This Is All We Know

by alphatoothless

Summary

Dipper's life had always been fairly ordinary until Bill came into his life. Bill being the guardian demon who flirted with him nonstop and seemed to find pleasure in annoying him endlessly. But as time goes on, he's realizing that maybe his feelings for his Guardian aren't as platonic as he originally believed.

Notes

So this was rewritten after being accidentally deleted and boy, lemme tell ya, that was wild. Anyway, woo! Guardians! More chapters to come!

"Hiya, Pine Tree!"

The screech that escaped Dipper's mouth was something he truly hoped no one would hear ever again in his lifetime. After his heart finally stopped pounding in his chest, his shock melted into blatant annoyance.

"Ugh, it's you."

"Ouch, that's harsh!"
Dipper huffed, glaring up at the floating humanized-demon in front of him. Bill only smirked down at him, golden eyes glowing in the shade of the trees. If it were anyone else, they'd be running in sheer terror. But, as luck would have it, Dipper had become desensitized to the demon's scare tactics after years of being subject to them. He sighed before continuing onward, leaves crunching lightly under his feet as he followed the barely visible trail. He could hear leaves begin to crunch lightly behind him, telling him that Bill had stopped floating.

Of all the things Dipper had problems with since Bill arrived in his life, one of the worst was getting the demon to act like a normal human in public. If he wasn't floating with his legs bent slightly in the air, he was half-naked and about to remove whatever pants he decided to wear that day with the excuse that clothes were incredibly restricting and hot. He knew if the demon had the option, he'd go around naked all day everyday just like the first day he'd obtained his human form. A second look at Bill told him the demon actually decided to wear clothes today and, not surprisingly, they were nicer than even the occasional suit Dipper wore for formal events. The demon adjusted the sleek black vest that rested over his pressed yellow button-up shirt as he continued to follow the human.

"Don't you have something else to do other than harass me? Start fires in other dimensions, rearrange the orifices in people's faces, literally anything else?"

"Ah, but see, why would I do any of that when I could just spend time with you? Besides, I missed you."

Dipper looked at his watch and threw Bill an exasperated look.

"Bill, it's only been ten minutes."

"That's a long time to be without my charge."

"I have to be perfect on this mission. I seriously don't have time to watch you today. Why don't you go hang out with Mabel and Will or Ford or something?"

"Mm, see, I'm your guardian, not theirs. Therefore, I don't have any reason to spend time with them when I'm supposed to be with you."

Dipper groaned before turning away.

"Not much of a guardian." He grumbled under his breath as he continued.

"What was that?"

"Nothing!" He shot a smug smile back at the demon.

He could feel Bill glare at him from behind as they walked through the woods but he didn't mind it. That was the bulk of their conversations nowadays, and Dipper didn't really mind it. It was refreshing in its own way. Bill was so different than anyone he'd ever met before he entered his life, challenging him when he wasn't trying to get him into bed.

Don't get him wrong, Dipper Pines was just a normal, average 18-year-old boy. He was average in the physical department, being average in musculature and attractiveness (or so he always thought). His academics soared above average, though, thanks to Ford's teachings and his natural love for books, making it difficult for him to socialize with others. His twin sister was different in her own way as well, cheery and excitable where most weren't. They often stuck together in school, to which Dipper was incredibly grateful for. He felt they were just average twins, but the demon twins that were bound to them had stated otherwise.
"So, where are we going, Pine Tree?"

"To the statues. Ford wants me to take notes and try to copy the writings for him to decipher."

"You could've just asked me, you know. 'All-seeing, all-knowing demon', remember?"

Dipper rolled his eyes.

"You're also an extremely unreliable source."

"Unreliable source? How rude! When have I ever been unreliable?"

Dipper turned around and rose an eyebrow at the demon. Bill gave an uneasy smile back.

"That doesn't count!"

"It counts."

"Pine Tree, it was a joke! You can't honestly still be mad about that!"

"I wouldn't be so mad if you hadn't made fun of me right after it."

"How was I supposed to know that was your first kiss?"

Dipper shook his head before continuing forward, stepping over a large branch that blocked the trail. He heard Bill trip over it and snorted. The demon growled softly at what Dipper assumed was the offending branch before resuming.

"Come on, that was pretty good for our first kiss."

"You say that like it'll happen again."

"What? You don't mean that!"

Dipper smirked as he looked around, thankful they passed the last landmark he had of the trail. It meant the clearing was close, which meant getting home sooner and taking a much needed nap. He's always been a bit of a night owl.

"I was telling the truth when I said it would boost my magic!" Bill paused for a moment. "Just not about how it boosted my magic."

"Unreliable source."

He stepped into the clearing, immediately relaxing at the serenity of the area. The sun was warm against the cool breeze that passed through the opening into the clearing. Trees bustled and shifted around them softly with the breeze. He really should come here more often; it would be a nice break from the noisy chaos at the Mystery Shack.

"Seriously, you could have just asked me about it. We didn't have to come here." Bill pouted behind him.

Dipper ignored the comment and continued, eyes resting on the two statues that rested in the middle of the clearing, and to the two crumpled heaps of stone next to them. He shrugged his backpack off when he neared them, taking out a small journal. He moved some of the stone around to mimic what it once appeared to be, writing down the symbols that were very clearly not human in nature. He had assumed they were from the demons’ dimension, with their sharp edges to each letter and the odd
curves of what he assumed were punctuation marks.

The first statue was about Will, he could make that much out from the weeping triangle symbol that he was able to piece together from the shattered shards. The statue itself was beyond repair, and even the letters themselves were difficult to read where some of the rocks had been shattered mid-sentence. When he finally finished writing what he could from the first statue, he moved to what he assumed was Bill's.

It was only then that he realized Bill had been uncharacteristically silent since they'd entered the clearing. Bill and silence were a combination that Dipper was used to, much less comfortable with. He turned to see the demon look down at the statue with stifled despair. A deep frown replaced his usually wide grin, and Dipper blinked. He'd never seen an expression like this on his demon and it worried him. Bill remained floating in place, frozen by the sight of the crumpled heap. He stood then, turning to face the demon completely as he stood between Bill and his view of the shattered rocks.

"Bill?"

The demon slowly turned to look at him and immediately hid his expression upon realizing he'd made his emotions obvious. He smirked, revealing his sharp fangs, though Dipper could tell it was forced.

"What, finally admitting my human form is attractive?"

The human didn't make a witty comeback like he normally did, instead just stared at Bill for a moment before turning back to the statue. He decided he would make this quick, not wanting Bill to be here any longer than he had to be. He wondered exactly what it was like, trapped in these statues for what he assumed were centuries. The look on Bill's face told him it must have been fairly traumatic, and he quickly decided he didn't want Bill to be here any longer than he had to be. He quickly jotted down the other symbols on Bill's shattered statue before tossing the notebook into his backpack. He shouldered the sack before turning to Bill who rose an eyebrow.

"You're not going to take notes on the other statues?"

"Nah, I got everything I need for right now." He didn't really, but that haunted look on Bill's face told him he should just come back later, preferably without his demon.

Bill smiled then, though it was so small, so oddly tender that it caught Dipper off-guard again. It was another expression he rarely saw from his demon, and he could tell it was in gratitude. Bill turned, leading the way out with Dipper following closely behind. He chanced a glance back at the other remaining statues, wondering if there were demons trapped in them as well. But if there were, wouldn't Bill have released them by now? He decided it was a question he'd study on his next trip back.

They continued to walk in unsettling silence. Dipper glanced at Bill from his peripheral, trying to find any clues on what the demon was thinking about. Bill smirked slightly, but golden eyes continued to stare ahead.

"I'm fine, kid."

"Are you sure?"

"Why, are you going to kiss me to make me feel better?"

Dipper huffed and looked ahead as he continued to walk side-by-side with the demon. Bill was always filled with ciphers and riddles, never actually answering his questions in a forward manner.
He hid his emotions behind his wide grins and unsettling smiles, but Dipper really was curious about his demon's experiences. If the demon wasn't deflecting his questions with riddles, he was quick to use cheesy pick-up lines and flirting as a quick way to change the subject. It was the strange nature of their relationship, and Dipper was both thankful and annoyed with it.

Where he and Bill failed to have an established relationship (and a barely functioning friendship), Mabel and Will had clicked instantly. Will was Bill's twin brother, looking almost exactly like Bill but with soft blue hair and a timid personality. Where Bill was mischievous and obnoxious, Will was soft and quiet. They were polar opposites almost, yet balanced each other out in the same way the Pines twins did.

When the twin demons first appeared when they were 13 and the demons immediately bound to them, Mabel was quick to take the tiny blue triangle into a hug. Will had immediately blushed, hands covering his tiny eye in embarrassment. Their relationship only grew, from close friends to eventually reaching a (somewhat) romantic level when Will had obtained his human form when they were 15, earlier than Bill had because of their immediate bonding. Where Dipper and Bill's relationship remained in verbal teasing, with Bill flirting only verbally, Will and Mabel had grown somewhat to public displays of affection. Sometimes Dipper would even see them cuddling on the couch in the Shack and a part of him yearned for that with Bill.

On the other hand, though, Dipper knew mating with the demon was a permanent decision. Will was more open than Bill, though even he remained restricted in the information he gave. In this subject, though, Will had happily supplied the fact that demon matings were for life. It made it impossible for adultery or disloyalty, and Dipper wasn't entire sure he was ready for that kind of permanent commitment. He was only 18, having recently graduated high school and still very iffy on love in general. Mabel had accepted it willingly when they turned 18, thought it hadn't been much of a surprise to Dipper when she finally told him.

Dipper didn't mind love. He always had been a bit of a closet romantic himself, sneaking some of Mabel's romance books every once in a while when she wasn't looking. But romance just wasn't something he came across easily. Before Bill, he was just the average, quiet boy that got straight A's and didn't make friends easily. Valentines' Days were always lonely, even when Mabel taped her (unwanted) cards together as a gift to him. People didn't crush on him, didn't date him, and certainly didn't flirt with him.

And then came Bill. At first, the demon was just mischievous. He would snicker and hide items from his charge, teasing him in his own loving way. Then, when Dipper turned 16 and their bond had strengthened, Bill finally obtained his human form. With that came the constant flirting, the constant teasing and verbal sexual advances. Not that Bill ever actually forced him into anything he wasn't comfortable with, always keeping his advances to playful verbal jokes.

A lot of the time though, as Dipper had noticed throughout the years, Bill always touched him. Whether it was through resting a hand on his shoulder, or gently brushing their fingers together, Bill was always holding onto him in some way. He would watch the strange black arm-band tattoo on the demon's arm glow softly when he did, but the touch would never stay long. Dipper, as much as he hated to admit it, started looking forward to those moments when Bill would reach out for him. It was why he'd "pretended" to believe his demon when he said a kiss would improve his magic. Dipper knew it would, having seen Will's advancing magic with every passing moment with Mabel, but he also knew the way it worked was very different than the blatantly made-up explanation Bill had supplied. And even after they had kissed, only a peck of sorts, he could see that tattoo glow a soft blue. It only lasted a moment before Dipper became flustered and Bill's usual smirk returned full force.
He'd tried to ask Bill once before about guardians. When it was late and Dipper had particularly bad bouts of insomnia, Bill would sit with him on the roof and they'd push aside their usual banter. Bill would often times conjure up some form of tea for Dipper, resting a hand on one of his shoulders as they would stare out at the dark forest. That night, Dipper had been too tired to push away his thoughts.

"Bill, why do demons serve as guardians in your dimension?"

The demon rose an eyebrow at him with a soft smirk, golden eyes resting on him.

"Well, in our dimension our magic is, how do you say...restricted." Dipper could feel the demon's thumb rub circles into his shirt. "We take on mates so we can take full control of our powers."

"Mates?" Dipper's eyebrows furrowed, though he could feel heat lightly pool in his stomach.

"Yes, mates. Like...romantic partners? We share our magic with our charges and vice versa, serving as a balanced energy source."

Bill didn't really continue beyond that. He didn't talk much about why they had been trapped in the statues either when Dipper had asked. Often times Bill would wave the question off, though Dipper suspected Will had been the reason for their entrapment. Where Bill was silent and nonchalant about the question, Will would always look guilty when he refused to answer the question. He wondered if Bill would be more open when they mated. Or rather, if they did.

Dipper had put it off for years. It wasn't that he didn't feel any attraction to Bill because, trust him, he very much did. But the thought of pushing away the possibility of a normal life haunted him. He would never be able to have a normal, human partner and live a normal, boring life. He kept his options open, still harboring some form of attraction to Wendy (though even he was telling himself to stop lying about that). But with each passing day recently, he found himself staring at Bill more and more. It really started in high school, when Bill had finally obtained his human form, that Dipper had really been, well, fantasizing about the demon. Not that he would ever admit it to anyone, not even Bill himself, but no one could even remotely say Bill wasn't one of the most attractive people alive. People would flock to the Cipher brothers between classes before they graduated, constantly bombarding them with date requests. Will would always quickly retreat to Mabel, making it obvious that he belonged to the bubbly twin. Bill, however, remained nonchalant and gave simple, vague excuses as to why he couldn't and somehow it made them want him more. There were moments when Dipper was sure the demon would just end up choosing another human to love. But instead, Bill would always strut up to him and tease him, leaning in close and laying on the heavy seduction to which Dipper would always slam his locker shut and storm away. But Dipper secretly loved the attention, loved the fact that no matter how much Bill was rejected by him, the demon would continue to come after him with a playful smirk. Dipper was pretty sure Bill saw him as a challenge.

Before he realized it, they were stepping out of the forest and into the cleared lawn of the Mystery Shack. Dipper blinked, glancing around in confusion. Had he been lost in his thoughts for that long?

Mabel and Will sat in the grass by the Shack, surrounded by canvases and paint supplies. Mabel was squinting at a canvas in her grasp, tongue poking out between her straightened teeth (the day she had her braces removed she had been overwhelmingly excited) as Will watched her tenderly. No one could mistake the love Will had for Mabel, and Dipper was even remotely jealous. Bill chuckled and walked forward, stopping in front of the couple with his hands on his hips.

"Well, well, well! Making a mess without me, I see!"
Mabel and Will looked up then. Mabel grinned widely, placing her canvas down.

"Bill! Perfect! Have you ever painted before?"

"Nope, shooting star. Why?"

"Jeez, what is with you guys! I thought over all these years I had actually taught you two!" She picked up a blank canvas beside her and held it out to the demon. "Well today's the day!"

Bill smiled widely before grabbing the canvas. He gently placed it on the ground before he started unbuttoning his vest, and then his shirt, slowly sliding them off and folding them. He placed them to the side before moving to sit next to Mabel as she grabbed a paint brush. Dipper smiled at the sight.

"Dipper! You should come paint, too!"

"Eh, I have to report to Ford. I'll come back in a minute!" Dipper supplied, trying not to make it obvious that he was staring at the way Bill's muscles flexed and moved so fluidly with every movement.

"Okay! Hurry up, Dip-Dop!"

Dipper quickly walked past them, glancing at his demon who side-eyed him with a seductive smile. The human blushed before pushing into the shack, cover his face with his hands. He waited a moment before walking across the gift shop, punching in the numbers to Ford's lab. The Shack was closed for the day, to the relief of Dipper, so he could freely roam without the forced labor Stan put them through. The hissing sound of the machine opening made Dipper take a step back as the door opened. He stepped in, padding down the stairs. The sounds of grunts and swears told him Ford was definitely down here, and he carefully made his way down the steps he was greeted with an all-too familiar scene of Ford wrestling an alien-looking creature into a cage.

It looked like an alien octopus, pressing its tentacles against the opening of what looked like an animal crate as Ford tried his best to push the creature into it.

"Just...get...into...the cage!"

The creature hissed at Ford, continuing to keep its limbs stiff. Dipper took another step down, wincing at the loud creak that broke the moment. The alien chanced a glance at Dipper, which gave Ford the chance to stuff the alien into the cage. The older man huffed when he locked the door, wiping his forehead with the back of his arm as he panted. Finally, he turned to Dipper with an exhausted smile.

"Dipper, my boy! You're back!"

"Yeah, great-uncle Ford. I got the notes you wanted." He hoped they were enough. Ford was skin to an idol to him, and he wanted nothing more than to finally be considered an equal to his great-uncle one day. The older man smiled as Dipper pulled the journal out and handed it to him.

"Ah, thank you! I would have gone myself, but their cages needed to be cleaned and that's a week's worth of work in itself."

"No problem!" Dipper grinned, watching Ford quickly flip through the pages of notes until he reached the recent set. He watched Ford scan through the notes, nodding to himself.

"Fascinating! Do you mind if I keep your journal for a little while? I'll need some time to translate, I don't think I've seen this language before!"
"Sure, I don't mind."

And then Ford turned away from him, focusing his attention on his journal instead of at Dipper and he took it as his cue to leave. He assumed Ford would try to translate it before he asked one of the demons, always stubbornly trying to solve puzzles on his own without asking for help. It was one thing Dipper didn't have in common with his great-uncle when he learned how valuable other people were to furthering his knowledge.

He padded up the stairs and closed the door of the vending machine before making his way outside. Bill was covered in paint, not really to Dipper's surprise, as he smeared colors onto the previously-white canvas. Mabel was trying to instruct Will, who looked completely lost as he looked between Mabel's canvas and his own. He walked closer, catching the eye of Bill who immediately winked at him. Dipper blushed, rolling his eyes as he sat beside the demon. Mabel smiled and handed him a canvas, insisting he make an "artful masterpiece".

Eventually they finish for the day, or enough for Mabel to be somewhat satisfied, and they finally make their way back into the Shack. Painted canvases rest on the front porch as they march into the living room. Bill and Will talk animatedly about something in a language neither Mabel nor Dipper recognize, laughing excitedly about jokes they probably wouldn't understand. Bill snaps his fingers and he's suddenly clean, holding his folded clothes over his forearm. Will rolls his eyes playfully as he snaps his own fingers, removing all the paint from his clothes as he straightens his shirt. Bill, of course, remains shirtless and Dipper can't help but just stare at the distinguished abs on the demon's stomach. His tattoo rests nicely on his arm, and Dipper wondered briefly if Will has one as well. Really, he just secretly wanted to follow that blond happy trail that disappeared below the black belt that rested securely on his demon's slacks.

"When are you going to admit you have feelings for him?"

Dipper turned quickly to see Mabel grinning at him with a raised eyebrow. She had always been the one to try and push Dipper into understanding that he had more than friendly feelings for his guardian. Of course he was well aware of his romantic feelings developing, but he preferred to keep Mabel and anyone else in the dark about them.

"Mabel, it's not like that." He rolled his eyes, removing his hand to card a hand through his hair before securing the hat back on.

"Right, because everyone looks at their friends that way."

"Ugh, Mabel, no." Dipper groaned, but the blatant blush on his face told her otherwise. She knew him better than anyone, and was saved only by the fact that Will had walked forward and kissed her cheek.

"I'm going to go make us all something to drink."

"Oo, wait! I can make Mabel Juice!"

She quickly bolted to the kitchen, followed by a smiling Will. Dipper was sure that when they turned 21, Mabel would be the one to kill everyone with her mixed drinks. Mabel Juice nearly knocked him out and it didn't even have alcohol in it.

Suddenly, he felt arms wrap around his stomach and he stiffened. Bill hummed into his ear, resting his cheek against Dipper's. A blue glow told Dipper that the demon was gaining magic from the touch, but the startled embarrassment made him react.
"I saw you checking me out, little tree. Like what you see?"

"Ugh!" Dipper huffed, elbowing the demon in the stomach before forcing himself out of the demon's grasp. Bill laughed loudly, holding his stomach as he watched Dipper's face flush completely. "Bill!"

"Aw, let me make it up to you. How about we redo our first kiss, hm?" Bill wiggled his eyebrows, again attempting to close the space between them.

"No!" Dipper yelped, quickly bolting and running up the stairs. Bill only continued to laugh from where he was, watching the human slam the door of his room closed.

Resting against his closed door after locking it, Dipper panted. He finally looked around his room, thankful for the small escape from his demon's physical contact. Bill had been strangely more...romantically touchy since that kiss a day ago and Dipper wasn't entirely sure how he felt about it. Especially when it seemed to make his pants feel a little tighter and heat pooled in his groin. He sighed as he lifted a hand to rub his temple. It was getting harder to ignore his body's responses to the demon, and he wasn't sure what to even do about it.

He knew his body had chosen Bill as his mate since he was 16. He never even remotely felt aroused by anyone else until Bill obtained his human form, and even after the demon had come into his life he still hadn't found attraction in anyone else. He walked to his bed, flopping face-first into soft sheets. Mabel had long since gained her own room, leaving him alone in the attic since they were 12. He was grateful in some ways, but it was also oddly lonely. He shifted on his bed, laying on his back as exhaustion washed over him. The combination of the long hike and the crafting made his muscles ache. Yet, regardless of even that, his erection persisted. Fucking demon.

Lifting his wrist, he realized he had a good thirty minutes before Mabel would be gathering everyone for dinner. Plenty of time. He felt heat build in his cheeks as he undid the button of his jeans. His muscles ached in protest, but he didn't mind it so much. Hiking was nice, always worth the ache later. He'd been exploring the woods since their parents first made them come to Gravity Falls when they were little. In fact, they had even insisted on staying after their first summer here (and add the fact that there was no way they could hide Bill and Will from their parents back home), and luckily their parents had agreed. They were incredibly busy anyway, so they were happy to see their kids being able to get out and explore more rather than be stuck in their empty house.

Dipper bit his lower lip to stifle the moan that threatened to escape when he slid his hand under his jeans and underwear to wrap around his dick. It was hot in his hand, and he closed his eyes when the pressure felt amazing. He used his other hand to shimmy out of his clothes, effectively pushing them to his knees as he started stroking himself. He quickly removed his shirt, not wanting to have to explain why he changed shirts whenever he went back down for dinner.

Normally, he wouldn't do this so early in the day, instead waiting until night right before he went to bed. But he'd thrown caution to the wind, taking it nice and slow to avoid further ache in his muscles later. His legs remained bent over the side of the bed, and he whined as he moved his hand faster. Usually, he imagined it was Bill. Whether it was Bill's warm hand against him, or Bill's mouth, it was always Bill who was the center of his fantasies. Which just made his indecisiveness worse.

He panted, eyes clenched shut as he pressed the back of his head into his pillow. Heat quickly built in his groin as he stroked harder, relishing in the pleasure that racked through his system.

He could imagine Bill laying behind him, arms wrapped around his stomach as his hand pumped Dipper's dick. He could imagine the demon nibbling on the top of his ear, encouraging him to finish and he moaned.
"B-Bill...fuck..."

He stifled a moan when he came hotly into his hand, immediately relaxing as he slowly came down from his orgasm. He made a face at his soiled hand, but made no motion to move.

So maybe he took a lot of his imagination from the porn he quickly removed from his browser history. Who didn't, right? Dipper huffed before forcing himself up to get a rag from his drawer. It was getting more and more difficult to avoid the...sexual feelings he was feeling for his demon. Even worse, he was having trouble ignoring his crush that had settled in his mind since he was 16. He cleaned himself off before tossing the rag into the dirty laundry hamper by the side of the room. He pulled his pants and underwear up, buckling the belt before crawling back into bed.

Their 19th birthday was coming up soon and he knew he needed to make a decision. Though, if he were honest, he'd known what his decision was since he was 16.

"Bro-Bro!"

Dipper looked at his watch. It hadn't even been ten minutes and Mabel was already knocking on his door.

"What?"

"I have a fresh batch of Mabel Juice! Come downstairs and get some!" She called through the locked door.

"Alright, give me a second!"

He really just wanted to sleep. But dinner was soon, and his stomach was already protesting from the lack of lunch. He forced himself up, unlocking the door and padding across the hall to the bathroom. He washed his hands thoroughly before drying them off and turning.

Bill leaned against the doorframe with his usual smirk, though his golden eyes looked Dipper up and down hungrily. Finally they met Dipper's, and a knowing smirk spread across his features as he leaned in to whisper in Dipper's ear with the silkiest tone Dipper had ever heard from the man.

"You know, if I turn you on that much you could just give up the whole 'hard to get' charade and let me show you real pleasure beyond just your hand."

Dipper's jaw fell open. The demon smirked when Dipper finally pulled himself together enough to push Bill back and storm past him. Goddamn nosy demon and his stupid all-seeing self. Of course the stupid demon would watch him jerk-off. Of-fucking-course. Why did he think any different? Dipper stormed down the stairs, his face flushed in blatant embarrassment as Bill followed closely behind. Bill was still snickering behind him when they walked into the kitchen, earning confused looks from Will and Mabel. Dipper was sure he'd faint from embarrassment.

"What's so funny, Bill?"

"Oh, nothing." The demon smiled knowingly before he accepted a glass of juice from his brother.

Dipper could feel the heat in his ears as he accepted a glass from his sister. He chugged it, thankful for the cold contrast to the horrible heat that radiated from his face.

"Dipper, are you okay?"

"Never better." He quickly replied after chugging the entire cup down, nearly slamming the cup onto
the table as he stood. Bill was covering his mouth as more snickers escaped.

"So what's for dinner?" He finally asked, trying to force their attention away from his demon. Mabel gave him a weird look but decided to humor him.

"Well, Ford's still working in his lab and Stan's been busy making more exhibits, so I was thinking we could just order pizza!"

"That sounds perfect, actually." And, as if on cue, his stomach rumbled loudly. As if his embarrassment couldn't get worse, really.

Mabel gave him a look.

"Dipper, don't tell me you skipped lunch again."

He only gave a weak smile before shrugging. His twin rolled her eyes before moving around the kitchen, gathering supplies for what Dipper had assumed was a sandwich.

"Eat this, and then I'll order the pizza in a little bit." She commanded sternly, plopping the sandwich before him while folding her arms over her chest.

If Mabel weren't there, Dipper was pretty sure he'd be in worse shape than he already was. She was the driving force in making sure he was healthy, forcing him out of his obsessive behavior whenever he wouldn't come out of his room for hours. She made sure he ate, got sleep, and actually took breaks, for which he was eternally grateful for. He served as a form of responsibility for her as well, ensuring her meals went beyond the sugary mounds of Fun Dip and candy. He also made sure she wasn't too rowdy in public, acting as a form of censorship. They balanced each other out, and it was something Dipper felt incredibly lucky to have. He couldn't imagine not having Mabel around, and knew she felt the same about him.

He happily ate the sandwich, ignoring his demon as Bill smiled over at him.

"Eat all of it. All of it!" Dipper pouted at her. "I'm going to go clean up the rest of the pain supplies before I order dinner. Do you want the usual?"

"You know it." Dipper smiled, watching his sister walk out of the room. Will looked between Dipper and Bill with a strange look before promptly following Mabel. In many ways, at least to those who didn't know him, Will was like a shadow to Mabel. Though, Dipper knew otherwise. Will was incredibly observant, attentive to every detail that others wouldn't be. He would notice a paper cut on your finger even if it didn't have something covering it. He wondered if Will could read what had happened, and it made him even more anxious.

The feeling of a hand resting on his thigh only made it worse. He shot his demon a glare, to which Bill poked his serpentine tongue out. He placed the remaining portion of his sandwich on his plate, knowing the demon wouldn't let this go until he had his fun.

"What's wrong, little tree?"

"Don't."

"Hey, I'm not the one who called me during your little moment."

"Called...you...?" Dipper's eyebrows furrowed for a moment before he groaned, hiding his face in his hands. "Oh, fuck."
Bill chuckled beside him, but Dipper could see the demon's tattoo glowing softly from his peripheral. He didn't try to remove the demon's hand from his thigh, instead watching the soft glow that fluctuated as time passed. Eventually he removed his hands, looking down at Bill's tattoo. Bill followed his gaze, tilting his head slightly.

"Is this bothering you?"

"No, no." He shook his head. "I just wanted to see it."

"It?"

"Your arm glows whenever you, uh, touch me." He was half grateful for the change in subject, and half horrified that he'd admitted to the fact that he observed Bill a little more closely than he let on. He was waiting for the sex joke that was bound to follow that, but Bill didn't say anything. He looked up to see Bill's golden eyes on his, though they didn't hold any judgment. Instead, it was something else entirely.

"You've noticed, huh?"

"Yeah. Is that how you, you know, get power?"

"Mm, something like that." Bill leaned in a little further, his face fairly close to Dipper's and he could feel his heart pounding in his chest.

Where he'd normally jump away or punch Bill stating something about him being horrible, somehow he remained still in anticipation. Golden eyes continued to hold his own, but Bill didn't move any closer. The human waited, where seconds felt like hours, until he finally, hesitantly, leaned forward.

He pressed his lips to Bill's slowly, closing his eyes. Bill didn't move much, just gently pressed his own against Dipper's before pulling away. Dipper swallowed thickly, before clearing his throat and moving to stand. Bill simply watched the human blush and grab the remaining half of his sandwich.

"I'm gonna, uh, go help Mabel and Will. Clean up." He cleared his throat again as he quickly left the room, leaving his demon behind.

He didn't think his heart could handle anymore from today. His embarrassment and humiliation had reached new, impossible, levels and he wanted nothing more than to hole himself away and never come out.

First, Bill had heard him? Had actually watched him? That was...that was horrifying. He immediately shoved the memory out of his mind, knowing he'd never be able to recover from that humiliation. And then, as if it couldn't get much worse, he kissed Bill. It almost felt like a dream with how much had happened at once, but at the same time he knew it had been a long time coming. He quickly stepped outside, grateful that Mabel and Will had already finished cleaning. She turned to him and looked at the sandwich clutched tightly in his hand.

"Are you...okay?"

"Yeah, why?"

"You just seem really off." He looked down at his hand and loosened his grip. "Did something happen between you and Bill?"

"What? No!"
Will shifted next to Mabel, simply taking in his stance and he was suddenly even more self-conscious. He knew Will was trying to observe him like he always did, to put together pieces of the puzzle that was Dipper's life and assist him, but it was too much right now.

"I'm gonna go lay down. For a bit. I'm not feeling well. Just come get me when the pizza comes, okay?"

"Okay, Dip-dop. I hope you feel better." The genuine worry in her tone made his anxiety worsen and he smiled weakly at her before turning on his heel. He ignored the fact that Bill was waiting for him in the hallway, quickly rushing past him and for the second time that day, practically bolting into his room and slamming the door behind him.

He just needed a nap.

And to hide under a rock for a few hundred years.

He took a deep breath, then let it go after a few seconds, willing his heart to calm down. He continued this for a few minutes, until he finally did calm down, before padding over to his bed. A nap would do him good. He promised himself that he wouldn't go two days without sleep ever again.

He leaned down and slid his shoes off before lifting his sheets and snuggling under them. Yeah, sleep was all he needed. He was down before he could even realize it.

When he finally woke up, it was dark outside. He rubbed his eyes as he sat up, looking around groggily. It felt like it'd been days. He looked down at his watch, frowning. Midnight? Mabel must have just let him sleep through dinner. He slid his legs over the side of the bed, slowly forcing himself up as he dragged his feet to the door and slowly opened it. He looked down to see his demon resting against the wall next to his door, snoozing carelessly. Bill looked oddly peaceful, even with his limbs curled into his body as he slept.

He frowned, not realizing that he'd probably worried his guardian quite a bit. He carefully walked past Bill to the bathroom. After brushing his teeth and ensuring he was actually ready for bed, he finally opened the door to see half-lidded golden eyes glowing in the dark, staring at him. He almost jumped at the sight.

"Dipper?" A groggy voice broke the silence of the hallway.

Dipper sighed and padded over to the demon, squatting in front of him. Bill yawned heavily before staring up at Dipper sleepily. The human smiled softly. Stupid demon.

"Come on, let's get you to bed."

"Would that bed have you in it?"

Dipper rolled his eyes. Even half-awake Bill was always making advances. Yet, somehow, it made him oddly relaxed. Like the air between them hadn't changed. Nothing between them had changed. They were okay.

"No, stupid."

"Ugh, then what's the point of going?" Bill pouted, looking even more adorable with his sleepy features.

Dipper guessed he kindof owed Bill for earlier. Maybe this was what they needed to get things finally moving. What Dipper needed to get things moving.
"Fine, you can sleep in my bed tonight. But only tonight."

The demon's eyes widened then, a childlike grin spreading across his lips.

"Really?"

"Hurry up before I change my mind." Dipper grumbled, opening the door and navigating through the dark to his bed. He heard Bill quietly close the door before following him to his bed. Dipper was exhausted still, his body yearning for the comfort of his mattress as he curled into the sheets. Bill joined him, wrapping an arm around his waist.

He felt something vibrate on his back and the soft sounds of purring filled the air.

"Are you...purring?"

"You really want to start that because I have plenty of ammunition to beat you with."

Dipper grumbled and dropped it, watching the room glow slightly with Bill's tattoo. He wondered what Bill's magic could do. So far he only floated and teleported, but even Bill himself had said it wasn't even a fraction of what his power really was. He decided he'd ask Bill later.

He had a lot he needed to ask Bill later.

But the demon continued purring, holding him close to his naked chest. Dipper chalked up the unusual life choices he'd made (and continued to make) to lack of sleep. But with the soft rumble of Bill behind him and the warmth of an additional body on the bed, he was more than happy to slip back into sleep.

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