What's in a name?

by XOXOErinXOXO

Summary

After much pestering, Mabel convinces Dipper to finally join a dating website to, finally, get him a boyfriend. He meets a guy named Alex, and he is sweet, kind, loving, interesting, smart, adorable...well he's perfect for Dipper...but the secrets between the two could be too much to handle.

*THIS IS AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE.*

Notes

What's in a name?
That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
and for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
- Juliet from Romeo and Juliet~ William Shakespeare

See the end of the work for more notes.
Dipper had been having a rough time with love.

"Wendy; FAIL, Candy; disaster, Grenda; still have ptsd, Pacifica; doesn't play for guys anymore-" he looked at Mabel and she giggled like a small child.

The two had been dating for a year or so now, and yet his twin always giggled at the mention of her girlfriend's name. The two met at a party while spending the summer with their great uncle Stan, and had been close ever since. Only recently did Mabel admit her feelings for the beautiful and popular girl. Lucky for everyone; Pacifica had enough boyfriend drama in her past and decided boys weren't her thing. Otherwise Mabel would've been a mess for weeks. It was funny, they both began dating because they were through boys; boys brought them together.

"It's not like you play for her team or anything, you don't like women." Dipper blushed.

"Mabel," he stopped and groaned. "Pansexual and gay are two very different things." She snorted.

"As your twin, I know for a fact that you like people of the male species better." Dipper rolls his eyes.

"I haven't even been with a guy, let alone dated one, or really been close friends with one."

"You say it like men are aliens" he grumbles. "Look dip dip, I just know these things. Love expert remember?" He wants to laugh at her, but he doesn't. "I got it! Just join a dating site!" He scoffs at her.

"No way, no internet creeps for me." He shoved Mabel off his bed where she was sitting, only managing to push her into a standing position.

"Chicken." Dipper's head whipped away from the journal in his lap to his sister.

"Take it back." She knew he hated that.

"Nope. Not unless you find a nice boy online to fall head over heels with and stay up till three on the phone with." Mabel sang twirling round the room. For a 17 year old, she was very childish sometimes. Something her twin never was. He finally gave in and laughed at her.

"Fine fine fine Mabel, I'll make an account-"

"YAY! This is gonna be so much fun!" She began to ramble about different dating sites while Dipper put away his idea journal and began to crawl under the pile of covers on his bed.

"Just don't stay up too long." He said, as he always did knowing Mabel and Pacifica would probably skype until five in the morning. Like always.

Dipper would never admit it to his twin, but he wanted love like that.
The profile was created a day before the conversation, Dipper already had six matches in 24 hours. The website was made to give every user privacy. It had its own messaging system and numbers could only be exchanged after two weeks. Profile pictures were instead cute characters (ie bears and penguins, needless to say dipper picked a bear). The website didn't have locations or any kind of tracking, so every user could insure they were safe. Dipper considered this okay for his first dating website.

However, the time to look into his matches would have to wait. It was already ten at night, and the twins had school the next day. Mabel had already logged him into his new profile and downloaded the app for him. The two crawled into their beds, and fell asleep.

Mabel dreamed of kittens and Pacifica, once she stopped skyping her girlfriend.

Dipper dreamed of...well for once, nothing. He was used to nightmares, this was nice. Too nice almost. Perhaps it was a sign.

\(^.^)/

Dipper found himself bored in all his classes.

Okay maybe not bored, maybe distracted.

He spent every class on his phone, burning away data saying hello to his matches. Each boy was really sweet, funny, kind and quite intelligent.

There was however, the one who stood out.

He told Dipper his name was Alex. He made intellectual jokes about the books the two both liked, he could talk for hours about books, Alex was perfect. He was only a few months older, but he was 18. Not too much older really, compared to his 17.

JANUARY 7
Dipper? That really your name? Yeah, it makes sense once you see me, haha
How so?
Uhm...
prefer to keep it a mystery huh? Well then, sherlock, keep it to yourself. It's cool. This site is known for privacy anyways. I'll keep some secrets too, you won't be alone in this. normally that would concern me, but even though I've known you for three hours, I feel like your trustworthy. such compliments! I'm quaking in my panties HAHA :)
HAHA :D
HAHA HAHA HAHA HAHA HAHA
this is where I get off
bb please.
don't go

JANUARY 8
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to freak you out.
you didn't freak me out man, I was busy with schoolwork.
oh thank the heavens, because I was really worried. I scared away a guy I was starting to really
like for only knowing him for thirty hours.
that sounded weird, didn't it?
always
kidding kidding kidding!!! No I really like you too. I'm just not good with this whole dating thing.
Just an fyi. I look at people around here and just...I don't know...they're awful. Brainwashed.
Zombies.
All the possibilities here are, well, pretty horrific too. Both genders.
oh so your bi?
Pan....I know weird.
no I am too! That's awesome!
I decided you're my soulmate. I'd say my boyfriend/girlfriend but, lord forbid profiles on here tell
you someone's gender.
haha I'm of the male variety
oh sweet yes me too, I like men so much better. So much less whiney then girls
RIGHT the last girl I dated cried because I didn't give her a tissue to alleviate her crying
good god no
YES I'm so glad my sister isn't like that
ooh you have a sister? Do tell.
well she created my profile. Just a side note on that, I don't really live on a farm. She added that.
She thought men were more attached to men who consider themselves cowboys. She also thinks
I'm totally gay...might be right might be wrong, I've yet to decide
aaaaaand now she's on my 'I hate your face' list
it'd be wise to not hate her face, our faces are the same face
oh so your siamese twins? Or do you have Multiple Personality..I don't date people with mental
baggage
unfortunately she is not a figure of my imagination, or conjoined to me, but she is my twin.
you had me really worried there
well I'm glad I could...unworry you? We can discuss that later, I have to go to school. Sorry.
oh me too, darn...I'll uh...talk to you later?
around seven?
can't wait!

"DIPPER!" Mabel screamed in his ear. He shot up from his warm bed. "Happy Saturday!"
Dipper groaned. His sisters happiness could really be a downer sometimes. Especially when
Dipper needed sleep from staying up until three talking to Alex. Oh that boy was so sweet. It had
been a week and four days since they began talking. On Wednesday they could finally exchange
numbers, and Dipper could stop blowing through his data allowance on chat rooms.

"So, how were those ten hours of sleep last night? I mean, staying up until three takes some
patience and stamina." He gaped at his sister.
"I was reading."

"You were flirting! Your giggling kept me up all night." She said, matter of factly.

"Mabel!" He shrieked, hoping their parents hadn't heard him up last night. They'd kill him. A junior in high school and they still didn't let him stay up on weekends, but they'd gladly ship the twins to Oregon in the summer.

"Mom and Dad didn't hear you, besides I sound proofed the walls." Dipper opened his mouth. "Don't ask. Turns out your a really heavy sleeper when me and Pacifica Skype and night." Dipper's face grows red. "Oh god Dipper, not like that." She waves a hand at him and gets up to find her glue gun. "Although once I went to Pacific's house and-"

"I DO NOT NEED TO KNOW MABEL!" He yelled at his sister, as he got up and went to his dresser to find clothes for the day.

"You need to get laid." Dipper whips around to look at his twin, dropping his small pile of clothes.

"Mabel-"

"You do. You're 17, Dipper, you need to get all those hormones out. Plus you've been really cranky lately, sex makes you a nicer person!" Dipper pretended to gag while picking up his clothing. "Have you ever even-" "MABEL!" "with yourself? Or thought about-" "MABEL SHUT UP!" Dipper blushed and looked away from his twin. "Dipper, you're gonna be an adult soon and when someone tries to get intimate with you-"

"It'll be my problem, not yours, Mabel. I'd rather not discuss my sex life-" "But you don't have one!" "I'd rather not discuss it with my twin sister, Mabel. Please." He pleaded, walking away from her.

"Fine bro-bro, but one day-"

"I CANT HEAR YOU!" He screamed, leaving to take his morning shower. Pulling off his clothes and hopping into the shower, Dipper began to lather his hair. Alex was a pretty amazing guy. Pretty sexy too for someone he had never seen.

How could he think someone was sexy, if he hadn't even seen them? Dipper pushed the thought aside. He began to rinse out the lather, as he was suddenly distracted once more.

Was Mabel right? About- he stopped and looked down. He groaned. He usually ignored things like this, but after his early morning wake up call conversation with his sister.

He stopped, reached down, and turned the water to cold.

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"So what are we doing today? We could finally go to Burbank and tour the studios there! We could go be in an actual movie! We could- what are you- are you even listening me?" Dipper wasn't listening to his well minded sister. His face was stuck in his cell phone.

JANUARY 18

do you masterbate?

Good morning to you too

no for real. My sister just teased me because I don't. Is that weird? You're the only person I trust. I'm flattered. Really. *sarcasm* that's weird of her...creepy...anyway...well it doesn't...it's not...it's
to not weird...just...abnormal...and to answer your question yes I do... really? I feel like I've been left out of the loop... don't your friends make jokes about jerking off? Surely they do? I uh...no they don't. .. no one says 'I uh' and doesn't expect to be asked 'what were you gonna say?' yeah well uh... your friends can't be as bad as mine! well... well I mean they're all girls, sweet girls, they just can't get over the fact that I don't like them. It's sweet actually but, annoying most of the time. I don't have any friends. wait...what? I have no friends. Just my sister. And the smart kids who occasionally help me out with homework...I'm kinda alone... liar. I'm not lying. No one likes me, I'm a freak. Didn't even shower for the first twelve years of my life. I mean, I was a kid, I hated showers right that's not weird and unusual at all. I like riddles and puzzle and codes and ghosts and reading and figuring things out, but I'm an idiot in class. My hair is always a disaster. I look like I just stepped out of a goodwill donation box. My outfits never match. no one likes me. This dating site was a dumb idea. Dipper? go on, say it, I'm a freak. Throw it at me. I think I love you.

"DIPPER!" Dipper jumped and dropped his phone. Mabel ran over and scooped it up off the floor. "You don't get this until we've had a fun day!" He loved him. Already? No way.

"Mabel I need that back!" He grasped for it.

"Nope. Not until we go on an adventure." He bit his lip and chewed on it softly. He couldn't admit to her she was right. Not yet. Besides, Alex could be messing with him.

"Fine. Where are we going?" Mabel cheered and drug her brother out of their bedroom, throwing his phone on a table before climbing in her car. The twins had separate cars. They could've had separate rooms in the huge house, but they choose not to. The only reason they each had a car is due to Mabel's tri-weekly craft club meetings.

Dipper sighed and looked out the window as his sister rambled. Dipper knew he would take care of everything when he got home, so he simply turned to his sister and tried to enjoy their day together.
I'M SO PROUD OF OF ALL THE LOVE THIS HAS GOTTEN!!!! Thank you so so much guys! :)

I would like to direct everyone to my Tumblr, where I have posted my own simple sketch of my Lovely Alex (spoilers, even though technically the tags say it all, I apologize for ruining the surprise)
http://erinisthecoolest.tumblr.com/post/110102279209/im-so-proud-of-this

I'd also like to start a tag in case one of you artsy fellows wants to make some fan art for me (please do. I'll cry of happiness) this tag is for any platform under #ErinXOXOFanFicArt it's lame but it'll do :) 

Please don't forget to add this story to your subscribe and bookmark list, I don't update on a fixed schedule yet, and I don't get WiFi often, so you'll have to deal with me. I apologize profusely.

ALSO if you have a cute conversation you'd like they boys to have, comment it! Tag it! I'd love to hear some headcannon I can incorporate :)

THANK YOU AND ON WITH THE SHOW!

Dipper crashed onto his bed and Mabel did the same. The two had spent the day walking around Burbank, exploring it's vast studios and features. Dipper had been on edge since Alex's last message. He sat up.

"Mabel, where's my phone?" He asked her.

"Top. Your dresser." She said softly, rolling onto her stomach and pulling her own phone out to text Pacifica that she was safely home, and no she didn't find her lovely girlfriend anything nice while shopping. But Pacifica knew it wasn't true. Mabel bought her, made her, or found her something cool everyday. Her collection of things to give Pacifica was growing over the minutes. How she would ever get that to Oregon where Pacifica lived, no one knew.

Dipper got up and grabbed his phone, searching his drawers for some clean pjs. He almost dropped them.

JANUARY 18

&lt;Alex&gt; I think I love you.
<Alex> Dip?
<Alex> I think I love you.
<Alex> too soon huh?
<Alex> my bad, ignore that
<Alex> Dipper
<Alex> there's a crocodile eating my foot. Sadly I can't send you a picture.
<Alex> fine there's no crocodile eating my foot...but there might be one eating at my heart?
<Alex> being smooth is so not my thing Dipper.
<Alex> look...I can't help it if I like you okay? But I really do. Maybe love is a word that's to early for us, but that's what it's feeling like...
<Alex> just...I'll be here.

Dipper groaned. Poor guy. Dipper loved him too.

He did?

Wait wait he's only known Alex for a week and a half, love is a big word.

He hadn't even seen him.

Met him.

Hugged him.

Kissed him.

And still Dipper's fingers typed.

<Dipper> no I love you too Alex.
my sister took me on an adventure around Burbank. I'm sorry about that. I didn't mean to leave at such an important message.

The pain in Dipper's chest and head made him ache. He pocketed his phone, ran down to the bathroom, changed and brushed his teeth and checked his phone again. Nothing. He ran back up to his and his sister's room, threw his clothes in a hamper and laid down on the bed.

"You've been a'c'in cray-cray all day bro-bro. What's up?" Mabel asked, looking up from her Skype call.

"I'm in love." As he said it, his hand went to his mouth smacking it closed.

"DIPPER!" She jumped on top of him. He laughed and pushed her off. "SINCE WHEN?!" She screeched.

"Since this morning when he told me he loved me. Aren't you Skyping with Pacifica?" He asked her.

"Yes, but lord knows nothing stops Mabel when she's on the road to new love." Pacifica chimed in. She was probably rolling her eyes and smiling at Mabel.

"Never! Dipper tell me everything!" Dipper moved and curled up under his blankets.

"There isn't much to tell Mabel. We've been talking for a week and four days now and I've developed strong feelings for him. That's all there is to it." He said softly.

"What's he like? It is a boy, right? You're better with guys." He heard Pacifica laugh then shut herself up.

"Mabel, isn't this his first boyfriend?" Pacifica asked from Mabel's laptop.

"We aren't dating yet. I haven't even asked him out." Dipper said, poking out from under the sauna of Cover Town.
"Don't you dare ask him! He has to ask you!" Mabel said sharply

"Why?" She paused.

"Me and Mabel have pegged you as a bottom kind of guy." Dipper stared at them, processed the statement, then his eyes went wide.

"OhmygoshMabel! Do you two sit around and talk about me behind my back?" Dipper asked, blushing.

"No. Just while you're asleep." Pacifica laughed and Dipper stood up and walked to the door.

"I'll be on the balcony." He said, grabbing a blanket off his office chair.

"Dip-" and with that he stormed out, out to the balcony of their house. He sat down on the ground, wrapped the blanket around him, and looked up at the stars. He sighed contently. His phone pinged a few times. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone.

<Alex> Burbank huh? Sounds like a nice place to vacation.

And just like that, the two were back to normal.

<Dipper> I actually kinda live near there. Always have, just never really wanted to go. That is until Mabel decided she had to go visit this morning when she ripped my phone from me and trapped me in miles of walking Burbank to see every TV location ever.

<Alex> Mabel?

<Alex> that's pretty cool though. Did you see any celebrities?

<Dipper> sorry, Mabel is my twin...didn't realize I just told you her name for the first time. And yeah actually, we saw Scarlett Johansson and Chris Pratt. I'm assuming it was Avengers related.

<Alex> I always knew Black Widow and Star Lord would be cute together. Were they in costume?

<Dipper> no, but did they need to be?

<Alex> true true. They're hot. I won't lie. I've decided my hall passes, please and thank you.
Dipper> Hall passes?

Alex> I have a lot to teach you kid.

Mabel woke up the next morning to an unusual site. Dipper was awake, at his desk, and on his laptop typing furiously. She smiled to herself.

"Dipper?" He gave his sister a hum. "Are you...writing again?" He held up a finger, she took the opportunity to text Pacifica a quick good morning.

"I indeed am, sister of mine, oh lovely sister of mine!" He got up and spun her around.

"Dipper, did you get diagnosed with cancer or something?" She asked, legitly concerned.

"Nope. But I am the happiest boy on the planet. Oh love is wonderful Mabel, why didn't you tell me?" She laughed at him as he let her go and returned to his desk.

"My bad." She chuckled. "What are you writing about? More of your book?" She asked, hoping he would say yes. Dipper had started his first mystery novel after their first visit to their Grunkle's humble shack. The entire place made Dipper feel at home, yet curious and disturbed. The scenery made him feel the same. Every summer after that Dipper, his camera, a notepad and his laptop would spend countless hours in the woods finding new places to inspire his mystery novels.

After a few years of writing, around the time Mabel and Pacifica started dating, Dipper found himself in a rut. Maybe Mabel had been the only one to notice that, but it had always bothered her. That was the reason, every weekend, she woke him up at eight am and they went on some crazy adventure, she hoped it would jump start his creativity. But no ideas ever came out. His classwork and grades became poor. He sat for hours at his computer staring at a flashing cursor, re-reading his words, doodling in his idea journal, fluffing up his hair, pulling at his hair, occasionally ripping out his hair, accidentally starving himself and knocking himself into a deep insomnia pattern....that lasted a month or more.

Then Dipper started drinking energy drinks.

That sounds so dumb, until you looked at its effects on him. The high caffeine amounts had caused his nightmares to return. He used to get them tenfold as a child. He would drink a soda one afternoon, and that night wake up screaming and crying. Mabel had grown accustomed to waking up and hugging him better, she still did so when he needed it.
Nevertheless, Dipper was determined that his energy drinks would bring back his creative spree, luckily Dipper wasn't too dumb. He only drank one every three days or so, careful not to burn his intestines out. But even so, the effects of one can lasted weeks. The caffeine stayed in his system for so long that even when he stopped all together, Dipper still felt the effects three months later. Dipper would still wake up screaming, usually in the middle of a phone call between his sister and Pacifica. But Mabel never complained. She got up, hugged him, gave him a bottle of water and covered him back up after turning the fan on and pulling on a signature sweater to keep herself warm.

"No, I'm not writing more of my book. I wish I could. I'm too stuck there." Mabel frowned. "Even though I'm writing some silly fanfiction, it's better than nothing. This is more productiveness than I've had in years!" He said happily, typing into his computer.

"What is it about?" She asked, pleased to see him happy.

"Black Widow and Star Lord. Alex and me made up a story last night about them, I had to write it." He said, typing furiously.

"Then today, I will not bother you." She leaned down and kissed the top of his head. "I'm glad you're back to your good old self." She said softly.

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Mabel sat a cup of tea next to his hand and a bowl of chips. She remembered from years ago, this was the only way he would get important nutrients during one of his writing sessions. He immediately grabbed for a chip and typed simultaneously. "Thanks Mabe." He said, not looking up.

"Gladly bro-bro! Need anything else?" She asked.

"Yeah, actually. My phone? I need to ask Alex what I said last night, it was a comeback. It was beautiful. I need it for this scene." She smiled at him and brought him his phone. "Thank you again Mabe. Sorry we can't go on an adventure today." He said, looking at her.

"It's a-okay!" She exclaimed. "I'll be catching up on my Netflix shows if you need anything!" She said, bouncing over to her bed, still in pjs.
Dipper wrote all day.

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**JANUARY 20**

<Dipper> I'm so sorry I didn't message you yesterday

<Alex> no problem Dip, what were you up to? Writing Star Widow fanfiction?

<Dipper> you want honesty or a nice lie about learning to cook?

<Alex> little did I know, I egged on a monster last night.

<Dipper> I don't typically write fanfiction. That was just a creative writing muse. It sure broke my two year writers block!

<Alex> two years huh? Long time to be in a rut

<Dipper> it was hell.

<Alex> tell me more, I have all day.
Okay, I apologize for the wait!!! Where I live, we just got a crap ton of snow and I've been stuck at the house for a few days (okay a week). I don't have Internet where I live, and not enough cell signal to post a chapter, so I'm making it up today with TWO chapters!!!

Plus this is also in celebration of the oncoming apocalypse in Gravity Falls *cough cough* I can't get over the new episode, sorry guys.

Anyways UPDATE ONE OF TWO

JANUARY 22

<Dipper> pray tell, what is your number good sir?

<Alex> I'll show you mine, you show me yours

<Dipper> just for that I'm not giving you my number.

<Alex> I kid I kid! It's ###-###-#### yours?

<Dipper> ###-###-#### see you on the other side.

Dipper practically skipped into school. Mabel groaned. "I may be an optimist, but your happiness is starting to physically pain me." She said, punching his shoulder lightly.

"Gee thanks, princess of sunshine and unicorns." He rolled his eyes.

"Have you sent him an actual text yet?" He smiled at his sister.

"No, and if I do now, neither of us will make it through school today." He said, opening his locker and rummaging through it.

"Fine. But I'm excited to see a picture of him! I better get a peek and my brothers future husband!" She said excitedly.
"Of course Mabel." He rolled his eyes again. He should've been concerned that she just announced to the school he was gay, but after the last few years, everyone kinda knew.

"Ooh I bet he's dreamy!" She gasped

"Mabel, you're a lesbian." She looked at him, blank faced for a moment before smiling.

"You think Emma Stone is hot, so don't even!" He groaned.

"Mabel, I'm pan-"

"Pan hitting you in the face. You're utterly and entirely homo-sexually-attracted-to-men." Mabel said, skipping away. "DON'T DENY IT!" She called down the hall. He just laughed and made his way to class.

\(^{(^.^)}\)/

JANUARY 22

Dipper: where do you live? You've never told me

Alex: I haven't have i? Well it's a very sunny place

Dipper: Florida

Alex: I didn't even finish my statement

Dipper: it's Florida. No one says it's a 'sunny place' without meaning the sunshine state

Alex: look at you being a detective and junk haha

Dipper: that's what I do

Dipper laughed and put hid phone back in his pocket, he went downstairs. "Mabes, what's for supper?" She laughed and looked at him with a semi serious face.

"Mac and Cheese of course, I may be a girl but I can't cook anything except cheesy noodles." They laughed and enjoyed their quiet, childish dinner together. No parents and no phones.
That's as close as they usually got to a family dinner.

\(^{(^.^)/}\)

**JANUARY 22**

Alex: have you seen this show Ridiculousness?

Dipper: that show is awful. Total crap.

Alex: you're kidding right?

Dipper: stupid people, doing stupid things to become famous? Yeah, total crap.

Alex: but it'd so fun to watch their pain

Dipper: fun?

Alex: pain is hilarious

Dipper: sometimes I worry about you.

Alex: good. I feel very cared for.

\(^{(^.^)/}\)

**JANUARY 23**

Alex: Jesus this is weird

Dipper: not sure Jesus cares about us haha

Alex: you know what I meant

Dipper: but yeah you're right. All we did was change platforms

Alex: can I ask you something?

Dipper: anything

Alex: do you like ice cream?

Alex: okay, fine that wasn't the real question, can I have a picture of you?

Dipper: show me yours and I'll show you mine..face...

Alex: you're precious haha
Dipper: call me that again and I'll find you and rip your tongue out

Alex: you're gonna want me to have a tongue and for real send me a picture...please? I want to see the face of the man I'm falling for

Dipper: well of course sweetie

Alex: another dumb question...before you send that picture...are we...a thing?

Dipper: um...I guess? I was told I'm a bottomer, so I don't know...once more, not good with relationships.

Alex: HAHAHA and who told you you're a bottom?

Dipper: Mabel. Per usual.

Alex: she seems like a pleasure

Dipper: to be technical, it was her girlfriend but by extension it was Mabel.

Alex: I see homosexual skinny jeans run in the family

Dipper: just send me the stupid picture so we can get this over with

Alex: no need to be hasty, to nice a job to rush

Dipper: omfg did you just quote Rocky Horror Picture Show?

Alex: always.

Dipper: me and Mabel go see it every Halloween. You don't seem like the RHPS type

Alex: nor do you my sweet Dipper

Dipper: so...I guess we are a thing then, huh, sweetie?

Alex: only if you say yes *frantically searches for class ring and finds only a bag of Funyuns*

Dipper: it's happening

Alex: Dip.

Dipper: Alex

Alex: be my boyfriend? *offers Funyun*

Dipper: I'm gonna have to say "O" yes

Alex: Dipper you make the best and worst jokes ever.

Dipper: I try, thanks

Alex: okay, picture time. To commemorate this amazing moment!

Dipper: fine fine...

Dipper: attachment: img9370273.jpeg
Alex: attachment: xbssjzo28xh392mdoz92.jpeg

Dipper: Alex...you're...hot

Alex: did you expect me to be nerdy? And I could say the same about you. Meow.

Dipper: ohmygosh don't send me meows!

Alex: can't help it, I purr like a kitten when I see nice things

Dipper: ALEX!

Alex: haha wish I could see your face right now

Dipper: skype?

Alex: unfortunately, I do not own a computer. And I'm just about out of data...terribly sorry my sweet Dipper

Dipper: no problem, we still have pictures, texting and maybe calling one day?

Alex: definitely! But tonight, I actually need sleep. I have a midterm tomorrow.

Dipper: same :'(

Alex: two weeks and one day and that's the first emoticon I've seen out of you yet. I'm impressed.

Dipper: go to sleep Alex

Alex: hey...I love you...

Dipper: ...I love you too :)

Dipper beamed at his phone, Mabel must've sensed it. She looked over and chuckled. "I know that look." He looked over at her. "He just said 'I love you' for the first time and you said it back." Dipper nodded. She looked at her computer "Ah, young love." She smiled.

"Mabel, you need sleep." Pacifica scoffed at her.

"Fine. Fine Pacifica fine. I love you!" She blew her a kiss.

"I love you too Mabes." The laptop shut and Mabel moved to place it under her bed.

"Thanks Mabel. For making me sign up for that dumb website." She smiled even though he couldn't see that they were both beaming at each other in the dark.
Dipper unlocked his phone and stared at Alex's picture. He was gorgeous. Golden blonde hair, straight, wispy, and down past his ears. Dipper usually hated guys with long hair, but that changed when he looked at Alex's golden, yellow eyes, well eye. The one he could see. They were almost a light brown. He looked a little longer at them, they seemed to reach out of the phone and grab his heart out. Dipper began to melt to the spot. He observed for a moment longer, his eyes making contact on a triangle shaped birthmark, almost freckle, by Alex's eye. It was placed so perfectly and cutely. Dipper melted a bit more.

"Stop swooning at him and go to sleep." Dipper blushed and looked over at his eavesdropping sister, who has staring at the picture over his shoulder. He shooed her off and she went to her bed, laughing like a maniac. "Goodnight Dipper!" She said, cuddling into her bed.

"Yeah yeah, night Mabes." He locked his phone and plugged it up, happily curling in a ball to get some comfortable rest.
FEBURARY 28

Alex: Dip Dip!

Dipper: Dip Dip? That's what my sister calls me lol

Alex: my bad haha it just sounded cuter than my normal Dip

Dipper: don't call me cute, Alex. I will threaten you again

Alex: do it. I dare you, my cutie pie sugary woogery cutie poo!

Dipper: I'm gonna rip your intestines out one by one and slap you with them

Alex: aw honey pie! You're so good to me!

Dipper: I'm getting a masochistic vibe from you

Alex: and I'm feeling a sadist one from you, funny too I thought you'd be more of a submissive type. How do you even know what masochism is?

Dipper: I decided my sister was a bit right, so I did some online research about well...sex

Alex: oh god no. They've ruined your innocence

Dipper: literally. I feel violated

Alex: that sounds about right, you might wanna go take a hot shower and cleanse yourself of your sins.

Dipper: but I like you

Alex: that ..was very smooth. Impressive Dipper, very impressive

Dipper: thanks...that was the most creative thing I've said in years

Alex: not true, your Star Widow love child was pretty creative

Dipper: don't talk about it. I'm ashamed to of sent you the link to it.

Alex: have no fear, I loved it, for a heterosexual couple

Dipper: that sounded sincere

Alex: it was! That was the most amazing piece of writing I've read in my life. I cried and laughed
and hurled in several places. Last book that did that to me was The Fault In Our Stars...*shudders* you should write books

Dipper: I've thought about it...started a few....finished a few...

Alex: can I read them?

Dipper: no way! They're still in trial phases!

Alex: please?

Dipper: no

Alex: pwease?

Dipper: ...no

Alex: you've made me pull out my last resort.

Alex: attachment: xndosbpsbeudbe9wpw92hs.jpeg

Alex: please?

Dipper: did you really send me a picture of your puppy face?!?

Alex: ...please?

Dipper: ugh fine, you're too cute for me to resist

Alex: OH YAY!

Dipper walked over to his laptop and began to search his works for the best one.

Dipper: what's your email? I'll need to email it to you in a pdf

Alex: talk nerdy to me some more Dipper

Dipper: shut up

Dipper typed in Alex's hyperly long email and hit send after attaching one of his earlier works. One inspired by Gravity Falls.

Alex: go busy yourself, I'm gonna need some time to read this.

Dipper: lucky for you, I have to go write a book report.

Dipper: don't hate me when your done

Alex: never
"Mabel?" Dipper peered around the corner into the kitchen. His sister was at the island mixing something in a huge bowl.

"Shush!" He shook his head

"Mabel Juice?" She nodded and continued mixing.

"Why does it look like you're stirring concrete?" He asked, walking over to her and looking in the bowl.

"Mabel Juice cookies." Dipper almost gagged.

"When are you gonna learn that Mabel Juice is bad for your health?" He asked laughing

"Better than energy drinks." She shot him a sideways glare, "get the cookies sheets out for me?"

"And if I die from inhaling this stuff-

"I'll gladly let you kick my ass in the afterworld, I already thought about this." He chuckled, they did this every time she experimented with food.

"I'll kick you harder than before though, life is pretty good right now. He's reading 'Of Morals and Sanity'" Mabel gaped at him as he brought her her trays.

"No! You won't even let me read it!" She gasped.

"I know I just...I don't know...trust him..." she mumbled something under her breath.

"What was that Mabes? Speak up?" He said playfully, knowing she did that to him all the time
"I don't understand how you trust a total stranger more than me!" She snapped. He looked at his sister, shocked.

"Mabel-

"You've barely known him a month, and you're letting him read the story you wrote when-"

"Mabel, I know you're upset, I'm sorry-"

"we were in freshman year and-"

"Mabel stop talking about it-"

"you told-"

"MABEL!" he screamed. She stopped stirring, and talking, and stared at him, her face almost scared. "I'm sorry Mabes I just." He sighed "I can't talk about that. Not right now, not when everything is going so right, so perfect. I'm in a better place and I do not want to discuss it." There was a silence before a hand made contact with his shoulder and he looked over at his twin.

"Well, don't just stand there, Mabel Juice Cookies are waiting to be added to history textbooks!" He smiled at her optimism and joined her in her attempt to make her juice into cookies.

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Dipper was rudely woken by the sound of buzzing.

Which was weird because, his alarm didn't buzz.
And it sure as hell didn't buzz at three in the morning.

Dipper looked over and saw his phone lit up. It flashed off, and just as Dipper got comfortable again, it started back up. He groaned quietly and reached over, absently sliding it on. "Hello?"

"I'm sorry if I woke you up, but I absolutely had to talk to you!" The voice was extremely unfamiliar.

"Who is this?" He asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Oh, sorry I thought you'd looked at your caller ID, it's uh...Alex." Dipper heart skipped a beat.

"Hold on just a minute. Don't hang up." He said, getting up and finding his sweatshirt. He grabbed a throw blanket, slipped on his slippers and quietly ran down the hall to the balcony, once he slipped outside he put the phone back to his ears.

"Doo do dooo!" Dipper laughed loudly at Alex, as he was in the process of creating his own 'hold' music. "Oh god, that laugh is the sweetest thing I've ever heard." Dipper sat down, blushing.

"Shuddup." He laughed "So why did you call me at three in the morning for the first time ever?" Dipper asked

"Oh yeah right sorry my bad, this story-

"Is shit?"

"Shit?! Dipper, that was amazing. I've never been so...in love with a damn book before! I wanna marry it! I almost wanna-

"I get the point Alex, but why on earth-

"Did I call you at three am to say that? Because I just finished it. I skipped Supper and homework
and... Dipper this is amazing. Terribly tragic, but utterly amazing. I was in tears." He said, Dipper heard a floor board creak, he must've been pacing.

"Alex, you're sweet-

"Not sweet, this isn't being sweet. This is being honest. And honestly, this should be on the shelves of Barnes and Noble." Dipper laughed.

"That's the dream." He chuckled.

"Well, trust me. Your dream can easily come true. This is...I've gotta stop. If I know you at all your probably beet red." Dipper laughed.

"You do indeed know me...and as much as I would love to sit up out here in the cold air and listen to you rant about me in your adorable- no no I mean sexy- no no! I meant hot- I- no I- I uh-" Dipper was starting to sound like an idiot.

"Continue." He said softly.

"I need sleep." Dipper said quickly, hoping he didn't fuck anything else up.

"Oh yeah, sorry. Insomniacs tend to forget that other people sleep." He laughed. God that laugh was so beautiful.

"Wait, you an insomniac?" Dipper asked.

"Yeah, well occasionally. Only when I eat things high in sugar." Alex said.

"Me too, but with Caffeine. Caffeine gives me insomnia. Well, I mean kind of-" Alex chuckled.

"I love it when you trip over your words." He laughed again "But that's fantastic, maybe one day we can stay up like insomnia buddies?" Dipper cringed.
"I gave up caffeine...it's got other main side effects on me..." Dipper trailed off.

"Nightmares?" Dipper stopped, so did his heart.

"Yes, how did you-"

"Well, Pine Tree, as I found out in the byline in the story you gave me, hope you don't mind your last name is so cute, anyways your main character has nightmares. Forgive me if I'm wrong or if I offend you, but this is one of your early pieces. I can tell because with your Star Widow story your style was developed already, like you had been writing for a lifetime, but with this story it's not as clear, the grammar is less than perfect, but at least it's understandable, but it's nothing like you Star Widow story. I also know that early writers incorporate themselves into their main characters, so after the 18th nightmare I assumed you had them when you were younger." Dipper couldn't believe his ears. "I'm right aren't I?"

"More than right, your spot on. That was the third story I started writing. I began when I was 13. Wow. That's hella impressive." Alex laughed.

"Never thought someone as brainy as you would say hella." He chuckled.

"Alex, for real that's incredible!" He said.

"I've been told I should be a detective. I pick up on small hints and make stories from them. Others tell me I should be psychic." He laughed "Both sound extremely fun." Dipper could hear him smiling, then he yawned.

"Alex, I may not be on a fun insomnia binge like you, but I need sleep." He laughed.


"I love you too Alex, sorry that took me by surprise for some reason." He laughed too.
"Yeah, I said it and didn't think about it, but now it's out there. Can't take it back, and can't deny it." Dipper laughed.

"Me either. Goodnight Alex." He said softly.

"Goodnight Pine Tree. Pine Tree, that's cute I'm using it!" Dipper laughed, then hung up on him. He ran back inside, and crawled into bed when he heard something.

"Talk quieter when your outside Dipper. Jeez the whole neighborhood could hear you." He turned to his sister, but she stayed still.

"Mabel-

"I'm glad you can finally trust someone Dip-Dip, I really am. And no, mom and dad couldn't hear you. I promise. Night Dip." She mumbled.

"Okay...thank you...night Mabes." But she was already asleep.
MARCH 20
Dipper: are you ever gonna send me a picture of your other eye?
Alex: no
Dipper: please? I wanna see them both
Alex: no way
Dipper: please?
Alex: my other eye is a thing I'd like to keep secret for now, okay? Please, just let it go?
Dipper: okay okay, fine...so have you ready the next book in the Harry Potter series yet?!
Alex: not yet! Still not done with the last!
Dipper: read fasterrr

\(^.^)/

APRIL 25
Alex: spring break is coming up soon huh?
Dipper: more like summer break
Alex: you don't get spring break?!
Dipper: no, we get summer break. I get out of school in about a month
Alex: holy crap! Where do you live again?
Dipper: California
Alex: I'm moving. I want to get out of this hell hole.
Dipper: I understand. Believe me.
Alex: what are your summer plans?
Dipper: spending the time with my great uncle in his cabin in the woods
Alex: sounds creepy
Dipper: only slightly. He's a good kind of uncle.
Alex: well gee, that makes it better.
Dipper: no he really is. Me and Mabel spent every summer since I was 12 with him.

Alex: awe that's so cute

Dipper: stop calling me cute!

Alex: you're gonna have to accept it one day. Hey I gotta go, love you

Dipper: love you too!

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Dipper shut his locker as his sister walked over, summer break was now two weeks away. Then two would officially be seniors in high school. "Mabel, you're a junior in high school and you still dress like Madonna when her career began." He rolled his eyes at her sparkly getup.

"And I thought you were the mellow kind of gay." They both laughed.

"Anyways, Mabel what are we doing this weekend?" He asked her, as they began to walk to class.

"Nothing that I know of. Wanna do something?" She asked.

"Sure! Ever since me and Alex started dating and I started writing, I haven't had time to spend with my lovely sister!" He spun her randomly and she didn't mind.

"Awesome! How about a party? End of school party? Mom and Dad will be out of town? We can host?" He looked at her, then smiled.

"Let's do it. High school experience checklist, have a huge party; check." He high fived his sister. "Friday night. Eight to midnight. Sound good?" He asked.

"Sounds perfect! I'll start inviting people!" She said running down the hallway. He sat down in class and pulled out a notebook, scribbling some ideas down before class began. This weekend would be fun!

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MAY 5

Alex: have fun at your partyyyyy! ;) but not too much, not with me being here, not there

Dipper; never!

The night before the party, Alex had some extreme studying to do, so he couldn't talk. Mabel had set herself to go around the house busily cleaning everything up and hiding breakable valuables.

Dipper began to think things through.

Alex had called him Dip-Dip first. Something Mabel always did. Then he knew about Dipper needing something to write about to unlock his creative writing potential again, thus Star Widow was created. Then Mabel blew up because he trusted Alex more than her. After that Alex told Dipper he knew about his insomnia and writing career. Then the eye thing. Then Mabel and Alex were busy at the same time.

Could it be possible.

No way.

No. But could it.

Could Mabel be Alex?

\(^.^)/

Dipper looked up from his drink to Mabel. She was in the middle of a conversation, probably about cats, with a group of less than popular girls. He was still trying to figure out if he was right or not about Mabel being Alex. Alex being Mabel? The alcohol was really getting to him.

His crazy sister had decided to invite the entire grade, so even though Dipper was surrounded by peers, he was also surrounded by enemies. The two had been to ragers before, but they never allowed themselves to get out of hand. Especially tonight. But Dipper knew he at least was tipsy enough. He looked over and met eyes with Daniel. 'Please don't let him be as drunk as me.'
Dipper thought to himself.

"Hey Dip-n-dots!" He was actually drunker. "Dippy come here." He was the last person that Dipper ever wanted to speak to. However in his drunken state, Dipper turned to his worst enemy and marched into the kitchen with him. Thank god Dipper had gotten taller over the years, at perfect eye level with Daniel. Hopefully this would allow Daniel to realize he shouldn't mess with him anymore. "Dip Dot, how's that romance of yours going? What'd Mabel say his name was? Alex? Is he hot? Is he real? Are you just making him up?" Dipper began to walk away. He should've known his sister would get drunk and babble to everyone about things she shouldn't.

"Daniel, don't talk about things you don't know about and you might want to stop drinking. No chick is gonna wanna get anywhere near you," Dipper laughed and walked away, but the words hit his ears before he could get to far.

"Your sister did! Very near to me, in fact I took her to your cute little shared room and-" Dipper turned around, walked up to him and punched him right in the nose. Hard. He went down with a crash, and a thud, and a splash as their drinks hit the ground. Daniel reached up, cradling his probably broken nose. Before Dipper could think, two guys had him pinned to the wall, taking turns knocking the shit out of him. Dipper ached everywhere, the blows to his face were beginning to cloud his vision, his ears were ringing he could taste blood, he felt a hurl coming on.

"Get the fuck away from my brother, Dipper!" Mabel screamed. Dipper heard it, but hurt to much to move, he heard it be repeated and then he fell to the ground. "Get the fuck out of our house you drunk bastards. Hope you don't get hit by a bus on your way!" She screamed at them. She leaned down and helped Dipper up. "Dipper, it'll be okay." But it wouldn't be okay. Dipper was having flashbacks. The memories were taking over his body. He could feel punches being thrown, every jab, every smack, every pound in the chest, head and stomach, every ache and pain. He screamed, and pushed his sister away from him. "Dipper-

"No stop stop stop!" He screamed, pushing at air.

"Dipper!" He began throwing his hands out, trying to block his attacks. Trying to fight back. His hand hit something but the hits kept coming.

"Stop it!" He said loudly, but no longer screaming.

"Partys over. Everyone get out. Out!" Mabel screamed, shooing people out of their house. After a while, the house was eerily quiet and Mabel was in her bathroom, checking up on the black eye her brother just accidentally gave her.
Dipper sat up. The beating had stopped, but he was covered in blood and sitting at the bottom of the stairs in the main hall. He pulled himself up, then sat back down, his head spinning. He laid out on the floor. "Mabel?" He asked, hoping she was still there. She appeared at the top of the stairs, already in pj's and painfully blurry thanks to Dippers current bad vision.

"You had a flashback again." She said softly, walking down the stairs to help him up.

"How bad?" Dipper asked. She ignored him and helped him up the stairs to her bathroom. She got out a wash cloth and began to clean his face off, he winced as the warm water hit the patches of broken skin. "How bad?" Dipper asked softly once more. She ignored him again, and gave him a separate cold cloth to hold over his bad eye and take down the swelling. He did so, but his other eye began to work as he looked up at his sisters darkening eye. "Who did that?" She looked up into his eyes with more sadness than ever. "Oh my god I did that didn't i?" She looked away and continued to wash the blood off his neck. "Mabel, did I hit you?" She winced and put down the cloth, sitting down on the bathtub.

"Yeah." She sighed. "I know you didn't mean to. You were having a flashback, I should've known better than to try to touch you, but I did and...well you hit me. I'm not mad. But I am mad that you punched Daniel. Dipper it's been years since-"

"That's not what it was about. He said..." she took his hand. "He basically said he had sex with you tonight. And that, well it pissed me off. So I punched him. Don't know if you noticed but I got him good." He laughed then stopped when he saw Mabel's face.

"No more drinking for either of us. It makes you angry and me well, dumb." Dipper looked up at her shocked.

"Did you-"

"No...but I did kiss him. And I'm going to go tell Pacifica when I'm done cleaning you up. I feel like an idiot. She's gonna hate me." She sighed.

"She won't. You're to sweet to hate." There was a pause and he offered up his pinky finger "No more alcohol." She took his pinky finger with hers.

"No more alcohol." She groaned then got up to finish cleaning his face and neck off.
"I have a question, and I want honesty." He sighed.

"Always Dip-Dip. What's up?" She asked almost returning to her normal self.

"Are you Alex?" He asked.

"Pft no. But he is a good guy." She said, almost laughing.

"How would you know?" He asked her, she stilled.

"Well, while you were asleep one night, I stole his number off your phone, said hello, gave him a nice threat and since then we've actually been good friends. He's a cutie too." Dipper looked up at her. "You've really gotta learn to lock your phone." He groaned.

"I need to call him." She pulled his phone out of her pocket, scrolled and hit a button.

"You no longer look like a zombie, but I need to go call Pacifica while you call him. I'll be in our room if you need me. Cause I know I'm gonna need you soon. Just hit call." She leaned over and kissed his forehead. He nodded and hit green, he went downstairs and sat on the couch, shoving plastic cups into the floor.

"Yellow! It's funny, cause yellow is my favorite color! Dipper? Dip sweetie what's wrong? Why are you crying?" Alex asked, his voice dripping with concern.

"I need to tell you everything I haven't. Do you have a moment?" Dipper asked.

"All the time in the world for you sweetie." Alex replied.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Uhm good morning/afternoon/night my lovely reader!

I'm so like...blessed (?) To have this many comments and kudos and bookmarks and hnnnng. I'm not that religious, but Frick you guys are amazing!!!! Thank you for all your kind words!!!! I tear up in happiness when I read them, this is the most notice my works have gotten! Ever!

#erinxoxofanficart is still a thing. I we'd art for my baby's, please draw some if you're talented. I posted a picture I made of Alex (it's not under that tag though, I seem to have lost it in like my reblogs) and I seem to have colored his eyes wring (silly me I know) but it's there...somewhere...and I want more cute pictures of them! I'd like to see one of each of the boys laying in their separate beds and texting each other getting all blushy and junk...there'll be more to draw in later chapters though if that doesn't pip (I hope you get that word, I don't know how to spell it really) your interest.

Also if you have a cute conversational topic for the boys to text each other; COMMENT IT. They need topics and I'm fresh out. What would you like to see them do (other than the obvious, ya filthy rascals)?

OH AND final note before you get your new chapter.....

Dramatic pause.

Pausing some more.

I've decided this story will update on WEDNESDAYS. You heard it right folks, Wednesdays! Now sometimes I might not post something, so be prepared. I'm going to try to stick to this. If I don't post anything, just know I'll have something special waiting with the next chapter. (Even if I have to buy ya'll fucking cookies and attach them, I do it.)

I think that's it...

oh TRIGGER WARNINGS: violence, bullying and cruel words. If these things bother you please skip this chapter and have a friend recap it for you, I don't want anyone feeling bad or getting upset, I love you guys! If you feel down by the things you read, remember you can always talk to someone. I'm here too if you need help! Bullying is not okay, for any reason. <3 Don't forget it.

On with the show!!!!!!!!!! THANKS AGAIN *blows you all kisses a plenty*
"Dipper, sweetie if you don't want to tell me -"

"No no, I need to tell you. For you, for me, for any us there could be in the future. I need to get all of this off my chest and in the open. It's been eating me alive for years." Dipper said quickly, trying to dry up his tears and stop crying like a baby.

"I'm here sweetie. I'll listen to anything and everything you wanna tell me. I love you." Dipper didn't have the heart to respond. So he began to speak.

"I didn't know I was pansexual for a really long time, though to be honest, gay really is a better word to describe me. I would never admit that to Mabel, I like guys more than girls, no matter how nice they are at heart. Pan is just a better way to describe things. I may be a logical person, but I like vague definitions better."

"I feel like your rambling." Alex mumbled.

"Yes I am. I'm sorry, I've never openly talked about this with anyone except Mabel. So, well, I knew what kind of people I was attracted to when was about 14. Two years after all the girls I dated or tried to. Anyways, me and Mabel returned to school after summer break and I saw this guy in the hallway. I had no idea who he was, how old he was, nothing, but he was perfect. I was head over heels. Which never was a good thing when I was younger, I should've noticed it was bad then.

"Alas, I didn't see it. I did everything to learn the guys name, Daniel. When I finally knew it, I approached him. Told him I liked him. And he, well, less than reciprocated. He looked me, right in the eye and said 'Get away from me, fag'." Dipper could hear Alex wince. "So I tried to fight for myself. Told him I couldn't help it if I liked him, so he did the next reasonable thing. Punched me in the mouth.

"At the time I was tiny. I didn't start really growing until I was 15, so I couldn't really fight back. I took the punch and left him alone. But of course, like most bullies, he wasn't done with me. He waited a day until I was in the bathroom, alone. He and his friends cornered me in the bathroom and beat me up. Not too bad. Just enough to scare me. It was little enough that I could claim it was me falling like a clutz to Mabel, I don't think she ever really believed it, but she knows I won't tell people things if I don't want to. So she patched me up and we maintained our casual sibling status.

"But one day, me and Mabel got off the bus, we were walking back to the house, it's a five minute walk from the bus stop, and this car pulled up beside us. I still thank god that Mabel was smart enough to hide behind a fence. I don't know what I would've done if they'd hurt her." Dipper's voice began to crack, the tears flowing causing his throat to constrict. He bit past the pain and
continued, not wanting to stop. It hurt, but he needed to finally talk about it.

"This group of big, football guys jumped me. They beat me within an inch of my life. They beat me and hit me and punched me and kicked me and screamed names at me. And Mabel heard everything. Every cry, every sob, every hit punch and kick, every name they called me, she heard me be a weak child. I got my ass handed to me. If she hadn't hid, they probably would've went after her and I couldn't have stopped them." Dipper cracked again. It was really hard to talk about, but he never had, this was a very necessary evil.

"Dipper, sweetie-"

"Please, give me until I'm done. I need to say everything now while I still can handle it. There's more. Lots more." He paused to catch his breath and stop the tears again.

"After that Mabel had to practically carry me home. I was a disaster. It was a miracle I survived. I barely let Mabel tell our parents. I made her promise not to tell them why I had been jumped. She understood. Our parents would kill us if they found out we were gay, they're strict religious people. The only reason they don't go to church, is because they aren't home on Sundays. They go on business trips every weekend.

"So they took me to the hospital, got me the care I needed and went on a business trip, promising that they would take those suckers to jail when they got back. And, well, they didn't. They forgot I even got jumped. So me and Mabel took the city bus home from the hospital after my week long stay, and life returned to normal. Minus the broken bones and scratches." Dipper sighed, it felt good to talk about it. To finally let someone outside of his siblingship know about it. To acknowledge it's existence.

"How could your parents forget you were that badly injured?" Alex asked softly.

"Business trips. They came home long enough to grab fresh clothes and I stayed in our room the entire time they were home. By the time they came home for longer than a night, the bruises just looked like a fell off a swing. I also was sure to tip-toe around them when they were in a well lit area. I wondered if they'd ask why I was jumped, and if they asked and found out..." he stopped, tears threatening to fall.

"Dipper, they would be the worst people ever to hate you. You're so sweet and amazing. One of the best people I know." Dipper gave a sad chuckle.
"They'd hate me for anything. They're some of the most famous CEOs in California, if me or Mabel did anything to hurt their reputation, they'd kick us out or send us out of state to a boot camp." He sighed "I love you. Thank you for listening to me and not hating me." Dipper mumbled.

Should he tell him? Should he open his mouth and make one more comment? Did he dare? He opened his mouth-

"I could never, ever hate you. I love you too." He said back softly, stopping Dipper's words in his throat. He couldn't say it. Not now.

"You're so sweet." He said softly, no longer considering telling him anything else.
"Pacifica?" The silence was deafening. Mabel stared at her girlfriend, who had her mouth covered by her hand on the computer screen. "Pacifica, I'm sorry. I was drunk, he was there, I didn't even feel lonely he was just...there. He grabbed my ass, I was drunk, he made a move and I moved back. I feel like I'm gonna throw up. He's the guy that beat up Dipper freshman year." Mabel gagged a little. She hated the guy, but when your drunk and at a party. "Pacifica please, please don't hate me. I love you. I love you more than anything. More than the moon and the stars in the sky. More than the suns warmth on a summer day."

\(^.^)/


"You haven't heard anything yet-"

"I don't need to. I love you. I love you regardless of your past." Dipper felt like melting.

"But-"

"No buts. I love you. It's simple as that, okay?" Dipper smiled amidst his tears.

"Okay." He almost whimpered

"I wish I was there, to hold you and make you feel better." He said softly.

"Me too...mostly because I'm in extreme pain." Alex replied with a 'huh?' "Oh yeah, forgot to lead with that. I punched Daniel in the face tonight cause he joked about having sex with Mabel while she was drunk, then he and his goons beat me up, and I had another flashback and I punched Mabel because my stupid flashback made me think she was attacking me when she was trying to help me." Dipper sighed, taking a deep breath from his previous mouthful of words.
"So it's safe to assume you have PTSD? It sounds like it." Alex said softly.

"Yeah, me and Mabel think that's what it is too. But seeing a therapist would upset my parents..." he trailed off.

"Sweetie, you need help. You really do." Dipper sighed and laid down on the couch, throwing off more plastic cups.

"I know. But I don't know how to tell my parents that." He sighed again.

"Then don't." Dipper laughed weakly, but more than earlier.

"I don't know where they keep our medical info." He said.

"I'll be your therapist." I said after a moment "It's my dream job, surely I can manage helping my boyfriend with his PTSD." Dipper actually smiled for the first time since the conversation began.

"Go for it, Doctor Alex- I don't know your last name." Dipper waited, and waited. "We all have secrets Alex, it's cool."

"Well there is a question I'd like to answer for you." Alex said, almost shyly. It was very unlike Alex.

"Go for it. I feel like you're playing truth or dare, with only truths." They both laughed a little.

"Well, I wanna tell you the story of why you've never seen my other eye. It's gruesome, let me tell you that now." Alex said, almost laughing.

"Try me, you've read my novel."

\(^{^.(^.*^.)/}\)

"You're not mad?!" Mabel asked excitedly.

"As long as you aren't that I've kissed a guy to, whilst drunk." Mabel smiled, back to her usual self.

"Eye for and eye. Let's vow to not drink anymore. I don't know what I'd do if I lost you." Mabel mumbled.

"I don't know what I'd do without you either my sweet Mabel. Promise." They both tapped their pinky fingers on their cameras.

\(^{^.(^.*^.)/}\)

"Well it began when I found my uh...step dads drill gun." Dipper gasped "Oh yes. I pushed the button and it didn't work, so of course I spun it to look at it and be sure it was moving, and it was too close. And it was indeed moving." He laughed. "I was like six, I barely remember it. But now that you know, you can see my eyepatch!" Dipper could hear him beaming.

"Can I ask a question?" Dipper asked.

"Anything!" Alex said, laughing and happy Dipper was back to normal.

"Do you have an eyeball at all?" He asked.

"Nope. It's gone! I only have the eyepatch because my eyelids won't stay shut. It's twitchy!" The
way he said it made Dipper laugh.

"Thank you Alex, for listening, for sharing, for cheering me up...I love you." Dipper said

"I love you too." Dipper yawned "Sounds like you need to sleep off your potential hangover." They laughed.

"And that punch, damn." Dipper said, putting a hand on his face.

"I like hearing you cuss, it's adorable. But your pain isn't." He said laughing.

"I thought you always said 'Pain is hilarious'?" Dipper asked laughing as well.

"Not your pain. Your pain, pains me, and that's not funny." There was a comfortable silence. "I love you Pine Tree." He said softly.

"I love you too Alex. I need a cute nickname for you." He laughed.

"How 'bout square? Cause I'm a loser." He laughed harder than he had in a while.

"Nah, I like triangle better. Because your half a square, loser wise." Dipper snickered and got up, walking to his room.

"That was smooth Pine Tree. Fine. I'll use that name, to be honest I'd go by puppy if it's coming from you." They laugh. "Night Pine Tree." He said gently.

"Night traingle." Dipper heard him laugh as he hung up. He opened the door to see his happy, peppy sister making something with a glue gun at her desk. The bottles of glitter looking scary towered up around her. She looked back at him, realized it was him and spun her chair, a bit too fast. Dipper could see her visibly get dizzy.

"Everything okay with you two? You look like you've been crying, what did he say?!" She pressed.

"We are fine. I told him about Daniel, he took it pretty well too." She got up and came to hug him tightly, he hugged her back. "How about you and Pacifica?"

"She's good too! Oh this summer is going to be so much fun! We both have dates now, we can finally double date!" She exclaimed, jumping onto her bed.

"I don't think so Mabel, that's weird." Dipper laughed.

"No way, it's fun." He shook his head at her.

"Go to sleep, Mabes. We can clean up the mess tomorrow." Dipper said, moving his finger along his laptops touchpad, waking it up.

"Ugh." She groaned and fell onto her pillows. "Somehow I managed to ignore my pounding headache for the last hour." Dipper chuckled, and clicked through some folders.

"Maybe sleep will make it go away." She groaned again.

"You need some sleep too, Dip Dip, don't forget that." She mumbled, pulling blankets over her.

"No pajamas?" Dipper asked her chuckling.

"Fuck...to far. Don't care." Dipper laughed and opened his latest work.
"Goodnight Mabes" she groaned in response and fell asleep.
This is being posted today as a YAY OUR SHOW STARTS BACK IN TWO AND A HALF HOURS kind of thing :)  

I'm really excited for tonight guys!  

There will be an update Wednesday as well, no fear! But this is a bonus update because tonight's the new episode!  

Stick with me no matter what the apocalypse brings tonight.  

And don't forget to draw me some art!!! #erinxoxofanficart

MAY 6
Alex: I'm sorry. I know you probably don't want any 'I'm sorry's' but I said it anyways.  
Dipper: I won't accept it selfishly....but I'll accept it...I love you  
Alex: I love you too, cutie  
Dipper: why must you always find the need to tease me?  
Alex: cause you're cute, cutie  
Dipper: UGH  
Alex: even your frustrated cries of annoyance are cute  
Dipper: be quiet. I still have a headache  
Alex: lemon water  
Dipper: excuse me?  
Alex: lemon water. I know these things, lemon water gets rid of hangovers.  
Dipper: I'm assuming you know from experience?  
Alex: not personal, I've helped friends and family over hangovers. It always seems to work.  
Dipper: I'll try it. Thanks, I love you  
Alex: I love you too, jeez that's the second one in the first ten minutes of talking, are you dying?  
Dipper: no I just...I finally realized that I really really love you. I mean I did before, but when I told you about my past...I don't know.. it just...clicked. Like a switch that ignited fireworks, granted at the time those fireworks were just a little blurry, I knew they were there.
Dipper: I'm still hungover so I apologize for that mess of a text

Alex: no no that was sweet :) go get some rest Pine Tree, you need it

\(^.^)/

MAY 7

Dipper: what would you take with you if you were going to spend two and a half months in a creepy cabin in the woods?

Alex: an axe

Alex: a revolver

Alex: any weapon

Dipper: that won't make it past TSA

Alex: you're flying to your grunkles?

Dipper: yeah! We do every year. It's tons of fun, getting to ride an airplane with your twin and no parents for several hours. It's great

Alex: sarcasm?

Dipper: not at all! Free peanuts, free mini cans of Coke, we live the dream on airplanes thank you very much.

Alex: do you ever think though...

Dipper: don't you dare ruin this for me

Alex: that sometimes, planes have malfuntions...

Dipper: LALALA I CAN'T HEAR YOU

Alex: and catch fire...

Dipper closed out of his messaging app and walked down the hall out onto the balcony. He hit 'Call' and before he knew it, Alex answered. "Yellow?" He was laughing already

"You're a dick." Dipper laughed into the phone. "Lucky for you, I'm the least paranoid person ever."

"Well that will change when your plane-"
"Alex, shut up. Or I'll hang up on you and not text you all summer." He teased.

"Forgive me Pine Tree!" He cried.

"Never!" They laughed for a moment "You'll be fine"

"I know...but thank you..." there was a silence

"So, you said this morning you had a new novel idea?" Alex asked

"Ooh yes I do!" They talked for a while about Dippers writing, until Dipper's school bell rang for classes to begin, but they were both more than okay to discuss that, and nothing else.

\(^{(^.^)}/\)

MAY 8

Dipper: I'm so excited for my summer to start! I have do many ideas to write down, so many places to see, things to do.

Dipper: DO YOU THINK WE COULD FINALLY MEET?

Dipper: anyone home?

Dipper: my plane for Gravity Falls leaves in three minutes!

Alex: sorry just woke up, Gravity Falls? I love you, have a safe flight sweetie

Dipper: yep, Gravity Falls, Oregon! That's where my Grunkle lives! Gotta go! I'll text you when I get off!

Alex: error: message failure: your message "Gravity Falls? Wait, wait Dipper!" could not be sent to Dipper Pines due to Service Rejection
Dipper and Mabel stepped off the plane and breathed in the fresh Oregon air. "It's so good to be back!" Mabel says, stretching as a breeze blew through her hair. She pulled a hair band off her wrist and tied her hair up into a ponytail. "I love it when the clean mountain air hits the back of my neck!" She says brightly as usual.

"There really aren't many mountains in Oregon." She shoots him a glare "I'm just telling ya straight Mabes." She snickers.

"Neither of should be telling anything straight." Dipper looks at her and they both begin to laugh, harder than they have in a while.

"This is gonna be a good summer. I can feel it in my bones!" Mabel laughed at him.

"Are you an old man now?" She cackled. They walked into the small airport and picked up their luggage.

"No, I can just...tell." she rolled her eyes

"Cool, now you're psychic." They laughed again as they made their way out and onto the bus that would take them to their true home. "I can't wait to see everyone!" Dipper nudged her as they sat down.

"More like can't wait to see Pacifica." She blushed.

"Her too, her too." She giggled.

"You gonna surprise her by waiting at her car when she gets out of school?" She waves him off.

"No, but we are doing that for Grenda and Candy! Pacifica is private schooled, so they get out a lot later. Besides her surprise is gonna be at her house." She giggled again.

"Mabel!" Dipper gasped; she just laughed "I can't wait to get back to that forest. I have so many ideas to write and such little time to write them! I wonder if anythings changed?"

\(\wedge(\wedge)\)/

After dropping their things off at the Mystery Shack, and a quick round of "Hey how 've you been?" Mabel and Dipper set off walking to the local school. With a town so small, they crammed every grade into one big school. From the way the kids around Gravity Falls talked about it, there were two teachers per grade. It seemed like too many for the amount of kids there were, but apparently there was a lot of country in Gravity Falls.

Mabel and Dipper sat patiently awaiting the school bell to ring at Gravity Falls Elementary Middle High School.

Or GFEMHS for short.

They were sitting on a bench outside the school entrance. "God I've missed them so much!" Mabel said, not sitting but bouncing around like a basketball. You wouldn't know it'd only been
about nine months since she'd seen them. She acted like it'd been a year.

"Mabel, chill. They still have five minutes left of class. It's not even summer break for them yet!" He scoffed as she paced.

"But they're my girls. I need time to hang with them before *my* summer ends!" She said, throwing her hands up and groaning. He shook his head at her.

"You're summer started 24 hours ago, Mabes. You have all the time in the world." Dipper commented.

"So earlier, you said you were going to write some ideas this summer," she said, ignoring his comment. "tell me about one. Distract me!" She almost cried it.

"Okay? Well one of them, and I'm sure you will love it, is about a-

Ding ding ding.

"THEY'RE OUT!" She screeched, going to the bottom steps and waiting for her best friends in the world to come out. She saw them in the small sea of students and flagged them down, they waved back and continued their conversation with someone, implying with a hand gesture that it would be just a moment before they could escape the boys attention.

It took both Mabel and Dipper about 15 seconds to notice the blonde haired, eye patch wearing boy they were talking to.

It took Dipper three more seconds to get to him.

It took two more seconds for Mabel to catch up to him.

It only took one second for Dipper to say "Alex?!!"

And it took Alex five seconds to reply. "Alex? W-who's Alex?"

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry. Just...stick with me. This is a happy ending fic. I PROMISE.

Don't forget #erinxoxofanficart

Thanks for all the comments guys!!!

AND JUST TO MAKE THE NOTE yes. Stanley WILL be in this story eventually. Well technically. I know the Fandom is hyped about him, I am too!!! But be it known, he's only included because I loved that theory when I heard it. So no I didn't do it because it's cannon. That parts been written for a while.

And yes everyone, I'd be PLEASED AS HELL to discuss Not What He Seems. Look over at my profile and message me on one of my accounts, any you'd like! I love talking about this dumb show <3
Thanks again guys and keep your faith in me until next week! It'll be okay! I promise. I apologize that now Gravity Falls has produced this much of your heartache.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

I literally couldn't stop laughing long enough to reply to your comments, I usually do, but I couldn't give away this chapter...I love you guys hahahaha!

But I loved your comments, they were beautiful.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dippers face paled. Mabel grabbed him, holding him steady.

"Dipper, we need to get you to the Shack, you look sick. Very sick. Come on." Mabel glared at Alex before grabbing Dipper and turning away.

"L-let me help you out! You look bad man!" Alex grabbed Dipper's other arm. Dipper tried to jerking away when Alex leaned over.

"I can explain everything, just please not here." Dipper allowed the guy, presumably Alex, to move him. They made it half way to the Shack before Alex spoke up. "Let's take a detour through the woods?" Dipper gave him a sideways glare. "There's two of you and I'm half blind. Even if I did decide to do something to you all, you'd be fine. Please?" Dipper shook both Alex and his sister off his arms, walking into the woods. Mabel was close behind and Alex was walking slower, he took his yellow backpack off his shoulder and threw it on the ground.

Dipper turned to look at him, glaring at first then slowly dropping the glare as he looked at the boy. He was more beautiful in person. His eye was the perfect shade of yellow, they were almost ambered yellow, his lips were set in a solid pouty frown, it was cute. He had on a blue button up shirt underneath a blue argyle sweater vest and grey skinny jeans. A small, triangle birthmark under his eye. He was adorable, incredibly sexy, and staring at him. Dipper snapped out of it, just moments before his mouth opened and before he could begin to drool.

"Okay, what the hell is going on Alex?" Dipper asked, crossing his arms.

"If that's even your real name!" Mabel pointed at him angrily, stepping in to protect her brother.

"Just as charming in real life as you are in texts, Shooting Star." Dipper swore he heard a growl
from her, but he was smiling, speaking really enthusiastically and sincere. "Pine Tree-" Dipper met his eye, it was gentle, kind and almost tender. Dipper relaxed a bit "Dipper...Alex is not my name. That is the biggest and worse lie I told you-"

"You didn't tell me you lived here!" Dipper screamed. Both Mabel and the other boy jumped back. Dipper was capable of yelling? "I trusted you. I confided in you, told you my secrets," he began to pace, throwing his arms up and around, hurling them at invisible objects. Bill and Mabel's eyes followed him closely. "I gave you my fucking soul, Alex. Why the fuck am I even calling you Alex?" He turned to the boy and screamed. "What the fuck is your name?!"

"It's Bill...Bill Cipher." He whispered.

"Bill Cipher, I gave you fucking everything and you repay me with fucking LIES?!" He screamed again. Bill put his head down.

"Dipper sweetie-"

"Don't sweetie me!" The three of them got quiet as Bill looked up at Dipper, he was still fuming. His eyes cold for once. "What else have you not told me? What else in this story am I missing?" Dipper asked, his voice finally giving out on his strength. A tear fell and Dipper hid his face in his hands. Before Dipper could think, a set of arms were around him holding him close.

Closer than anyone ever held him.

And they smelt amazing. "Nothing else is missing. I'm the same man you fell in love with."

He looked up just as something tore the arms away. "Get off him!" Mabel screamed. Dipper shook his head and moved to Bill, embracing him with full body impact. Dipper cried into the boys chest, and he just held him close, stroking his head and back gently.

"Tell me everything, please?" Dipper asked, looking up into Bill's loving eye. Bill reached down and wiped away the tears on Dipper's face.

"My name is Bill Cipher, I lost my eye because I stupidly drilled it out with a nail gun, I've lived in Gravity Falls for a year now, I used to live in Florida, then my parents got divorced and I choose to stay with my mom who returned to Gravity Falls where she grew up, I find people's pain hilarious unless it's someone I love and care for, I love the color yellow, I have a weird
fashion sense, I'm a senior in high school, I graduate in a week and I've been texting and falling in
love with you for about five months now.” He said in one quick breath, soft and sweet. Mabel
gave a little sigh. They both looked at her.

"What he's done is bad, but that was sweet." She shrugged. Dipper pulled away from Bill.

"You're not lying?” He shook his head. "Promise?” Bill offered his pinky finger.

"I promise." He said softly, locking their pinkies. They dropped them to their respective sides.
Dipper sighed.

"...It's gonna take time for me to fully trust you again-"

"Oh Dipper!” Bill picked him up by his waist and spun him around. "I'm so happy you aren't mad
at me!” Dipper laughed, honestly laughed. It felt good.

"I'm upset with you for lying, and I am sorry for going off-"

"You had every right to. I was a jerk for not telling you everything. I was using the name Alex to
keep my identity safe, but once I fell in love it was too far to go back and tell you my real name.”
Bill reached down and twined their fingers together.

"Why did you need a different name to go by?” Dipper asked, Bill's face got red.

"To be honest? No one knows I'm gay, which in the last few weeks I've decided that's what I am.
Not pansexual as much as I like to say I am.” He laughed a little.

"Well...you wanna come hang out at my grunkles place? Mabel is going to go visit her girlfriend-"

"Dipper-” he cut Mabel off, knowing full well that she was just going to complain.

"And we can hang out together? Yeah?” Bill smiled like an idiot at Dipper’s suggestion.
"Yeah, the only thing is we can't hold hands unless we're alone...people will find out and...I'm not prepared to take on that storm just yet." Dipper nodded, giving him a soft smile.

"I understand you there, we both do." He glanced at Mabel, who just huffed at him. He was inviting a boy he just really met, home. That's kinda dangerous. "Now come on, let's go." Bill let go of his hand, picked up his backpack and they began to walk in the direction of the shack. "Mabes," he turned to his sister but kept walking. "don't do anything dumb." She giggled.

"Right back at you bro-bro, and Bill if I come home to a crying Dipper, I'm killing you." She shouted back.

"You have my permission. I will never make him cry again." Bill looked over at Dipper, and they smiled at each other.

"I think we will be okay." Dipper said, lightly hitting Bill's shoulder.

"Really?" Bill asked, eye gleaming with hope.

"Yeah...so what do you wanna do while we have time together? For the first time ever?"

Chapter End Notes

I have insane faith in the power of love...so that's why Dipper gave him the chance...plus they're really close. Secrets have been shared that have never been shared with others, and more are to come. So please don't complain that this was all too fast...
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

I almost didn't post today.

It's been a really, really bad day.

Guys, I want you to know, totally unrelated to this story, that love sucks. It will pick you up, carry you to the edge of the world, and drop you. But if you let it take you down, then you'll never get to experience that pick up again. So when you think about your past loves, just smile and say to yourself "We spent good times together, I wouldn't have wanted my life without them as a part of it."

Never regret anything that made you smile.

Okay now Archive related, go click my account name and check up my newest upload, titled Power Hungry. It's a maybe 14 chapter miniseries, billdip of course, it's reverse au so it's sadistic and cruel, but I want to see how big of a reaction it can get before I post them all.

Ladies and gents, on with the show.

Mabel's legs dangled off the edge. Her fingers tapped a rhythm with high intensity. Pacific's parents hadn't seen the teen scale the wall of their garden, or the wall leading to Pacifica's second floor balcony, but Pacifica knew where she'd be. Mabel always told Grunkle Stan where she was, and luckily for her he had no idea that Mabel was even attracted to girls, so he let her go pretty willingly.

Pacifica's parents however, didn't allow sleepovers of any kind. And her parents didn't want their golden girl associated with people of Mabel's nature, not in a friendly way at least. Plus friends sleeping over could jeopardize Pacifica's beauty sleep. Mabel heard the click of the door and leaned back, her head touching the floor of Pacifica's balcony, her legs holding her to the balcony railing. Pacifica walked quickly through the door, wearing a pink night gown, and quietly shut it behind her. She smiled brightly at her silly girlfriend "Hey Mabes." She said softly.

"Good afternoon Pacifica!" She smiled back, pausing to think about how she was going to get out of this position safely. Pacifica reached over and pulled Mabel's legs over and off the railing, easing them to the ground with her head. She then took Mabel's hand and helped her stand up. She knew her girlfriend all too well.

"You staying all night, or just a while?" Pacifica asked, as they walked into her huge bedroom.
"Just a while. I probably won't come stay until next weekend. Dipper's got boy drama" she stopped "I never thought I'd say that about my brother."

"What's going on with his situation?" Pacifica asks, laying down on her stomach on her bed, propping her head up by her fists on her chin, watching Mabel pace.

"Well it turns out, Alex was lying to Dipper." Pacifica snorted.

"Figured." Mabel practically ran over and leaned in front Pacifica, staring her down.

"This is serious." Pacifica looked her in the eyes. For once, her Mabes did sound serious. "He lied about his name and where he lives. Plot twist? He lives here! In Gravity Falls!" Pacifica's face dropped open.

"What's his name then?" She asked.

"Bill Cipher" Pacifica sat up.

"You're fucking with me." She said, Mabel chuckled.

"Not yet." Pacifica contemplated laughing and rolling her eyes.

"I met him a few weeks ago actually."

\(^.^)/

Dipper led Bill upstairs to their attic room, thanking god that Stan was busy watching his guilty pleasure soap opera to notice them come in. Dipper sat down on his bed, and Bill sat on Mabel's. Bill was tense, but Dipper was too busy thinking. "I still can't believe you live here. Of all the places in the world, you live in Gravity Falls." He ran a hand through his hair.
"Yeah, pretty ironic." Bill said softly.

"You okay?" Bill blinked.

"Yeah just...nervous...kinda mad at myself for lying to you..." he trailed off, looking down to pick at his fingernails.

"Come on Al-Bill..." Dipper sighed. "That's gonna take some getting used to."

"I know...I'm sorry." He said softly.

"Apologize again and I might have to smack you." Dipper laughed.

"Do it. I might feel like less shitty of a person if you do." Bill didn't look up.

"Bill?" He looked up, meeting Dipper's eyes. "Come here." Dipper patted the bed next to him. Bill got up, walked over and sat next to Dipper. Dipper took his hand gently. "I'm not mad at you. I mean, you sent me an actual picture of yourself, not someone else, you didn't lie about your age, and you didn't lie about well...loving me," the words left foreign to Dipper, but comfortable and the same time. "So I can't be mad. Names are petty things. Names are things we don't even get to determine ourselves." He shrugged. "I'm to not a big deal, I don't know why it bothered me so much earlier."

"Because I lied to you, my little author." Dipper laughed, knowing he probably just sounded like a dork. "And I'm s-" Dipper reached over and put his free hand on Bill's mouth.

"Shut up, you talk to much." He rolled his eyes and smiled "I'm just glad to finally see you. It's been a few months since we started talking, and this is probably more exciting than anything that could ever happen to me." His hand had started to move from Bill's mouth to his cheek. Bill leaned into the caress.

"Very exciting to be honest." He smiled at Dipper. They looked at each other for a few moments longer, when Bill started to move closer. Bill's hand went to Dipper's cheek, holding him as he moved to close the distance. What he doing? Dipper thought to himself. Bill's eye began to half-close, when Dipper realized. They were an inch or so apart, his mind beginning to enter panic mode.
Nonetheless their lips touched.

Dipper melted into the kiss.

So did Bill.

\(^{\wedge}^{\wedge}/\)

Mabel and Pacifica were halfway through another stupid romantic comedy, when there was a knock at the door. Mabel looked at Pacifica who paused the movie and got up. Mabel moved quickly off the bed, and slid underneath as Pacifica opened the door.

"Hey sweetie! We just wanted to see how you were doing!" It was definitely her parents. Her mother had a tight voice, much like her face.

"I'm fine, mom and dad." She said, probably crossing her arms.

"Awesome! Well Andre will have dinner ready in a bit, so go freshen up! We have tons to talk about over dinner!" Her father said enthusiastically.

"Okay dad, see you downstairs in a bit then." She shut her door on them and sprinted to her bed, laying on it and leaning over to look at Mabel.

"Something's up. We never have dinner-"

"Together yeah I know. What could be happening?" Mabel asked.

"I don't know...my birthday isn't until December...I'm getting worried." Mabel scooted out from under the bed and stood up, not needing to dust herself off, Pacifica always keeps the area clean because, sadly, Mabel usually has to hide under there whenever her parents came in.
"I'm sure it'll be fine." Pacifica visibly begins to panic.

"Mabel-" Mabel leans forwards and pressed a gently kiss to her girlfriend's lips.

"It'll be fine. Call me later tonight, okay?" She said softly.

"Of course." She leaned forwards and kissed Mabel once more. "I love you."
Chapter 13

Heyo guys! :) I love you all. I logged on a few days ago and this story had 225 KUDOS!!! 225! I'm so stunned and shocked and impressed and blessed by your response! Oh my, it's so sweet of you all!!! So, in order to thank you for everything, for every comment, kudo, silent subscribe, bookmark and share, I'm starting up a One Shot Collection for this story! (And no this story isn't over, calm your selves)

It's going to be posted on Archive in a new story, and I'm probably going to start it next week in order to get the ball rolling! So this is where I need you, my amazing readers. Pop over to my Tumblr (erinisthecoolest.tumblr.com) when you're done with this chapter, and send me an ask with something you want to see. Perhaps you want to see Mabifica watching RomComs together, perhaps you want to see Mabificas first date, or more of BillDips silly texts? Ask me! Send me prompts! Do anything you wanna, and I'll write something in the Name Universe (that's so lame ugh). Send them anytime! Even at 3am! All asks will be responded to on Tumblr first, so if you're dying for your BillDip fix from me, check there (I'll tag then as #erinxoxofanficart it's not art but I can pretend, it's my tag I can do what I want), then I'll post them here! I can't WAIT to get started with this project!

THANK YOU GUYS!!!!!!! :) 

Bill didn't hesitate to wrap his arms around the boy next to him, using his waist to pull him close. One of Dipper's hands found Bill's neck, the other gripped Bill's hair. Bill shifted so he could get closer to the younger boy. Dipper pulled from the kiss long enough to catch his breath, then they continued their passionate kissing, moving closer. Bill lifted Dipper into his lap, but Dipper was so blown away by the feeling of weightless happiness he was experiencing, he didn't even notice the movement.

Bill's hand moved from Dipper's hips to his back, causing Dipper to shudder as his hands touched his hips. They trailed up his shirt and traced his spine lightly. Not really meaning to, Dipper gave a soft groan, surprising himself. He pulled back for another break, then continued. He held Bill close to him, arching his back so their chests lightly touched.

"Okay so I think tomorrow we should-OH." Mabel walked in, and spun right back around. The kiss broke and Dipper looked up at Bill, flustered. He carefully climbed out of Bill's lap, and went to his sister in the doorway, wiping his mouth off awkwardly.

"Mabel-"

"No no sorry, my bad. I'm gonna...uh...I'll be in the living room- with Stan!" She said, turning around and making a run for it. Dipper shut the door and turned to Bill. They looked at each other and Dipper broke into a smile, so did Bill. Dipper walked back over to the bed and sat down.

"Sorry." Dipper chuckled awkwardly. "That was...nice." he said, looking up into Bill's eye.

"Extremely nice." They shared a comfortably silent smile. "You'll be pleased to know, that was my first kiss." Bill said softly, twiddling his fingers.
"No way. You were too good for that to be the first time you've ever kissed someone." Bill blushed "I am thoroughly impressed." Dipper laughed and moved so he could lean on the wall, Bill joined him and Dipper leaned over on his shoulder. Their fingers wound around each other.

"You make me blush, Pine Tree." Dipper looked over, studying the triangle birthmark on Bill's cheekbone.

"This is adorable, by the way." Dipper said, tapping the mark with his finertip.

"Glad you think so. I love it too, it's my favorite thing about my body." He turned redder.

"And the rest isn't?" Bill looked away. "Hey," Dipper forced his to look him in the eyes. "you're handsome. You don't need two eyes to tell that, so if you don't think you are, you need to get your eye checked." Bill laughed, louder than he had since they met earlier that day.

"My face might catch on fire, if you keep this up." He leaned into Dipper, ready for another passionate kiss when he heard dinging. He absentmindedly counted the chimes of the clock that was chiming in the living room downstairs, while he and Dipper began to kiss again. He pulled away suddenly. "Shit. Shit Shit Shit. I need to go home, like now. My mom- Shit Shit shit." He jumped up and picked up his backpack. "I should've been home hours ago. Shit." He shrugged it on.

"I'm sure it'll be fine-"

"No." He snapped, Dipper looked at him for a moment. "I'm mean, no it won't be fine. My mom gets...well pissy when I don't tell her if I'm coming home late. Shit." He opened the door, then stopped, coming back to kiss Dipper softly. "I'm sorry. I'll text you tonight. Bye." An with that, he was gone. Dipper was left, a little confused when Mabel walked in.

"He left in a hurry." She said, jumping on her bed, pulling out her phone.

"And you're home early. It's only seven, what happened?" She shrugged.

"Not sure actually, her parents called her to dinner, something they usually don't do unless they have news or something's wrong, so I have no idea yet. She's supposed to call me soon and let me know. Until then," she grabbed a stuffed animal and cuddled it close. "You two were having a good time I noticed. Funny since you just told him it'd be a while until you could fully trust him." She winked.

"It just, happened. I didn't mean for it to. But, oh am I glad it did!" He fell back onto his bed, sighing like a lovesick teenager. Oh wait.

"You two are precious. Stop it." The two laughed for a moment, before Mabel's Japanese upbeat 'meowing' ringtone went off. "That's Pacifica hold up." She answered her call, and Dipper leaned over for his idea journal. Jotting some notes into it about his latest experience, he blocked his sister out momentarily. You never know when a passionate make-out scene can prove useful.


"I said my parents are giving me a whole month in the house alone. Basically, seeing that their business trip is gonna last a month long. You can spend so much time with me, it'll be so fun! They leave this friday! Will you come stay with me?" She asks, excited.

"Of course. And Dipper and Stan can have custody of me a few days a week." The girls laughed.
"This is going to be so fun. Oh I'm so excited. We can lay around and talk and watch movies and kiss and finally..." the line went silent. "You know." Mabel blushed.

"Pacifica!" She giggled.

"We could though. We usually don't get time to ourselves to enjoy it, and now we get a whole month." She said softly and excitedly.

"We will see how it goes, okay?" Mabel asked.

"Okay!" Pacifica smiled brightly to her empty room. "What else are we gonna do with all that time? Ooh you can teach me how to make Mabel Juice!" The only other person in the world who could enjoy Mabel Juice, was her girlfriend. It was coincidence. Maybe fate.

"I think you've earned it, you have proven yourself worthy of knowing my secrets." They laughed again, and on the other side of the room, Dipper began furiously typing into his laptop.

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Bill: I'm sorry about earlier...my mom...she's...strict
Dipper: it's okay. You're not in too much trouble, right?
Bill: I told her I stayed for some spur of the moment tutoring from my teacher. Normally she would call said teacher, but today she didn't...
Dipper: that's good. I was starting to get worried!
Dipper: well I um...I very much so enjoyed today
Dipper: I mean I enjoyed today
Bill: I understood that haha I enjoyed it too...I'm still sorry about everything...
Dipper: stop it. It's fine. I love you.
Bill: I love you too
Dipper: if anything I should be apologizing for my sister. Ugh. She refuses to knock on her own bedroom door.
Bill: I'm guessing this is from experience?
Dipper: sad but true.
Bill: did she catch you with someone?
Dipper: no no just changing, but it still felt embarrassing
Bill: coming from the guy who gave me a pep talk earlier about how handsome I am.
Dipper: oh no, this was pre-teen years. This was when I hated everything about myself, I'm embracing it now. It's not so bad anymore.
Bill: oh
Dipper: aaand I win
Bill: shush... I'm getting blushy again thinking about our kisses from earlier...
Bill: I probably should stop thinking about them.
Dipper: or we could...have some more of them...tomorrow?
Bill: I'm listening
Dipper: meet me at that clearing where we talked earlier, after you get out of school? I'll bring some food, we can have a picnic?
Bill: that sounds like so much fun! I'm in!
Dipper: lovely! I can't wait!
Bill: can't wait for more kisses, more like.
Dipper: husssshh. I love you
Bill: I love you too my sweet Pine Tree. Goodnight
Dipper: goodnight :)
Dipper woke up to his sister shaking him "Get up, Dipper! Stan needs us to watch the gift shop while he runs to the store! Soos won't be here until two! We are in charge! Come on! Life goals!" He groaned and got up, she bounced ahead of him. "First tour starts in 15 minutes, I need you down there by then!" The door slammed shut, and he stood up. He grabbed his phone pulled it off the charger and checked it.

Bill: can't wait for our date today :)

Dipper smiled and sat it up on his dresser as he pulled out a blue flannel shirt and cargo shorts. He got dressed, shoved his phone in his pocket and went quickly downstairs to comb his hair and brush his teeth. Today was going to be awesome.

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"Ladies and gentlemen, the Mystery Shack!" Mabel pulled a string and opened a curtain leading to the tour section of the shack, she led the group of tourists into the curtain, leaving Dipper stranded at the register. He looked around at the empty room and adjusted himself on the stool behind the counter, he reached to the last button of his shirt and played with it. His phone buzzed and he pulled it out to look at it.

Wendy: hey, you don't happen to be in Gravity Falls yet, do you?
Dipper: actually, yeah what's up?
Wendy: can I come hang out? I just got back too, and the entire family is out logging, of course. I'm bored.
Dipper: sure, I'm in the gift shop. I'll be here till 3 :)
Wendy: yay! Mystery Shack reunion!

Dipper smiled and pocketed his phone, it had been a while since he'd seen Wendy, the summer after his first visit, she left for college in New York. It was gonna be nice to see his old best friend. Wonder what she's been up to.

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"And this is the famed Six-Pack-A-Lope!" Mabel exclaimed, doing a Vanna White gesture at the forged creature.

"What a play on words!" A tourist exclaimed. Mabel actually was doing pretty good, no refunds to every customer, no extreme niceness, no injuries. This was actually a good go around. This was something Mabel could do for the rest of her life if she was asked to.
"Yo, Pines?" She heard a familiar girl voice call.

"No way!" She turned to the customers. "Self guided tour from here on, any questions, come to the gift shop. Thanks for coming to the Mystery Shack!" She ran into the gift shop, a red head was sitting on top of the counter talking to Dipper. "WENDY!" The girl turned her head and smiled.

"Mabel! It's been so long" Wendy jumped off the counter and hugged Mabel. "I've missed you guys!" Mabel hugged her back "What have you all been up to?" Mabel opens her mouth to respond, when there's a commotion from the other room.

"Crap, I better go check on that. Be back soon guys, sir don't touch that!" Mabel shouted, rushing off to stop tourists from touching exhibits. Wendy turned on her heel, leaning on the counter to face Dipper.

"How's school been for you?" Dipper asked.

"I'm a year away from my Cinematography Degree, how about you?" He shrugged.

"Well, next year is our senior year, neither of us have thought about college." He shrugged.

"Well think about it. College is definitely worth it!" She continued to talk but Dipper had stopped listening. He was looking over at her, now in her 20s, and more beautiful than she was when he first got a crush on her. Yet, somehow, seeing her here in front of him now, he didn't seem to care how pretty she was. Or how close she was. Not a single drop of sweat made its way down his body. Not a single blush. Five years after he first developed his crush, Dipper was over her. Long over her. And now, Bill was his...everything.

Whoa.

Everything.

That's major for someone he just really met for the first time.

"Dip? Hey, earth to Dipper!" Wendy waved a hand in his face, he snapped out of it and looked at the red headed woman in front of him.

"Sorry, I uh...sorry." he shook his head "I was just thinking." He sighed, and propped his head up on the counter.

"You've got it bad for someone." He looked at her, she was smiling like an evil villain in a movie who was about to win. It was kind of creepy.

"What?" He squeaked the word, had she seen them together? Oh shit.

"You're in love. I can see it in your face." She said

"I-I uh..." he blushed.

"I knew it! Alright who is she? A girl from school?" He blushed deeper.

"Scuse me, mistah?" Wendy moved so a woman could see Dipper "How much's the bumper stickers?" She asked, in a thick accent.

"Uhh eight dollars a sticker." Dipper said, shrugging softly, barely remebering.

"Ooh you hear that Harold, let's get one for 'da kids! We'll take six!" She exclaims, running over with six stickers in her hand, her husband following behind her.
"Hold on Wendy." He rings the couple up and gives them their change. They head outside, paper bag of stickers in hand, Dipper looks at Wendy. "Look, it's a really long story, I don't really want to talk about it right now. I just want a nice, calm day. My weeks been hectic." He rubbed his temples.

"Come on Dipper, I just want to know her name." He waves her off. His phone vibrates in his pocket again, and he pulls it out, checking the message.

Bill: how's your day going? 3 hours to go! :)
Dipper: it's going great, sorry I didn't text you back earlier, I assumed you actually wanted to learn something today
Bill: it's the last week of school, we aren't learning anything
Dipper: oh
Bill: haha you're cute
Dipper: enough with the cuuuute I'm not cute
Bill: then I'm not handsome
Dipper: I just...I mean...I'm not...cute...
Bill: you are though
Dipper: I'll explain later...what are you doing?
Bill: texting you while my class sits around watching Flica...AGAIN
Dipper: god school has made me hate that movie
Bill: I KNOW

"Dipper!" He jumped and looked up at Wendy "Oh you're hella into her." She laughed

"Wendy-

"Oh gosh guys I hate giving tours." Mabel sighed and laid her entire upper body on the counter

"It's the worst, believe me I know. I gave one and I was done." A ding went off and Wendy fished her phone out of her pocket. "Aw man! My family's back home! I gotta go, and Dipper I expect an answer next time I come over, see you two later!" With that she turned and sprinted out of the shack.

"When did Stan say he would be back? I'm actually hungry...I feel like I just woke up." He stretched, hoping Wendy would forget their conversation next time she came in.

"He said he'd be back by one...I'll go make us some sandwiches." He shook his head.

"No that's what me and-" he glanced around at all the people "that person are having later." Mabel gasped

"A picnic? How sweet!" He shushed his sister.

"It's no big deal-

"It is a big deal! It's your first date. Aw it's your first date and it's a picnic, how sweet!" She almost squealed.

"Just go make us some food, Mabel." She giggled.

"Mac 'N Cheese, or maybe a pizza? Delivered?" She asked, wiggling her eyebrows.

"I'm sure Stan won't mind us borrowing money for...pizza." she fist pumped the air.
"Yus! Pizza it is! Sausage?" He nodded and she took off to order their food. Someone walked up to the register and he rung them up, anxiously awaiting his date that evening. The pizza was his second concern.

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Dipper: oh my god
Bill: what?
Dipper: today is gonna be our first date
Bill: oh my god
Dipper: right? I'm nervous now.
Bill: you? I kissed you before we even went on a date
Dipper: but I didn't mind that
Bill: true true
Dipper: what would you like to eat on our first date?
Bill: I like surprises, so surprise me
Dipper: okay, I'll see what I can whip up. No promises it'll be good haha
Bill: it doesn't need to be good...doesn't necessarily need to be edible I'm not picky
Dipper: I'm not feeding my boyfriend death on our first date
Bill: Aw how sweet
Dipper: shut up
Bill: never

Dipper was in the middle of putting together sandwiches when Mabel came in, Stan had been back for an hour, and Dipper's date was in an hour. He was getting nervous. He needed a shower. He needed to finish making these damn sandwiches. Damn why hadn't he taken cooking classes? He couldn't even make a fucking sandwich properly.

"Dipper!" He jumped.

"What what?" She sighed.

"I've been talking to you and you've just been stressing. Go take a shower, I'll make these." He hesitated.

"Really?" She nodded. "Oh thank you Mabel I owe you!" He hugged her and she hugged him back.

"Get off me, you're sweating." He stepped back.

"I am?" He looked himself over.

"Yes. Now go clean up. Wear something nice." He nodded and turned to go to their room, then spun back around.

"Thank you Mabes." He said again.

"I know, go."

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Dipper looked at himself one more time in the mirror, he had on a nice red polo. He had on a pair of cargo shorts, and he still couldn't decide if he should button the top button or not. The clock in the room read 2:30pm, and he was getting more anxious by the second.

He ran downstairs to the kitchen, and grabbed the brown bag of food Mabel had made for him. It
was obviously made by her because of the 'Good Luck' overly animated sticker on the front holding it closed. He rolled his eyes and picked it up, carefully peeling off the sticker and going to the living room. Mabel was sitting in the recliner, watching some stupid romance movie.

"Top button undone, or done?" He asked her, she glanced over.

"Top button undone, it's laid back. Plus easier neck access." She giggled and he turned red.

"Mabel-

"I'm kidding." She waved the comment off "You look good, more so than usual actually. I'm impressed." He rolled his eyes.

"Thanks Mabes." He came over and sat down on the randomly placed skull that sits next to the chair.

"Don't be so tense. After what I saw yesterday, I think your date will be fine." Dipper blushed. "I mean it too, I'm not just messing with you." He looked at his sister and smiled.

"Thanks." He pulled his legs close to his chest.

"No problem bro-bro. Now go, better to be early than late." She said, playfully shoving him.

"Yeah yeah, fine." He got up, slipping on his flip flops and grabbing a blanket before going out the back door. He slowly made his way to the clearing, anxiety bubbling in his stomach. He tried to breathe and calm himself down as he walked.

When he got there, he spread out the blanket and sat down. He opened up his idea journal and jotted down notes about the scenery, for random reference he might need later. He made a lot of random notes like this, it calmed him down. Writing always calmed him down. He was still writing when a cough interrupted him, he looked up at Bill and smiled. He gave him a 'one moment' gesture and finished his thought as Bill sat down next to him, taking off his backpack.

"Sorry, jotting something down...for my novel." He shrugged.

"Is this your idea journal?" Dipper nodded, finishing his thought in writing. "Could I, possibly, look at it?" Dipper looked at it for a moment, then looked over at Bill.

"Yeah, yeah here. Go for it." He chuckled and watched Bill open it up, he began to read the first page. Dipper leaned over and looked at the page with him, settling his head on Bill's shoulder.

"This is...amazing." Bill said softly.

"That's just side notes. Hold on." He reached over and flipped it to his favorite page. On it was a messy drawing of a flower, accompanied with a poem.

"The late winter evenings, used to be so drowsy, lonely and quiet, shameful and lost, the abyss always seems to take, over during this time, but like every season, it has its beautiful moments, spewing out miracles and, monumental moments,
much like today,  
meeting you was the highlight,  
the rose in the snow,  
you are all I've ever needed,  
who would've known."

Bill looked over at Dipper on his shoulder. "Who knew you were a poet too." He smiled.

"Only when something major happens..." he trailed off. "I wrote that in January." He trailed off.

"Isn't that when...I told you I loved you?" Dipper nodded softly. "Is this poem about me?" He nodded again "Wow...Dipper. ..wow this is...wow..." he turned his head and kissed Dipper softly. "Thank you, it's beautiful..." He said when he pulled back. Dipper chuckled nervously.

"I'm just glad you like it." He began to get flustered, he reached for the bag of food an opened it. "I had to ask Mabel to make food, so I have no idea what's in here." He said, changing the topic.

Bill laughed and sat down the journal gently.

"Are you that bad with food?"

"Worse." They laughed and Dipper ended up finding two turkey sandwiches and two bags of chips, and two tiny bottles of water. It was like Mabel was a magician hiding all these things in a small paper bag.

They ate in silence until Bill broke it.

"How's your day been?" He asked softly.

"Boring, I ended up helping Mabel watch the shop since I woke up...and I saw an old friend...it's weird how some people's presence make you...realize things..." he mumbled the last part.

"Realize things...like what?" Dipper popped a chip into his mouth, not thinking Bill would have heard that comment.

"Well, when I was a lot younger, I was head over heels for this girl..." Bill chuckled.

"Weren't we all?" They exchanged a small smile.

"Well I had it bad back then, anyways seeing her again today made me realize...how bad I have it for someone else." His face turned red as he looked up at Bill.

"Aw man, I knew you liked someone." he chuckled.

"More than that. I like someone a lot. Like a lot a lot. More than I probably should." They looked at each other and Dipper moved to give a soft kiss to Bill's lips.

"So, I'm assuming that's me?" Dipper laughed at him.

"Yes. It's definitely you, you goof. I love you." He hugged his from the side.

"I love you too...that's the first time we've said it face to face..." he trailed off.

"It's our first date too." Dipper chuckled.

"You're adorable." Dipper groaned and let go of Bill to fall back onto the blanket.

"Stop saying that!" As if on cue, he breathed in, a small spec of pollen going up his nose, he felt a
sneeze coming on. "God no please-" with that he sneezed, his stupid, kitten like sneeze.

"Oh. My. God. That was so cute!" Bill exclaimed.

"It was not!" Dipper said sitting up.

"Just like a kitten!" Dipper groaned and rolled over, putting his face into the blanket.

"Maybe if I stay like this long enough, I'll suffocate myself." He grumbled. Bill pushed him onto his back and leaned over to kiss him.

"I like your sneeze. It's precious." He covered his eyes with his arm.

"I hate it. I'm 17, and I sneeze like a baby animal. It's embarrassing." He groaned.

"Well I don't mind it." Dipper uncovered his eyes to see Bill leaning over him smiling.

"But still, I hate being called cute." He pouted.

"I mean it out of endearment." He noted. Dipper rolled his eyes.

"Fine, you can call me cute." He clapped his hands together happily "But no one else can." Dipper pointed at him threateningly.

"I'll never let another soul call you cute!" He smiled and leaned down to kiss Dipper, he moved so he was laying next to Dipper, taking his hand and looking into his eyes. "Dipper Pines...what am I going to do with you?" He chuckled.

"Well, you could start-" Dipper brushed Bill's bangs out of his face, blushing beet red before even saying it. "by kissing me." They smiled brightly at each other before Bill pulled his close, hands clasping at the small of Dipper's back and holding him close.

It ended up being a nice first date after all.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

UPDATE 1 OF 2.

Chapter Notes

OKAY I'm getting really anxious with these uploads, I feel like I'm being really slow...so there's going to be a lot of double uploads in the future!

Also send me some prompts! I would love to add to the prompt collection, but I need to know what you all want to see!!! So send some! (You can comment some, I won't be mad lol)

Art it up guys!! #erinxoxofanficart

These are two of my favorite chapters :3 such fluffles.

That's all I got. UPDATE 1 OF 2.

Bill: so I know this is sudden...but...would you be interested in coming to my graduation?
Dipper: of course, I'd love to come! When is it?
Bill: this Saturday, noon, at my school
Dipper: yeah, I'll be sure to be there!
Bill: And ...maybe I could spend the night?
Dipper: well...
Bill: no funny business, okay maybe some kissing, but I promise it won't get out of hand. We aren't that far into our relationship...I just thought we could hang out for a while longer than a few minutes...
Dipper: ...and your mom wouldn't mind?
Bill: probably not, I don't have anything to study for or anything.
Dipper: then sure :) Mabel will be at her girlfriends so we will have the room to ourselves
Bill: yay! :)
Dipper: yay! :)

Dipper walked into the kitchen, Stan was pressing buttons on his coffee pot, frustrated that it wasn't working. It was only Thursday, the twins had been back a total of three days. Neither had spent much time with their grunkle, tonight however they were supposed to be having dinner. Assuming someone suddenly learned to cook within the next 12ish hours.

"Hey, grunkle Stan, need some help?" He asked, moving over to his grunkle.

"It's not working." The old man whined. Dipper reached over and hit the start button. It began to make bubbling sounds when the thick black liquid poured from the top. "Thanks. Mabel said to get a new coffee pot and this one..I don't know. It's weird. It makes one cup at a time. It's
unnatural." Dipper laughed at him.

"It's just a coffee pot. It'll be okay." He hopped up on the counter behind Stan.

"The times are catching up to me." He said, picking up his cup.

"At least coffee is still the same, right?" he shrugged.

"Yeah I guess." He looked at Dipper as he sipped his coffee. "What have you been up to since you got back? I never see you or your sister around anymore. It's only been three days, but by this point I'm usually sick of one of you." Stan asked.

"Sorry about that, Mabel's been being social, like she usually does, and I've been-"

"Being anti-social like usual?" Dipper shrugged.

"Pretty much." He remembered Bill was probably going to be staying the night with him this weekend, this could be a chance to slip in a backstory. "Although, I did make a friend while I was exploring." Stan raised an eyebrow as he drank his liquid caffeine.

"Is that so?" He asked, suspiciously.

"Yeah, he might be coming to spend the night this weekend-"

"I'm just impressed you made company. Just don't go all Mabel-Candy-Grenda on me at two in the morning, meaning no karaoke. But I'm sure that won't be a problem." They chuckled.

"Not a problem. Thanks. So what are we having for dinner tonight?" Stan shrugged and chugged his coffee once more.

"No idea. Mabel's in charge, otherwise it'll be frozen foods in the microwave." They laughed again, they always had such good conversations.

"Guess we will find out later then." Stan started to brew another cup of coffee.

"This is why I hate these things, it takes too long to make one cup." He looked up at the clock. "Would you mind bringing this to me in a bit? I need to open up the shack for business."

"Sure, go ahead." He nodded. Dipper looked down and realized he himself was still in pjs. He hopped up and sprinted upstairs to jump in the shower and change into jeans and a t-shirt. He combed his hair and slipped on flip flops before heading to pick up his grunkles coffee and head into the shack. Soos was at the register, hitting buttons making it pop open. No one else was in there, so Dipper assumed Stan was on a tour. He sat the cup down and leaned back onto the edge of the counter.

"Good morning Soos." He said softly.

"Oh, morning Dipper. Hey we finally get to catch up since you got here, what have you been up to?" Dipper shrugged.

"Just...exploring..." he mumbled. Soos laughed.

"Exploring." He laughed again, like he'd made a personal joke. Dipper looked over at him, he was acting almost like he knew something.

"Huh?" Soos looked at him, almost flustered.
"Oh uh...I uh...kinda know...about Bill..." Dipper's face paled.

"Did Mabel tell you?" He was going to kill her when she woke up.

"No, Bill did. He didn't tell you that we're cousins?" Dipper blinked.

"No, he didn't." He groaned and laid his head on the counter. Another secret.

"Hey, he's a really shy guy. I could barely get the guy to talk to me, we used to visit him and his parents when they lived in Florida, I had to talk to him about books to get him to open his mouth." Dipper turned his head.

"Really?" Soos nodded, and continued to play with the register.

"Yeah. He doesn't talk much about himself, it was only after a several years did I find out he was pansexual, which now he's told me is only kind of true." Soos looked at Dipper and smiled. "I won't say anything to anyone. Wing man for life, remember?" Dipper smiled.

"Yeah, thanks man." they fist bumped.

"No probelm man. I've kinda known about you since your second or third summer here. I have a sixth sense for this." Dipper leaned up and shook his head.

"It's nice someone other than Mabel knows, I love her, but I can never talk to anyone else about it. My parents would kill us, I mean me." Dipper caught himself. She was going to kill him now.

"It's know Mabel is too. The way she looked at Pacifica last summer, it was so obvious." He waved the comment off, allowing Dipper to sigh in relief "I'm glad you have someone else to talk to, it was a miracle Bill ever embraced it himself. I think he only ever did because we talked a lot, I told him to just accept who you are." He shrugged.

"So...are you-"

"Nope. Me and Melody are still going strong, I just like to support everyone." Dipper smiled.

"Well that's awesome!" Dipper said smiling. "Why can't everyone have a wing man as awesome as you?"

"It's a blessing, and a curse." Dipper laughed and picked up his drink, taking a gulp. It was bitter. Much to bitter to be his tea. It wasn't tea. He looked down and set the cup down.

"Crap, crap, crap!" Dipper said, running a hand through his hair.

"If you still get nightmares from Caffeine then why do you drink it?" Soos asked, remembering the boys adverse reactions to the technically labeled liquid 'drug'.

"I'm not. That was Stan's cup. Oh man, tonight is going to be awful." He groaned.

"Sorry man, maybe you can get some writing done?" Dipper shrugged at the comment, he actually wanted rest tonight.

"It was just a sip, maybe it won't bother me." He shook it off "I'm gonna go get some water." He ran to the kitchen, half tempted to go in the bathroom and throw up the black liquid. But knowing his luck, by this point the caffeine was probably already in his system. Fuck.

"Good morning bro-bro!" He turned to see his sister reaching into the fridge for orange juice, she
was still wearing her nightgown.

"Morning." He mumbled, grabbing a glass and filling it with water.

"What are you going to be up to today?" She asked, taking a drink straight from the carton.

"Sometimes I'm not surprised you're a lesbian." She giggled and put the carton back. "I don't know, I might go visit Bill, maybe not. What are our dinner plans?" She stretched.

"You'll have to wait and see. But you won't have much time if you plan to go visit Bill, we leave at five." He nodded.

"Okay, guess that's not on my schedule." He laughed. "As much as I love him, I do need family time. Family comes first." He picked up his water and headed to the other side of the shack. "Hurry up and join us." She groaned.

"Fine!" She yelled back and went back upstairs to get ready for the day. Dipper pulled out his phone.

Dipper: me and Soos just talked about you. Also I won't have time for a date today, Mabel's planning a family dinner...
Bill: it's fine :) I have stuff to do tonight anyways, and oh..Soos...i guess you know about our kinship then...what'd he say? Did he tell you anything embarrassing?
Dipper: no but maybe I should go ask for a kid Bill story?
Bill: NO. Don't you dare
Dipper: now I have to
Bill: I swear
Dipper: kidding kidding he didn't say much it's okay
Bill: good, hey I gotta go, graduation practice...talk later?
Dipper: of course!

\(^{(^\wedge,.^\wedge)}/

A karaoke bar.

Karaoke bar.

Karaoke.

Dipper's head hit the table. Mabel was up at the mic singing and dancing to some boy band while Dipper and Stan sat at a table, watching her closely in case they needed to save her from a doomed-to-fail crowd dive. She had a tendency to do that. Even when her crowd consisted of four people, like it did tonight.

"Why does she do this to us every time and why do we fall for it?" Dipper shrugged to his grunkle.

"I don't know, but we need to stop." He said, taking a drink of his root beer.

"Dipper come here!" She attempted to lure him onto the tiny platform with her. He rolled his eyes.

"No way Mabel, you brought me here against my will." He shouted back.

"Come on, DipDip...Stan?" He shook his head.

"Mabel you always bring us here and - what are you doing?" Mabel had moved her one person
singing brigade to the table.

"Sing!" She shouted at the two, with her usual enthusiasm.

"No, Mabel I'm not singing your boy band crap." Mabel gasped.

"It's not crap!" She exclaimed.

"Come on, Dipper, it's not crap." Stan stated, sincere for a moment then loosing it "It's garbage." She practically growled at the two.

"It's not garbage! You two never do anything I wanna do!" She shouted, as she returned the mic and sat down angrily.

"We are moral support that's enough-"

"I just want to sing with my two favorite guys. Is that too much to ask?" She asked, mad at them both.

"Mabel-

"Is it?!" She stares them down and they look at each other "Thought so." She grumbled.

"Mabel, what's up? You seem...well...touchy." she sighed.

"Next summer will be our last summer in Gravity Falls...if we even decide to come...I just...I'm gonna miss you guys. I know Dipper wants to go to some big Creative Writing college, I don't know why I do want to do with my life!" She almost screamed it.

"Mabel-

"Everyone in our graduating class has everything figured out and I'm just sitting around watching everyone make decisions and I can't make decisions! I'm not good with these things!" She put her head down on the table.

"Let's go home Mabel, can we get our food to-go?" Stan asked, a passing waitress.

"No prob." She nodded and shuffled to the kitchen to tell the cooks 'Never mind the plate, box it.'

"I'm sorry guys. I ruined a nice evening," She grumbled. Stan and Dipper shared a look, Dipper immediately concocted a plan that made Stan frown and shake his head. No way was Stan going along with it.

"Come on Mabes, we know how to cheer you up." Stan sighed and picked her up over his shoulder, walking over to the small stage and sitting her down, forcing her face first into a mic. Dipper picked out her favorite song. "Come on Mabel, we know this one. Heard you sing enough last summer," He picked up his own mic, so did Stan (who growled at the high pitch it made). Mabel perked up and smiled like a bat out of hell, in a good way of course.

"HIT IT!" Mabel screeched pointing her finger to the sky.

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"I can't believe you hit that note!" Mabel said, hitting her brother in the shoulder.

"Shut up Mabel, I guess there's still a soprano in me after all." He said laughing and throwing another fry in his mouth. They were in the car, driving home and eating their well earned dinner.
So well earned, that the staff gave it to them free.

Then again, maybe it was just to get them out. Three tone deaf family members didn't make for good customers. Especially when they kept dropping the microphones and making the speaker system go haywire.

"Thank you guys. Sorry I've been bratty all day." She grumbled, grabbing for a fry.

"You haven't. You're just stressed, maybe hanging out with your best friend Pacifica will help you out." Dipper looked at Mabel with a sideways smirk.

"Yeah, probably." She shrugged shyly, understanding Dipper's joke and trying not to laugh.

"Look guys," they looked at Stan in the rearview mirror. "we are family. We can make it through anything, even college." They all laughed. "It'll be okay Mabes. We will help you through this." Stan said.

"Yeah, I mean you're a good crafter. You could go to college for underwater basket weaving!" They laughed again.

"You two are right, I'll figure something out. Thanks!" She smiled and stuffed another fry in her mouth.

"That's what we do Mabes!" Dipper said, ruffling her hair.

"Whoa whoa watch the hair!" She said, smoothing her hair back down.

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Dipper reached up, into a cloud of whirling dust. Why he felt the need to reach into it, he had no idea.

A grey hand reached out and grabbed his wrist, pulling him into the chaotic whirlwind. He screamed as he was brought into a new world.

His house.

His living room.

Not the one in Gravity Falls, the one in California.

His parents were there.

So was Mabel.

"But mom, Pacifica is the love of my life!" They shook their head, in creepy unison.

"This will ruin us." Their father yelled in monotone.

"You must break up with her." Their mother yelled, also in monotone.

"No! You can't! They love each other. You don't own her! It's her life!" Dipper screamed, jumping in front of his sobbing sister.

"You must break up with Bill as well. You will ruin us. And we do own you, child." Their father growled, once more in his creepy dream monotone.
"I'm not a child! I'm almost an adult-"

"ALMOST." Their voices boomed in (monotone) unison.

"No, no!" Bill and Pacifica appeared in front of the two. Dipper and Mabel's mouths took over.

"We have to break up. I don't love you." They clamped their hands on their mouths, all four at the same time. The scene changed.

A tall, white haired boy, towering over Dipper.

"No, no no no no no! NO!" Dipper covered his face with his arms.

"Hello, Dipper. I've missed you." He smiled an insane smile, one that Dipper hadn't seen in a few years.

"NO"

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Dipper shot up out of bed, managing to choke down his sobbing. He glanced at Mabel who was fast asleep still. He pulled out his phone, texting frantically.

Dipper: whatcha up to?
Bill: sitting around, wondering why you're awake.
Dipper: could we uh...talk? I...I need someone to talk to...
Bill: sure I'll call you here in just a second
Dipper: no
Dipper: we need to be face to face. I need like...a hug...
Bill: nightmare?
Dipper: yes
Bill: meet me at our clearing in 10 minutes
Dipper: awe our clearing...okay thank you
Bill: of course
Dipper pulls his jacket tighter, the wind whipped around him, bringing in a cool breeze through the trees. He heard footfalls and Bill appeared in the clearing. He was wearing jeans and a tshirt, it was like he wasn't cold at all.

"Is that-" he glanced down at his shirt, where Dipper was pointing. Dipper giggled.

"Yeah, I'm a heavy gamer." He said, blushing at the Minecraft shirt he was wearing.

"Minecraft is a weaker game, not really that heavy." Bill gaped, then smiled and walked over to him, embracing him softly.

"I love you. Stop teasing me because I play kid video games." Dipper laughed and breathed in his scent.

"No." He said softly, before feeling tears well up in his eyes.

"What was your nightmare about?" Bill asked softly, stroking his back.

"My parents made me and Mabel break up with you and Pacifica." He said softly, nuzzling into Bill's chest.

"I'm not leaving you. At least not spiritually, college however might drag me away...but so will the end of summer break, okay that's not a good thing to say, my bad, but still. I won't let anyone break us apart." He leaned down and kissed the top of Dipper's head.

"I love you." He hugged him tighter.

"I love you too Dipper. You might break me if you hug me any tighter." He laughed.

"I don't wanna let you go. I can't." Bill could feel the tremble in Dipper's voice.

"Sweetie, sweetie sweetie." He stooped down to look Dipper in the eye, he wiped the younger boys tears off with his hand. "It'll be okay. I'm always gonna be here. Letting me go physically doesn't mean I'm going to leave you, I'll never leave you. Unless for some reason you don't want handsome Ole me around." Dipper laughed and looked up at Bill.

"Thank you." He jumped up and hugged him by the neck.
"As long as you don't break my neck, you're welco-" Dipper grabbed his neck and pulled him in for a kiss. Bill held his by his waist and kissed him back, passionately and lovingly.

"God you always have to come to *my* rescue. Am I ever going to come to yours?" they laughed.

"Probably, don't worry. I'll make sure I trip and fall just for you. You can be my knight in shining armor soon enough." He kissed him again softly.

"Yay!" They kissed again, Dipper could only smile gratefully into the kiss.

"Good god it's cold out here." Bill said, pulling away, but leaning back to nuzzle their noses. "So why exactly did you drink something with caffeine in it?" He asked softly.

"It was an accident. It was my grunkles cup of coffee, but I thought it was my cup of hot tea and I drink decaf tea a lot." He chuckled softly "I'm a dummy." Bill leaned down and kissed him gently.

"My dummy." They shared a comfortably silent moment. "You probably need to go home and try to sleep." Dipper shook his head.

"There's no way I'll be sleeping tonight. I'd rather just sit here with you until you have to leave..." he looked up at Bill, eyes pleading.

"Well we at least need somewhere to sit." Dipper smiled and they walked hand in hand to a spot in the woods where they found a rock to sit on. They sat down and Dipper leaned over on him.

"How is your story coming along?" Bill asked, twining their hands together.

"Fantastic actually! I need some time to hang out in the woods, I have a scene, a big scene too of course, I'm probably never gonna find the right location for it...but the forest always finds ways to inspire me." He looked around and smiled.

"Well I'd come hang out with you any time you want. I enjoy spending time with you, even if you aren't necessarily listening. Just like you aren't right now. What are you-" Dipper reached back from his leaned forwards position on the rock and put his hand over Bill's mouth.

"Do you hear that?" They were silence.

"I hear the water of the fountain, that's it." Dipper turned to him, his wrist in the others grasp.

"Fountain?" He asked.

"Yeah, the Gravity Falls wishing fountain...you're telling me you've never seen it?" Dipper shook his head. "Well come on then, you have to see it. It's beautiful." He took Dipper's hand and dragged him off the rock. They walked for a few minutes before a light broke the darkness of the trees. The fountain was, admirably small. It wasn't huge but it was definitely bigger than Dipper in every direction. Dipper looked at it, stunned before going over to it, looking around. He looked up at the canopy of limbs above them, at the light posts that stood protecting the small fountain from any harm, and over at Bill who was smiling at Dipper's reaction.

"This is it!" He Dipper screamed, beginning to jump around. Bill's face turned more amused.

"This is the place!"

"That place for what?" Bill asked, walking over to him and holding him from behind.

"The place where Austin realizes his love for Noah! The place where everything connects, the place where the story ends! This is my final chapter!" He spun around and took Bill's hands "This
is the place I've been waiting for! This is the place I've needed to find for months now! This is the place." He shook Bill by his hands slightly and hugged him. "THIS IS THE PLACE!" He screamed, barely able to contain his excitement.

"Dipper, calm down, calm down!" He laughed at the younger boys reaction.

"If I hadn't met you I wouldn't have found this place. I need to...I need to write this down." Dipper pulled from Bill and looked around. "Where's my journal?" He began to panic.

"Did you bring it even?" Dipper paused.

"No...shit, no I didn't. I need to write this down-"

"Put it in your phone. Text it to yourself." Bill suggested.

"I didn't bring my phone either, I kinda ran out of the house." He said softly.

"Here," Bill pulled out his phone "text yourself your thoughts." Dipper smiled at him and pulled him in for a quick kiss.

"I love you! I owe you! Thank you!" He walked away and began typing furiously, his thumbs already aching from moving so much.

"You're the cutest thing ever." He chuckled softly, watching the boy pace.

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Bill: The sun fell under the curtain of limbs and leaves, the moon unearthed itself from the horizon. Austin was pacing. What was this? Why was this happening? What does it mean? He was frustrated. Angry, even, at himself. Make sense of this, you're a detective. "Austin?" He turned to see the redhead walk into the clearing "are you okay? We're worried about you. Come on, come back to-" "No no I'm thinking." He brushed Noah off "Stop thinking. You just fought off a murderer and everyone you know and love is waiting in that house to have dinner with you and if you don't go in there I'm personally going to pick you up and carry you." The splashing of water fountain behind them broke the silence. Austin thought and thought and thought. Could it be that-? No. No way. "Hello? Did you hear me? Everyone you know and love, inside, worried about you. Stop being a dick and get in there." He turned around and gripped the edge of the fountain. No way was this possible. "AUSTIN!" "That's it!" The surprised look on Noah's face grew even more surprised as Austin turned around and pressed their lips together. It was possible. He was in love with her.

Bill: damn that's beautiful. For a heterosexual couple of course.
Dipper: thanks...I'm better at writing straight couples than gay couples...
Bill: you've tried?
Dipper: my early fanfiction...it was pretty bad...
Bill: now I have to read it
Dipper: no-sir-ee!
Bill: I love a good L.G.B.T. story.
Dipper: then you must also love my S.H.I.T. stories
Bill: I love anything and everything you write, you dork
Dipper: well too bad, I deleted them
Bill: my heart!
Dipper: Mabel leaves today at three for Pacifica's...if you wanna come over a day early?
Bill: can't. My mother has planned my last day of school dinner, it kind of feels like she's planning my funeral.
Dipper: fine...you can have dinner with your mom ;p
Bill: gee thanks sweetie, you're so good to me :p  
Dipper: you should pop by and say hi later though, Mystery Shack is open until six on fridays...  
Bill: maybe I will...you'll have to wait and see...gotta go, love you!  
Dipper: love you too!  
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Dipper was laying at the counter, half asleep, when Soos nudged him. "Are you going to his graduation tomorrow?" Dipper groaned and nodded. "Steer clear of his mom." Dipper shot up.  
"What?" He asked, he hadn't learned anything about Bill's mom.  
"Just, for everyone's sake, don't introduce yourself to her. You're both better off without you meeting her." Dipper began to ask a question when a loud voice stopped him.  
"Dipper, you have to lead a tour for me. We have two buses coming in and I need an assistant. And Mabel's upstairs packing her entire side of the room for her sleepover." Stan rolled his eyes. "Come on." Dipper was about to linger and ask Soos what he meant, when Stan grabbed his arm and pulled him up and away.  

He ended up giving three tours that day. And since each tour lasts forever and a day, like usual, by the time he was done Soos had went home and it was three. Dipper was sitting at the counter, feet propped up, picking at his fingernails, when the bell rang as someone walked in. "Welcome to the Mystery Shack where everything you didn't think was real, is." He said in his usual bored monotone.  
"Darn, cause I thought the cutie behind the counter was pretty real." Dipper looked up and smiled at Bill, he took his feet off the counter.  
"There are indeed exceptions. How was your last day of school?" Dipper said, leaning over and onto the balls of his hands.  
"Boring. I hate Pompum and Circumstance now." He groaned and laid his head down on the counter.  
"I'm sorry." Dipper reaches forward to twirl a strand of hair around his finger. "Soon enough, tomorrow will be over, it'll all be good and you'll get to stay the night!" Dipper said softly.  
"Dipper, restock the bumper stickers! Who are - what are you doing Dipper?" Stan asked the boy, who was playing with another, in his view, random boys hair.  
"Oh uh-"  
"I had a stick in my hair! I'm assuming you're Stan Pines? It's nice to meet you. I'm Bill." He straightened up and offered a hand.  
"He's the person spending the weekend with us while Mabel is away." Stan shook his hand then stepped close to him.  
"No karaoke." With that he turned and left. They boys looked at each other.  
"He's a charmer." They looked at each other for another moment, then laughed. Dipper reached under the counter to get out a box of dumb bumper stickers.  
"So uh...I have a question...I feel like I should address it..." Dipper trailed off.
"Shoot, kid!" Dipper gave him a joking look and continued talking. 

"Soos mentioned something to me earlier...He said it'd be best for everyone if I didn't meet your mother..." there was silence. 

"He's just messing with you!" He gently shoved Dipper's shoulder. 

"Really?" Bill nodded. 

"He does this a lot. It's his thing." Bill laughed. "Pay him no mind, DipDip." He blew him a kiss across the counter. "I have to get going, this was an unplanned detour." He leaned over the counter a little. "I love you." After quickly glancing around the room Dipper leaned up and pecked him on the lips. 

"I love you too." He turned and walked out the door with a 'See you tomorrow!' And Dipper returned to his work, smiling like an idiot. Nervousness still fluttering in his stomach.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

This chapter is going to give you some questions, and give you some answers. This is an important chapter. Plus my little baby Bill is graduating :3 yay!

Did everyone read last week’s update???? I didn't get an comments on it, I was starting to worry...

Also I started a new BillDip story. It's trans!dipper go check it out!

Finally, don't forget to send in prompts and art :) love you guys! Enjoy!

Dipper: don't trip
Dipper: I was kidding
Dipper: I'm sorry
Dipper: I love you
Dipper: can't wait for tonight!!!
Dipper: congrats!
Dipper: I got you a surprise...but it's at the shack...I didn't think you'd want me to bring it where everyone could see it...
Dipper: okay I'm getting worried
Bill: can't talk sweetie lol I love you too, I can't wait either, wish me luck, and awe you didn't have to! Here we go! :) WOOOOO!

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As the music ended, and the students in green robes dispersed themselves among the audience, Dipper crept off to hide under the tree where Bill would find him, while Mabel braced the crowd to find Grenda, who was also graduating, Pacifica however was back in her car, waiting for her girlfriend to get done.

He looked around. This had to be the most beautiful graduation ever. It was a small ceremony, chairs went to the elderly and of course the graduating, and everyone else brought blankets and sat on the ground. Mabel and Dipper didn't know about this, but luckily Candy had brought her own blanket and they all shared. The area was also thickly surrounded by trees, summer beginning to blossom on their stems allowed for the most spectacular view. Dipper probably could've lived here.

If it weren't a football field.

"Dipper!" Bill shouted, as Dipper snapped out of it and waved back at him. A woman was trailing slowly behind him. He looked happy to see Dipper, but sad at the same time. Dipper wondered why for a moment, then went back to examining his mother as they approached.

Her eyes were sunk in, her hands were thin and twitchy almost, she nervously rubbed her hands together and figited, her eyes were darty, and she looked lost.

And a little angry maybe? Dipper couldn't tell.
"Mom," he said as he walked over to the younger boy, gesturing at him to his mother. "this is Dipper. We met..." they glance at each other. Oh shit, their backstory.

"We met at Greasy's a few weeks ago!" Bill nodded and smiled at him mom. "It's nice to meet you Ma'am!" Dipper offered his hand. She didn't even look at him, she looked like she was searching for something.

"That's a weird name." She mumbled.

"Mom!" He said, almost like a warning.

"Who names their fucking child Dipper." He groaned, it was the single most agitated groan Dipper had ever head. "Like he's a group of fucking stars of sumthin." her voice started to slur a little. "Where's my goddamn purse?" She grumbled.

"You're not getting it. Don't ask." He turned to whisper something to her, his fists clenching at his sides. Dipper noticed one hand was holding a hug, bowling ball sized purse, and it looked like it was weighing down his arm.

"Bill?" He thrust his pointer finger up behind him, signaling one moment. Dipper shifted awkwardly. They spoke for another moment then turned around to look at him.

"It's nice to meet you, Dipper." She fake smiled at him, then continued with her anxious movements.

"Dipper could you take a picture of us?" Bill asked, smiling like nothing happened.

"Sure o-of course." Bill fished a camera out of the big purse and handed it to him.

"No!" His mom yelled, startling Dipper and a few other people. "No pictures! Thwy-they'll-"

"Mom, it's my graduation. Take one picture with me?" She looks at him and sighs.

"Fine, but if they-" he rolls his eyes and puts an arm around her shoulders.

"They won't. Take the picture please?" Dipper, although heavily confused presses the button on the camera. The flash goes off and Bill's mom shrieks.

"They're-" "Mom!" It's like a hundred eyes are on them, even though it's only a handful or two of people. Bill sighs. "Mom, it'd gonna be fine. It was just the flash." She visibly calms down.

"Dipper," Bill stepped towards him and took him a little away from his mom, gently grabbing the camera from his hands. "thank you for coming. But right now I need to take her home and then I'll come to your house." Dipper opened his mouth to speak. "I'll explain everything to you. I promise." Dipper looked at him for a moment before Bill turned and walked away. "Come on mom, let's go home." She smiled for the first time since Dipper first saw her, and they walked away.

Dipper was so very confused.

"Dipper?" He looked over to see Candy, Grenada and Mabel walk over.

"Oh, hey.... congrats Grenda." He said softly.

"We noticed you were actually talking to Bill's mom? You two have become good friends huh?" Candy asked, causing Dipper to get a little nervous. He almost forgot the two girls had no idea
about their relationship.

"Yeah...yeah his mom's a little..." he trailed off, the three girls moved close enough so they could talk without anyone hearing.

"Look, Dipper me and Grenda have been his best friends since he came here. We know he's well..." Candy glances around. "With you. We are the only ones who know. But, we wanted you to know, he doesn't let anyone meet his mom." She said, even softer.

"What? Why?" He asked.

"No one knows really, but the few times we've seen her in public...she's just...a spaz. But he doesn't talk about her. I think he makes up stories about her." Grenda says, spinning her tassel on her finger.

"I think she has a drug addiction. She has the symptoms of heroine addiction." Candy whispers.

"No way, he-" he looked up and sighed "someone would've-" he sighed again "no one in Gravity Falls even-" he stopped.

"Actually," Mabel said softly "there is a dealer here in Gravity Falls...Pacifica knows them personally, but not for that reason. She's got a big circle of friends, she knows everyone in the area. It only makes sense." Mabel shrugged.

"But...he'd tell me!" Dipper said.

"He didn't tell us. And we met him long before you did." Candy said gently.

"I..." he ran his hands through his hair, pulling it in frustration. "I'm going back to the Shack. Congrats Grenda. But I can't...I need to get our room straightened up." Dipper said frustrated, beginning to walk away.

"Dipper." Mabel walked up beside him. "I don't know what's happening, but I know you care about him. And he must care about you to let you meet her, just...keep that in mind." She kissed his cheek gently. "And stay off my bed!" She shouted, turning around to run back to the girls.

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Knock.

Knock.

Knock.

They were gentle and slow. Dipper walked out of the kitchen and pulled open the door, Bill looked at him and sighed. He readjusted his bag on his shoulder.

"Come on, my room's upstairs." Bill walked in and they went upstairs together. Bill sat his bag in the middle of the floor and sat down, pulling his thin Bob's off and throwing them to the floor, then laying back on the wood floor.

"I have a lot of explaining to do. You might wanna go get some popcorn." Dipper walked over and sat down against his bed. "Well, it started when I was about five." He began, putting an arm over his eyes, as if the room was bright. "That was when my first dad cheated on my mom. My birth dad. They decided to get divorced. My mom's not good with men. She fought for custody and won, of course, and then she started to regret her decision. I was young, so I don't remember
much, but I remember her dating a bunch of guys." Bill rolled over and pulled his legs to his chest.

"Each guy was a whole new brand of asshole. Drugs, alcohol, mafia. Whatever you can think of, they were. She never got involved in those things, she was smart, but not smart enough to ignore bad guys. Then she got married again. He cheated on her, of course. They got divorced. This happened a few more times before I turned ten. That was the year it got bad.

"My mom had left the house when I went to school, and when I came back she wasn't there. I was mom less for a few days, when she called me. She needed me to bring a cab to wherever she was. We were in California actually at the time, so it wasn't hard to find a cab, but it was still pretty scary. Me, a ten year old, and some random cab driver went to pick up my mom. When we found her, she was so happy to see me. Well to see the cab.

"We got home and she began having all these attacks. She clung to a bottle of whiskey all night, and she was walking around the house mumbling to herself. So I locked myself in my room, she was scaring me. The next morning, she knocked on my door, she was talking almost normally. She was still a little off, but she had run out of alcohol. She made dinner and smiled like nothing happened.

"Since that night, she's kinda been an alcoholic. I had to learn to cook, how to pay rent, how to cure hangovers. Sometimes she'd go on breaks. Claim she was sober and would never drink again, then I'd find her on the couch with a new bottle. I usually take care of her, but tonight I needed to get out. Somehow I convinced my half brother to come down and watch her. He doesn't usually do anything nice...pretty sure I'm gonna have to kill someone now, but it'll be worth it." He sighed, rolling to his other side to face away from Dipper.

"Is that why you have insomnia?" Dipper asked softly.

"It's part of the reason, but sugar still does a number on my brain. Mom's three in the morning binges to help put her back to sleep didn't help much I'm sure." He mumbled.

"Bill..." Dipper moved over to him and played with his hair. "I'm sorry." Bill, his eyes closed, looking rather peaceful, reached up and took Dipper's hand. They sat like that for a moment. "We should watch a movie!" Dipper let go of his hand and got up, walking over to a shelf and pulling some boxes off of it. Bill got up and hugged him from behind.

"Thank you. For not freaking out. I'm sorry I didn't tell you." Dipper placed his hands on Bill's, they were all resting gently on Dipper's stomach, causing Dipper to shiver a little. The sensation was shockingly nice.

"Don't be sorry. It's okay." Dipper turned his head and popped up on his tip-toes, giving the older boy a gentle kiss on the lips. "So," turned to the thin boxes in his hands. "Harry Potter, one of course; Mean Girls; Frozen- Mabel has taken over my movie shelf!" He groaned, leaning his head back on Bill's shoulder. "Wanna watch a girl movie?" He asked softly, closing his eyes and letting himself relax into Bill's arms.

"We're two gay guys, by definition we should love girl movies." Bill said, leaning down to kiss Dipper's forehead.

"Don't be a statistic Bill." He chuckled. "It looks like she threw out half my movies, so what do you want to watch? You're choices are limited to Chick Flicks, Disney, and Harry Potter."

"I vote something Disney. What does she have?" They look at the shelf. "Brave, ugh feminists; Pocahontas, ugh white people; Cinderella, girls are too whiney, still; Tangled...Tangled is okay..." he looked at Dipper who just laughed and pulled it off the shelf. He went over to his bed, and
pulled his laptop from underneath. He sat with his back to the wall, and turned on the laptop, Bill climbed up next to him and wrapped an arm around his waist, laying his head on Dipper's shoulder.

They end up watching three more Disney movies after that one. It was the most relaxing Dipper had done in a long time.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Hold on to a world of information...this is getting into trigger warning territory. But not too bad. I promise. The next chapter will have major trigger warnings.

READ END NOTE PLEASE!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I'm tiired" Bill whined, his upper body falling opposite of Dipper.

"No you aren't." Dipper chuckled, knowing for a fact that Bill had eaten 20 fun size chocolate bars and drank three colas.

"But I know you are." He was right, for once. Dipper was starting to drift off.

"No, no it's fine. I don't want you up by yourself all night, I'll just go get a cola and-" Bill jumped on him, hugging him close. He laughed. "Bill let go!"

"No, I appreciate what you're trying to do, but I don't want you having any nightmares. Dipper it's fine with me if you go to sleep." He rolls off of him and next to him on the bed, carefully putting the laptop that used to be in front of them, on the floor as he took its place. "I'll just sit over here and read some of your stories." Bill giggled.

"I'm too tired to argue." Dipper said, easily defeated as he pulled at the blankets on the bed and forced his legs under the blankets. "You can lay in Mabel's bed if you want." Dipper said softly, cuddling himself into a comfortable position.

"Actually, if you don't mind, I just wanna stay here." A blush crept up Dippers entire body. "It's warm over here and I'm already here and the other beds over there..." he trailed off.

"So you wanna...sleep with me?" Dipper blushed, not entirely sure how to ask his question. "No, th-that was w-wrong...you want to uh...sleep...in the same b-bed- no that's not it-" a hand covered his mouth.

"Gee Pine Tree, I get what you're saying. And yes I want to lay on your bed and read while you sleep, if that's cool with you." There was a silence.

"Bill-"

"Come on-"

"No-"

"I'm just sitting here-"

"Bill." The younger teens tone made Bill's heart stop. His voice was small, trembling and hurt. Bill hadn't even heard this voice come out when they discussed freshman year. "Bill- I know you have no intentions-" he whispered, voice cracking. He stopped and took a breath before saying "but could you please sleep in Mabel's bed?" He curled into himself tighter.
"O-of course Pine Tree." He got up. "Is everything oka-"

"I'm fine...I'm fine I just..." the boy sighed. "I'll explain another time okay? I'm too tired right now..." he trailed off.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to sweetie." He leaned over and kissed the part of the boys head he could get to, then hopped onto Mabel's bed. "But for now, go to sleep. I love you." The reply back was so broken and pained that it physically hurt Bill.

"I love you too Bill."

\(^{\wedge}\wedge/\)

"MABEL!" Pacifica gasped, her hair a mess and her pajama dress slightly falling off her shoulder.

"PACIFICA!" Mabel gasped back, he hair in a ponytail, falling out slightly her face bright red. Mabel clutched her pillow in her hands, and moved, hitting Pacifica with it again. They giggled and hit each other with the imported feather pouches.

"Mabel, stop stop!" She laughed. "Mabel for real, stop and we can go get food." Mabel dropped her pillow.

"Food!?" Pacifica chuckled and threw her pillow down too.

"Come on cutie." She said, helping the other girl to her feet, giving her a quick kiss and dragging her downstairs to the kitchen. "You still gonna teach me to make Mabel Juice?" Pacifica asked, not realizing how relaxed she sounded when she wasn't putting on a show for anyone. Mabel always made her like this.

"Of course! Do you have apple juice, pineapple juice, three quarts of any color glitter you can get your hands on, four plastic dinosaurs, Lucky Charms, bananas, brown sugar, eggs, and baking soda?" Mabel asked, without a pause or breath.

"Scarily enough, I think I do." Sha laughed.

"Then let's make Mabel Juice!" She exclaimed, raiding Pacifica's pantry for supplies.

\(^{\wedge}\wedge/\)

Mabel was high on her sugar high, which wasn't very unusual, but for once Pacifica was too. Probably because they had a 'Mabel Juice shot contest' and finished a whole gallon of the stuff. "Where did the dinosaurs go?" They looked at each other, shocked and concerned at first, then laughing like idiots.

"Mabel?" Mabel hummed in reply. Pacifica moved on the bed to cuddle up to the girl. "I love you." Mabel started playing with her hair, braiding it into sections absentmindedly. "Mabel?" Mabel jumped and looked down at her face, smiling.

"Sorry, just thinking..." she mumbled.

"About what?" Pacifica asked, nuzzling into the others neck.

"I'm gonna sound dumb." She mumbled softly.

"Try me." She kissed the girls throat gently.
"I was thinking about us." Pacifica froze in fear. "Not like that." Mabel laughed, rubbing Pacifica's back gently to calm her down, she relaxed immediately at the touch. "I was thinking about...our future as a couple...we said we'd never talk about the future, cause this was just supposed to be a temporary thing to figure everything out with ourselves," Pacifica nodded "but I don't want us to be just that." Pacifica looked up at her.

"Really?" Mabel nodded, looking up at the ceiling.

"I love you Pacifica." She said softly, looking down at Pacifica. "I want us to be more than a simple experiment." Mabel shrugged.

"I do too, I didn't think you felt the same." Pacifica sat up and moved to kiss her.

"I love you." She whispered on Pacifica's lips. Pacifica smiled, then her face turned mischevious, then changed to inspired almost. She jumped up and ran over to her closet, digging through the items in the bottom. Mabel sat up. "First you don't say 'I love you' back, and now you're in your closet. The outcome of this doesn't look good." Mabel teased. Pacifica continued to dig for something. Mabel got up and walked over to her. "Pacifica are you okay?" The teen shuffled through her closets contents for a moment before exclaiming.

"I found it! I knew I had it!" She turned to Mabel, still sitting on the ground, and took her hands. "Mabel Pines, I love you more than I've ever loved anyone in the world." Mabel smiled. "And even if it is the Mabel Juice talking, I love you. And I hate saying goodbye to you every summer and I know I'm probably crazy when I say this but," she opened her hand, in it was a small gold band with several diamonds set in it. Several. Probably about 20. "Will you marry me?"

\(^.^)/

Dipper was alone in space. With no helmet. Why the hell was he in space without a helmet and still alive?

He looked down at earth, and suddenly it was like gravity was working again and pulling him down to earth. Smashing him into the ground. He struggled to open his eyes but looked around through the pain. He was in the fountain. His characters were standing in front of him, speaking their lines. The lines he had gifted to them. Or so he thought. The characters looked over at him, and turned into him and Bill. They continued their conversation. "I hate you." Bill sneered.

"NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN." He screamed and walked away. A shadow was looming over them, as they stomped away, in opposite directions, the white haired figure laughed maniacally.

"Told you no one would ever love you." It boomed.

"No no no! NO. NO. NO."

\(^.^)/

"NONONONONO!" Dipper sat up in his bed, his heart pounding, his heart racing, sweat pouring down his body. He heard Mabel jump in her bed. Feet padded over to him.

"Are you okay?" He looked over from his crumpled position, Bill had a concerned look on his face. That's right, Bill was spending the night.

"Bill..." Dipper's voice broke.
"Dipper what's-" Dipper jumped on him, throwing his arms around him holding him closer and tighter than he'd ever held anyone. "Shh...shh...it was just a nightmare. It's over now." Bill, lifted Dipper and moved them both onto his bed. Dipper was in his lap and had started crying, Bill held him closer and comforted him. They sat like that for a long time until Dipper stopped crying and began to wipe his face off. "Wanna talk about it?" He shook his head softly, Bill lifted him off his lap and covered him with his blankets. "It's okay now Dipper, I'm here." He combed his fingers through the younger boys hair. "I love you." He waited for a moment before deciding Dipper must have been too upset to answer, he got up went back in the direction of Mabel's bed to finish the story he was reading. A hand grabbed his and stopped him.

"I need to tell you about something. And it's really deep...and a huge secret...not even Mabel knows...and she can never know...you probably don't want to know either...but...I love you...a lot...and...I'm going to put more trust in you than I've put in anyone when telling you this...but you have a right to know as my boyfriend...and it's heavy but...you took the freshman year story well...so...I figured you'd take this well...well not well but...better than Mabel would..." he stopped himself and sighed.

"I'm here for you." A few more tears fell from Dipper's eyes. He sat up and Bill sat next to him, then Dipper moved so he could look at him.

"Bill..." he groaned.

"Dipper." He grabbed his hand. "I'm here. Always." Dipper allowed their hands to stay connected as he brought his knees to his chest, holding Bill's hand tighter.

"During that damned freshman year.." he trembled a little, squeezing Dipper's hand. "I was...raped."

Mabel gaped at Pacifica, who now had the ring pinched in her fingers offering it to Mabel. "I know i didn't pick this ring out for you, but i don't like it and i know how much you you like sparkly things and also this doesn't mean now, or tomorrow or whatever, but it means one day. It's almost more of a promise ring, but that you'll promise your hand to me when we're old enough. And find somewhere that will actually do the ceremony of course, but that's not even a problem really. But, nonetheless Mabel...will you one day marry me?" Mabel snapped out of her shock, and moved to kiss Pacifica roughly.

"Of course I will!" She hugged her and kissed her again. And again. And again. When she finally stopped, Pacifica was near tears. She smiled at her and reached for her left hand and slipped the ring on her ring finger. Mabel hugged her again. "Pacifica I love you!" Pacifica giggled at her and held her closer.

"I love you too." They sat in comfortable silence hugging for a few more minutes before Pacifica gasped. "Who are going to be our bridesmaids? Oh, we are both gonna end up wearing dresses, oh what if we wear the same one? That'd be horrible! What if our families hate us for being in love!?" Mabel pulled back and looked her in the eyes.

"Fuck them then." Pacifica gaped at her. "If they can't love us for who we are, they can fuck off." Mabel shrugged. Pacifica hugged her again.

"Mabel, you always know the right thing to say." Mabel giggled and moved to kiss her again, using her hand to hold Pacifica's head in place to prevent her from breaking the kiss.

"I love you." She whispered on her lips.
"I love you too, fiance." They break into a fit of giggles.

Chapter End Notes

This was going to be a longer chapter, but then I found out I'm bad with girl on girl smuts, so I'm gonna do a thing! I need a really romantic Mabifica nsfw story, if you wanna write it, go for it and please comment with a link to that story posted on whatever site of your choosing! This is all up to you! You'll be pretty much writing fanfiction for my fanfiction haha! I'm really excited to see where everyone goes with this :3 {and in case you were wondering and hadn't picked up on my clues and hints, Mabifica has already had sex in this story, just behind the scenes.} And thanks in advance everyone! :)}
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Update 1 of 2.

Chapter Notes

so for this chapter, I'm gonna tell Dipper's story in 3rd person. Dipper is gonna trip over the words so much, it would be so hard to read. Plus I don't feel like Dipper would say most of this out loud. He'd be really vague in the retelling and it would just be hard for the rest of the story if you as a reader don't get the full picture. If you really can't read, you may want to turn around or skip this chapter. This chapter will ONLY be about this event in his life

TRIGGER WARNING: RAPE, VIOLENCE, SEXUAL ASSAULT, NONCON. PLEASE DO NOT READ IF THIS BOTHERS YOU OR YOUR JUST CAN'T HANDLE IT. THIS IS NOT A NECESSARY CHAPTER, BUT IT WILL BE IMPORTANT. THE NEXT CHAPTER WILL INCLUDE THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW, FREE OF TRIGGERS.

Bill's heart stops. So does Dipper's. Neither make eye contact, but that's mostly because Dipper isn't looking up anymore.

Dipper's kind of always been ashamed of this memory. This moment in his life.

As Dipper begins to explain, Bill's heart aches for him.

Dipper was 15 when it happened.

It was a short and scary couple of weeks after the gang of boys beat up Dipper on his street.

Mabel was at home during school that day. She had gotten the flu, somehow. It probably had to do with her playing in the rain for a few hours, going to the store and shopping, and forgetting to change out of her cold wet clothes when she went home, and creating the early stages of the now perfected Mabel Juice. She insisted that Dipper shouldn't be alone, so she attempted to get up and put on a sweater.

To put it simply, the sweater was the only thing she got on before she fell over and passed out on the floor. Luckily for her Dipper was still in the house to help her up and tuck her back into bed.

Unluckily, he still had to go to school without his body guard.

He made it through the day okay, popping in headphones and cranking up some pop music to block out the demonic and unfortunately un-exorsized hallways of his high school. He was on the bus, continuing to mind his own business, when they got to his stop. He and the few other kids, all
of whom usually got off with him and Mabel, hopped off the bus and went their separate ways, leaving Dipper alone on the sidewalk.

Dipper was too busy enjoying his music to notice anything.

Dipper was too oblivious to hear the car pull up next to him.

Dipper was too distracted to notice hands grabbing his backpack.

Dipper was too scared to simply take the straps off and slip away.

Dipper was too stunned to fight back.

Dipper was not breathing when those hands pulled him back.

Dipper was crying when he was pulled into a garage and the door was slammed shut.

Hands hit him and smacked him, shoved him to the ground and abused him. Dipper had his eyes closed for most of the experience. The bruises added to the top of old bruises make him ache, the throbbing in his head increased with every touch of the man that towered over him.

The one time he opened his eyes, he could see white hair and the most cruel eyes in history, the smell of his god awful cologne filled Dipper's lungs. It was a smell he would never forget.

The hands went places no one had.

And it wasn't okay.

It wasn't until a year ago that Dipper erased the feeling of hands undoing the button on his pants, fingers yanking down his zipper, pants and boxers being shoved down his legs, fingers and nails digging into his hips, bruises forming, the feeling of his innocence being ripped from him, the feeling of another man taking advantage of him, the feeling of something shoving into him with no care, the feeling of being helpless, of hands covering his mouth and nose restricting his oxygen, his head getting foggy, the feeling his throat made as he screamed and cried until it hurt, the feeling of his hands being force held behind his back, so hard bruises formed over his old, just healed bruises.

When it was finally over and the boy let Dipper go, Dipper was crying. There were so many tears, it was impossible to see anything.

He was blinded with tears, his heart ached, his mind dulled, his body throbbed, Dipper barely found the strength to stand. The boy had grabbed his shirt and pulled him painfully close, grabbing hair and yanking that in the process as if to put the boy in even more pain, and he said "Tell anyone about this, and I will find you. I will torture you. I will make you wish I had killed you. I will break you, little faggot." The word cause Dipper to cringe even more. "You're disgusting. How could anyone like a little piece of shit like you? They can't!" Dipper whimpered as the boy screamed in his face. "Get out of my presence, filthy whore." With that the boy threw him on the ground, with enough force to make all of Dipper's body radiate with pain. Dipper struggled into a standing position, stumbled and through the tears found his backpack and pulled up his pants.

To this day, Dipper doesn't know how he managed all of that. His body was so numb, his mind was so numb, hell his existence was so numb, that nothing made sense to him at the time.

Not until the garage door was opened and Dipper ran like hell.
Ran until he got home where he ran to the bathroom.

And vomited for an hour.

And cried for several more.

He laid crumpled on the floor, sobbing and hurting for hours.

Then he felt something oozing between his legs.

And threw up again.

And again.

He vaguely remembers Mabel asking him on the other side of the door what was up.

He vaguely remembers telling her he got her flu.

He vaguely remembers peeling his sweat soaked clothes off his body and turning on the shower to hot.

Scalding hot.

He applied every soap in he and Mabel's bathroom to his body, hoping to whoever was listening to his pleads that it would wash the feeling on his skin away.

That it would burn out the memory.

That somehow, the hot water would fix everything.

He stood under the burning water until it ran cold.

And it didn't fix anything.

He went into he and his sisters bedroom and found fresh pajamas.

He crawled into bed and was overwhelmed to discover his sister was fast asleep.

And pleased to discover for the first time, that she was a heavy sleeper.

Dipper cried until he had nothing left.

The weeks that followed were the days that opened up his insomnia, every dream he had included the man. His attacker. The evil man who ruined him. His dreams were just a replay the memory, over and over again.

A week or so later they went back to Gravity Falls and Dipper found himself unable to do anything.

Up until this point, Dipper had been writing nonstop. But the things he had endured put him in a block.

He couldn't eat, couldn't sleep, and couldn't write.

Not long after that, Mabel started dating Pacifica and lucky for Dipper she became to caught up with her girlfriend to notice his distress.
Or at least that's how Dipper saw it. And it never mattered to him, he didn't mind it.

But in actuality, Dipper needed his twin more than ever.

He just couldn't face her with this.

Not when she was so happy.

So he didn't.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Update 2 of 2. Go back to the last chapter if you didn't read it UNLESS you skipped due to trigger warnings.

Chapter Notes

Shits getting real. Very real.

In case you lovely readers skipped the last chapter due to triggers, I added a few things you'll need to know for plot, but don't go back, because I'm copying them here! I promise, no heavy details are in here:

The weeks that followed the rape were the days that opened up his insomnia.

A week or so later they went to Gravity Falls and Dipper found himself unable to do anything.

Up until this point, Dipper had been writing nonstop. But the things he had endured put him in a block.

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But in actuality, Dipper needed his twin more than ever.

He just couldn't face her with this.

Not when she was so happy.

So he didn't

Dipper's face was soaking wet.

The tears were flying down his face, his body was shaking.

His hands were over his mouth and his knees were to his chest.

He was looking down at his toes, refusing to look up at Bill.

Both were shock still.
Bill was crying too.

The things Dipper had endured were unimaginable.

And he had kept all of it to himself?

How had he managed?

Bill snapped out of his sadness and took Dipper's hands away from his mouth. He twined their fingers together and moved so he could hug Dipper gently.

"Dipper sweetie...the things you've - you should've- why-" Bill wasn't sure what to say. He didn't want to say the wrong thing and upset Dipper even more. "You didn't deserve that." Dipper sobbed some more. "Dipper..." words couldn't express his emotions at the moment. So he just held the younger boy.

The younger boy moved so he could place his face on the others chest and just lay between his legs like that and cried.

Bill leaned back, rubbing Dipper's back softly, fingers playing with his curls causing the other to relax, even if it was a small bit.

They stayed like than for an eternity.

It ended up being only an hour, before Dipper's tears stopped and he just wrapped his arms around Bill, holding him tight.

"I'm sorry." Dipper mumbled. Bill's stomach twisted.

"You're sorry?" His tone was harsh, and Dipper winced before he continued "You shouldn't be sorry for anything, that asshole should be." Dipper relaxed, realizing the bite in his tone wasn't for him. Bill noticed it. "I'm not mad at you Dipper." He held him tightly for a moment. "This isn't your fault. What happened to you wasn't your fault. It was the fault of a very very twisted person. If I ever find this asshole, he's gonna wish he was never born." Bill growled.

"Bill-

"He will regret ever even thinking about-"

"Bill-

"Hurting my little Pine Tree-

"Bill-

"I'm probably not gonna let you out of my sight until that mother fucking-"

"Bill!" Bill stopped and looked at him, he had yelled his name. They looked at each other for a moment before Dipper snuggled his face back into the others chest. "I'm okay. I'm better than I was before actually. I thought I had gotten over it, and I kinda did, but talking about it, getting it out of my head.." he shook his head. "It's like a weight has lifted. I feel like a whole new person." He held Bill closer and tighter. Bill wrapped his arms around his shoulders. "I'm glad you feel better about it now..." Dipper sighed softly and relaxed entirely onto Bill, Bill lightly kissed his forehead "but I still wanna beat the shit out of him." And for the first time that night...
For the first time in a long time...

Dipper bust out laughing.

\(\wedge(^.^)\)/

Dipper woke up, calm and collected for once. He was about to get up and stretch when he felt arms around him. He opened his eyes and looked up. Bill was smiling down at him, brightly and definitely awake.

"Good morning, my Pine Tree." He said, his hand brushing up and down his spine gently.

"Good morning..." Dipper said softly, then cuddled into his chest. "I didn't realize I fell asleep..." Bill stroked his back again.

"I didn't know I fell asleep either, I knew you were asleep though." He chuckled "You make this really quiet snore, it's so cute." Dipper blushed, then realized his words.

"You slept?" There was a quiet pause.

"I...did didn't I?" He sounded shocked to discover this. Dipper peered up to see the shock clear on his face. "The last time I fell asleep at all was..." he pondered "I guess right before mom disappeared and had her..." he stopped himself. Both not sure what to call it and not wanting to say it. "Yeah...that was a long long time ago..." he pondered some more. "That was the last time, up until last night, I felt comfortable and safe..." he hugged Dipper close.

"I love you." Dipper said softly, moving his hand to draw random designs on Bill's stomach over his thin t-shirt.

"I love you too..." he leaned down and kissed Dipper's head. "I might have to stay over more often. I got a full three hours of sleep last night!" Dipper chuckled.

"I'm sure no one would mind...especially not me." Dipper blushed.

"Did you just ask me to sleep with you every night this summer?" He blushed darker and Bill laughed, kissing his head. "Kidding, kidding!" He started to rub the boys shoulder.

"Actually..." Dipper trailed off and Bill's hand clenched on his shoulder slightly. "I...I would enjoy you being here every night. That was the best sleep I've ever had. I just- I don't think- I'm not-" he sighed. "I'm just not ready for that yet...I'm will be soon, but not just yet, but-"

"I get it, Dipper." He rubbed his shoulder again. "I understand sweetie...and I'm not in any hurry. I love you, I don't have to make love to you to know that." Dipper melted, he loved how Bill said 'Making love' opposed to 'having sex'.

"Bill-

"I mean it." They got quiet and Dipper cuddled even closer, how it was possible, he didn't question it.

"Thank you." Another silence. He glanced at his clock and saw it was 10am, he carefully stretched and sat up, being sure he didn't hit the other in the face on accident. "Let's go find some food I'm hungry." Bill laughed and grabbed the boy, pulling him close to kiss his lips gently. Dipper took a few seconds to recover, then got up and they made their way downstairs to the kitchen.
"Morning Grunkle Stan!" Dipper said smiling at his great uncle as he and Bill entered the room. He was in the middle of a cup of coffee and reading the paper when they got there. He was already dressed for the day, but he still looked half asleep.

"Morning." He nodded curtly to them both, then got up. "Don't break anything." He mumbled, as he went into the living room and turned on the tv. Dipper looked at Bill and pulled a box of pop tarts from the cabinet and threw a pack in a nearby toaster.

"One or two? Assuming you even like pop tarts..." Dipper paused. "I don't even know what you like to eat and I've known you for a while now."

"Well, I like pop tarts, regardless of their sugar count." Dipper hesitated, not wanting to feed his boyfriend with his insomnic kryptonite. "I don't mind eating sugar and staying awake. Sugar only keeps me awake, it doesn't have the side effects like you and caffeine." He grabbed the box from beside Dipper, grabbed a pack, moved opposite of the counter and opened them up, beginning to munch on one. "Pwus, fow youw infwo," he mumbled, mouth full of pastry "I cwan eat jwust abowt any'ting, foowd is foowd." He bit into the pastry again as Dipper chuckled.

"Good to know." Dipper jumped at a sudden sound. Bill cackled at his reaction as he turned and retrieved his warm crispy pastry from the toasting slots of the machine. "You're cute." Dipper just scoffed.

"So," he pulled open the fridge and removed the orange juice, filling two (hopefully clean) glass cups with the liquid and handing one to Bill. "what are we going to do today?" Bill pondered, for several minutes before shrugging.

"No idea. I've been all over this town and there isn't much to do. There's the movie theatre, the abandoned Dusk 2 Dawn store albeit it isn't safe, the fountain which there isn't really anything to do, the lake, the swimming pool, karaoke club, the mini golf course, the museum...there's nothing around here." They sat quietly for a moment.

"I wonder if any towns nearby have anything." Bill shrugged at the comment.

"Probably not, well actually Grenda and Candy have told me about a teens dance club a few cities over. It's literally a big bar that doesn't serve alcohol. It's a 30 minute drive, maybe Mabel and Pacifica would want to go? Ooh that'd be fun! I haven't gotten to hang out with Shooting Star!" He asked, excited about his sudden idea.

"I'm sure they'd love to but..I don't know...a group date...to a club? I don't dance." Dipper whispered, Bill stepped over to him and began to dance. It wasn't classical but it wasn't necessarily hip hop, it was random and sparatatic. "What on earth are you doing?" He asked, trying not to laugh and failing.

"Dancing Pine Tree." Bill smirked, trying to make the other dance.

"Stop it." Dipper laughed, pushing him away.

"I can help you dance, come on. It'll be fun." He continued to dance, getting closer to Dipper, trying to make him join in.

"Sometimes I really hate you." Bill hugged him.

"No you don't." He said happily then rushing upstairs, Dipper in tow. "You call Mabel!" Dipper smiled and rolled his eyes at the other boy, but did as he was told dialing up his sister on his cell phone.
The ringing wouldn't stop.

Pacifica sat up, peeling Mabel's hands off her waist, and grabbed her robe, pulling it in to cover herself. She glanced back at Mabel and smiled, leaning over to pull the blankets back over fiancee and kissing her forehead softly.

Fiancee.

Damn that sounded weird. It's gonna take some getting used to, but not too much.

It was nice to have someone to spoil instead of the other way around, and she hadn't even gotten started yet.

The ringing started up again, prompting her to groan. Luckily Mabel was a heavy sleeper. The phone wasn't necessarily ringing though. It was just playing the most annoying song ever.

The Nyan Cat song.

Her fiancee was a charmer.

If you didn't read that with sarcasm, go back and do so.

Whoever it was had called three times now, she assumed it was important. She searched to room for Mabel's magenta jeans, and when she found them she stooped to pull her bedazzled phone out of her pocket and swiped the screen. "What's up?" She asked, standing back up and walking back near the bed.

"Oh hey Pacifica, is Mabel awake?" They both laughed for a moment. Of course she wasn't. "Me and Bill were talking about going on...well a group date." Someone whooped in the background, making Dipper laugh. "Me, him, you and Mabel. Apparently there's a teen dance club a few cities over-"

"Yeah, Lively Square. It's fantastic, actually. Me and Mabel went last summer, I'm sure she'd love to go again." She glanced at her sleeping fiancee and laughed silently to herself "We're in. In fact, I'll drive everyone."

"Awesome, thanks." He smiled, impressed she could be so nice.

"No problem, anything for Mabel..." she trailed off, mumbling it mostly to herself. "Hey, also wear something nice. It's not a shirt and cargo shorts kind of place."

"Oh...what would you suggest then?" He asked her, not knowing the proper way to go about these things.

"Business casual, but more casual than business. Jean's and a nice button up, nothing too fancy." Dipper nodded.

"Thanks." He said back.

"We will pick you both up at the Shack at six. See ya then!" With that she hung up. She shook Mabel awake, just barely.

"Huh wazzat?" She asked, sitting up, holding the blankets to cover herself.

"Hey cutie, get up. We are going clubbing tonight." Mabel opened her eyes and peered
"Hey cutie, get up. We are going clubbing tonight." Mabel opened her eyes and peered suspiciously at her. "We are going to Lively Square." Mabel smiled brightly.

"Oh yay! I've been wanting to go back there again!" She got visibly excited. Pacifica reached over and grabbed her extra robe and handed it to Mabel.

"Then let's get ready, we pick up Dipper and Bill at six." Her smile got brighter.

"THEY'RE GOING ON THEIR FIRST DATE! WITH US!" she pulled on the robe and got up doing a weird dance. Pacifica giggled.

"I'd throw up if my brother was going on a date with his boyfriend with us...just because he's my brother." Mabel stretched.

"Dipper is more of a friend than a brother." She shrugged. "We've been through too much together to be just siblings." Pacifica nodded and stood up.

"Well, we probably better run and take a shower. We are a bit of a mess after last night." The girls giggled at each other.

"You know..." Mabel whispered, walking over to Pacifica and grabbing the sides of her robe, pulling her close. "we can save water if we shower together." Pacifica blushes.

"Mabel Pines!" She gasps. Mabel chuckles and pulls her in for a kiss. Then pulls back and walks to the door, looking over her shoulder.

"You coming?"

\( ^\wedge ^\wedge /\)

"I can't believe you got Dipper to agree to this." Mabel said to Bill, as they waited for her brother to come out of the bathroom.

"I'm not sure how I pulled it off myself." He shrugged, rolling up his sleeves. He and Dipper wore the same size shirt, so he had just taken one from his collection. Not that it was a large collection. His wardrobe was mostly comprised of solid t-shirts and khaki shorts, he only had about five dress shirts and three pairs of jeans. Luckily, Bill had brought jeans with him and didn't need those. Plus they didn't have the same leg length.

"I'm so glad to see him getting so close to someone." Mabel said quietly, pulling one of her legs under her. She had on a dark pink dress Pacifica bought for her, it was covered in sequins, and looked like it came right out of music award show. "He's usually so quiet...and sad...I've never seen him so..." she gestured vaguely "Happy." The word sounded sad, and Bill didn't need to hear it, he sensed it. "I've been trying to help him out. Since those guys attacked him, he hasn't been the same. He changed into a whole different person. He was scared and timid, when he used to be so outgoing and fun." She sighed. "He used to be my best friend, then he just..." she shrugged. "I know it was my fault." Bill looked over at her.

"What?" He asked softly.

"Why he got so depressed after that. A month or so afterwards, I ran into Pacifica at a party here in town. Dipper had refused to go, and I went. I never miss parties. I should've taken him anyways that night. But me and Pacifica had a long long conversation, and she asked me if I wanted to go on a date. It was so weird and sudden but it felt so right..." Mabel played with a strand of her curly hair. "I ignored Dipper for the rest of the summer. I spent all my time with Pacifica, I ended up falling in love with her and ditching my best friend." She groaned softly. "It's all my fault that he got the way he did." She mumbled softly.
"No. No it isn't Mabel." Bill leaned over and hugged his boyfriend's twin sister. It was actually the first time the two had touched, let alone talked without her brother around. "Dipper loves you. Without you, he wouldn't be anywhere near okay." It was so hard to not reveal the truth, but Bill knew it would break both of them. "Besides, aren't you the reason he decided to use a dating website?" She smiled a little.

"Yeah, I barely got him to, but yeah." She looked at him as he pulled away.

"Then I'd say you're a pretty great sister, and pretty great sisters aren't the cause of bad emotions. He was going through a tough time. It wasn't your fault. You did more than anyone else for him." Bill said softly.

"Thank you, you're a really reassuring person." Bill beamed at her.

"It's what I'm good at! I wanna be a therapist, good to know I already have one skill down." He chuckled.

"You'll make a good therapist." She agreed, nodding. Suddenly a cough interrupted them, they looked over at Dipper who looked incredibly hot/adorable (depending on which person's point of view you were taking). He had on dark jeans, a pair of dark-comfortable looking van's, and a light blue button up shirt. The top few buttons weren't closed, but it made the look even more perfect.

"Does this look alright?" He asked, tugging the hem of his shirt down a little.

"You look- Dipper!" Bill couldn't finish his train of thought after half cooing his name. Instead he stood up and walked over to the boy, pulling him in for a gentle kiss. "Perfect." Dipper blushed.

"You two have got to stop being adorable. Please." Mabel chuckled, getting up and slipping her Mary Jane shoes back on.

"Shut up Mabel." Dipper scoffed and followed her, Bill following behind them both.

"Hi Grunkle Stan!" Mabel waved at him before rushing off. Dipper leaned into the living room as Bill followed Mabel.

"We'll be back by midnight. I hope. If everything goes right." Dipper said, his great uncle just laughed.

"Kid, it's okay. I'm not your parents, just make sure you come back before tomorrow afternoon or I'll send the police to find you. And call if you need me, I mean it." Dipper smiled and nodded.

"Thank you Grunkle Stan!" He beamed and ran for the door and out to Pacifica's car. Bill was already in the back seat, waiting for him to join. When he got in, BAABA was playing. "Turn it up!" He exclaimed, before reaching up and turning the dial up some and sitting back down and buckling up.

"Damn Dipper Pines, I see you do know how to get shit crazy! Awesome! This is gonna be just fine!" Pacifica smiled in her rearview mirror at him, he smiled back before glancing at Bill who was giving him a bemused expression.

"What?" He asked above the music.

"Didn't peg you for a BAABA kind of guy, that's all. But it's nice to see you let loose for a change." Bill leaned over and kissed Dipper softly.
"New rule, no pda with others in the car. The farthest you can go is hand holding. No kisses. I might throw up." Pacifica said, gagging a little.

"Glad to see you're still yourself, Northwest." She grinned.

"Shitface!" She exclaimed, before putting the car into drive and heading for the interstate.
Chapter 21

I just want to express how awesome you guys are. My entire family, and most of my friends, were acting like I was overreacting. It's really really nice to have people who support you. All if your comments gave me the strength to write this. You're comments were the sweetest and the most amazing comments ever. And I thank you so so much for them! :) you all are the literal best!

I have however revamped this a little from the previous writing, so if I gave you any spoilers in the comments, forget about them. I've changed a few things, and honestly made them better. There were a lot of issues I had while writing this originally, I just couldn't bear to fix them, but I've fixed them now. I'm proud of this, BUT be aware I didn't proof read. You all agreed to be patient but I couldn't let you all wait. Mostly because this is a badass important plot defying chapter. So pardon any mistakes.

And there's a hell of a lot more to go. We've got about 8 chapters left including this one, lots of plot twists coming your way! Hold on to your hats.

FINAL NOTE: this story will no longer be updated Wednesdays. It will be updated as I get chapters completed. Hopefully they'll be done quickly.

Thank you so so so so so so so so so much guys. I love every single loving one of you!!! Let's do this.

The room was practically vibrating when they entered. A stream of electronic, synthesized music was billowing from the over sized speakers up front. Bill started to hop excitedly and Pacifica had already dragged Mabel into the sea of bodies already dancing to the beat.

In a wave of rashness, Bill pulled Dipper into the mix of people and he began to dance like nothing was wrong. Like no one was watching. Dipper could only nervously chuckle for a moment before finally joining his boyfriend in erratically dancing.

After an hour or so of being complete doofus' in front on the strangers, Dipper decided he needed a break. He looked over at Bill, prepared to ask him if he wanted to sit down, but Bill had already made friend within the group and was dancing with them, smiling like nothing was ever wrong in the world. So Dipper let him be. He weaved his way out of the crowd and to the drink area where he asked for a cup of ice water and sat down. He was at the perfect spot to see Bill, but Mabel and Pacifica were no where in sight. But really he only needed to see Bill, who was now jumping to the beat.

In that moment, Dipper suddenly realized how crazy all of this was.

A few months ago he met, and fell in love with, the guy dancing on the other side of the room. A few months ago he would never agreed to go to a club to dance in front of people. A few months ago he never imagined he'd be talking to someone about the rape. A few months ago he wouldn't have even imagined being loved by anyone.

Wow. Things had really changed.
Dipper smiled to himself as he took a drink.

Five years ago his love for Wendy ruled his life, and now...now this incredible man did. Honestly, if Bill told him right now to jump off a bridge, he'd probably do it. He'd do anything for this man.

Whoa.

He'd do anything for this man.

Their relationship had come really far in the last few months.

A chair near Dipper moved, but he was too busy beaming at the sight of the love of his life dancing mindlessly to the beat.

"Well, well, well." Dipper's blood suddenly ran cold. "What do we have here? Why good shit! It's my little Dipper." Dipper would know that voice anywhere, but he didn't want to look. "What the hell are you doing here? Ah what does it matter? I have another round with my little toy fag." Dipper shivered and stood up. "Aw, where are you going? This was just about to get fun!" A hand made contact with his arm, so Dipper turned to look at the white haired man. He cringed slightly, but turned and ran, dodging chairs like they were black tiles on a black and white floor.

He had to get to Bill.

Perhaps this was a figure of his imagination? Ah yes, it had to be.

"Dipper!" The white haired man called out behind him, following closely. He ran faster, shoving through the people until he finally caught sight of his favorite blonde. He latched his arms around the older teen and held on desperately.

"Glad you're back! We're gonna- Dipper, are you okay?" He asked softly. Dipper shook his head, but Bill didn't really notice.

"Gideon?" Gideon...that name rang a bell. "What the hell are you doing here? You're supposed to be with our mother." Mother?"

"Your mother, she didn't raise me she left me-"

"That is not the point, Gideon. You need to go back." His voice was stern, Dipper faintly heard footsteps over the music as someone got closer.

"How about this brother," brother? "I see you've already found my favorite thing," there was a pause "so let's take him for a spin, shall we? He's quite obedient if you're demanding enough." Bill stiffened and pulled Dipper away from his chest. Dipper had already started crying, but not like he was a few days ago.

"Dipper- I- Is- Did he- Is he the one who-" Dipper looked down, not knowing what else to do. In one moment, Bill's face changed from confused, to furious. Suddenly he was moved behind Bill. "Stay here, don't move." Dipper looked up just as Bill's jaw connected with Gideon's face. The sound of flesh hitting flesh echoed as you room got quiet, a couple girls even shrieked. Years started to fall, what was he doing? Why was he there? What if he hurts Bill? "How dare you talk about him like that! How dare you do that to him! You sick bastard!" Gideon wiped off the blood and approached him again.

"Come on bro, let's just not make a fuss and we can take him home, have our way with him and send him in his way. He'll love it, the sluts always do-" another hit to the side of his face. "Okay
once is bad enough but twice, ouch." He mumbled.

"I'm not your brother, I'm ashamed to even share dna with you. You make me sick!" Bill spat.

"Brother-"

"Say another word and I swear-"

"Bill!"

"I'm just telling you the truth, he's a whole and we can get-" this time the punch started a series of punches between the two. Dipper looked over at the person who just grabbed his arm and Mabel began to drag him away.

"No, no Bill-"

"Paz will get him, calm down-"

"He's gonna get hurt-"

"He's fine-"

"Bill!" Dipper's voice began to crack. But Paz walked over to the fighting two and took Bill's arm, pulling him from the mess.

"You're done." Bill was shivering angrily.

"I should kill you for what you've done to him!" Bill exclaimed.

"Do it, we know you won't you're weak!" Gideon taunted back. Bill attempted to break from Pacifica.

"Bill, Dipper needs you not in jail for assault. Don't go back, for Dipper." She said softly, drawing Bill's attention. He softly nodded and she led him outside to the car where the other two already were.

"Dipper-" "Bill-" they embraced and held each other for a while, Dipper sobbing and Bill gently soothing him. After a moment Pacifica spoke up.

"Get in the car, I don't wanna be out here when he leaves." Bill simply picked Dipper up, and got in the back seat, holding the boy close until he was out of tears and soon enough they were far away from that stupid club. There was a good 30 minutes of silence, save for Dipper's sobs. But they were few and far between. Bill leaned forwards and kissed Dipper's forehead gently.

"Feeling better?" Dipper nodded gently.

"I was worried about you." He said softly.

"You were crying...because you were worried about me?" Dipper nodded and Bill resisted chuckling. "I'm fine, are you okay?" Dipper nodded.

"Just...scary..." he said softly, cuddling into Bill's warmth.

"Can we know why Bill beat the shit out of that guy now? By the way, nice job." Pacifica said.

"That's none-"
"No." Bill looked down at Dipper. "I need to tell Mabel. I'm not keeping this secret anymore." He moved to sit in his own seat, making sure he was close enough to Bill for him to wrap his arms around him. "Mabel...this is gonna be hard to hear, I know...but...remember that one time you had the flu?"

"And I was in bed for a full 24 hours?" She joked.

"Yeah." Dipper didn't even sound amused. She reached back and he took her hand. "Well..." 

\(^.^/\)

It was maybe five minutes later when the story was over. Mabel was clutching her chest, Dipper was just squeezing her hand and Bill was holding him tightly and kissing his temple in support.

"Dipper- why- I-" she couldn't find the right words.

"It's said and done, don't worry about it. I just needed to tell you." Dipper said softly.

"Dipper, shit I need to hug you. Pacifica pull over." She did so quietly, and surprisingly obediently. As soon as the yield lights on the car were on, she threw herself into the back seat at Dipper. Luckily they didn't injure each other, but Mabel didn't let go. She just hugged her brother tightly.

"Mabel, I'm fine." He said, patting her back gently.

"Bro-Bro-" she stopped herself.

"I'm fine Mabel, actually, after tonight, I'm more over it than I've ever been." He smiled at Bill.

"Is it because I punched him?" He joked.

"Probably, are you okay by the way? Those sounded like some hard hits." Dipper picked up Bill's hand observing the busted skin.

"That's barely a scratch." Bill said shrugging.

"But still, thank you." He brought his hand up and kissed an area not wounded gently.

"Anything for you my love." Dipper smiled and they kissed tenderly.

"Okay yeah that's my cue to go back to my seat." Dipper chuckled at Mabel as she crawled back up front.

"Well this has been an adventurable day." Pacifica said softly.

"Welcome to the club of forever adventurous days." Mabel joked.

"Forever- wait, is there something I'm missing?" Dipper asked.

"Oh." Both girls said softly.

"Well, Dipper-"

"I'm marrying your sister." Mabel gaped at Pacifica. "You wouldn't have told him, someone had to." She shrugged.

"Well, let me see the ring Mabel!" She chuckled and put her hand back again so Dipper could see
the ring. "It's so you, I'm happy for you two." He smiled brightly. "I'm sure you're really excited to be my sister in law." Pacifica snorted.

"Not at all, shithead." And for the first time that night.

Dipper laughed.

Like nothing was wrong in the world.

Because for once, nothing was wrong in the world.

\^_^/

Dipper set the first aid kid down on the bed, taking Bill's hand carefully cleaning his busted skin. "You're so sweet." He said softly.

"Me? You punched your brother for me." Dipper said.

"I didn't get a chance to explain that, he's my half brother. His dad was mom's second husband's son. The bad husband, he was three when they divorced, but he stayed with him. He didn't want to leave his dad, he hated mom. I found his contact info a few months back and he came to visit us. I'm an idiot for thinking it was a good idea in the first place." He scoffed to himself. "Gideon's a drug addict. I shouldn't have contacted him...I left him with mom- oh god my mother is alone right now-"

"When I'm done bandaging this you can go-"

"I can't leave you-" Dipper took Bill's face in his hands.

"I'll be fine. I have Mabel. Lord knows she's not leaving me alone. Go check on your mother." He pulled his injured hand up and kissed it "Go." Bill looked at him, Dipper could see the conflicts running through his mind in his hurt eyes. "Bill, I love you. I'll be fine. You've helped me more in a few months than I've helped myself in a few years. I'm going to get better after this. I'll be fine, I promise." He leaned over and captured the boys lips. "Now go take care of you mom." Bill pulled him in for a passionate kiss.

"I'm coming back, I'll help her to bed then I'll come back, I'm not leaving you tonight." He kissed him again. "I love you Dipper." Dipper smiled.

"I love you too Bill." And, very hesitently, Bill let go of his hand and rushed downstairs and to his house. Mabel came through the bedroom door right after him, her hair still dripping from her shower.

"Where's Bill?" She asked.

"Went to check on his mom. He'll be back soon." She nodded.

"You go on to sleep, I'll stay up to let him in." She offered.

"You sure? I already feel bad that you're not with Pacifica-"

"It's fine, Dipper. I've been with her enough. You're my highest concern right now. So get some rest." Dipper smiled and crawled under the covers.

"I love you Mabes." He said softly.

"Love you too bro-bro."
Love you too bro-bro.


Stan heard one of the twins thumping down the stairs. At first he wondered who it was, but then he realized it was Dipper. Dipper was the only one of them who wore socks at all times. Sitting in the living room, listening to the patter of steps on the stairs from the twins reminded Stan of the good times they all used to have together.

\(^.^/\)

{{FLASHBACK YO}}

It was a quiet Wednesday, there wasn't anyone around, the Shack literally had one visitor all day. Finally Stan decided he was tired of this, he walked over to the door and flipped the sign to closed. Dipper, who had been sitting on the floor reading snickered.

"Giving up on a day of profits?" He teased.

"Yeah, but not giving up on a great day. Come on, I wanna show you something." Dipper raised and eyebrow, but got up anyways. They went upstairs and into the hallway that connected all the bedrooms, where Stan pulled down the access stairs to the attic. When Dipper entered the tiny room behind his grunkle, he was presented with a goldmine of cool old stuff. Some chests, old paintings, boxes of things. But Stan walked past them and undid some latches on the wall and pushed open the wall, which was actually a door, and stepped out beckoning Dipper to follow him. Dipper did so, and he was glad he did. The view was amazing. He could see most of the town from here, but it was more treetops than anything else. But that didn't really upset Dipper,
that forest was like a second home to the boy. "I thought you'd like this. Me and Stanley spent a lot of time up here." Dipper looked over at Stan, he hardly ever talked about Stanley.

"No wonder, it's a great view." Stan smiled.

"It really really is." There was a pause as Stan sat down, legs hanging off the edge of the roof. Dipper did so too. "Have you talked to anyone about your nightmares?" Dipper blushed and looked at his grunkle.

"I- my- what-"

"I know about the Dipper. You have bags under your eyes every morning, I've noticed how little you actually sleep, not to mention I've been woken up by your screams..." there was another pause. "Stanley had nightmares too." Dipper looked at him once more. "I know the signs of someone who is having them, but I also know yours aren't as bad as his were." He sighed. "Stanley dreamed about scary things, like this one dream...in the dream he was killing people. People he knew, me, our parents..." there was silence. "He used to draw to ease the pain after waking up, it seemed to work well, you should try it." Dipper considered this.

"I would, but I can't draw. I just get irritated when I try." He shrugged.

"Maybe you should write about it?" And somehow, his grunkle knew exactly how to fix his problems.

So Dipper began writing. He was so busy working on his writing that he barely remembered he had nightmares. He kept himself up writing for so long that by the time he fell asleep, he'd just be woken up shortly by Mabel or an alarm.

Eventually, he and Stan started going on nature walks and adventures. Stan would take him somewhere that Stanley liked to draw, and Dipper would bring a notebook and use it as a writing prompt. Stan enjoyed spending so much time with the kid, not to mention he got a great series of opportunities to revisit places he and Stanley visited as kids.

Since loosing his brother, Stan really hadn't been back to any of those places. Stanley's death was sudden, unexpected, and horribly painful for everyone. Especially with the separation in the family at the time. And even though he and Stan were close, Stan always felt like his death was his fault.

He never said it out loud, nor did Dipper, but they were both grateful for this chance. They were helping each other slowly.

But one summer, the summer after Dipper began high school to be specific, they stopped going on morning adventures. Dipper either sat in his room and moped, or sat on the roof and moped. He stopped writing, his laptop and notebooks began collecting dust. The kid had changed dramatically, and Stan had picked up on that quickly. Stan didn't know why though, Mabel didn't either. But everyone around him sensed the change.

The only person who knew the truth behind the change was Dipper. That rape had hurt him in more ways than he ever let on.

{{FLASHBACK OVER YO}}

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The shack had been quiet all day. Soos was currently taking the week off, and they'd had a grand total of three customers in the last two hours. Mabel was in the process of putting her shoes back
on, after removing them to decorate her toenails, and Dipper was staring at a blank page, trying desperately to brainstorm when Stan stood up. "We're going on an adventure." Dipper looked up, and beamed. "All of us. Family adventure." Mabel groaned and dropped her shoe.

"Me and Pacifica were going-"

"Not anymore. Call her and tell her you're canceling." She grumbled as she walked away from the two, Dipper got up and leaned against the counter towards his grunkle.

"Where are we going today?" He asked excitedly.

"You'll see when we get there. It's a surprise, squirt." Stan ruffled the boys hair and walked around the counter.

"No hints?" Stan chuckled.

"Even if I gave you a hint, you'd never know." Dipper simply smiled.

\^._.^/

"Whoa." The twins mumbled softly.

"Take it in, it's beautiful." The cave Stan had led them to was encased in gems on every wall. They were practically glowing in the lights of their flashlights. The sparkling crystals varied in colors and sizes, it was hard for the twins to look away.

"How'd you find this place?" Mabel asked softly.

"Me and Stanley discovered it when we were...I dunno 12? We came here a lot. It was too beautiful not to. When one of us needed to calm down, or get work done, or just...have somewhere to be alone." Stan trailed off. It was quiet for a minute.

"Do you miss him?" Mabel asked softly. Stan turned to look at his, not-so-little-anymore niece, and gave her a sad smile.

"So much. But you know what they say, never regret anything that made you smile. He wouldn't want me to be sad, especially not in our safe haven." His smile brightened. "Dipper?" Dipper hummed back. "What are you picturing?" The two played this game quite often. They would find a wonderful place, and Stan would ask Dipper if he could picture a scene going down here. Sometimes it'd end up being a vivid word for word description of the area, and sometimes it would end up being and story about some characters. It brought the two peace in their own ways.

"Well..." Dipper started. "I see...I see a couple." He closed his eyes and thought about it. "They're really close. Practically best friends, they've never been here before, they found it after hiding from a rainstorm. They have this moment...this moment where they make eye contact. The crystals around the room brighten. The connection between the two could power a city, much like it's powering the colors in the gems. They take each others hands and embrace, five a gentle, reassuring kiss, and just stand there. Happy to have each other, happy to know each other, and then he whispers 'I love you' and the rain outside seems to stop as the light of their love engulfs the room and another 'I love you' is whispered back." Dipper smiles to himself, then remembers where he is. He opens his eyes and Mabel's tearing up, while his grunkle is giving him a heartfelt, but slightly confused look.

"That's the first romantic one I've heard yet." Dipper blushed a little. With everything going on, he'd begun to turn into a romantic. It was good, because he was finally able to work more on his writing. Those key relationships now had a parallel for Dipper, Dipper could actually recognize
their connections. He could sympathize. His writing had gotten more sappy, and no one was really complaining.

"I don't know...it's just...it's a romantic and calming place...I don't know..." he scratched his arm nervously. God that habit had to be kicked again soon.

"I can see it." Stan mumbled, looking around and nodding.

"Can we go home? It's cold." Dipper chuckled.

"It's a cave, did you want a sauna?" Mabel groaned at him.

"I didn't know we were visiting a cave." She rolled her eyes.

"You literally have a sweater on, you should be warmer than the rest of us." She scoffed.

"Girls get cold easy, especially me." She defended.

"It's gonna call you Fishy now. Ooh, even better, Nemo!" She turned to him and gasped, actually sounding offended.

"I should slap you!" She said.

"Do it, you won't." She glared and him and turned to walk away. "Told you." Then she turned on her heel and ran, tackling Dipper to the ground with a thump. They both giggled as a tickle war broke out, and Stan simply watched with a smile, thinking of times when he and Stanley would do that.

It was so easy in moments like this to remember that Stanley had so much going on under the surface in his life. One minute Stanley could be giggling, tickling and drawing or painting, and the next he'd be screaming, yelling and threatening. That insomnia was just a cover up for his BPD, and his tickle fights and art were a cover up for his depression. The two had good and bad days, the last time they talked, it was a good day. His last good day. They went on another adventure to this cave, to a nearby flower patch, on a hike to the cliff that overlooked the city, to the deep recesses of the forest, hours spent with the two almost adults discussing who was the most attractive in town and how college sure was going to split them apart.

No one expected to find him the next morning, with a hole in his head and his brains scattered on the tree behind him.

Especially not Stan.

He'd been fine before...but today...

"Stan?" He jumped and looked over at Dipper.

"Sor-" His voice cracked and he coughed. "Sorry, let's go back home?" He quickly regained his cool and led them out of the cave. He had somehow managed to recover from his twin brothers suicide, but he never really forgot it. Would he ever forget about it?

They were halfway through their quiet walk home when Dipper turned his phone back on. He liked to keep it off on adventures so he could enjoy nature, but with him just in case. Within minutes there were several text message alerts ringing in the quiet peacefulness of the forest. He unlocked the screen and scrolled through the notifications.

Bill: Dipper
Bill: Dipper omg please reply
Bill: Dipper it's an emergency
Bill: okay emergency is a bit too dramatic of me...
Bill: what's that in the sky?
Bill: oh that's me, needing to TELL YOU SOMETHING
Bill: I'm coming over.
Bill: no I'm not that's rude.
Bill: call me when you get this I need to tell you something!!!

So Dipper swiped the zcreen a few times before putting his phone to his ear. It rang once before being answered.

"Dipper!! Dipper Dipper Dipper! Can I come over? Please? I have news! Please?" Dipper chuckled and looked up.

"We are maybe five minutes away from the shack-"

"I'll be waiting for you see you soon love you bye!" There was a click and the line was disconnected. What had Bill so worked up?

"What was that about?" Stan asked. Dipper jumped, forgetting that there were others with him.

"Not sure, Bill has to tell me something." He shrugged as they kept walking.

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Before they could even unlock the door to the shack, Bill ran over and picked Dipper up in a spinning, over enthusiastic, excited hug, letting out a loud squeal in the boys ear. "Bill wha-"

"MY MOM WENT TO REHAB!!!" he screams. Dipper pulls back to look at the older boy.

"Rehab?" Bill sets him down but continues to move excitedly. Dipper notices a cut on the boys forehead, not fresh but not old either. "When did you get this?" He asked softly, touching the area around it. Bill hissed in pain and moved back a little at the touch. "Bill-

"Don't worry about it anyways she decided she needed help and she's finally getting it!" He exclaimed, taking Dipper's hands and dancing around.


"...Mom threw a glass bowl at me-" Dipper gasped "She didn't mean to! She couldn't focus on anything, I scared her by coming in the room and she wasn't expecting it, it didn't hit me but a few shards did after it broke and-"

"Was she drinking?" Dipper gasped out.

"Well...yes but-"

"What the hell!" Dipper said loudly, mad that any mother could hurt her kid like that.

"But she's getting help-

"Bull-!" He stopped himself, taking a breath. "Good. I'm glad." He sighed and looked up at his boyfriend. "I wish you didn't have to get hurt for her to get the help she needed." And before another word could be spoken, Dipper pulled the taller boy down and in for a kiss. Sometimes Dipper forgot how soft Bill's lips were, how gentle.
Dipper could spend forever with this man, and that wasn't something he was opposed to.

As they pulled away from each other, Dipper reached up to touch the spot even more gently, and opened his mouth to ask if Bill wanted him to clean it properly for him, when there was a cough. They both looked over, simulanously at Stan, who was standing there staring at them.

Shit.

Shit shit shit.

"I uh... came to tell you... you're in charge of dinner tonight... and uh... I'm gonna go take a nap before dinner, so... yeah..." he turned and rushed back inside. Dipper looked over at Bill, both struck with fear. Bill reached for his hand and held it.

"Damnit." Dipper whispered to himself.

Chapter End Notes

If you suffer from any mental issues and it has you thinking about ending your life, PLEASE DON'T DO IT. you're amazing and I love you! There are tons of people out there who can help you! Don't forget that everyone! :)
chapter 23

Chapter Notes

Cool so I didn't mean for this to be up so soon, but I got to writing yesterday and didn't stop. So here it is.

Warning: suicide, major character death and fierce board game competitions. This is not meant to be a heavy chapter, don't let the details weigh you down!

The next chapter will be a filler, but you'll be grateful for it later.

On we goooooo!!!

Bill's hand tightened around Dipper's. "He's gonna kill me. He's so dissapointed. He hates me. I know it, I can'-"

"Dipper." Bill said softly, hugging him gently from behind and holding him close before pressing a kiss to his temple. "Calm down. We know nothing for sure. I'm sure he won't be-"

"Yes he is, he hates me and-"

"Hey," he spun the boy around to face him. "Let's go make dinner. Come on. It'll take your mind off the situation. Thinking about it is not going to help anyone, the only thing that is going to help is hearing from him directly, not making things up. It'll be a while before he wakes up, so if we distract ourselves, then we won't have any problems," He says softly.

"I love you. You're absolutely right. Let's go make dinner. Yeah. Yeah. It'll be fine." He tried to reassure himself.

"I'll be here at your side until the end. And by end of course I mean the cruel-cold hand of death, because nothing else is taking you away from me." Dipper gave a light smile before Bill drug him inside. "Now let's go cook!"

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"Paz, I...yeah I know but...tomorrow. tomorrow I will not flake out on you. Tomorrow we spend the whole day together okay?...I know...I know but tonight is family night. I'll make sure it's worth it...yeah...of course we can do that..." Mabel gasped and turned bright pink. "Yeah we can do that too...promise.... I love you too." With that she hung up. Well...time to see what the boys were up to.

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"I said one half cup-"

"I'm 200% sure you said one cup-"

"I'm 200% sure you're wrong-"

"You've ruined dinner-"
"Me? You did it!" Dipper said accusingly.

"You...mumbled!" Bill accused back.

"I'm don't ever mumble, sweetums." Dipper replied, moving to take the almost water mixture from him.

"Sweetums?" Bill laughed "I see I'm the one who is good with nicknames, not you." Dipper shook his head, a smile plastered on his face.

"Yeah, sweetums, got a problem with it?" Bill chuckled.

"Nope!" Dipper stared down at the mix and sighed.

"This was supposed to make cookies...they were going to be so good-"

"Why use a factory produced recepia? All you need, is a little Improvisation." Bill smiled brightly.

"Fine. Improv away, I'll finish making the actual meal for tonight while you make cookies." It was as though Mabel knew her cue.

"Cookies? Can I help?" She asked excitedly.

"Yeah Shooting Star, get over here!" Dipper chuckled, Mabel and Bill haven't spent much time together, Dipper's only heard him use her nickname once or twice.

It's so cute.

"What kind are we making?" She asked.

"Chocolate chip brownie cinnamon sugar cookies." Bill smiled triumphantly, and Mabel gave him a look. "Trust me on this one." Bill winked at her and they both set out to find ingredients. Dipper opened a shelf and poured some spices into the roast pan before shoving it back in the oven to finish cooking. He could smell the herbs, potatoes--and weirdly enough--chocolate chips all around the kitchen, and it made him smile. Then he heard Mabel shout something playfully accusing at Bill and his smile brightened. He'd never seen the two in such a good mood.

He just kept finding things he could get used to.

"Dipper?" Dipper snapped back to reality and turned to see his grunkle in the doorway. "Come uh...help me with something? Restocking in the shop." Dipper glanced over at Bill and their eyes locked. Dipper sent an invisible 'You know where to find my body if I don't come back', and Bill replied with a 'He's not gonna kill you, but if it makes you feel better I'll find your body under the Mystery Shack.' Then he followed Stan over into the shop. "Kid, sit." Dipper did so, sitting down on one of the stools behind the counter. "Are you-"

"Yeah." There was silence.

"You don't even know-"

"You were gonna ask if I'm gay. And I am. Gay as can be. And to be honest, I'm utterly in love with Bill. He's been amazing these last few months and I'm not going to end-"

"Months?" Dipper swallowed.

"We met online...in like...January? I think...in was coincidence he lived here but...we've been
together for a while..." Dipper said, looking down.

"So you are together then?" Dipper nodded.

"I'm not going to end one of the best things that's ever happened to me, so don't even think about making me!" Dipper said, suddenly defiant and suddenly standing, ready to protect himself and Bill at all costs.

"One of?" Stan asked softly. This took Dipper aback.

"Y-yeah...coming to Gravity Falls a few years ago changed my life, even if Bill wasn't here, coming here...it helped me realize who I am..." Stan stood up and hugged his nephew, who was too stunned to move.

"This town has a way of doing that kid." He said softly. "I'm just glad it helped you instead of hurt you." As he pulled away, Dipper looked at him.

"Stanley?" Stan nodded. "We both know he's probably much happier where he is now. All the peace and quiet he always needed. Albeit the silence is probably driving him crazy and he's probably up there making loud noises and cheering when it storms." Stan chuckled, he had a good point. And he had known Stanley for like a year or two when he was maybe five, how he knew so much about one person who had been gone for so long...Stan would never know. Then again...

"You're so much like him." Dipper looked at Stan again. "There's so much about him you never got to know..." Stan started to laugh, genuinely this time, not sad as he was before.

"I wish I could've...but he'd probably be just as dissapointed in me as you are." He gave Dipper a confused look.

"Why would I be dissapointed in you?" He asked softly.

"Because I'm gay. I'm a disgrace-"

"Dipper, Dipper you're no disgrace. Not to me, and especially not to your grandfather Stanley." Dipper looked at him, tears welling up in his eyes. "There's a lot you don't know about him, and this is a perfect time to tell you." Dipper gave him a questioning look. "Dipper, your grandfather was gay. He had fallen in love with a Marine, he was with a girl who was pregnant with your father at the time, so he couldn't do anything with the man. He talked non-stop about him. The man loved him back too, they talked a lot, but it never went far. Your grandfather loved your dad too much to do that to him. He decided he would tell Georgiana about his sexuality after she had you, agree to help her take care of the baby but he couldn't lie anymore and he needed to be with his true love.

"Well...and week or two after your father was born, he told her, and she was pleased as punch to hear that he was in love. She was more than happy to let him be with his love, and he could come help with the baby during any free time he could manage. They worked together until the day he died." Stan sighed. "Then his newfound lover told him he had to go back, had to go fight for his country and that he'd be back soon...a few months later your grandfather got the news that the love of his life was dead." Dipper put a hand over his mouth. "Heartbreak. That was the real cause of death...he couldn't do it anymore...and none of us blamed him...his insomnia and BPD did not help I can assure you...they probably drove him to that point...but it was the broken heart that got him..." Stan played with his hands. "You and your grandfather are so very much alike." He shook his head. "And I'm perfectly okay with you being in love with a man, if it wasn't obvious...just promise me one thing?"
"What's that?" Dipper asked.

"If you really love him, if you really care about each other, don't let him go. Ever. I don't know if I can lose you too."

^_^/

Bill bit into another cookie as Mabel set up the board. Ah Monopoly.

The board game that destroys families.

Mabel sat the pieces out and claimed the cat as her own, Dipper reached up and took the thimble, and Stan and Bill reached simultaneously for the top hat and their hands smacked.

"I'm always the top hat." Stan said softly.

"So am I." There was a tensed pause.

"Well I'm the owner of this house so it's mine." Stan smiled triumphantly.

"I'm your guest, so doesn't that mean...it's mine?" Stan's smile dropped.

"I...what is this!" Stan says getting frustrated. "I don't like your boyfriend Dipper." He huffed.

"He's just like you, don't even try that." Dipper laughed. Mabel looked between the two.

"Wa-Wai-what?" Mabel asks.

"I just want to be the top hat." Bill mumbled.

"Then how about me make a bet? A deal?" Bill perks up.

"I'm listening old man." Mabel continues to look back and forth between them.

"I feel like taking a vacation, so you run the Mystery Shack for two days, if you can make more profit than me before I return, you can be the top hat for good, if not I will." Bill eyes him.

"Deal." They go to shake hands before Bill pulls his hand back. "Wait a minute." He said. "What are the rules?"

"You're right Dipper, I like him." He says. "Okay, rules are; anyone can help you who is willing, you decide if you pay them or not, you have full and utter control of the shack for 48 hours. If you wind up negative, you're banned from the shack for a week." Bill gasped. "Oh yeah, no boyfriend time. Be scared kid. So, deal? You make $260 or suffer your losses." Bill looked up and him.

"Does winning include bragging rights?" Stan smiled.

"Hell yeah. So deal?" He offered his hand, Bill looked at it then shook it.

"Deal." Dipper sighed.

"Power hungry demons, both of you." He rolled his eyes.

"That's me babe!" He chuckled.

"I'll leave next Friday morning, you have until then to mentally prepare youself. For loosing." He challenged.
"Sure old man, sure." They each picked different characters before placing them on start. Mabel was sitting there stunned.

"Boyf- guys- wha- what's happening?" Dipper chuckled.

"Stan knows about me and Bill." He said calmly.

"He- uh- I- wha-"

"This family's fabulous levels are off the charts guys." Bill jokes.

"Three queers, ah I love this family more and more everyday." Dipper says while putting his feet up on the table and tipping his chair back slightly.

"Th-three? Who else is gay?" Mabel asked.

"Mabes, you gave yourself away." Stan said, starting to laugh.

"I-I- Dipper!" Dipper laughs so hard his chair tips back and he falls into the floor, continuing to laugh. Bill and Stan are laughing hard too, but Bill is attempting to help Dipper stand up.

"Kid, your grandfather was gay." Stan days, trying to breathe through the laughter.

"I...Stanley?" She asks, shocked.

"Yup." Dipper says, catching his breath as he picks his chair up and sits back down.

"Whoa...that's so cool! Oh my goodness this is amazing, Dipper we have the coolest family on the planet! This is so awesome! You're the first person other than Pacifica and Bill to really know and I mean they have to know, if they didn't I'd be concerned! Oh this so fantastic it's going to be so nice to not hide myself from anyone anymore-" she gasped "DOES THIS MEAN FAMILY NIGHTS CAN BE EVEN MORE FUN? CAN PACIFICA COME OVER NEXT FAMILY NIGHT? OH PLEASE!!?! SHE'S WANTED TO JOIN IN FOR SO LONG!"

"Pacifca?" Stan asked. "The Northwest girl? You're dating a Northwest?" Mabel blushed, so got so excited she started rambling.

"I-uh-well-yeah but-uh-" she coughed "more like...engaged." She said softly. Dipper almost missed it.

"You're- Mabel!" Stan got up and moved around the table to hug her. "Congratulations! I love you so much Mabes! Of course Pacifica can come over whenever, in fact-" he stood up and looked at Bill. "You're welcome anytime too! Hell, I'll make you and Pacifica both a key of your own!" He beamed.

"Really?" Bill asked, genuinely surprised.

"Of course! Clearly you two mean a lot to my little twinnies," Mabel and Dipper playfully groaned at their nicknames. "You're welcome in my home anytime." He snickered. "Unless you lose next week that is." Bill glared at him.

"Save your fight for next week old man, that's when I'm taking you down." Dipper sighed, it was gonna be a long next couple of weeks.

\^.^/
"Alright folks, it's been a heck of a day. The game is winding down with the final two players. On
team Thimble we've got the ever-amazingly-represented Dipper Pines and his lovely encouraging
boyfriend Bill Cipher, who is currently working his way into REM Cycle -"

"I'm too impressed you even know that much to be offended, but for real guys it's late, sleep
sounds like a good idea."

"And on team Bag-O-Money we have the ever irritable Stan Pines! And since he's a lonely old
man he has no cheerleading squad"

"I had a cheerleading squad in college Mabes-"

"To much info grunkle Stan, too much info. Okay and it's time for Dipper's roll- OOH and he gets
a card-"

"NO!"

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it appears Dipper is going to jail! WOMP WOMP! Next is Stan's move-"

"Mabel shut up-"

"It's hard to focus on losing when someone's talking about me winning huh?"

"Be quiet and roll the die-"

"Folks you wouldn't believe this-"

"Mabel where'd you get that microphone-"

"Your karaoke machine, it's broken now, thank god-"

"Mabel!"

"Yes a six!"

"No no no!"

"Stan's turn again and- folks I don't believe this-"

"Mabel!"

"Folks it's happening-"

"Damnit!"

"One short of the finish, one short folks!"

"MY turn!"

"And Dipper rolls- no!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"How is this-"
"Looks like handmade cards truly are the games worst and best outcomes-"

"No!"

"YES-"

"WHY-"

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE GAVE A WINNER!!"

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"I can't believe you lost." Bill teased.

"I can't believe you fell asleep." Bill chuckled.

"Sleep is good Dip 'n Dots, don't fight it." Dipper chuckled as the two crawled under the covers of Dipper's bed.

"I'm always gonna fight it, it's my nature." He mumbled.

"Ah, that must be why you always lose." Dipper made a face at him. "Kidding kidding-" Dipper moved to stand up. "No, no I'm sorry." He pulled the boy back down so he was laying on his chest, Bill blushed a little. "My bad I-"

"No...no this is perfect..." Dipper looked up at Bill, studying his face. Then it occurred to him as he reached up and traced the strap of the older boys eyepatch. "Does this ever bother you?" Bill shrugged.

"Sometimes...it's itchy..." he shrugged.

"Do you sleep in it at home?" He asked, causing Bill to pause as if he were actually thinking about it.

"No...I take it off usually..." he said softly.

"Well...you can take it off if you want..." there was a pause.

"I didn't want to scare you...I was worried it would terrify you or disgust you-"

"Bill." The older boy looked at his boyfriend. "I love you, scars, bad eyes and all. If you're more comfortable with it off, I'm okay with that. You can't disgust orterrify me. I promise." He smiled at him.

"You sure?" Bill asked gently.

"I'm sure." Bill nodded and Dipper gently untied the elastic before removing it and placing it on the bedside table. Dipper leaned forwards and kissed Bill's bad eye. "See? I still love you, scars and all." Bill held him tightly.

"I love you." He said softly.

"I love you too."
OKAY SO I haven't said this, but let me explain something before this chapter starts. Typically it's really hard for people to get over sexual attacks and anything similar, but you have to take into consideration that it's been, what, four years for Dipper? He's had the time to overcome it, but he choose not to. He just blocked the memory. It was always there but he never brought it up in fear that it would hurt him more. And that created more problems than he ever could've imagined. And he really didn't even notice it. By finally acknowledging that it happened, Dipper was able to let it go. Weights literally came off his shoulders. Dipper had technically been given enough time to get over it, and he did, but not the right way. So by the time he talked about it, he just had to accept it and stop taking the blame for it. Bill helped him a lot with moving on, he was the first and only person to assure him it wasn't his fault. So that's why Dipper heals so so quickly. That's the writers reason anyways, sorry if that doesn't really sound legit but... well.... :p

Anyways...

THIS IS MY FAVORITE CHAPTER. For multiple reasons, but mostly because...well...

It's smut time.

This scene feels abrupt to me, but I think it'll be okay. Dipper's feelings for Bill aren't abrupt, but him realizing them is...whatever I like this chapter. In the words of Jenna Marbles "Get off my dieck!"

Uhh...okay well...enjoy it :)

WARNING: UNDER AGE, CONSENSUAL BOY SMUT APPROACHING.

"Have fun kid." Stan mock saluted Bill before turning around taking his bags out to his car.

"I'll have fun, winning, old man!" Exclaimed before the door shut. Bill turned to Mabel and Dipper and grinned. "Mabel-call blondie, Dipper- call Soos. They're working tomorrow and I'm winning a bet!" He smirked.

"Paz is already coming to help, I'll call Wendy and ask her if she wants to help, Dip you go make popcorn so we can celebrate a weekend alone and-"

"No, none of that Shooting Star!" Bill said suddenly. "You're both getting sleep tonight because tomorrow, oh children, tomorrow we will win. When we win, we can celebrate." Dipper groaned.

"I can't handle you, I've seen your dark side and I do not like it." Dipper said, starting to walk away.

"Nooooo!" Bill ran up behind him and picked him up. "I love you, accept my LOVE!" He yelled playfully.
"How about, no." Dipper chuckled, then hands began to tickle him. He tried to fight back, only for Mabel to join in. "No no no no guysss! Stop iiit!" He scream laughed, hoping they would stop.

"NEVER!"

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Bill was laying between Dipper's legs, working away on building a stone fortress in Minecraft. Dipper was playing with his hair and the strap of his eyepatch. It was weird sometimes, how Dipper would just...suddenly realize how much he loved Bill. He always knew how much he loved him, but on occasion it would hit him harder than before. He'd be struck with the knowledge that he had fallen hard for this man. He could spend the rest of his life with this man.

Holy. Shit.

He could spend forever with this man.

"Dipper? You okay?" Dipper snaps back to reality.

"Huh?" He asked softly.

"You stopped playing me my hair, and...I dunno you just got really relaxed then tense, I was worried about you." Bull shrugged. Dipper wrapped his arms around Bill's shoulders and pressed a kiss to his temple.

"I'm okay...just...got stuff on my mind..." he whispered, nuzzling into Bill's neck. "I love you." Bill tried to look at him, Dipper wasn't usually like this, was something wrong?

"I love you too sweetie...you sure you're okay?" Dipper nodded gently.

"Okay...good..." he replied softly. There was a beat of silence before Bill started playing his game again. Dipper squeezed his shoulders tighter and focused on the screen.

Dipper wanted to commit his everything to this man.

Holy. Shit.

Dipper bit his lip to keep from screaming out, because he finally realized how much he loved Bill.

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Dipper found himself being shaken awake the next morning. He groaned and looked up at Bill's smiling face.

"Wake up sleepy head, it's time to win a bet." Dipper laughed and sat up.

"This early?" Bill laughed this time.

"All hours of the day, Dip-N-Dots. It's never to early win!" He exclaimed, leaning and walking to the door. "So get your cute ass up and get ready for work!" He said, throwing Dipper a dazzling smile before opening the door and rushing downstairs.

Something tumbled and fluttered and danced in Dipper's stomach.

He felt like vomiting.

And prancing in a field of flowers.
He'd always felt this for Bill, it was always there, just never this prominent...and...never for this reason.

Dipper spent the entire night tossing and turning in Bill's arms, weighing options and thinking about things. Waking up to that beautiful face brought him to an obvious conclusion.

He was ready to have sex with Bill.

Dipper swung his legs off the bed and walked over to he and Mabel's dresser, noting that she was long gone (being the morning person she was), and grabbing a red flannel shirt and jeans for the day. He hurried downstairs into the bathroom and shut the door, quickly moving to start warming up the shower.

Dipper had worried himself all night: could he handle it, could he do it, would he break down during it and make things awkward. It had always been clear to him that Bill was ready, but until now Dipper hadn't even wanted to talk about it. Bill had helped him get over his past with the issue, and he was more than grateful. Bill's been his protector, his closest friend, his best friend, his confidant, and the love of his life.

He was finally ready to show him how much he means to him.

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"Dipper! Oh thank goodness you're here! Opening the shack an hour early was a great idea! But I'm also understaffed because of it, so come help me run the register. Please?" He didn't even need to beg for Dipper to rush over and help him.

"Of course I can, good morning and welcome the Mystery Shack, have you enjoyed your mystery?" Bill elbowed him.

"'Good morning and welcome to the Mystery Shack, we're glad you stopped by.' It sounds dumb, but it'll work better I promise." Dipper smiled and rolled his eyes.

"Fine okay," he turned to the woman next in line at his side of the counter. "Good morning and welcome to the Mystery Shack, we're glad you stopped by! How can I help?" She beamed at him.

"Aw that's so sweet! You have a lovely establishment, I'd like to purchase three tours!" Dipper rung her up and gave her three tickets to the tour. "Thank you sweetie." She smiled and turned away.

"Impressive, she didn't even complain about the $25 a ticket." Bill chuckled.

"It literally pays to have a psychologist on staff." He teased.

"Well I'm glad you're here. Me and Mabel would already be in debt without you." Bill gave him a sideways glance.

"Somethings up with you..." Dipper blushed. "I'll find out later, I swear it!" He smiled teasingly.

"You will." Dipper whispered. Before Bill could ask what he meant, someone approached Dipper's side and prompted him for assistance.

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It was several hours before the shack got quiet. Pacifica and Mabel decided to step out for a late
lunch break, Dipper and Bill were at the counter eating, and Soos and Wendy were in the break room, probably playing cards and eating. Bill looked over at Dipper. "What was wrong earlier?"
He asked softly. Dipper shook his head.

"Don't worry about it." Bill put his hand on Dipper's, forcing him to turn to look at him.

"Somethings wrong, did I do somethin-"

"No!" He exclaimed "Not at all, I just...I have a lot on my mind..." he said softly.

"That's code for 'we need to talk', and we will. Mabel was talking about going to Pacifica's house tonight, she knows I'll be here so...she will probably go...we'll have the shack to ourselves." A shiver ran through Dipper. Bill didn't mean it like that, he was too busy being worried about Dipper to think like that, but it still made Dipper anxious. "Are you cold? Here sweetie." Bill reached over for his hoodie under the counter and handed it to Dipper. It was kind of chilly. Dipper pulled the sweatshirt on and took a gentle sniff. Oh god it smelled so good.

"Thank you." He whispered. Bill eyed him for another moment before he started eating again.

"You've been spacey...are you sure you're okay?" Dipper nodded. "Okay." He took his hand again and squeezed it. "You better tell me if somethings wrong, you know I can beat people up now." Dipper gave a genuine laugh.

"It's not a person, rather not a person you wanna beat up, and not a reason either." Bill opened his mouth to answer and the entrance to the shack dinged open. "Welcome to the Mystery Shack! How can we help you?" Dipper said before Bill could make a sound.

"I'm looking to get tickets to a tour?" She asked.

"Of course ma'am!" Dipper glanced at Bill, whose unspoken questions lit up his eyes, before going to help the woman.

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Bill quickly counted his share of the pile. They had all taken a handful of money to count and see where they were in profits. Bill was practically shaking over why Dipper wouldn't say anything earlier, was he scared? Worried? Upset? The possibilities scared Bill. He loved Dipper more than anything in the world, he would never forgive himself if he did something wrong.

What if he was going to break up with him?

He had been distant lately...

Oh god no.

"Mabel had $52.80, Pacifica-$44.50, Wendy-$65.70, Soos-$52.98, I had $63.72, Bill how much did you have?" Dipper asked.

"$43.22." Bill quickly entered everything into the calculator "That's $322.92." Mabel cheered. "How much do you all usually get paid?" Wendy shook her head.

"Don't look at me kid, I'm volunteering." She said quickly.

"Kinda can't pay your boyfriend." Dipper shrugged.

"Can't pay your cousin either." Soos pointed out.
"Or your favorite future sisters in law!" Mabel chuckled. "Kidding, we volunteered too." Pacifica nodded.

"I...no, guys no, that's-"

"We all want nothing more than to see Stan get beat at his own game." Wendy said smirking.

"You're already over what you need, way over." Dipper said smiling.

"You guys are the best!" Bill exclaimed. "Tomorrow night, tomorrow night we're using the extra money from tomorrow to have a party! A celebration!" Everyone cheered.

"Good, I'm going home." Pacifica stood up.

"I was starting to worry you were going soft Pacifica." She snorted.

"Shut up shitface." She said. "Mabel, you coming to stay the night?" Mabel nodded, then looked at Dipper.

"Oh my go- go Mabel. I'm fine, I've got Bill." Bill's stomach flipped.

"Okay." She smiled. Soos and Wendy stood up too.

"We out too, see you tomorrow! Par-tay!" Wendy exclaimed.

"Woop!" Soos yelled as they walked out the door behind the girls. As the door shut, Dipper stood up from the floor and started to put the money back into the jar from behind the counter. Then he started upstairs, Bill in tow after locking all of the doors.

"Can we talk about what's been on your mind now?" Bill asked gently, trying not to sound anxious. Dipper was in the middle of trying to figure out what to say.

"Us." he said softly. He sighed and turned to Bill whose eyes were starting to water. "I-" he realized what he said. "Oh my - Bill I didn't- oh god I didn't mean it like that!" He hugged him tightly. "Sorry, like I said I've had a lot on my mind, I didn't even think that's how that'd sound- I love you, I would never leave you." He said quickly, holding Bill close.

"Never?" Dipper swallowed.

"Never...never ever...in fact that's why I wanted to talk..." Dipper pulled away and looked at him. "I-" he stopped himself and sat down on the edge of his bed. "I think I'm...ready..." Bill raised an eyebrow.

"For what?" Bill asked, sitting down next to him. Dipper blushed and looked the opposite way of where Bill sat.

"To...have sex with you."

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Mabel cuddled closer to Pacifica in her sleep. Pacifica squeezed her closer.

She couldn't wait to be with this woman forever.

To be committed to her, heart and soul.

To drink Mabel Juice after waking up to her perfect face every morning.
To raise children with her, if that's something she wants too.

To fall asleep every night for the rest of her lives with that woman in her arms.

Pacifica grinned at the thought and kissed Mabel's head.

Perhaps she'd add that to her vows...

\(^.^/

"You-really?" Bill asked softly. Dipper nodded. "Dip-"

"I've been thinking about for the past few nights, more so yesterday...and...I've decided...no...I'm confident that I'll be okay...I want...I want to show you how much I love you..." Bill made him look at him and caressed his cheek.

"We don't need to do that for me to know how much you love me." Bill said softly.

"But, I want to..." he said, looking into Bill's eyes.

"Dipper-"

"I know, it's sudden and unexpected...but I love you...and...I want to commit myself to you entirely." Dipper whispered.

"Are you sure-"

"I'm sure." Dipper said, cutting him off. "I love you." Bill smiled.

"I love you too." Bill said, before pulling Dipper in for a kiss. Dipper moved into Bill's lap, and reached down to grab the hem of Bill's shirt as the kiss deepened. After a moment of struggling and breaking the kiss, Dipper pulled off Bill's shirt and threw it to the floor. Bill proceeded to do the same, flinging his shirt carelessly to the floor before forcing the boy to lay down on his back and pressing their bodies together with a hard kiss.

Bill pulled away and moved to kiss Dipper's cheek, down his jaw, and down his neck. He placed his lips on Dipper's throat and started to kiss lightly. Suddenly, Dipper moaned and Bill smiled to himself. He suckled onto the skin on Dipper's throat on that spot causing the boy to moan.

_God that sound was beautiful._

Bill continued his teasing kisses and sucking, moving along his neck, niping, licking, anything to hear that lovely sound again. And boy did he hear it. Slowly, Bill moved away from the boys neck and kissed a gentle line down to his growing erection.

Dipper bit his lip and took a breath. He could do this. He was fine. It was just Bill.

Bill moved back up and kissed Dipper while reaching down and unbuttoning his jeans. Dipper's arms went around Bill's neck and held him in the kiss. Bill gently started to pull off Dipper's pants, before Dipper had to work his legs to remove them himself. He didn't let Bill move from the kiss though, keeping him close and not letting him move. The kiss was helping him maintain his cool. And Bill didn't mind at all.

Bill reached down and undid his own jeans before sliding them down as far as he could reach and struggling to kick them off. Bill gently eased Dipper's arms from around him and sat up. Dipper shivered a little, be it from the cool air or his arousal he didn't know. Bill gently trailed his hand
down Dipper's chest and to the band of his boxers, running his fingertip back and forth above it, making Dipper bite his lip. "You doing okay?" Bill asked softly.

"Yeah." Dipper half moaned. Bill gave him a lovely smile and moved in for a kiss while removing Dipper's boxers, then his own. He leaned up a little.

"Dipper, I didn't bring-"

"There's lube in the drawer." Bill looked at him for a moment. "I knew I was going to suggest this, I can at least be prepared." Dipper blushed and Bill pulled him in close.

"I love that about you, I love you." Bill said kissing him gently, before moving to get the bottle of lube out.

"I love you too." Dipper said softly, carefully watching Bill.

"If I need to stop, for any reason, say the word, okay?" Dipper and Bill looked each other in the eyes for one passionate moment before Dipper nodded. Bill leaned down for a kiss, before moving his lube covered hand under Dipper and gently rubbing the outside of his hole. Dipper made a noise into the kiss that sounded a little pained and a little like a moan. Bill slid a finger in making Dipper gasp into the kiss. Bill pulled away from the kiss and pecked the boys forehead. "It'll be okay, I promise." Dipper nodded gently again as Bill began to move his finger just slightly. Dipper gave another gasp and his body began to writhe under Bill.

After a while of that, Bill added another finger, and a while later another. At first Dipper was hissing at the stinging sensation, the burning of the feeling, but soon he was moaning at the pleasure coursing through his body. Bill leaned down and kissed him, and as he did their rock hard dicks touched causing them both to moan into the kiss. Dipper's hands wrapping around Bill and holding him close for a moment. Bill pulled his fingers out and leaned up. "Are you ready?"

He asked softly.

"Yeah, I'm ready." Dipper smiled up at him.

"Get on your hands and knees." Dipper did as he was told. Ever so gently, Bill pushed into Dipper. Dipper gave a hiss and moan combination, his body tensing at the insertion. Bill's hands rubbed up Dipper's back to his shoulders. "Don't be tense, it'll hurt more if you're tense." Dipper nodded and took another long breath. Once he was relaxed and used to Bill's size, Bill began to gently and slowly rock in and out of the boy, earning gasps and sharp moans from him. Bill moves his hands from Dipper's back and rests them on top of the boys hands on the bed as he speeds up. Dipper's hands clench the bed and his back arches up into Bill. He let's out a moan before panting "Faster." Bill is a little taken aback, but he obeys, thrusting faster than he had been before.

Dipper moans and groan, his body shaking in pleasure and ecstasy. Then, out of no where, "Bill!" One syllable, moaned loudly. Bill slowed down momentarily as he processed the beautiful sound, he quickly picked back up his pace , the bed frame beginning to protest at the movement.

"Please, please say my name again Dipper." He pleads to the boy beneath him.

"Bill! Bill!" The boy is practically screaming his name, they are desperately clutching each others hands and are a combined moaning mess. "Oh god Bill I'm-"

"Me too- oh Dipper!" With that, Dipper releases onto the bed beneath them and forces Bill to his climax inside him. Bill slowly works down from his pace as he winds down from his peak. Dipper is panting beneath him, but they are both smiling.
After a moment, Bill pulls out and they collapse next to each other, Dipper moved just enough to wrap his arms around Bill. "I love you, I love you so much Bill." He says softly.

"I love you too Dipper." He replies softly, and within minutes, they're a sticky warm little mess of sleeping lovers. And they couldn't be happier.

\^\^/\n
Dipper's eyes barely blink open the next morning. He's so exhausted. There's an amber colored eye (and an eyelid) looking down at him and he yawns. Bill chuckles. "You can sleep in a little more if you want, I have to take a shower first anyways." Bill kisses his forehead. "I love you Dipper." Dipper would like to think he says 'I love you too' before the man that was in his arms leaves. Before he falls back asleep, he notes the the clock says 6am. The shack doesn't open until 8am.

\^\^/\n
Dipper wakes up again at 8:30am to the sound of ringing. He finds his phone on the floor beside his bed, at 15% battery power, and with an awaiting text.

Bill: Good morning my beautiful Pine Tree. I'm hoping this text woke you up! I hope you slept as well as I did last night, we did stay up pretty late ;) anyways my love, I need you to wake up, get in the shower and get down here so you can help me beat your great uncle at his own game. There's a tour at 9am. So hurry up, cutie! I love you btw *kisses*

Dipper smiles to himself and gets up out of bed to hastily throw on some clothing and rush into the shower, but not before typing a quick message.

Dipper: good morning to you too my amazing love! I slept better than I have in my entire life, last night was amazing, but we can talk about that later. For now, I'll see you before 9! *kisses back*

\^\^/\n
As soon as Dipper gets downstairs and into the shop area of the shack, there was already about 20 people browsing around and the curtain to the tour was closed. Mabel and Paz must be in the middle of a tour. "Oh Dipper thank goodness, help me out?" Dipper nodded at Bill, after taking a moment to blush over last night, and rushed to a register helping ring people up. Each person who came to the counter gave Dipper a slightly worried look before dropping it and looking casual. It kinda concerned Dipper, but he was too busy to dwell on the thought.

The entire crew of workers were all busy up until the moment the tour bus pulled out of the driveway. The shack was suddenly deserted and it was only 12pm. Mabel and Pacifica came in from the tour room, and Soos and Wendy emerged from their positions too, Pacifica sat down in a chair and Mabel stared down her brother. Dipper quickly noticed.

"Mabel, you...you okay?" He asked. She blinked a few times before moving behind the counter and pulling her brother through the shack into the kitchen. Pacifica and Bill looked at each other and shrugged, they were used to the twins weirdness by this point.

"Did you and Bill have sex last night?" Mabel asked as soon the door shut behind them, causing Dipper to blush darkly.

"M-Mabel- what- why-"

"Oh my gosh you did! Oh how sweet! Was he gentle about it? Did it go well?" Dipper turned from her and got a glass out of the cabinent.
"Mabel- I'm not answering that, you're my sister, so that's weird." She gave a laugh. He turned on the faucet and filled up his glass.

"I just wanted to make sure he treated you right! That's all!" She said, holding up her hands. Then she giggled.

"What's so funny Mabes?" He asked, his blush finally receding as he sipped his water.

"Bro-Bro," she walked over to him, still giggling. "You gotta learn how to hide those." She points to his neck and he once more blushes furiously.

"Mabel!" She busts out laughing and walks to the door.

"There's Fondation in the bathroom and sweaters in my closet if you wanna borrow something to cover those up!" Dipper sighed, then headed upstairs to browse her sweater collection for something at least slightly masculine, only finding a purple sweater with an embroidered star on it. He decided to take what he could get and pulled it on.

\\^_^\\

"Ladies and gentlemen, after a total of 48 hours running the shack, we have reached a grand moment, our grand total comes up to... $563.89!" Bill announced from the chair he was standing on. The room cheered. "We have officially won, so now we must celebrate!" Bill exclaimed.

"Mabel, turn some music on, Dipper call the pizza in, Soos go get some sodas from the machine. Tonight we party!"

Two hour later everyone was dancing and cheering, singing at the top of their lungs, busting out the no-longer-broken karaoke machine and loosing their voices. Bill and Dipper were sharing a beanbag in the floor, when Bill looked over at him. "So about last night?" Dipper laughed.

"I enjoyed it, so much. I'm so glad we did it. It brought us closer than-" the doorbell ringing overpowered Soos' solo work. Mabel stood up from beside Pacifica.

"Keep singing Soos, my main man!" He gave her a thumbs up and proceeded to sing his heart out.

"Well anyways, like you were saying. It brought us closer and, really made me realize-"

"Dipper? Come here." Mabel called, her voice laced with concern, only Dipper could tell she was concerned though, she hid it well from others. He quickly got up and rushed to his sister at the door, when his heart stopped.

The color practically drained from his face, much like Mabel's had.

His safe haven was now gone.

The world fell from under his feet.

"Hey sport! Good to see you!" His dad exclaimed from the doorway.

"Sweetie!" His mom yelled rushing to hug him. "We've missed you so much!"

Fuck.
Dipper had been gone for a few minutes...but surely he and Mabel would have made some excited noise if it were a friendly visitor at the door...so why were they being so quiet?

Bill looked over at Pacifica who was looking at him thinking the same thing. They both stood up at the same time and rushed to find Dipper and Mabel. The twins were being hugged by two older strangers in the doorway. Bill coughed and Dipper turned to him, eyes pleading.

"Bill! Pacifica! Uh...meet out parents." He struggled out of, what seemed to be his mother's, arms and gestured half-heartedly. "Mom, dad, Bill; mom, dad, Pacifica." Dipper said slowly and one at a time, hoping someone could make them disappear. Bill stepped up first.

"Hello Mr. And Mrs. Pines, it's nice to meet you." He offered a hand and they both shook it in turn. "D - I mean the twins have told us so much about you." If Dipper wasn't in the middle of a panic attack, he would've laughed. It wasn't necessarily a lie.

"Yeah, yeah they have. It's nice to meet you both." Pacifica said softly, softer than ever in her life.

"So what are you all up to?" Dipper's mom asked.

"What about you? Aren't you supposed to be in Bora Bora right now?" Mabel asked, feigning her slight happiness.

"Our meeting got canceled and we decided, what's a better vacation place than with our little twins! So we came to spend a few weeks with you!"

**Weeks?!**

"Dipper, Mabel, you gonna help is clean up the mess we made?" The twins looked over a Bill. "Wendy's birthday party? There's a mess in the break room we need to clean up, I know I'm not doing it alone!" Dipper sighed in relief at a chance to escape.

"Oh yeah, can't make you two do it alone. Mom, dad we'll catch up with you later, make yourself
at home." Then the four of them rushed out of the room and into the break room. Mabel and Dipper sat down and Soos and Wendy gave the group a look.

"I can't believe it." Mabel said softly.

"The one place we had left, the one sacred place in this world, they're here..." Dipper said softly.

"Dipper!" He looked at his sister. "Their meetings are never cancelled unless-" she gulped "Unless something major happens." Dipper's heart stops.

"Oh my god they know about us." The twins panic, their Baptist parents know they're gay.

"Dipper, sweetie," Bill walks up behind him and gently rubs his shoulders. "Don't jump to any conclusions. They didn't seem to know who we were, they didn't act awkward around you, they don't know a thing." Dipper put his hands over Bill's.

"Wait, what's happening, dudes?" Soos asked softly.

"Their parents have come to spend a few weeks with them." Bill said, still trying to calm Dipper down.

"We can't spend time with Bill and Paz, they'll find out-"

"They won't find out a thing." Pacifica said quickly. "All they'll know is that you are hanging out with someone of the same gender. That's it. I'll look platonic Mabel." Pacifica promised her.

"How about we wait until Stan comes home tonight and then we figure everything out. He will know what to do." Everyone nodded.

"Well, we at least make ourselves productive and clean this mess up." Dipper said with a shrug.

"It'll distract us too." Mabel said, just as defeated. As the twins moped, the others looked at one another, trying to figure out how to lighten the mood of the room. Finally Soos walks over to them and hugs them tightly, they accept it then start laughing.

"Soos you're gonna squeeze us to death." Mabel laughs.

"Sooooooooos." Dipper whines.

"Dudes, get in this." Before the twins can take a breath, three more people swarm them and join the hug. The twins give a sigh of defeat, but willingly and graciously accept the hug.

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Mabel anxiously crosses her legs, Stan looks generally distressed, Mr and Mrs Pines are smiling and eating like nothing was wrong in the world, Dipper kept throwing glares and suspicious glances at his parents, and Bill was uncomfortable with the whole situation. Bill had promised Dipper he wouldn't leave him, wouldn't let him fight this alone. So here he was, protecting his love, prepared to fight for him any moment, sitting awkwardly at the dinner table, wanting desperately to hold his boyfriends hand and calm him, but not able to.

Dipper looked over at Bill, eyes begging to stop this seperation. Bill gave him a sad smile and went back to eating.

Mabel was ready to blow. She was furious that her parents, who never gave a shit about either of them, we're acting like they belonged in their life. It. Made. Her. Furious.
Dipper didn’t want to be here anymore. It sickened them that his safe haven was now fucked up. This was the only place where he could be himself. He hated them.

Stan was trying so hard to keep the peace, the last thing he needed were arguing family members in his home.

"So, what do your parents do?" Their dad asked Bill.

"Oh, uh, my mom is disabled and my father isn't with us anymore." He said softly.

"Oh that's sad to hear. So I guess you work a lot?" He asked.

"Not really...Mom gets a disability check, food stamps, and we have money from dad's insurance." He said softly. Almost ashamed.

"At least some of my tax money is going somewhere decent." Dipper felt like throwing things at him. "So where is your mother at the moment?" Bill stiffened a little.

"She's on a business trip. Bill's been staying with us, he doesn't like being home alone." Mabel said.

"That's so nice of you all!" Their mother said smiling.

"So...kids," they both snapped to look at their father, officially ending the conversation about Bill. "Me and your mother have an announcement!" He said, actually sounding excited. "We just got transferred to an office in New York!" Mabel and Dipper stared at him blankly. "We are moving to New York City!" He exclaimed, waiting for the excited screams that weren't coming.

"For real?" Dipper asked softly.

"Yeah! We can get an apartment right above Times Square, you can take the subways to school every day, you can watch the big sports live, you can shop in all the big name brand stores! It's your favorite city in the world!" Dipper gave his father a cold look.

"Our favorite city?" Dipper asks.

"Yeah! It's your favorite place in the world!" He said happily.

"I think it's really funny how well you know us then." Mabel grabs his arm gently.

"Dipper-"

"No Mabel," he said quickly. "No. They don't know us. They act like it, but they have no idea who we are." He turned to look at his father. "I bet they don't even know what our favorite city really is." His dad laughs.

"Does it matter? Anywhere is better than this dump." Dipper stood up and dropped Mabel's hand.

"Excuse me?" He snapped.

"Son, we both know you don't enjoy being in this...tourist trap-"

"I feel more at home in this so called 'Tourist-trap' than I do in my own home! You are never there to take of me and Mabel! You've never been there to raise us, to pick us up after school, to get to know us and what we actually like, to get to know our hobbies and interests, you've never been there to patch up Mabel's knee when she fell or give either of us an important life lesson and help
us move on, you've never been there when we needed you. Every single goddamn time I needed you, Mabel needed you, WE needed you, you weren't there to help us. So don't act like you know shit about us! You don't!" Ah, pent up rage.

"Excuse me young man-"

"Don't young man me, I'm 17, I'm not a child and I'm definitely not your child. Not anymore." He yelled.

"Oren Dipper Pines, to go you-uh- room right now! You're uh- grounded!" His dad yelled, not actually having ever ground one of his kids.

"You have no right to ground me, you're hardly considered a parent to me!" He screamed back.

"I'm sure everyone can see clearly who the good child is-" Mabel stood up, her chair falling back and crashing into the floor.

"And what the fuck gives you the right to say that about your own goddamn child? You're a monster for saying that about one of your own children, especially to their face! You know, I'm actually glad you were absent most of our lives, because I would hate to of been raised by such an ignorant little prick who would rather make millions in a little office than come home and see his children every night. So you know what,'dad', you can get the fuck out of me and my brothers life. We don't want you in it anymore. Come on Dipper." Mabel said, turning and stomping up the stairs, followed by her equally pissed brother. The room was silent for a moment.

"I'm going to go check on them." Bill said softly, excusing himself.

"Bill, was it?" He stopped short when a feminine voice spoke up. "I think they need time to-"

"Mrs. Pines, with all due respect, I think I know your kids better than you." With that he started back to the stairs when a hand caught his elbow.

"Bill," Stan said softly. "Tell them I'm personally sorry, and to not worry about me, I'll keep the situation leveled, you and Pacifica take them away for a few days. They don't need to be here, the tension is too high." Bill nodded. "And-" he looked back at Stan "tell them I love them." Bill smiled a sad, but genuine smile. "No problem, gramps." Stan groaned and shoved Bill.

"Asshole."
The walls were half painted a light tan, like they had been planned to be completely painted, but something got in the way. Around the room on a series of tables were pictures of a baby Bill and his mother, a few included a man Dipper assumed was his father, but there wasn't anything from recent. Save for the one small print out hanging on the wall above a make believe fireplace, of Bill and his mother at his graduation.

"Sorry, I've been a little too busy to clean up." Dipper looks around, he didn't notice the bottles and cans the first time he looked around Bill's living room.

"I didn't even notice." Dipper said, leaning his head over on Bill's shoulder. They stood like that for a moment, then Bill took Dipper's hand.

"Let me show you to the grand suite." He said jokingly. Dipper smiled and let Bill drag him down the hall, where they approached a white door with a huge golden 'W' painted on it.

"W?" Dipper asked.

"It would be a good time to point out my full name is William. Mom painted this on, I didn't." He gave a light chuckle. "She actually loves to paint...she just doesn't do it anymore because she's always...so preoccupied..." he trailed off, then coughed and perked back up. "Anyways, the penthouse!" Bill turned the knob and swung open the door. The room was so Bill. The walls were a deep purple, the blankets on his bed were all gold or yellow, and the various old and mix matched pillows on top were various shades of purple. There was a small black writing desk along a wall, and a wooden bookshelf lined with old textbooks and novels.

"Bill-"

"Trash right?" He laughed playfully.

"Bill it's so you. I love it." He smiled to himself and moved to lay on the bed. "I'm gonna live here instead." He teased.

"Well...why don't you?" Bill said gently, sitting down in the chair at the desk and looking at Dipper.

"I'd love to!" Dipper laughed, but didn't hear Bill laugh. He sat up. "You weren't kidding?" Bill smiled.

"No I wasn't kidding...Dipper..." he sighed. "In fact I'd like to ask you...well...I'd like to say ask you to marry me but we both know Pacifica would throw a fit if I tried to steal her thing...so until your sister is married and I can ask you to marry me, would you promise your future to me? It's really just a proposal to be honest, but with a different name." He shrugged. "What do you think? I've been thinking about this for a while...perhaps I'm crazy-" Dipper's eyes got big.
"Oh my god Bill yes! You can have all of my future!" He shrieked, jumping onto Bill and pulling him in for a kiss. "Bill, I love you. I love you so much. More than anything in the world! I'd like nothing more than to be yours forever!" He smiled brightly at Bill.

"Really?" Bill seemed taken aback.

"Of course, I love you Bill. Sometimes," Dipper chuckled "sometimes I wonder if I was put on this earth to be with you. Then I realize, that that statement absolutely true." Dipper gave Bill a shy smile.

"Oh my god you're so romantic." Bill kissed him softly. "We've never actually been this romantic with each other." Bill chuckled.

"Never to late to start...right?" Dipper asked softly.

"Nope, never to late." Bill pulled the boy in for a more passionate kiss, wrapping his arms around him and holding him close, carefully standing up and moving them both onto the bed.

Dipper wouldn't mind living with this man at all.

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Pacifica adjusted herself around the sleeping Mabel. It had to be three am. They'd left her grunkles house about five hours ago now, and up until an hour ago she had been consoling Mabel. Mabel had been crying, worried sick about her parents hating her. Hating her for liking a woman, hating her for being engaged to a woman, hating her for standing up to them. Mabel was so sweet, she couldn't even bear for the people she hated most in the world to feel dissapointed in her.

God, Pacifica had it bad for this girl.

She squeezed her closer.

Frankly she didn't care.

But then, her phone started ringing.

"It's three am what do you- Dipper is-? Bill?.... Yeah.... oh my god yeah I'll get Mabel up right now and we'll meet you at the hospital." She jumped up and began to shake Mabel awake.

The phone call that would alter the girls entire summer had just been disconnected.

\(-.-/\) (you like the change? Good cause shITS GETTING REAL REAL.)

Dipper was quickly awoken by the persistently ringing doorbell. He glanced at the clock, it was 2:30 in the morning. He groaned and shook Bill awake, shivering as the cold air hit his naked chest.

"Bill, Bill someone's knocking on your door." Bill groaned and got up.

"Why?" He mumbled, yawning with a stretch.

"Probably to get your attention." Dipper laughed.

"Good gracious, it's too early for this." He stretched again. Then he leaned over and kissed Dipper's cheek before standing up. "Go back to sleep, I'll be back." He whispered before pulling his pants on and leaving the room. Dipper laid back down and cuddled into the blankets, his eyes had just shut when he heard voices.
"Brother."

"Gideon, get out."

"But please, I-I."

"No go."

"I need."

"Get the fuck away from."

"Brother."

"I'm not your goddamn brother!"

"Please I just need."

"Go away. Gid." Stumbling. "Get out of my house!"

"I need money Bill."

"I'm not feeding your addictions, plus you're a disgusting."

"Please just $20."

"I don't have any money, Gideon we both know that."

Gideon was either high, drunk or both.

"If mom wasn't such a bitch ass."

"Don't talk about her like you know her."

"Just give me money."

"Gideon, I Don't Have. Any. Money."

"I know you do, little prick."

"Gideon, leave." Dipper got up out of bed and pulled on pants and grabbed his phone before peering outside Bill's bedroom. Neither of them were in his line of sight. He moved quickly and snuck to the kitchen where he quickly located a kitchen knife and rushed to the living room, carefully pocketing the knife.

"Gideon."

"Money."

"Gideon, I don't have any money."

"Bullshit."

"Hey!" They both looked over at Dipper, who had just entered the room. "I have money. Just...don't..." he stopped himself. Gideon stared at him. Dipper's hands were starting to shake, he had to get them out of this situation. Fast.
"Go get it, whore." Dipper didn't hesitate. He turned and ran to Bill's room, pulling out his wallet and ripping out a $20, just about literally ripping it in half. He ran back to the living room.

"Here. Take it. Leave." Gideon stared him down while taking it from his grasp.

"I need more than this! This won't even buy me a candy bar!" He growled at the boy. Dipper recoiled back. "Bill give me money."

"Gideon you need to leave. I don't have any money and frankly you aren't welcome here-"

"Look here bitch-"

"You fucking little bastard, don't."

"Money-"

"Don't you move or I'll call the police." Gideon looked at Dipper.

"That's cute whore, we all know you're to chicken shit to do anything." Dipper's heart throbbed. He swiped at his screen and put the phone to his ear.

"Yes, 911 I need an officer at 639-" Dipper heard the clinking of metal before the gun was pointed into his face.

"Drop it." Dipper held the phone firm. Gideon over the gun to Bill's face, Bill cringed a little. "Drop. It." Dipper let it fall to the floor, probably shattering the screen on impact. "Good whore." He looked at his brother. "I knew you were fucking him." He said to Bill, laughing manically. "Now, money." Bill opened his mouth just as Dipper remembered the knife in his pocket. Dipper grabbed it and raised his arm just as the living room lit up in reds and blues. Dipper glanced up and out the window to see a police car. Oh, his phone call did go through, his phone must still be on the call.

Suddenly, in one fluid motion, Bill escaped from Gideon, moving to dodge him in his moment of distraction. Bill was now beside Dipper, in a defensive position. "You narced on me!" He accused at Bill.

"I've been with you the whole time, so how?" Bill asked. Then he turned to Dipper.

"You." He raised his arm, directing the gun into Dipper's face. Dipper's heart stopped, time began to infinitely slow down. He looked over just as Bill grabbed his brother and struggled to grab ahold him, trying to take away the gun, Dipper dashed for the door, trying to get the sheriff outside to help stop-

*Bang.*

*Thump.*

Dipper was now shaking violently and he began to turn to check on Bill.

But as he turned, the door bust open and Blubs tackled Gideon to the ground. But no one was quick enough to stop Dipper from seeing Bill lying on the ground, bleeding all over the place. Tears sprung to Dipper's eyes. "Bill- Bill no-" he rushed and fell next to the man's side, gently touching his face. His eyes were closed but his eyes were fluttering under his lids.

"Civilian shot, requesting a bus now. I repeat send a bus, now." A couple other officers come in and took Gideon outside and Blubs moved to apply pressure to the bleeding wound. Dipper just
"Bill please please dont leave me, you're all I have in this world." he whispered to the bleeding man. Bill's face shifted to pained. After what felt like seconds later to Dipper--and is actually about 10 minutes later--the door opens.

"We were nearby when we got the call," the paramedic says as the whole team came through the door. "you were crazy lucky." The first paramedic said as she and others came to put Bill's limp, bleeding and unconscious body onto the stretcher that had suddenly appeared. "Alright team, we've got a serious bleeding." as they rush Bill away and into the ambulance, Bill's hand is taken from Dipper's grasp. His chest aches and he starts to cry. Bill is going to die and it's all his fault.

Blubs helped Dipper up.

"Come on, you need to be treated for shock." Dipper shook his head. "Hey." Dipper looked at him through the tears. "He will be okay. You can't help him like this, come on." Dipper nods and as they walk about the door, Blubs grabs one of Bill's sweatshirts and gives it to Dipper who sniffed it before pulling it on. The odd comfort of his smell easing the mental pain. "Who should I call?" Blubs asked softly, knowing how to deal with traumatic experiences.

"S...st..." he can't speak.

"Stan?" He nodded. "Got it. Just sit here and stay calm, trying breathing...I'll be back in a minute." He stopped walking away and looked at Dipper. "You did good tonight. May not feel like it, but you did. You did all the right things." And he left to call Stan. A paramedic came over and gave Dipper an emergency blanket and forced him to wrap it around him and sit in a chair on the porch and just rest.

Stan's first move after receiving the scariest call of his life was to call Mabel and inform her of the situation. He was actually happier to relay the info to Pacifica instead. She had a way with Mabel that would help keep her calm. Mabel and Pacifica were happy to go pick up Dipper so Stan could tell their parents what was happening.

When Mabel and Paz pulled up, Dipper was a crying ball on the porch. Hunched over, arms around his knees. His body shaking as the sobs racked his body.

Mabel rushed over to him and took him in her arms. He pulled her close and sobbed onto her shoulder, grasping her back as it would help save Bill's life. He couldn't catch his breath, he couldn't stop the tears, and he didn't care. His heart hurt. Mabel let him cry until he couldn't cry anymore. Then she pulled him away and used the sleeve of her sweater to clean the tears off his face. "Come on bro-bro, we need to figure out where they took Bill." Dipper's eyes watered again. "Stop that! He's gonna be fine. He's a fighter." Pacifica crouched down next to them.

"Bill is at Oregon General Hospital. It's a 30 minute drive but they airlifted him out. They don't know what his current condition is but that's where he will be. In the ICU." Pacifica told them both quickly. "I already told your uncle, he will meet us there when he can. But we need to get there now, I'll drive and you take care of him." She said to Mabel. "And you," she turned to Dipper and put her hands on his shoulders "Bill is the toughest fucker I know. He will be absolutely fine. If you can resist crying and hold yourself together, we will be at that hospital in 15 minutes tops. Got it?" Dipper nodded with a sniffle. "Good. Now let's get going." Mabel gaped at her. "What? It pays to have money." Normally Dipper would've laughed at that, but his face was distant. "Let's go." She said, as she noted his facial expression.

They piled into Paz's car and drove to the hospital, Mabel holding Dipper the entire time.

\-.-/ (my time jump buddy looks so angry now...probably much like you readers lol)
They had been waiting in the tiny waiting room for an hour before Stan got there, the twins parents trailing behind him, looking anxious. Well at least their mom did.

"Dipper!" Stan ran over to Dipper and hugged him tightly. "God I was worried about you kid." Dipper hugged him back, trying hard not to cry. He pulled away after realizing the kid wouldn't respond. His heart was probably in turmoil at that moment. "Sorry we are so late, we got stuck behind a wreck on the interstate." Mabel could've tried to crack a joke about how it might've been caused by Pacifica's 'Bat out of hell' driving, but she didn't think it would help cheer Dipper up. "How's he doing?" Stan asked gently, sitting beside them.

"Well," Mabel spoke up for her brother. "He's still in surgery but so far he's been in stable condition. That's all Pacifica could get out of the nurses. They'll come and tell us if anything changes." She said softly, taking her brothers hand once more.

"Well, that's good to hear." He looked at Dipper. "Dip, we are all here for him. He is gonna be-"

"Stop saying that!" Dipper snapped standing up. "'He's gonna be fine', 'He's strong', 'he'll be okay' but what if he won't be? He could be fucking Thor and could still die! His strength doesn't decide his fate, this stupid universe does and I can't do anything! He wouldn't be here right now it weren't for me! It's all my fault. I can't save him. I can't do anything. I've never been able to do anything! He is probably going to die and it's all my fault!" Dipper started to cry again as he shouted. Mabel got up and held him close to her, rubbing his back and shush in him. No one spoke. Mabel forced him to sit down. He wiped his face with the sleeve of the sweatshirt he had on. "I'm okay. Sorry." He mumbled, leaning on Mabel's shoulder.

"We know you're okay Dip." Mabel said, moving to kiss his forehead. He relaxed onto her shoulder and attempted to begin taking a nap to rest his ailing head.

"So someone want to explain to us what's happening?" Everyone, including Mrs. Pines and half-asleep Dipper looked over at Mr. Pines with a glare.

"Do I need to ask you to leave?" Stan snapped. The twins dad's face changed to utterly shocked. "Didn't think so. So shut up." Mrs. Pines glared at her husband before moving to hug her son.

"It'll be okay Dipper. I promise. I know Bill will make it. I know it. This isn't your fault." His mom said softly. He actually wrapped his arms around her and hugged her back tightly. Then he started to sob.

For once that night, he wasn't crying for Bill.

For once that night, someone said what he needed to hear.

For once in his life, his mother was there to help him.

\-.-/

Mabel was almost asleep on Pacifica's shoulder, still holding into Dipper's hand who was also clutching to his mother's hand when they all heard footsteps approaching. A man in a teal scrub set walked up to the chairs area "Bill Cipher?" He asked. Dipper jumped up, throwing off everyone's hands and rushed to the man.

"Is he okay? How's he doing?" He quickly asked the doctor.

"He's stable, we put him in room 133, it's just down the hall in the regular rooms but he's- ah sir?" Dipper had started sprinting as soon as the doctor said the room number. The others assured the
doctor it was fine and asked him to proceed with what he was saying, it was all general Do's, don't's and what happened's. But Dipper just needed to see Bill. When he came in the room, Bill eyes were tiny slits. His hand raised slightly for Dipper but fell. He winced a little as the bed shaking shook his body.

"I." He stopped and gave a light cough.

"Bill!" Dipper rushed over to him. "Here, have a drink." He offered him a cup of water that had been left on his bedside table. He helped Bill take a drink. Bill coughed again, forcing his eyes to open a little further. "How the hell are you awake right now?" He asked softly.


"Bill. I'm so glad you alive." He stroked Bill's face gently "I'm so sorry." He started to tear up again.


"Baby, get some rest. You don't need to be up right now. You need to recover." He attempted to chuckle but stopped himself.


"You're injured, there's literally no reason for you to be a wise ass." He commented softly. "I love you Bill." He pressed a kiss to the man's lips with a smile.

"I love you too Pine Tree." He said softly as Dipper moved in to kiss him again, but his head slumped a little. Dipper pulled back go see the man sound asleep. He chuckled and kissed his forehead.

"I love you so much." he said softly before standing up to look for a chair.

But instead of a chair found his family gaping at him.

How much of that did they see?
Bill's hand twitching brought Dipper back to his senses. He turned to look at Bill, he was sound asleep. At least he was okay.

"What the hell is happening here?" His father blurted angrily. Everyone turned to look at him, as Bill groans in his sleep, Dipper groans too. Looks like he's gotta deal with his parents next.

"Let's go back to the waiting room to talk, Bill needs his rest." Dipper said softly, taking one more look at Bill's sleeping form before following his family into the small, now empty waiting room. He sighed. "Bill...Bill is my boyfriend. We've been dating for about six months now. We met online and it was a coincidence that he lived here...but, I love him. More than anything or anyone.

"The guy who shot him is Bill's step brother. A few years ago, during our freshman year of high school, he and his friends beat me up for being gay. A week after that he jumped me when I got off the bus and...well he raped me. So I've spent a while recovering from that, without parents. I didn't know they were related until a week or two ago. He came to the house last night, wanting money. Probably for drugs or something."

Dipper scratched his arm. "As you can see I've been through a lot without you two, and Bill and Mabel have been there for me a lot...so...that's all I have to say I guess." Dipper shrugged.

"I'm next." Mabel stood up and put her hands on her hips. "I'm a lesbian! This is my-"

"Fiancée." Mabel beamed at Pacifica.

"My fiancée! And I also love her more than anything!" She said happily.

"This is ridiculous." Their father stood up from his seat. "We are all going home, right this instant." He said with an angry point to the ground, the twins hearts stopped as their mother stood up.

"Why on earth would we go home now? It's the first week of July." Their mother argued back, turning to look at their father.

"Because this stupid town has fucked up our children. They weren't like this before they came here." He yelled looking at his wife. She stood up and looked him in the eye.

"'Like this'? They're our children Andrew." She said.

"These are not the children we know. They've been changed!" He exclaimed.

"Maybe you didn't hear what your kids were telling you the last couple days, but we haven't been around long enough in their lives to get to know them." She looked over at the twins. "Although I for one am planning to change that." The twins smiled at each other.

"We know these kids very well Joy-"
"Clearly you don't." Stan said from behind the twins. "You made your son a cup of coffee the other morning, didn't you?"

"So what? What's that matter? He's a high schooler, high schoolers drink coffee-

"Caffeine gives him nightmares. It always has. You'd know that if you spent enough time around the two of them." Stan said defensively.

"That's ridiculous-

"We both know your father had them too." Andrew Pines looked at Stan with a hard face.

"Don't talk about dad-

"Why the hell are you acting like this, Andrew?" Stan asked.

"Homosexuality is disgusting-

"No. You are Andrew." Joy said, shoving him aside and moving to stand by their kids.

"Your father would be ashamed, Andrew." Stan said, putting his hands on the twins shoulders.

"Dad wasn't-

"Don't act like you didn't know, we all knew your father was gay. Your mother knew, and she was okay with it. Why aren't you?" Stan asked.

"This is crap, I'm done." Andrew threw his hands up in exasperation.

"You know what Andrew," Joy started. "Me too." He smiled triumphantly for a moment. "I'll call the lawyers about our prenup monday." The twins, and their father gaped at Joy. "What? I don't wanna be married to a homophobic asshole. I'll find a job somewhere else, his company is about to go under anyways." He gave her a hard look. "Yeah, I know that's why we were moving to New York. Can't hide much from the company secretary." She rolled her eyes. "So unless you decide you actually want to be a good dad, bye bye." She made a waving motion. Their dad almost growled.

"Whatever. I'm sick of you all anyways!" Then he rushed past them and out of the waiting room. Joy touched Dipper's shoulder gently.

"Go back to Bill, me and Mabel will go get some dinner. Bill will need you when he wakes up." She leans over and kisses Dipper's head, then Mabel's. "I'm so sorry you guys." They both in turn, moved and hugged their mother.

"It's okay mom, we love you." She started to tear up at Mabel's words.

"We really do." Dipper nodded. She smiled at them both.

"You two have grown up so well!" She sniffled, then stopped herself. "Well, come on Mabel. Let's go. Oh Pacifica and Stan you can come with me as well, or you can stay here. It's whatever you all want." She offered.

"I need to get away from this hospital. If I see another sterile white wall, I'm gonna throw up." Pacifica said, taking Mabel's hand.

"Yeah, I'm seconding Pacifica on this one. Sorry Dips." Stan said. Dipper shook his head.
"I'll be fine." He smiled at them. "If you don't mind can you swing by the shack and grab my laptop?" He asked.

"Yeah, and clothes. You and Bill are gonna be here for a while." Joy said ruffling his hair.

"You're letting me stay?" Dipper asked shocked.

"Of course! Bill can't be here alone! Not with his mother out of town." She said, gently pushing Dipper out the door. "We'll go get your things and food, we'll be back really soon sweetie." She kissed his head. "I love you." Dipper smiled.

"I love you too mom." He said softly before walking back to Bill's room.

\^\.^/ (we're all better now guys. I promise.)

Mabel gently shook Dipper awake. Bill was smiling down at him when he looked up. Dipper sat up and stretched. "We let you sleep." Bill said softly, his voice raspy. "I'd ask if you slept well, but I know you did." He chuckled and took Dipper's hand.

"I'm so glad you're okay." Dipper said, moving to place a kiss to Bill's lips.

"I'm glad you're okay. I was so worried about you." Dipper laughed.

"Me? You took a bullet." Bill gave a light laugh.

"You're dangerous." He tried to shrug.

"I get the point." Dipper said softly.

"I love you." Dipper moved to kiss him again.

"I love you too." He said softly.

"Dip-n-dot, are you hungry?" Mabel asked.

"Yeah actually." He looked over at the slices of pizza she was offering him and took them.

"So," Joy started softly. "Me and Mabel have made a decision, but we want to know what you think." Dipper looked over at her while taking a bite of his food. "We want to move here." Dipper practically choked on his pizza.

"What?!" He asked, his mouth full of pizza.

"Yeah. You both have well...uh..." she looked between Pacifica and Bill "dates? I'll find a better word for you two, anyways you have them, we don't really have anything back home, and you two seem to have a good life going here, plus you only have a year left of high school, and your both 18 in a few months...so I figured...why not?" She shrugged.

"Are you serious?" Dipper asked.

"Yes I'm serious! Plus I really like this town! It's...homey..." she smiled to herself. Dipper got up and rushed to hug her.

"Thank you! Thank you thank you!" He said happily.

"Oh Dipper, you're welcome." She kissed his head. "I'm glad you aren't mad at me." He shook his
head.

"How could I be? You've been nothing but supportive." Dipper said.

"Because I wasn't there for you." She said softly.

"That really doesn't matter to us anymore." Dipper said standing up. "As much as it sucked, as much as we experienced, it led us to Bill and Paz." He smiled at them both. "So I don't think we really have a reason to be upset."

"Awe bro-bro! You're being so sweeeet!" Dipper shook his head violently staring at his sister pointedly.

"Don't you dare-" but before he could finish talking, Mabel pounced on him, tickling him relentlessly. "Ma- Mabel- stop! Stop iit!" He laugh-whined under her.

"Never!!! Your kindness shall be avenged!" She screamed before starting another round of tickles.

Everyone was simply happy just to have a normal day for once.

\^\^/

Bill and Dipper were sitting together just silently enjoying each others company. Mabel and Pacifica were sharing a chair, Mabel in Pacifica's lap, talking to Mabel's mother.

"So what theme is the wedding going to be?" Mabel gasped.

"We didn't think about it! How are we even going to pay for the wedding?" Mabel asked.

"I don't know babe, I guess my parents?" Pacifica said.

"Paz they don't know about us." Pacifica gasped.

"Oh. My. God. Mabel how am I going to come out to my parents?!" She asked starting to panic.

"Card?"

"Oh yes Mabel, nothing screams I'm a lesbian like a hallmark card."

"Musical number?"

"I'm gay enough Mabel."

"Poster?"

"Are we going to a concert or coming out to my parents?!"

They argued about that for a while, spit balling ideas before finally giving in and settling to just tell them. In due time.

\^\^/

Dipper tucked his legs underneath him and clutched Bill's hand again. His family had just left so they could get a good night sleep before coming back and spending another day at the hospital. Dipper didn't want to leave, and no one asked him if the wanted to. They knew.

"You look really cute in my sweatshirt." Dipper looked up at Bill, who he had thought was
asleep.

"It was the first thing we found." He shrugged. "It's really warm." Bill chuckled lightly.

"Well it's all yours if you want it." Bill said softly.

"I might have to take you up on that." Bill chuckled again.

"Come sit up here with me." Dipper moved to protest. "No, come up here, please?" Dipper sighed and carefully moved himself into the little hospital bed. "I love you Dipper." He said, leaning over and kissing the boys cheek.

"I love you too Bill." He said, moving and stealing a kiss before Bill could stop him.

"Brat."

And for the first time in 24 hours.

Dipper laughed.

Because for once, nothing really was wrong in the world.
"Dipper this is wrong. Everything is wrong." Dipper groaned.

"Mabel you look fine." This was the...I don't know...800th time she had said that in the last 24 hours.

"Dipper what if-"

"Mabel shut up. You're fine." He assured her once more. She had turned into an anxious bridezilla within a week. Everyone was starting to get tired of it. No one had yet to snap her out of her funk.

"But-" Bill walked over to her impatiently and put his hands on her shoulders. She shifted a little, causing the sparkles on her white ballgown to create little lights on the walls in the small room.

"Do you love Pacifica?" Bill asked.

"Well yeah but-"

"Does she love you?" He asked.

"Yes-"

"Do you like your dress?"

"Yes, Bill-"

"And do you like white roses?" She hung her head and sighed.

"Yes. I'm sorry, I'm just-"

"Nervous. We know Shooting Star." He said softly. "Today is gonna be magnificent. You look stunning and I'm sure Pacifica does too. Even if not, you love her, that's what matters. This isn't about presenting yourselves to people, this is about you celebrating your love and a few others joining in. It's going to be spectacular." She smiled at him before hugging him tightly.

"Bill you're the best! Dipper I'm stealing your boyfriend!" She exclaimed.

"Take him." Dipper chuckled.

"Hey!" Bill said whipping around to give Dipper a pointed look. "I thought you liked me!" He whined.

"Nope." He giggled, walking over and hugging Bill around his waist. "I love you." Bill gave him
a sheepish but bright smile.

"I love you too, Dork." There was a few bursts of fists hitting the door softly. It cracked open and Grenda and Candy slid in, frantically waving Mabel over. She rushed over to them.

"What's wrong?" They didn't say anything to Mabel but Candy moved her face to the door opening.

"She's here." She whispered. Suddenly a diamond clad hand popped through the door, fingernails painted in her signature Ice Money nail polish. Mabel took her hand.

"Paz what are you doing? You can't see me before the wedding." She heard her soon-to-be-wife giggle.

"I'm not seeing you. Just holding your hand. I'm nervous, I thought this would calm my nerves." Mabel sighed.

"It's sure calming mine." They both laughed.

"Mabel, I'm the luckiest woman in the- oh hey- yeah yeah- daddy come on- fine fine." She heard her soon-to-be-wife giggle.

"I love you too!" Mabel called before the door was shut. She sighed.

"Thanks girls." She smiled at them and they gave a thumbs up before moving to give her makeup a final check. "Dip-n-dot?" Dipper hummed in reply. "Can you get Stan?"

"Sure thing." Dipper opened the door and signaled over their grunkle who quickly rushed in the room and shut the door, before turning to look at his little niece.

"Mabes, you look gorgeous." Stan said, hugging her tightly.

"Grunkle Stan don't you dare start crying!" She complained.

"Yeah yeah!" He said fanning his eyes. "Your Grandfather Stanley would be proud." He smiled at her and offered an arm. "You ready?" She smiled.

"Been ready for weeks." Bill snorted but he and Dipper rushed out so the party could make their way down the aisle. Dipper and Bill on Pacifica's side, and Candy and Grenda on Mabel's.

Grunkle Stan would like to say he didn't cry while walking Mabel down the aisle, but he couldn't try, even if he wanted to.

\^_^/

The ceremony was short and sweet. Pacifica was the polar opposite of Mabel, wearing a white suit with silver sequined lapels. They matched and didn't even try.

It turns out, Pacifica's parents were super accepting. And not just because they wanted to look good either. Whatever made their little girl happy made them happy. If anything they were surprised to discover who she had fallen for compared to what gender she had fallen for, seeing that her and Mabel used to hate each other.

They also paid for one of the most extravagant weddings ever. And even paid for Mabel's dress, mostly because she wanted to make her own. One handmade Mabel dress was enough for the Northwest's. So she settled with her current sequined ballgown, not the glitter-glue plus
everything-and-kitchen-sink dress she was designing.

Dipper smiled over at the dancing couple. They were doing their weird sparatic movements to a fast paced song. But they looked so happy that Dipper couldn't really complain. The sea of people around them, the sea of people who came to celebrate a beautiful joining of people, were also dancing to the music. Stan (looking as awkward as ever), Joy (just happy to see her daughter happy), the Northwest's (not really dancing so much as casually shuffling), Candy and Grenda (making an oddly spectacular scene), and Bill who was dancing like no one was watching.

Dipper watched him dance as he sipped on his Sprite. He looked so happy. He waved at Dipper then went back to dancing. Dipper smiled. This was the man he was going to spend forever with, and he couldn't be happier. He had so much optimism, so much faith in the world, so much joy.

"He's a hoot isn't he?" He looked over at the woman who had spoken.

"What?" Dipper asked the woman.

"Bill, he's so energetic. I've never seen anyone so energetic." She laughed. "I've also never seen anyone give him that look." He furrowed his brows.

"Look?" She laughed again.

"No one has ever understood that boys attitude with life, thought it was unnatural, strange, weird. You don't see him like that. You see him like he's important. Like he's amazing, special even." Dipper shrugged.

"He is." He looked over at Bill again.

"The only person who's ever looked at him like that was me and his father." Dipper looked at her, finally noticing who she was. Their blonde hair was exactly the same. Rehab really did her good.

"You look just like your son." Dipper blurted.

"We get that a lot. Same nose, eyes, hair. But he sure as hell has his father's personality." She chuckled. "I'm glad he's finally found someone who loves him." Dipper blushed and looked away.

"Yeah, yeah he's great-

"You can't tell me the doe eyed look you both get when you look at each other is platonic, kid. That's the same look I gave his father when he was around. As long as he's happy, which he very much is with you, I'm pleased as hell with who he is." She smiled and took a drink from her water bottle. "Now go dance kid. Go dance like he does. Like no one is watching." She smiled, and so did Dipper.

"Thanks Ms. Cipher-"

"Call me Molly." She smiled brightly. "And by the way I apologize for my actions and behavior when we met."

"Not a worry at all, don't worry- Molly." He gave her a bright smile before getting up and rushing to Bill, joining him in his sparatic dancing. Bill gave him a confused look. "I love your mother." He looked around before spotting his mother. She smiled at him, put her hands in the shape of a heart, then gave him two thumbs up. Bill's grin was almost face splitting. He shrieked and picked Dipper up, spinning around a few times before putting him down and pulling him in for a kiss...
Like no one was watching.

Chapter End Notes

OMGOMGOMGOMGOMGOMGOMGOMG!!!!!

I FINALLY FINISHED!!!

I never thought this day would come! I'm so excited and i thank all of you for keeping up with me! It's been a hell of a ride with you all, and i hope you all look forward to things I'm going to post in the future!!! I encourage all of you to message me on tumblr so we can be friends, a lot of your comments and little thoughts down here at the bottom have made me so so happy! You've helped me through some rough patches and you've helped me figure out things, and I'm so grateful for that!!!! I LOVE YOU GUYS SO SO SO MUCH!!!!!!!!!!!

(I'll always accept prompt requests BTW....just saying...)

THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU~!!!! I HOPE YOU ENJOYED IT! :D

End Notes

If you wanna draw something, tag it with #erinxoxofanficart :D I LOVE YOU THANK YOU

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