

Faun-ing Over You

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Faun-ing Over You

by Anonymous

Summary

The faun under scrutiny seemed to grow afraid of the sudden movement and quickly took up the satchel and shoved as many items as he could into it still being brave enough to try and locate all the items that had been strewn about before leaving.

Bill felt his heart pound, upset that this magical moment seemed to be fleeting. No, Bill thought, it wouldn't end here-

-> *Approach with kindness.*

-> **Approach with deceit.**

Bill enters the forest of Gravity Falls only to encounter strange creatures and a beautiful faun boy, but how he reacts seems to be up to you!

Will you guide Bill into a *fulfilling and magical relationship* with the mysterious faun or will you drag him into **bloodlust and monstrous desires**?

[DISCONTINUED]

Notes

Just another little drabble that refused to leave me. Also might have a drawing that haunts me with how adorable faun!Dipper came out.

I hope y'all enjoy this ;o;

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Contact

Bill can barely believe his eyes the first time he sees him.

He had always heard about lore of supernatural creatures such as the Lockness monster and Big foot- but to think that he'd actually encounter something as identifiable as a faun was unbelievable! Bill wondered if perhaps he had drank just a bit too much last night, and this was some sort of delusion he was having.

Yes, the only reason Bill was even up at the crack of dawn was because he had been traveling with his entourage in the hopes of some strange animal sightings- but their arrival was followed by heavy drinking, and leaving gaps in his memory of the night before.

It was a bit embarrassing, that the great Bill Cipher, hunter extraordinaire, was a light weight when it came to liquor. At least he was a cheap date, but in this case blacking out didn't seem to be doing him any favors.

He tried not to make too much noise, despite his head pounding at the sudden light and lack of sleep. Bill decided he should try and get a photo at least-

But once his hands checked his pockets, he found that his phone seemed to be missing. Not only that but his bag as well. He cursed his sour luck and instead focuses once more on the faun- trying to take in as much as possible with his cerulean eyes.

The faun seemed young, with lovely brown curls and small horns crowning his head. His forehead was exposed, showing the Ursa Major across his lightly tanned skin, followed by big hazel eyes and a small black nose. His cheeks were high and perky, dusted with a light flush and brown freckles scattered across the bridge of his nose. His eyelids were darker than the rest of his face, making his nose even more defined. His lips were full and rosy, and his large ears twitched as he was constantly checking his surroundings.

He seemed to be a child or at least very young, as he had a slender torso which tapered off into two furry deer-like legs and hooves. His arms were also very undefined, seemingly more aerodynamic for speed rather than strength.

His forearms were covered in hair as well, stopping completely at the wrists. The faun seemed to also have a tuft of fur on his chest, poofy and curled, and all his fur matched the color of his head.

Bill didn't even dare breathe as he moved again closer, hiding behind a tree and barely peeking over the side to the exotic beast.

He finally can tell what has attracted the faun here, as his satchel is on the ground, some of its contents strewn about. The faun is carefully inspecting the items, even being as brave as to pick them up to study them further. It's adorable how the faun is so interested, its ears flitting about and small fluffy tail wagging, and big eyes making sure to commit the item to memory before doing the same to another. The child-like curiosity of the faun spurs on fondness from Bill, he's almost glad that his stuff is laid there for this lovely opportunity.

The faun carefully flips over the bag, spilling out what's left in a heap before setting the cloth aside, leaning in before bolting back.

Bill immediately wonders what could have caused such a reaction, but soon facepalms at what he spots at the top of the pile-

He had forgotten that he had a loaded gun in his bag, and now it laid precariously at the apex of his junk. Huh, at least it seemed that the faun was aware of the dangers guns posed, so maybe he wasn't so much of a child after all.

He watched expectantly, wanting to see what else the faun would do.

The boy used a large branch to move the gun far away, making sure it pointed towards the trunk of a tree before resuming his search, eagerly sticking his hands into the pile to find pens and notebooks and other material for hunting and such.

The faun seemed fascinated by pens, managing to uncap them before dragging them across the palm of his hand, making sure the ink was still strong. Eventually he came to a pen which was unlike the others, as it had no cap and was actually what Bill could see as a ballpoint

pen. The boy fiddled with the contraption, his tongue out sticking out as he tried to figure out if it was indeed a pen or something else-

Suddenly he managed to click the pen, jumping a bit at the noise before noticing the tip now visible for writing. He dragged it across his palm, seemingly amazed at how the ink was unlike the other pens, and he even smudged it and smiled.

Soon he clicked the pen in rapid succession, and despite the noise being annoying, the understanding that the faun was building seemed to be worth it.

With careful eyes Bill resumed studying the boy, settling against the tree as his voyeurism continued-

The faun took the notebooks and looked over some of the pages before giving up on the book, easily taking up another one to scan it's contents. Again and again he did this, why Bill couldn't figure it out-

Finally the boy came to his most recent journal, which was only half way filled and he smiled as he started hitting blank pages-

Bill was enthralled by the boy, it became clear that the little faun was looking for blank pages to ink up with the newfound pens. The blond was a bit miffed at having his journal taken and re-purposed, but then again he couldn't really hold it against the boy. He just wanted to get *a bit closer*-

Suddenly a loud voice ripped through the forest, the sound unlike any other but clearly upset, and both the faun and Bill jumped at it. Unfortunately for Bill though, he lost his footing and fell back onto his ass, right into a bundle of sticks which cracked under his weight. The faun under scrutiny seemed to grow afraid of the sudden movement and quickly took up the satchel and shoved as many items as he could into it still being brave enough to try and locate all the items that had been strewn about before leaving.

Bill felt his heart pound, upset that this magical moment seemed to be fleeting. No, Bill thought, it wouldn't end here-

> *Approach with kindness.*

> **Approach with deceit.**

> Be a Kind Human.

Chapter Summary

Deep down, Bill is a kind man at heart despite what the world has thrown at him, so he's going to go out on a limb and try to reach the faun through good means.

Chapter Notes

So I became a bit confused in the comments last time so allow me to say this, when I am asking for paths, focus more about intention rather than the literal actions. This is why I used **bold** for negative intentions versus *italics* for positive intentions.

For clarification I am going to post both the ->*Be a Kind Human.* and the ->**Be a Filthy Hunter.** paths to demonstrate how I am looking for intention rather than actions. ->*Approach with Kindness.* won by a landslide so I will count the other path as non-cannon despite posting it as the next chapter, ok?

Overall, just make sure to choose the path you want Bill's intent to lie first and foremost, and then focus on his actions secondary. Actually, do whatever you want since I can't tell you what you can and can't do, but yeah, this is just my suggestion.

I hope you enjoy this path and also the spin-off!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



-> *Be a Kind Human.*



Bill felt anxious as he scrambles to find something to quell the faun's fear, eyes darting around to find anything that could help-

Just a few steps away from his current position, Bill spots the beginnings of an apple orchard. The apples were just barely ripe, so Bill makes his way over to pull off three apples from a low hanging branch. It's strange to see just a small cluster of apple trees so randomly, but maybe it's due to some natural phenomena or possibly even a magical phenomena.

He hurries back to see the faun a bit further than before, debating on whether to take the gun or not. Bill carefully steps out, keeping his movements slow as he gets closer to the boy.

The hunter leaves a few feet between them and starts making a soft clicking noise with his tongue to draw the faun's attention-

The boy turns and tenses at his position, stepping back cautiously and staring at him with large hazel eyes. At this distance Bill can truly admire their beauty, of the lovely browns mixing with subdued greens, topped off with a lovely amber ring on the outermost part of his iris.

Bill barely remembers how to breathe around this beauty, utterly enchanted with the faun before him.

He carefully grabs one of the apples, slowly extending his arm out to offer the red fruit to the boy. Again, he takes special care to be as slow and un-threatening as possible, finally pausing completely to allow for the faun to grow comfortable.

The faun stares at him, his eyes flickering between the ruby red apple and the man. There is a slight shake to his figure, but the boy doesn't seem to be too afraid. Maybe startled, but not desperately afraid.

The faun is dead silent, and hesitantly reaches for the fruit. Once his palm makes contact with the fruit he pushes it out of Bill's hands and to the floor before backing away and bringing the extended hand to his chest.

Bill waits, allowing the apple to roll a bit before grabbing another apple to offer. He keeps to the same tactic, moving slowly towards the faun to close the gap while offering another apple. He hopes that the faun will accept the fruit this time-

The boy takes the fruit, inspecting it a bit before he brings it up to sniff it, nose twitching adorably. Hazel eyes slowly drag back to inspect Bill once more, trying to make sense of this

situation.

Bill hears a thud, as the faun once again lets the fruit slip through his fingers and fall to the ground.

Bill wasn't the patient type, but he couldn't give up just yet! He offers his last apple, trying to prove his kindness to the faun, and how he means no harm-

The faun decides to be bolder, placing a hand on the apple and watching for Bill's reaction. The blonde offers a closed lip smile, too worried about baring-teeth and giving off the wrong idea to want to risk it. The faun's large ears flick in different directions, picking up the smallest sounds and subconsciously processing them. They stay frozen like that for a couple of minutes, and once again the faun grows bolder-

Bill's heart races once the faun began to approach him, those curious hazel eyes finally acknowledging him. There was about a foot retained between them, but Bill could smell the strong pine scent from the faun. The faun's nose twitched again, indicating that he too was being inspected.

The faun looks at the hunter before glancing back at the fruit trapped between their palms, returning his gaze to the man and tilting his head to the right. Bill tries to convey his intentions in a similar matter, but it is lost in translation as the boy forces the fruit out of his hand and onto the floor, but resting his palm where the fruit had been just moments before.

He wants to laugh at the faun's insistence, maybe they don't eat apples? He figured that they would have similar diets to humans, since their torsos were human-like, but if not he had expected them to have a stomach capable of handling fruit. Though the faun being curious enough to make contact was a bit shocking, but completely welcomed. From what he could tell, the boy's palms were so soft and he wished he could rub it to truly feel it's softness.

"Bill! Where are you Bill?!" A loud voice suddenly rung out between the trees, followed by hurried footsteps that crunched with each impact. The hunter recognizes the voice as one of his companions, turning a bit to the sound of her calls.

The faun goes rigid, ripping his hand from Bill and bolting away, clutching the satchel to his body as he goes off into the forest-

>Chase the faun.

>Catch up with your companion.

Chapter End Notes

Remember, kudos motivate me and choose Bill's path by commenting!

I am really amazed with how much y'all seem to like this kind of fic, so I hope you continue to be kind and lead the story along. The next chapter is non-cannon so go at you own discretion! Warnings will be inside the chapter, so proceed with caution.

The voting date for this chapter will close on 4/29, so make sure to comment before then!

> Be a Filthy Hunter.

Chapter Summary

Deep down, Bill is a wicked man in a wicked world, so he's going to let his innate hunter instincts lead him to try and capture the faun for his own filthy desires.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Blood, Gore, Body Morphing, Bodily Harm, Depictions of being eaten, FEAR, Mature content, etc.



Approach with caution deceitful ones...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Warnings: Blood, Gore, Body Morphing, Bodily Harm, Depictions of being eaten, FEAR, Mature content, etc.



-> Be a Filthy Hunter.



Bill felt anxious as he scrambles to find something to keep the faun here, eyes darting around to find anything that could help-

Just a few steps away from his current position, Bill spots the beginnings of an apple orchard. The apples were just barely ripe, so Bill makes his way over to pull off three apples from a low hanging branch. It's strange to see just a small cluster of apple trees so randomly, but maybe it's due to some natural phenomena or possibly even a magical phenomena.

He hurries back to see the faun a bit further than before, debating on whether to take the gun or not. Bill carefully steps out, keeping his movements slow as he gets closer to the boy, not wanting to test to see if the faun is intelligent enough to try and use the gun on him.

The hunter leaves a few feet between them and starts making a soft clicking noise with his tongue to draw the faun's attention-

The boy turns and tenses at his position, stepping back cautiously and staring at him with large hazel eyes. At this distance Bill can truly admire their beauty, of the lovely browns mixing with subdued greens, topped off with a lovely amber ring on the outermost part of his iris.

Bill's mouth salivates at the sight of the beauty before him, and he can feel lust and hunger swirl in his abdomen, his heart pounding at this point.

He carefully grabs one of the apples, slowly extending his arm out to offer the red fruit to the boy. Again, he takes special care to be as slow and un-threatening as possible, he can't have the faun catching on afterall.

The faun stares at him, his eyes flickering between the ruby red apple and the man. There is a slight shake to his figure, but the boy doesn't seem to be too afraid. Maybe startled, but not desperately afraid.

The faun is dead silent, and hesitantly reaches for the fruit. Once his palm makes contact with the fruit he pushes it out of Bill's hands and to the floor before backing away and bringing the extended hand to his chest.

Bill waits, allowing the apple to roll a bit before grabbing another apple to offer. He keeps to the same tactic, moving slowly towards the faun to close the gap while offering another apple. He hopes that the faun will accept the fruit this time-

The boy takes the fruit, inspecting it a bit before he brings it up to sniff it, nose twitching adorably. Hazel eyes slowly drag back to inspect Bill once more, trying to make sense of this situation.

Bill hears a thud, as the faun once again lets the fruit slip through his fingers and fall to the ground.

Bill wasn't the patient type, but he couldn't give up just yet! He offers his last apple, trying to prove his **kindness** to the faun, and how *he just wants a little taste of him-*

The faun decides to be bolder, placing a hand on the apple and watching for Bill's reaction. The blonde offers a wide smile, his teeth gleaming and sharp as he can barely contain his glee. The faun's large ears flick in different directions, picking up the smallest sounds and subconsciously processing them. They stay frozen like that for a couple of minutes, and once again the faun grows bolder-

Bill's heart races once the faun began to approach him, those curious hazel eyes finally acknowledging him. There was about a foot retained between them, but Bill could smell the strong pine scent from the faun. The faun's nose twitched again, indicating that he too was being inspected.

The faun looks at the hunter before glancing back at the fruit trapped between their palms, his eyes beginning to change to a light azure color before lighting up from the inside. His freckles also do the same, and finally his strange Ursa Major becomes luminescent, and Bill feels his whole body begin to shake from the sudden change in demeanor-

The faun smiles at him, showing off rows upon rows of sharp teeth, and his horns growing to a larger size, curving as if they belonged to a demon rather than a buck. It is in this moment that Bill realizes that he cannot move, frozen with not only fear but also some sort of **voodoo**. The strange creature before him finally presses down onto their linked hands, easily crushing the apple so he can take the hunter's hand into his claws, piercing the skin and cracking the bone without even batting an eye.

Bill can't even break eye contact with the horror, his eyes burning from the exertion of keeping them exposed to the air. It burns like hell, and his vision is being somewhat blurred but he can still tell that boy is a *monster*.

His now broken hand is sticky with the juices from the apple and bloody from the claws and

bones ripping his skin and muscle apart. It stings as well, as the fruit secretions are dripping into his wounds, only introducing more discomfort in this moment. The faun makes a high-pitched noise, in the melody of a laugh but more demented than Bill has ever heard.

"Bsgoru ivgmfs, bsgoru mzn."

Bill finally manages to blink, and fuck does it hurt, like he's scraping tiny rocks onto his eyes, but then he opens them once again only to find his eyelids sticking open once more.

"H-Huh?" he shakily replies, unable to even answer coherently to the suddenly savage faun.

"Tmrghfthrw." the faun replies maliciously, yet there is only delight on his face, eyes gleaming with gross fanaticism.

Bill can't even respond, as his arm is brought into an unnatural position, snapping at the force the creature seems to be unknowingly utilizing. He screams into the air, tears springing to his eyes and further clouding his vision. Then he feels sharp blades enter his arm, and he can tell the faun is *eating the flesh off his bones, ripping off chunk after chunk of flesh and loudly swallowing it*. He keeps screaming as his right arm is being desecrated, he never thought he would die from being *eaten alive*. The faun has absolutely no regard for his pain, pulling on his hand and trying to get his forearm to pop out of its joint. He can feel his radius and ulna begin to pry away from the epicondyle, and it only makes him *scream louder*.

His throat is raw from the continued use, and his lungs are rapidly filling and emptying air, *he's hyperventilating*, and his voice is becoming strained. Finally his arm is burning with pain and he hears a pop, and the dislocation of his forearm makes him lose his voice for a moment. **He's filthy**, sweat dripping down his face and drenching his shirt, heart pounding wildly and adrenaline making his whole body shake despite his paralysis. His throat burns and begs for him to stop but he can't, and tears are streaming down his face, some of them even catching into his mouth since he's got it wide open. He's gasping in pain since he can't scream anymore, and the faun continues to laugh at him, ripping off his fingers and spitting out the bones.

Bill is praying to every god he knows to not let him go this way, he can't go out this way!

"Why?" he croaks, his voice thick with tears and pain, cutting off again as the faun manages

to devour his entire forearm, yanking off what's left of the tendons which attach his radius and ulna and dropping his entire forearm skeleton to the ground. His lips and cheeks are painted with his blood, those glowing eerie eyes never blinking as they stare into the depths his soul. The faun smiles, sadistically licking his lips and sinking one of his claws into his shoulder, ripping the remains of his arm clean off before letting the blood spill into his mouth. He makes quick work of the rolled up sleeve from Bill's shirt, finally sinking his teeth into the dismembered limb as if it were an apple. He laughs again and his sclera grow black from his feast, only magnifying his luminescent irises.

Bill feels true fear to his very core, this was god judging him.

The faun finishes up quickly, once again smiling at him and coming even closer, licking his lips and giggling maniacally.

No, Bill realizes, *this was god punishing him.*

"Bill! Where are you Bill?!" A loud voice suddenly rung out between the trees, followed by hurried footsteps that crunched with each impact. The hunter recognizes the voice as one of his companions, and tries to cry out-

Except nothing comes out.

He's screamed himself silent, and now he can't escape his fate.

He cries silently, tears flowing freely as he stumbles backwards, falling onto his ass and shaking uncontrollably. He can't even hold his bladder anymore, wetting himself and feeling the warm patch between his legs grow and grow.

Bill looks up at the faun, who seems to be reacting to the noise and instantly losing his demonic features, returning back to the innocent and beautiful state from before. He rubs at his mouth and tries to wipe the blood from it, his hands small and dainty without a single sharp nail on them. His eyes return to the colors of the earth, brown and green mixing before the edge is lit aflame with amber.

The faun spares his victim one last glance, the amber in his eyes being even more prominent than before as he seems to struggle with one last remark-

[illegible]

Bill can barely make it out, and he nods furiously. The boy screams before fleeing quickly into the forest. Bill's companion follows the scream and finds the great hunter Bill Cipher terrified and without his right arm, trembling and curled up as if he were a scared child. She rushes to his side begins to prompt him on his finding-

"We n-need to go. Now. We n-n-need to l-l-leave before he, before he comes, we need to go." he meekly insists.

She helps him up and hushes him-

"Go, g-g-go. We n-need...Go. Go, go, go go, go." he continues, unable to keep his stutter under control.

"What happened to you Bill?"

Bill can't find the strength to speak of the horror that he just experienced. He's only able to cry, and cling to her with his left arm, his weak non-dominant arm. The faun he encountered was an omen, and he wasn't going to ignore his warning.

"Leave. Leave, we need to leave."

-> [DEAD END].

Chapter End Notes

I hope this helped clarify what I am suggesting y'all do LOL.

Also I hope you enjoyed the **[DEAD END]** since I am not going to be writing out both paths from now on.

[EDIT]: THIS IS NON-CANON SO THIS IS NOT INCLUDED IN THE STORYLINE. SO IN A SENSE THINK OF THIS CHAPTER AS KIND OF A AU WITHIN AN AU OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

SO ANY INFORMATION GATHERED IN THIS CHAPTER CANNOT BE APPLIED TO OUR MAIN STORYLINE.

>Develop Your Character.

Chapter Summary

*Cause I came here so you'd come for me
I'm begging you to keep on (Haunting)
I'm begging you to keep on (Haunting me)*

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the long wait, I lost a lot of my fic progress when I lost my phone a couple of weeks ago, and it really bummed me out. So not only is this fic delayed, but a lot of other ones too, so please forgive me.

For this chapter it was a really close one, but ->*Catch up with your companion.* managed to come out on top. (Y'all got scared of our little adorable deer-boy, huh? Don't worry, he won't bite...much.)

I hope y'all enjoy and choose wisely!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



-> *Develop Your Character.*



The hunter watches the faun dart off into the forest and sighs- ultimately deciding that he shouldn't scare the magical hybrid. He also reasons that he should be more considerate towards his companions, as they have been kind enough to join him once again on another one of his crazy, spontaneous adventures, despite the dangers they posed. He really was lucky to have such loyal friends, knowing that not everyone was lucky enough to have such devoted and tight-knit friendships.

He smiles as he finally hears the crunches close by, straightening himself and turning towards the sound-

He is met with the sight of Penelopy Winston, panting and stopping before him, placing her hands on her knees as she struggles to regain her breath. Bill is the first to break the silence, "Hello there Pyronica, have a nice hike out?"

"You could say that" she begins, taking another big gulp of air, "I saw the craziest creature though!"

Bill immediately stiffens with excitement, "Exotic or magical?"

"Magical." she spits out, her eyes alight with joy as well.

Their little band of hunters and explorers were peculiar in the sense that they weren't looking for the usual animals or interested in studying discovered animals-

No, they were interested in the *paranormal*.

Paranormal for their purposes was anything that uncommon, so exotic or nearly extinct species were included, but they also craved to discover new animals, possibly even tracking

animals from mythology and lore. They had traveled far and wide, from deserts and forests to mountains and tundras. They hadn't found much, but they weren't the type to give up. (Well, some of them were, or had very *specific* stakes, but Bill couldn't blame them for having one-track minds. He also couldn't deny anyone offering their help, even if it was temporary.)

The most stable members were about five of them, including Bill. Of course Penelope Winston, better known from her nick name Pyronica, was one of their youngest members, but she had enough fire to keep up (and sometimes even out-perform) the men. If Bill recalled correctly, she had been with them for just over three years. When she had joined them she was fresh out of graduate school with a degree in environmental engineering with passions in hiking, helping Kryptos with his animal tracking and being a boot camp instructor when the team was taking a season off.

Now Kryptos wasn't his favorite of the bunch, but without him they probably wouldn't have found what little they did. Again, he was an animal specialist and animal tracker, one of the best from all of Australia, so when he and Pyronica joined him on an expedition, he couldn't turn them away. The fact that they decided to stick around was even more surprising, but not unwelcomed. It was nice, having their personalities around to bounce an odd love-triangle of sorts between them, but that seemed to simmer down within the last year- when Kryptos finally decided to grow a pair and propose to Pyronica. The wedding had been unusual, but fitting for the odd-ball couple, and Bill didn't have the heart to get between them, no matter how hard he had fallen for the red haired female. Now all he could do was be a weird pretend-uncle to their future kids, and at least that job entailed being his usual crazy self and special privileges on being a bad influence on children.

Well, one of two strange uncles to be honest, since there was no way they'd settle down without also bringing 8-Ball into their crazy family. 8-Ball didn't like to be called by his real name, and Bill was the only one who knew it. The older man was a friend of his mother, and proved to be somewhat of a father-figure to Bill, despite being only six years his major. He was another big influence in his interest in hunting, and going into nature and exploring the world beyond. They go way back, and had their share of ups and downs. Sure they didn't see eye to eye on everything but there was no way that those things would get in between them. Yes, they would both be able to bounce around those kids and influence them in the strangest ways.

It was actually 8-Ball who had run into their last member, who was very peculiar. The person in question was Jesus Ramirez, whom was deemed with the name Question Mark due to his odd sense of style (which often incorporated some sort of question mark print).

Now Soos was unlike the others, as he had no real skills pertaining to hunting or exploring.
No, he was with them for a different reason.

He was looking for someone.

Someone who went by the name Stanford Pines, who seemed to be a calamity as well.

Yes, the man had come looking for Bill, who had been rumored to be the last person Stanford Pines was seen with, before his mysterious disappearance. The reason why? Stanford was his mentor when he was beginning his career, and was the one who had lit the interest for the unusual and paranormal. Bill recalled him as not only a scholar but a cunning fighter, making him a perfect combination of brains and brawns which left any rivals far behind in the dust.

Bill admired the man greatly, and even strived to possibly be like him one day. Fond memories were all that Bill could hold onto now, as he recalled Ford's love for literature but also nature. Stanford Pines was truly the pinnacle of what humankind could become.

They were meant to scale Gravity Falls together, as there had been multiple leads pointing them to hit the forest. That forest seemed to be so innocent and overlooked, but Bill knew that they would find the greatest discoveries there.

But before they could head there, Stanford Pines vanished.

He simply erased himself entirely, as his apartment was empty and his office abandoned, and no one ever seeing or hearing from him again.

And for a long time, Bill had given up on finding that enigma of a hero.

This is where Soos comes in, who had sought out Bill's group in the hopes of finding the same man. Soos insists that he met the peculiar man named Stanford Pines who was heading to Gravity Falls.

Now this wasn't what troubled Bill, no the real mystery came when Soos was asked to describe what the man was like.

This Stanford Pines was short tempered and uninterested in science. No, this man was a bit of a block-head, but more affectionate and passionate than anyone before him. Soos says Stanford always lead him to dream big and to always grow stronger, even when times were rough. Soos' hero was kind in a ruffian sort of way, but seriously devoted to reaching that forest. When prompted for a reason though the man was never able to say, instead asking 'You wanna come with me and find out?'. He stayed in Portland with Soos until the handyman could get on his own two feet, finally complaining about how he was too cramped with having Soos and his girlfriend now living there and starting their own life.

Before Soos could thank him though, Stanford disappeared once again.

This time he was kind enough to at least leave a note- 'Don't worry about me, I'll always be fine.' It was then that Soos recalled seeing clipping of the quaint little and journals filled with strange creatures, yes- Stanford Pines had left to finally tackle Gravity Falls.

The fiery-lass manages to grab a armful of apples from the strange couplet of apple trees, and Bill still stays quiet and in his head as he follows her. Pyronica leads them back to the camp during Bill's inner reflection, trying to scout the area to make sure that the creature was gone. This creature was something unlike anything she knew about, so much that she had been spooked into hiding before the creature could catch a good glimpse of her.

"I saw...well, It's hard to explain. It was a creature that had only two horse legs and the torso of a female. And she also had a single horn from her head, something like a unicorn horn. Maybe she was some sort of human-unicorn hybrid-"

"And you were scared?" Bill finally asked, looking over at the curvy woman and trying to gain more context.

"Well, not initially, but she started making this wretched noise, high-pitched and shrilly. It wasn't welcoming, so I hid...and then she chased me. I don't think she ever really saw me, but

was intent on getting me out of that area. Then I found some of your journals and started to look for you, since we would be better off in a group than alone."

Bill nods, keeping alert as they get back to camp and see the place more or less trashed; she sighs and lays the apples out onto a cloth, trying to salvage her tools from the attack. Bill slowly helps, trying to contribute to her efforts before returning to the subject, "We have fauna-like creatures, but instead of deriving from goats they are derived from other animals. I saw a boy who had a pair of legs like a deer and some small nubs. He also had the coloring similar to a deer, so maybe they are related?"

Bill grabs one of the saved journals and decides to add his findings in there, "I want to track the male. He seems much tamer than the female. I even managed to make contact before you startled him."

She gives him an incredulous look, "Wow, and you didn't chase after him? That's a first."

Bill shrugs, "I dunno, it didn't feel right at the time. I'm sure we'll be able to track him though."

"That's for sure!" She happily replies, dragging her ripped tent off the foundation and hoping that she can fix it with a thread and needle.

Bill's hands shake as he tries to jot down all his ideas, barely able to keep still as he commits them to paper. He's so caught up in his thoughts that he can barely keep track of where his companion is, dead intent on describing all he can about the fauna-boy he encountered and how to go about his tracking. Pyronica hands him a flask with water and grabs one of the apples, the fruit crunching loudly as she takes her first bite-

Bill jumps once he hears her scream, and turns to his companion, seeing as she spits out the apple and tossing the fruit in a frenzy. Before the blonde can even ask what the issue is he grimaces, seeing a rather large spider emerge from where the apple's seeds and core reside. She grabs her pocket knife and slices a new one open, only to find an even bigger spider in this one, emerging from the fruit and skittering off into the darkness of the forest. She tosses all the apples away, cringing from the gross discovery.

Bill's eyes light up with recognition, the deer-boy *knew* that there were spiders in the fruit, hence why he *refused* to take them.

He scribbled furiously into the journal, trying to get a sketch down of the arachnid, cringing at how it's legs seemed to stretch on and on before finally connecting with the small, nearly poisonous looking body. Bill couldn't tell whether or not these arachnids had hair since they were drenched in fruit secretions, but he wasn't about to go and find out. He returns to the faun boy entry, trying to draw a sketch of him as best as he can to memory.

During his sketch Pyronica calls out to him to let him know that she was going to scavenge for food, and he simply hums in approval.

"I'll stay here and keep an eye on the place."

"Yeah right, you just wanna get your newest infatuation down on paper."

Bill laughs and says nothing, it's not like he can deny her comment. He looks back down on his drawing, utterly fascinated with the fauna boy. He *almost wishes* that he could have gone back and done things a bit differently, but alas he can't, as time waits for no man.

Since he's alone now Bill can't help but become more cautious, he wouldn't want to be caught off guard by a threat that could have been easily avoided. He sets aside his journal and gathers the tent cloth, inspecting the damage before going through their tool bag and setting up a wax thread and the sewing awl. Bill makes sure to create a shingle effect, in order to account for rain to be able to run off rather than collect on the seam. The smaller rips are easier to deal with but the larger ones running along the sides of the tent are causing a bit more of a problem. He rummages through the bag and finds what little tent fabric they brought isn't going to cut it.

Maybe if they can just find some of that repair tape then one of them can go down and restock on some of the stuff-

He hears a rustle of leaves and immediately turns to the source-

"Hey, I managed to kill a small boar. I need you to help me gut it while I try and contact the others."

Bill feels relief flood his system, it seems that the woods was making him antsy. At least he wasn't alone now. Bill quickly patches up the rest of the tent with some repair tape before rubbing his hands with some alcohol and lugging out a bucket and his largest knife. Before they had started drinking the crew had done a great job setting up their spit, and even though the rest of the camp had been trashed the spit seemed to be untouched.

Pyronica gets out her phone and wanders around to look for a good signal, finally managing once she's up in a tree and calling the others. Bill focuses on his work, mainly because he knows if he starts thinking about the others his anxiety will flare up and he'll be unable to be useful. (As much as Bill tries to pretend that he is aloof when concerning his team, he isn't, and he hopes that they'll be able to meet up to eat the hog when it's ready.)

He begins to slide the gambrel through the hog's heels, just low enough that the body won't rip through and fall. With some effort Bill holds up the body and tosses the remaining chain onto a large tree branch, securing it before finally letting go of the hog and letting it bleed out onto the floor. He steps back and leaves the poor thing swaying slightly, its blood making a nasty puddle on the floor. Bill curses and grabs a bucket, putting it underneath the hog to catch the blood, maybe he can make some sausages with it later.

The sigh that comes from the strawberry-haired hunter doesn't seem promising.

Bill looks away from the bloody carcass and finds the lass climbing down, "So, what did they say?"

"Well, 8-Ball isn't picking up at all. Soos is fine, but he has no idea where he is. And Kryptos can't go anywhere, since he is an idiot and managed to roll his ankle again! The damn thing is all swollen and he can barely walk this terrain without bitching about it every couple of sentences."

Bill sees how frazzled the contact has made the woman, and he empathizes with her. He's gotta be cool though, as the leader he can't let the anxiety and situation get to his head.

He smiles once he figures out the lady is packing a small bag, "Oh, so you figured out where he is?"

"Yeah, Kryptos at least. Soos tried telling me where he was but he is god-awful at actually finding distinguishing features of his location. I'm gonna go get Kryptos and bring him back here though, since he's hurt."

Bill knows better than to try to stop her, "Should I come too?"

"No, you'll just weigh me down. Besides, you need to make us all dinner."

Bill laughs, knowing that she was picking at him for his love of cooking and being more of the camp-maker (aka Camp Wifey) rather than rescuer. He never thought of it as bad though, it was smart to make sure their camp was in tip-top shape and to have good food out in their expeditions.

"Fine, fine. Didn't wanna go with ya anyways."

Pyronica gives one final bright smile and wave before heading east, and Bill feels the hairs on his neck stand-

SOMEONE WAS HERE WITH HIM.

Bill lets out a slow breath and surveys the area, slowly dragging his single cerulean eye across to find anything out of place. He manages to do a full 360 before finally giving up, but not dismissing the threat.

He makes sure to move slowly, setting up another fire and laying out the grate, filling the largest pot they have with water to heat it up. Once that's settled he sanitizes his hands once more and begins to sear and cut the hairs off the dead boar, which takes him about an hour

and a half to get all of it off. It's annoying, having to heft the damn thing into the searing hot water and then scraping it off, over and over and over again. But Bill knew better than to complain, since spitting the hog was the best way to enjoy it. He just has to keep his eye on the prize, and also make sure whatever was watching him would leave as well.

Once he's finished with that he takes his largest knife and begins to gut the carcass. All the while he makes sure to stay alert, carrying some of their water reserves over to clean out the hogs insides. He'd probably have to make a trip tomorrow to that stream that 8-ball noted just south of their camp. Bill sighs and begins to staple it shut once more before moving onto setting the boar onto the main skewer stick. He just barely manages to do so by himself, panting a bit as he adds some salt on the skin and finally setting it over the fire. The blond barely manages to turn the pig once before he is finally met with large hazel eyes observing him from a large brush.

Bill stiffens up and stays still, waiting for the creature to make a move.

They stare at each other for a couple of minutes before finally the creature advances, the faun slowly approaching and his nose twitching adorably. Before he realizes it Bill is smiling, a full smile at being met once again with the beauty of the forest. It seems to recognize him, and not be so afraid this time. He's still got Bill's bag, and seems to be more interested in the cooking hog rather than him.

Bill bites his lip in excitement and considers what he should do next-

>Attempt to communicate with the faun.

>Capture the faun.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos really brighten my day, so I'd really appreciate it if you left some!

Also influence Bill's choices by commenting and we will decide his fate through democracy! (LOL)

I hope y'all enjoyed and voting will close on June 3rd!

Also, if any of y'all are interested in being my Beta please feel free to message me on here or on my tumblr! (It doesn't even have to just be for this fic, it can be for any of my other fics too, since I hate editing and suck at writing overall LOL)

> Become obsessed with the faun.

Chapter Summary

*Bring my lover to his knees
Pierce his skin and make him fall in love with me
'Cause I swear I'll make you bleed
If you break my heart when I hold you close to me*

*I'll never let you go
I'll never let you go
I'll never let you go
I'll never let you go*

I'll never let you go

Chapter Notes

*All of y'all are a bunch of **goody-two shoes!** And I keep seeing you bad intent people so don't worry, you aren't forgotten.*

So yeah I know I said focus on intent and shit but hey, just having good intentions doesn't mean good things always happen, so there will still be some possibility of unintended routes for each choice.

*Also not all bad choices will end in death, so really feel free to express your true choices without fear of death always. I just needed to cut off -> **Be a filthy hunter** since it was only to serve as an example of the routes. Thanks for reading and I hope you enjoy!*



-> *Become **obsessed** with the faun.*



Bill decides that it would be best to try to communicate with the fauna again. The idea of being able to communicate with the boy was promising! He hopes that maybe even one day they could possibly figure out a way to truly understand each other-

Bill is brought back to the present when he hears the small hooves clacking against the hard ground and the susurrus of leaves and branches, the boy finally emerging from his hiding spot. There are flowers braided into his hair and a couple of leaves falling into the tufts of fur as he makes his way into the open. His gorgeous eyes never move from Bill, and the hunter tries to stay as still as possible.

Bill can't help but notice the small black nose twitching once more, as the coloration of his eyes accent the curve of his nose. He nearly wants to gush when he sees it twitch once more, sniffing the meat and looking at it before returning his gaze to the blond.

Bill gives him another closed-lip smile, absently talking aloud, "Ah, smells good, huh? I can spare some for you, if you wait for me to finish."

At first Bill feels a bit stupid for trying to literally talk to the faun, since there was probably no way that they could understand him, but he shrugs it off.

Then again, he is talking to a strange, seemingly supernatural, creature. And the lore does say that fauna creatures can indeed talk to humans, and that they often do. So he watches the deer boy, trying to gauge anything he can from the reaction to his statement.

Bill is only met with a stare.

The deer boy stares back, never breaking eye contact and drawing nearer and nearer. Bill stays quiet, opting to try and keep a foot of distance between them, and also looking away a lot. All the eye contact was making him a bit flustered, it was too intimate somehow. Yet fauna must not have adhered to the same social rules as humans do, or perhaps the burning curiosity was making this boy too bold-

The hunter could feel his face begin to grow hot, and the more aware he was about it, the worse it got. God, it was just this disgusting little positive feedback loop. Why couldn't he just be a normal person with normal situations? (Oh right, because he thought that kind of life was too boring.)

The faun's hazel eyes were just too alluring, and at this proximity he could really pick out all the details in the irises, truly admiring the outer amber ring glittering brightly.

The faun seemed to notice his flustered fawning (get it? It's a pun! Really funny too!) and smiles brightly before giggling, batting his long dark eyelashes at him.

Oh goodness, the giggle was both absolutely adorable and *scandalous*. Yes, it seems that the faun is *highly-intelligent*, and is aware at least some human customs. Enough to mimic a flirty giggle- because Bill undoubtedly knew that a giggle paired with that kind of body language signaled *yes*. At least in human customs...he had to keep reminding himself that this boy wasn't exactly bound to the same rules as he was.

He turns away and crouches to start rotating the pig, and the young male begins to circle around Bill and the pig, almost skipping as he makes a couple of rounds. The rhythmic clacks of contact are somewhat relaxing even, as Bill continues to tend to the meat.

The hunter doesn't divide his attention evenly between the spit and the faun, giving the boy mere glances every so often but focusing more so on the pig being cooked well.

He settles back, picking up his forgotten journal and filling it up with a short description of his second encounter with the faun. He writes furiously once more, trying to get down every small bit of observation that he has made.

The faun grows still once more, clearly seeing the journal and pen at play once more. A small trod brings the faun just behind the hunter, and he looks over his shoulder to see what exactly is happening. Bill continues on, not paying any mind to the new attention while the faun's eyes dart all over the page.

The crackle of fire is now the only thing that fills the air, and the soft scribble that accompanies Bill's writing. The faun is curious, once again attempting to take another one of his pens, but Bill makes sure to keep it out of his grasp. He shifts this way and that way, the faun unable to keep up and thus failing to take his pen.

The faun gives up after a minute, huffing and stomping his hooves. It is clear that the young boy is frustrated, and Bill can't help but laugh. The faun jolts at the sudden hearty noise but calms and even joins in. Before he knows it the faun is behind him again, and he wonders what could come next.

Bill is fairly comfortable with the boy now, but is still surprised when he begins to feel fingers running through his hair. He relaxes into the soft touch, noticing how the boy seems to be inspecting him. Bill first feels quick glides through his strands before the boy starts lightly pulling it away from its position and upward or in some opposite direction. Then he slowly passes his hands through, making as much contact with his scalp and, running through the entire length of the strands and letting them fall away on their own. Then he starts twirling his hair, his fingers nimble as he musses up Bill's hairstyle.

The hunter isn't sure when exactly he closed his eyes, but they spring open when he feels the fingers running through his hair grab a handful of his golden locks and begin pulling **hard**.

Bill yelps and tries to get away, but the mischievous little devil doesn't stop, pulling his hair repeatedly-

"Hey, quit that!" He shouts, swatting at the hands that are buried in his gorgeous mane.

More laughter follows and Bill returns his attention to the little brat behind him, getting up and facing him, but as soon as he does-

The faun knocks him off his feet, landing straight onto his arse from the collision. The boy chortles and falls on top of him as well, making sure to jab him in the ribs before pinning him down confidently.

Bill sees the playful spark in the faun's eye and his mind soon comes to a realization, the faun sees him as a playmate!

So Bill tries his best to start play-fighting with the boy, making sure not to use too much force as they tumble around. Soon the faun is below him, dragging his neck down and rubbing his face and horn nubs wherever he can reach.

Bill pushes his head away, not too keen on being scented by the boy (especially not when those nubs were hurting his skin quite a bit, every time the faun made contact in fact). The boy manages to get on top, still rubbing his face onto any and every part of Bill. The hunter struggles once more and the faun looks up at Bill, moving so they are directly face to face.

The hunter's breath catches in his throat at meeting those eyes again, and easily loses himself in their glimmering depths. Now he is able to more clearly see the flowers that have been braided into his fluffy hair, bright pink and fading to white at the center and in full bloom. Bill almost thinks that they are even growing larger, and simply watches in fascination as some of the buds in his hair actually do start blooming right before his eyes.

The option of getting away from the faun isn't possible for the hunter anymore, as he can't even find the will to be too far from the beauty before him.

>Kiss the faun.

>Assert dominance.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short chapter but I think this is actually decent enough to post. (Thanks to [Galaxy](#) for the reassurance needed to post this as is.)

So the deadline to vote will be for 7/15!(also take note that both options are indeed laced with **bad intentions**. Choose wisely)

Also some one mentioned that they would like to see a chapter from Dipper's point of view, and I wanna know if y'all would be interested in seeing one in the future (comment below yay or nay for a Faun!Dipper chapter).

As usual, kudos and comments motivate me to continue working on this story (even though I am in school again) so please leave some ;o; Thank you

End Notes

Kudos and Comments motivate me!

Also, choose the path that you want in the comments! I will close them on a certain day (unless stated otherwise) and we'll see which wins out! If this fic dies then so be it LOL.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!