Bill acted as though Dipper was his world. The omega let the image of Bill seeing him in the outfit he'd picked out well to the front of his mind. The adoring eyes, the arms wrapping around him—yet he still couldn't shake it. “I just don't look nice. Compared to you.”

Bill slowly looked at the crowd who were now whispering amongst themselves, eyes flicking between the alpha and the omega. The corner of Bill's mouth lifted in a snarl and Dipper barely tilted his eyes up to look at the alpha, big brown eyes watering before arms were wrapping around him. A hand dug into his curls; his messy, frizzy curls, holding his head in place as a hot mouth plundered his. Wet tongue shoving roughly past confused lips. The alpha proceeded to make a show of dominating the omega's mouth, groaning and trilling much to the horror of the onlookers.

“I will take you against this wall, right fucking now.” Bill snarled into his mouth, breath coming in hot pants. “I will suck your cock in front of all these people. Just give me the word.”

“Bill, people are staring.” Dipper whispered, eyes darting to the crowd. Their eyes were wide in mild, disgruntled wonder at the aggressive display of affection.

“They were staring before. They'll stare after.” his eye met Dipper's, holding it in place. “You compliment and complete me. And, frankly, I don't care what they think.” Fingers dug beneath his collar, tugging it down and exposing the mark to the air. “And for your information, you're right. You don't look nice next to me. You look stunning. I look like a pauper next to you. Unworthy.”

“Bill, get off.” Dipper told him, cheeks burning brightly in embarrassment. “Seriously. They're going to kick us out.”

“Let them try.” Bill breathed, drawing away and entwining their fingers together. A fanged grin was glinting hungrily at the omega. “I've handed in our tickets. Let's have a look around, shall we? Let me show you off.” He tightened his fingers around Dipper's.

“I, uh.” Dipper cleared his throat, swaying closer to Bill. “Bill, I--” His voice dropped off into a croak. Again, the floor drew his eyes.

“Hm?” Bill drew the two of them past the guards who refused to make eye contact. “Are you still self-conscious?”

“It's hard not to be when the entire room is looking at you.” Dipper nearly hissed. “But, that's not what I'm trying to say.”

“What are you trying to say, sugar pine?” Bill questioned. After a moment of deliberation, Dipper sighed and shook his head. His head thumped against Bill's shoulder as he let his eyes ghost along the old, history-rich documents that were set up in the room. The lights in the gallery had been set low so as not to harm the already aged paper. Light reflected off the rims of glass flutes that were half-full of sparkling, golden champagne.

“Nevermind. It's not important.”

“I feel like it is.” Bill told him. “I can handle whatever it is, little tree. You do know that, right?” Dipper nodded, staring blankly ahead. He couldn't tell him. Not yet.
Chapter End Notes

One more chapter?!

My beta is ZoneRobotnik

Songs for this chapter:
The End Of The World by Skeeter Davis
We Can Try by Between The Trees

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Dipper had never been so happy to retire to a hotel room; he was sweaty, hot, and honestly he smelled like the equivalent of a sweaty gym sock, having worn the cashmere for so long. Bill, however, claimed to be fine and didn't even seem to have broken a sweat underneath his suit. He offered Dipper the bathroom, drawing his claws across the omega's shoulders and down his arms; and when he dropped his head near his husband's ear and growled in a low, seductive, rumbling, the omega took the offer.

“This is a suite, not a room,” Dipper announced as he re-entered the room with Bill. The carpet was plush in between his toes, thick and warm on the balls and heels of his feet. A full kitchen was stocked with wine glasses and square plates in muted colours that accented the dark wooden cabinets and smooth brown wood of the floor. “How much did you pay for this?” Bill, who was pouring himself a half-glass of wine, let out a quiet hum.

“You won't even let me splurge on my birthday, will you?” the alpha questioned, turning his face up to take in the form of his omega. Dipper had opted out of nightclothes, boldly tucking a towel around his waist instead. As expected, Bill licked his lips in appreciation. The gloved hand that had picked up the glass set it back down against the marble counter. “Would you like a glass?” he asked softly.

“I don't like to drink,” Dipper replied, sitting on the edge of the bed. His nerves were all firing at once and he willed himself not to shake. “Bill, could you come over here?” The alpha heeded him as if it were an order, leaving the glass unattended.

“I would like nothing more,” Bill hummed huskily as he arrived, dropping to a single knee in front of Dipper's barely parted legs. He gently rested his hands on Dipper's knees, urging them to part with a gentle push. When they didn't do so, Bill looked up with a concerned frown. “Sugar pine, is something bothering you?”

“Yeah, you could say that.” Dipper went to stand and Bill stood as well, taking a few steps back to give his omega room. Dipper's barely parted legs. He gently rested his hands on Dipper's knees, urging them to part with a gentle push. When they didn't do so, Bill looked up with a concerned frown. “Sugar pine, is something bothering you?”

“I would like nothing more,” Bill hummed huskily as he arrived, dropping to a single knee in front of Dipper's barely parted legs. He gently rested his hands on Dipper's knees, urging them to part with a gentle push. When they didn't do so, Bill looked up with a concerned frown. “Sugar pine, is something bothering you?”

“Little tree?”

“No, no, don't interrupt,” Dipper told him, cutting him off before he could express concern. “And I want you to know that I'm proud to bear your last name. I mean, the way we met may have been, at a glance, your fault. But society is to blame, too.” Bill cocked his head to the side at this, eyebrows quickly lowering to frown. “I've thought about it, a lot. Us, I mean. Over the last few days.” Dipper's hand was rubbing harder now, causing the skin beneath his palm to burn a bit. “I've spent hours trying to decide what was real, you know? If it was me. If it was the omega part of me.” There was a soft, questioning trill from Bill, but Dipper held up a hand.

God, he was so bad at this. It was three little words. Three, little, words. The one thing he could give to Bill for his birthday. Dipper dared a look at the alpha; Bill looked at a loss. He looked as if he wanted to gather his husband in his arms, but seemed hesitant to do so. Dipper knew that he was acting weird. But it was so hard to fucking do.
“I don't want you to think I feel obligated to do this, either,” Dipper finally continued, straightening and letting his hands fall to his sides, palms open and loose. “Bill.” He kept his tone serious.

“Yes, Mason?” Bill asked, voice soft. The tension in his body was like that of a violin strung by an amateur; taut and unyielding, unable to sing with the bow.

“I love you.” The words were loud to Dipper's ears, but quiet to the world. “I love you,” he repeated, a bit louder. “I don't care whether it's my omega or me. I'm not going to continue to fight with myself about this. Because I want to be happy with you.”

Dipper wasn't sure what he expected—but it wasn't the gentle fingers that cupped his face. They tipped it up just enough for Bill to press a chaste kiss to his omega's lips.

“I love you too,” Bill whispered quietly against his jaw. His voice was level and calm, but a sense of urgency played at the edges of it, and Dipper smiled. “My sweet sugar pine, I love you.” He sounded as if the world had been handed to him, voice breaking into choked awe. The hands slipped from his face so the alpha could haul him tight to his body. A cold nose pressed against his neck, and Dipper could feel the tiny, silent sobs that shuddered through Bill.

“No need to cry about it,” Dipper teased, reaching a hand up to brush away the beginnings of tears in his husband’s eye. “You act like you've just witnessed a miracle.” Bill sniffled out a small chuckle at this.

“You are my miracle,” Bill croaked softly. “Say it again, please. One more time?” he begged. “One more time.” Dipper rolled his eyes, wrapping his arms around Bill's neck. The alpha hesitantly drew back.

“I love you,” the omega repeated, staring him directly in the eye. “I love Bill Cipher, even though he's a giant, sappy dolt.” The trill Dipper received startled a laugh from him; he was pushed back towards the bed until his knees hit the edge. He was then pushed down upon it by insistent hands.

“I am going to kiss you from here--” Bill tapped the bottom of Dipper's foot. “--To here.” The alpha leaned up, fingers grazing Dipper's birthmark, brushing the messy curls of his mate away from his view of it.

“That's going to take awhile,” Dipper told the alpha, raising an eyebrow. Bill trilled playfully at him, running his still gloved hands up Dipper's legs, stroking them in reverence. The touch was in no way sexual, just a gentle petting, but it sent butterflies into the omega's gut at the idea of what Bill was going to do to him.

“We have time,” Bill murmured; his fingers still shook as he reached up and undid the towel from around his husband’s waist. He pushed it from Dipper's form and leaned back. The alpha's hands gently caressed his husband's hips and danced along his upper thighs, drinking in his form. “I feel so nervous.”

“We've had sex before,” Dipper told him, furrowing his eyebrows in confusion. Bill let out a soft burst of laughter.

“I know, believe me. I know exactly how this body holds me. I have dreams about it.” Bill was rewarded with a hand sinking into his hair and mussing it vigorously. He pulled away from the hand, laughing louder this time. “But now, I just...” His previous mirth fell from his face as he frowned. “I don't want to disappoint you. I feel like I'm going too.”

“Believe me, you've never disappointed me in regards to sex,” Dipper told him—he himself was
slightly embarrassed, laying here completely naked while Bill stared hungrily.

“Oh really?” Bill's voice dropped to a low rumble as he leaned over the bed, bringing a knee to rest on the edge. “Well. Do you have any particular requests?” the alpha breathed, leaning over the omega and pressing a smouldering kiss to his belly. Dipper squirmed; his brain was demanding everything at once, but this was Bill's birthday, even if the alpha was trying to make it about Dipper. So instead, he shrugged.

“What do you want to do?” the younger man asked, lightly stretching back against the soft, cotton blanket he was laying on. Bill let out a soft hum, temporarily removing his hands from Dipper so he could tug off his gloves. Now bare, the digits gently gripped Dipper's hips.

“I think I want to suck your pretty little cock,” Bill announced, unabashed. The statement brought a fiery red blush up Dipper's neck and cheeks. Bill laughed at the sudden, coy expression that stole across Dipper's face. “Look at you. How gorgeous you are. I want to have you bent over the bathroom counter. I want you to watch your face as I take you apart.” He cocked his head to the side. “Yes, that's exactly what we're going to do.”

“I don't know,” Dipper murmured quietly, arousal dampening as he thought of having to look himself in the face while he was fucked against a hard counter. Bill trilled pleadingly at him, rubbing his husband's hipbones.

“How about this? We try it and if it becomes too much, then we'll stop,” Bill bargained. Dipper thought about it for a moment, before nodding. “Thank you,” the alpha purred.

Bill spread one of the plush towels out on the counter, eye flashing in excitement as he did so. Once the counter was padded to his satisfaction, he turned to the omega who was shifting from foot to foot anxiously. Bill gently gripped him around the waist and pulled him over to stand in front of the counter.

“Mm, don't be nervous.” Bill gently knelt in front of him, kissing his hip. Dipper snorted at him. “Let's make you nice and wet for me.” He swept his tongue along Dipper's hipbone, nipping the skin playfully. “When you see yourself like I do, you'll understand why I always want you.”

“I doubt it,” Dipper told him, closing his eyes and letting his head loll back as Bill nosed his cock, breath hot and teasing. He placed wet kisses up and down the half-hard shaft, thoroughly worshipping it to hardness. Bill's scent was heady as it wafted up; Dipper instinctively tried to press his legs together at the feeling of the slick beginning to drip in earnest, gut clenching hungrily. Bill clucked at him, hands tapping at his thighs. Dipper blushed as he widened them once more. His shame was chased away by a hot mouth sinking down around his erection, pulling a choked groan from his lips. He flailed behind him, gripping the sink counter for leverage, the other hand going to twine itself in Bill's hair. The alpha started, eye flicking up to his omega; head thrown back, throat exposed—Dipper barely noticed. He quickly began to pull his hand away, but the growl that resounded from Bill's throat had him tightening his grip.

“Bill, ah, I--” Dipper whimpered, hips jerking forward. The alpha didn't steady him this time, sinking down to the root and sucking harshly, causing the younger man to jerk his hips forward again, letting out a sharp cry. Bill's rumbling seemed to encourage the motion, and Dipper felt the alpha's throat relax as his hips moved forward again into the wet heat. A month ago, Bill wouldn't have let him do this; in fact, he hadn't. Yet here he was, all too happy to have his mouth used.
“That’s it,” Bill rumbled when he pulled away, breath coming to him in hot, panting breaths. “Such a good omega, you deserve to fuck my mouth.” He kissed Dipper's inner thigh. “Turn around for me, sugar pine.” Shaky legs barely allowed Dipper to do so, his cock painfully hard in between his legs. “Bend on over.”

“Do all these lights need to be on?” Dipper asked in a panting whine, bending over to prop himself up on the towel. Meeting his own eyes, he winced at blown-wide pupils and ruddied cheeks.

“Yes.” Bill was still kneeling, hands gently massaging Dipper's lower legs and then his calves in a methodical, soothing fashion. “Can't you see how beautiful you are like this?” Dipper shook his head, looking away from himself. He wished that Bill was already being reflected in the mirror with him. It'd be easy to focus on his alpha.

“Bill, what the fuck do you think you're doing?” Dipper asked suddenly as a cold nose pressed against one of his ass cheeks. The omega received a playful chuckle in response and hands pulled his ass cheeks apart

“You're so wet,” Bill purred; his tongue darted out and slid up Dipper's puckering hole, lapping up the liquid leaking out. The younger man yelped and tried to get some purchase on the counter, only to find none.

“Stop,” Dipper demanded. “Get your mouth away from there. You said we were going to have sex in front of the mirror. You didn't say anything about--” The tongue was pushing against his hole now, getting him to let out a soft groan at the minimal penetration. “--Why are you so disgusting,” he snarled, hips unintentionally rocking back against the warm mouth.

“I just want to make sure that you're wet enough to take me.” Bill's murmur was of feigned innocence. “You're a fountain back here, sugar pine. You want me bad, don't you?”

“I'm about ten seconds from saying no. Get your mouth away from there,” Dipper snapped; Bill let a sigh escape his lips and he surged up. He pressed gentle kisses up and down Dipper's lower back, and a thick cock brushed the omega's thigh.

“Maybe later, hm?” Bill whispered almost to himself, pressing his chest against Dipper's back tightly. “You taste wonderful, if you're wondering.”

“I wasn't. But now I'm really grossed out,” Dipper told him, looking up at the reflection once again. Bill's face was red, his lips wet with the slick that he'd happily taken part in. It was a level of erotic that Dipper hadn't been expecting; a jab of heat in his belly made him groan at the sight. This was not supposed to be a turn on. Bill braced one of his hands against the mirror, the other slipping down to cup Dipper's erection.

“Mm, I don't think this agrees.” He gave it a gentle pump. Dipper's head fell against the towel as a groan spilled from his lips and he jerked into the hand. “Ah, ah, come now.” Bill released Dipper's cock and got a whine. “You have to watch as I enter you

“What? No.” Dipper shook his head. “I'm not going to--” Bill's cock nudged at his entrance, steadied by a hand. “--Bill, I can't.

“Please watch. For me,” Bill breathed into his ear, kissing at the sensitive flesh of his neck. “See why I adore you. See why I want to keep you in bed all day.” Dipper let out a quiet whine, hesitantly raising his head to look himself in the eye once more. “Such a sweet sugar pine.”

“Just, ah, wait--” His eyes widened as Bill began to push into him. “--Bill,” he groaned, voice a low
“Look at yourself.” Bill’s voice was a husky order, and Dipper locked eyes with himself. He was panting, tongue peeking beneath his teeth and darting along their backs. His pupils were blown wide with unspoken need. The noises spilling from his lips were so filthy—and Bill.

Bill’s mouth was open, fangs bared in the reflection, eyes closed in bliss. When he bottomed out inside of his breathless omega, his eyes opened, dropping down to meet Dipper's eyes in the mirror. His mouth closed, lips turning into a wicked grin.

“Do you like how you look?” Bill murmured, kissing his cheek. Dipper narrowed his eyes at him. “Don't be cross with me.” The hand not keeping him braced against the mirror slipped back underneath him to pet Dipper’s belly, stroking it in a soothing pattern. He rocked forward, trilling gently as he pistonéd into his mate, forcing him gently against the counter. Dipper gasped, hips widening instinctively as the new angle allowed Bill's cock to brush his prostate with ease. “Right there?” Bill asked in a low chuckle.

“Right there, yeah. Bill, please, right th-e-ere.” Dipper hiccuped in the middle of his last word as Bill thrust into him, completely unexpected. “Ah, fuck.” Dipper dug his fingers into the mirror's frame as the alpha pumped his cock in time with the thrusts that were already pushing deep into him. “You, uh, you've been holding back all night, haven't you?”

“All night, wanting to be buried inside of you. You worked me up this evening; the way that your sweater hugged your body made me want to rip it from you.” Bill was staring into the mirror still, using the wall as leverage to thrust harder into the omega, hard enough that Dipper's hips ached where they smacked the counter. But he didn't care. He relished the idea that he'd be bruised after the fact. Dipper groaned, pressing his forehead against the cool mirror, eyes slipping closed.

Dipper woke up in a sleepy haze; Bill had fucked him hard on the counter and then lightly bathed him before tucking him into bed. When the omega had reminded him of his promise to kiss him all over, the alpha had climbed over him and done so. Beginning at the soles of his feet and travelling up to pepper along his toes. His legs had been next; lips tickling his kneecaps and placing open-mouthed smacks along his thighs and bruised hips.

The kisses had been slower then, mapping out his stomach with adoration and travelling along his sides. Bill had kissed every bruise, suckled on soft nipples, and playfully nipped at his mate mark until they found his lips. The kiss that Dipper and Bill had shared then was different; deep and almost sinful. A promise for later, that the omega had been quick to cling to.

“Bill?” Dipper called sleepily now, a yawn spilling from his lips into the empty suite. He blinked and rubbed at his sleep-crusted eyes, squinting as if it would reveal the alpha hiding somewhere. The omega slid his legs free from their comfortable, warm prison and dangled them over the side of the bed. The light that filtered through the curtains in the poorly-lit room was a mess of red. Dipper frowned in the darkness and hauled himself to his feet.

There was, of course, no answer to his call. Dipper had to wonder if the alpha had went out for something to eat, or to check on the car. He'd been so thrilled to get Dipper inside, he might have left it unlocked or parked it in an unsavoury area.

Dipper lazily pulled on his dirty pants from earlier that day, not caring enough to dig through the suitcase at the end of the bed. The slacks didn't smell nearly as bad as the shirt did, after all. He
stumbled through the small area, eyebrows raising when he noticed Bill's shirt and jacket still laying over one of the dining chairs. He grabbed the shirt and ran the material through his fingers, snorting when he realised that it was cotton. Soft, but still cotton.

“Where'd you run off to without a shirt on?” Dipper murmured; he shrugged his shoulders before tugging on the too-big shirt, buttoning it sloppily. Bill wouldn't mind, surely. Searching the pockets of the suit jacket revealed both the car keys and the key card to the room; fear and worry shot through Dipper in that instant.

Dipper snagged both and ran for the door, forgetting to grab his shoes as he careened through the door and into the hallway; the lights were flickering weakly, bouncing off the walls and lighting them with a sickly hue that made the omega's stomach twist.

“You know, this is what I should have expected,” Dipper announced into the empty hallway, a sneer making itself at home on his face. “Confess my love to Bill, then he goes missing. Along with every other fucking person in the building.” His feet were quiet as he shuffled along the carpet, wary of danger.

As Dipper came down the stairs into the lobby, he realised that it was just as empty as the rest of the building had been. No doors were broken, and the lights were on and happily shining over the empty, freshly mopped floor. But there was nobody at the desk. Nobody in the lobby. Dipper's frown deepened, and he crossed the tile to the multitude of doors. He pushed them open; a cold breeze caused him to shudder, clutching the shirt around him as his feet touched damp pavement.

“What in god's green earth is that.” It wasn't a question, not really. Blood red mixed with tarnished yellow in the clouds, roiling and fighting for dominance. “You know what. I don't even care,” he muttered. “I don't.”

Dipper's eyes ghosted over the parking lot, also empty of cars. Except for Bill's. His heart jumped painfully when he saw the figure leaning against the trunk.

“Bill.” Dipper nearly slipped as he dashed across the parking lot, landing with a painful thud on the ground beside him. “Bill, you better wake up,” the omega pleaded, gently laying a hand on the alpha's cheek. Eyelids fluttered and cracked open; a few feet from him was a multitude of items, all broken and jumbled together with blackened ash. The pieces of a shattered matryoshka doll, the blank innermost doll split in two; a triangular statue with a broken top hat and a now closed eye. And a book about cursed objects. Amongst them was also the photo of Dipper—well, of his Nordic lookalike.

“Sugar pine,” Bill croaked, slowly coming too. “Sugar pine? Darling? Dipper?”His voice was panicked now.

“Yeah, I'm here,” Dipper murmured, gently kissing his cheek. “What the hell is going on? Where is everyone?” There was a crack of thunder above, angry and sharp. “Care to explain what's going on? And don't try and to weasel your way out of this one. Again, everyone is missing. Everyone. And it looks like Armageddon out here.” Bill smiled, weak and nervous.

“Ragnarok,” he supplied quietly, eye darting away from Dipper.

“Ragnarok? You're kidding me. You...you actually.” Dipper pinched the bridge of his nose. “You've got to be kidding me. This is one of those elaborate pranks, right? Ashton Kutcher is going to pop up out of the bushes and tell us we're on Punk'd any minute now.”

“I didn't think it would work,” Bill offered.
“You didn't think it would work?” Dipper should of been panicking. He should of screamed at Bill, thrown a fit. Maybe cried. But he didn't. He wasn't sure if it was the shock. He wasn't sure if it was some remaining sense of disbelief. But Dipper felt nothing but utter exhaustion.

“I didn’t. It was an accident.” The alpha whined, leaning forward and wincing slightly. Dipper shook his head again.

“How do you *accidentally* start the apocalypse?”

Chapter End Notes

First off, merry holidays! Whatever you celebrate, I hope you're warm and well fed and happy.

Second, I want to thank all of you for sticking with me through the first part of this story and I hope that you'll follow its series, "It's Raining" in anticipation for the sequel!

I didn't expect to feel this empty, guys...

My final, parting song for this fic is "End Of The World" by A Great Big World.

Want to stay updated for the sequel? Click [here](#) to stay in the know!

Works inspired by this one: [Thirteen Weeks](#) by Everyday_Im_Preaching, [Ruin The Wallpaper](#) by Everyday_Im_Preaching, [To Whom A Happily Ever After Is Due](#) by Everyday_Im_Preaching

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