

Bandaged Awakenings

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/2409020) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/2409020>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Other
Fandom:	Gravity Falls
Relationship:	Dipper Pines/Reader
Characters:	Dipper Pines , Reader , Mabel Pines
Additional Tags:	Adult!Dipper , Reader-Insert , gender neutral reader , Roughness , sorta - Freeform , AU - Older Pines
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-10-05 Words: 6,626 Chapters: 1/1

Bandaged Awakenings

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

After a particularly dangerous adventure, Dipper is left bed-ridden and under your care. Being left alone with the world-renowned detective proves beneficial though. After all, he certainly wants your private attention.

Notes

Gender-neutral reader (but DFAB).

Pine Twins are way into their 20s here, based on these designs:

(<http://scarythneed.tumblr.com/post/99023138639>)

(<http://scarythneed.tumblr.com/post/99055368999>)

The Mystery Twins were a world-wide sensation. From the peaks of skyscrapers to the belly of small-town Americana, word of their adventures was persistent. Finding the unlucky few who had escaped notice of their whereabouts was rare. So many people were waiting with baited breath over their paranormal activities you could build a country out of them.

But to you, they were still those dorks from Gravity Falls. Kids you had grown up with, despite at the time never thinking you'd see them ever again. Kids who'd started with crazy journals that flew over everyone's heads—including yours—and with nothing but themselves to get the times by.

Humble beginnings when you were just a nerd popping into the Mystery Shack to see what crazy antics were happening in its shady walls. Hardly a year older than the pesky twins running about its fake enchantments. The unruly owner was always entertaining at the very least. But all the fake tourist trap nonsense always pulled you away. The only real mysteries there were them, Dipper and Mabel Pines. And boy did they pull you in.

You'd become friends with Mabel so easily it felt destined to happen. She loved your hair. It was a constant even after all these years, even after all the mishaps you'd put it through. It didn't help hers was so...flowy. Flowy or some other description. Something wild and fitting of the girl.

She liked your hair and she liked playing with you. Fake adventuring, that only turned into *real* adventuring as your naivety to what was going down in the town you lived in disappeared. Her and the other citizens she enjoyed the company of.

Dipper...Dipper took longer. He was a tough nut to crack, whose interior glowed through so fiercely there might have well been no exterior to push through. Yet there was, this boy too eager to seem cool and be the alpha male. Getting stuck with Mabel all the time let you find the squeaky dork beneath, the guy you could attempt to befriend.

And maybe do more than befriend.

You couldn't help it. He was tiny and adorable. (For a bit. You still remembered towering over him well into your teens. Yet now...) And then when you got to spend time with him, really get to know him, you got to see just how deep the adorable dug. It turned into shades of childish, to trying to be something he wasn't, to a kid trying to fit into an adult's role.

You figured most of it out the wrong way. Through the mysteries the twins loved to wind up on. Through getting caught yourself in discovering they weren't kids with overactive imaginations. Through spending far too much time with just him and indulging his aimless maps of thoughts.

Countless summers spent catching up after a year of them being back home. Remembering the dark secrets you needed to delve into and him grabbing your hand to make you push into the depths alongside them.

Remembering feelings you were trying desperately to push back down in the months between their visits. School days spent recollecting on the time spent. Weekends spent exploring what they'd left behind, instructed in intense detail in texts from mainly Dipper. Mabel cared about exploration, she really did, but in the end her twin was focused fully on unlocking everything the town had to offer.

It was all set up to *force* you to keep backtracking. Continue thinking about it. Them.

Him.

It was so stupid. *You* were so stupid. Who knew what was going on back home, certainly not you. They were both off living their own lives, probably falling *in love* with people they actively saw. Not some random kid they met while at their great-uncle's. Not that you were falling in love!

That was later.

Later after...incidents you still think about. All ones that were too surreal to be real.

Experiments.

They were just experiments.

Events that shouldn't have happened. Being alone with Dipper when you really shouldn't have been. You were alone with him so often, though, that you couldn't have stopped any of them. Usually spent piecing together missing clues, they were your favorite moments. Most of your moments. Dipper didn't really have any other friends besides you in Gravity Falls. It was only natural.

You wished it wasn't. It made those few moments that woke the flutters in your stomach in late nights.

Being innocent kids wondering too much.

Being hormone-ridden teenagers that were too curious.

Nothing that seemed to carry over into adulthood but lingered in the past. Firmly in 'Things We Really Knew Better Than Doing.' Squarely based in the weird fantasies categories yet they were actual...events that occurred.

The number of times they bothered you.... It was upsetting.

Dipper was upsetting.

And it certainly didn't help that Mabel just always *knew* things. She had the uncanny ability to set you two up into situations that made sure nobody bothered you.

She'd unknowingly set up too many awkward moments neither of you ever spoke of again. Not even jokingly, as Dipper tended to do with his awkward nerves. Just plain ignored, probably forgotten by him.

You had to keep remembering huh?

They were marked into your mind when Gravity Falls was fully unlocked, given to the world as the dark destiny it truly was.

They echoed as the twins started expanding their adventures to the rest of the world.

They *screamed* when Mabel was personally asking *you* to be part of their tiny crew of helpers. Like a head helper. Helper Captain. Team Best Friend. All of which she called you and so many other pet names and terms.

You needed to decline her. You needed to get over your silly childhood crush. But you also *needed* to accept, because you knew she only did it to help you get closer to her timid twin.

The kid from Gravity Falls who helped hold gear and map out the goings-on of the Mystery Twins' schedules. That was you. You got your own spot in their posters and website. They always dragged you to whatever country they'd be sent to.

You got to tend to Dipper. Because Mabel rarely was dumb enough to get caught in even *half* of the things he'd fallen into. The few times she did, she just sewed herself up (HERSELF) and moved on.

But Dipper was still soft. Weak. In need of care.

You'd sometimes feel like maybe it was on purpose. Like he was fine, but purposefully making you take care of him. To get back those moments spent alone. Not that any of these new moments went anywhere except lame jokes and platonic, platonic, *platonic*.

He was just soft.

He looked soft.

You remembered him having soft skin.

A soft stomach. His stomach still looked soft, if more squishy than his lanky teen years. He'd certainly grown out of them. You'd catch yourself wanting to just..lay on it. Put your head on it and rest, imagine his fingers stroking your hair, letting you sleep on him as long as you wanted.

But then you'd remember to punch yourself and move on.

Maybe all that pent-up crushing was why you were best to tend to him. You cared *far* too much for your good.

Your soul *crushed* when he was injured.

Your soul *was* crushing. Because Dipper was terrible. He was an asshole of a guy, who didn't think about others before jumping into a boiling pan of water.

Dipper didn't care about monsters. He only cared about solving the mystery and moving on.

He never remembered he was only human, unlike vampires, ghosts, talking triangles. He was merely mortal and showed it by how easily he broke. No amount of fat or muscle could protect him when it came to the supernatural.

You reminded him of this. The man laying in his hotel bed rolling his eyes like he always did. He really needed a hospital, in your opinion, but who had time for those, eh?

"You worry too much. Mabel isn't worried."

Mabel was worried sick, she'd made that very clear when the two of you had dragged an unconscious Dipper into bed. Tattered from a monster neither of you remembered seeing but he certainly *had* seen. The blood, the scratches, the tears in his clothes that seemed to fall off of him when you took them off to clean already scarred and tattooed skin.

She'd barely been gone an hour now. Helping you like always to bandage up another reckless endeavor. She'd argued with Dipper and then left you two alone. Looking...actually pissed off. Mabel was mad.

"You could've died, dude."

"Every day, yet I make it," he grumbled, cracking a shoulder. Loudly. You could've cringed. Instead you just leaned on the bedside table littered with first aid supplies.

"You need to be more careful," you said. "I know I say that a lot—"

"I am careful. As careful as a paranatural investigator can even be." He turned to face you.

Dipper's face somehow had lived through the hardships his body hadn't. Still strangely baby-faced, unscarred except for a nick on his lips. The stubble you remembered from his teen years had taken to him, turning into the start of a goatee. Both of which he had been such an *ass* about, a smug little ass when he returned each summer with more on his face.

"I'm fine now," he said, interrupting thoughts of all those first-of-summer meet-ups. "So you can get some rest. Isn't that what you normal people do? Sleep?"

You couldn't help but smile. It was tiny compared to Mabel's but he did have a sense of humor. "I wouldn't know."

"Not normal, huh?"

"I don't even know the meaning of the word."

"It feels foreign on my tongue." Seeing him smile felt so rare. He spent so much time looking worried, horrified, nervous, scared. It all overshadowed his happiness. It dropped slightly.

"But you do need sleep."

You looked at the clock by your elbow. Late. *Figures*. "Says the bed-ridden man."

There was another eye roll. It brought out a wider smile on your face. Every little thing he did made you want to giggle into the nether. No matter what he attempted to do, he was still the cute kid from the Mystery Shack.

"If I sleep, will you sleep?"

"Maybe."

"Let's try it then."

You raised an eyebrow, titling your head into your palm. A mighty fine challenge for an insomniac with eyebags as thick as his. The Sandman no longer even held his address.

In his defense, the nightmares had to be unfathomable.

But with the way his eyelids closed, you felt he may actually rest tonight. Dipper ran on so little energy on a good day. A day like this, so close to death, he had to be about to break down internally. A matter of minutes maybe, and he'd be out. You were a bit worried, what with the black out earlier, but rest was important.

Mabel would've *forced* him to sleep.

You just watched him fall into a silent slumber. Chest lightly falling. Face turned to you, eyes shut. Looking peaceful despite the wreck of an afternoon. It was a sight you'd been stuck watching more times than you could count. Dipper was always getting thrashed and needing you to clean up after his mistakes.

It left you feeling drowsy, which you certainly were.

Chasing after the twins all the time did that to you.

Staying awake to keep an eye on the man didn't work out. Despite your best attempts, your head fell against your arm and you were out within the hour. That had been the deal, you guessed. Sleep while he slept. Though you had never actually wanted to miss a moment to gaze upon him without fear or regret.

You're only regret now was drifting into dreamland.

It didn't seem to last long. One moment your forehead was hitting your forearm. The next fingers were *in* your hair.

You felt them, eyes fluttering open to a world of black. Your face was hidden by your arm and you were so happy to be in such a terrible position. Because of the fingers. Because of a hand.

Because of mumbling.

Dipper had mumbled since you were kids. Then around...that girl you always looked up to. That cool teen that you still wished you could be. Maybe because she had caught his interest.

Exactly how you wanted to. You'd thought he'd grown out of this though. The mumbling, muttering nonsense you could faintly hear.

"Exactly how I remember it."

Your gut clenched.

The fingers drifted through the strands of hair. Softly. Slowly. With such practiced care, one would think you two did this all the time. Nothing like the way he pulled and abused his own fluffy head.

"Softer maybe... You should let me touch it more often... Mabel always got to feel it, didn't she? She got to do *a lot*." There was a slight chuckle to his tiny tone. The mumbling, the stroking, it fluttered your eyes back closed. An easy feeling fell on your shoulders. That besides the utterly unreal feeling.

The fingers left your hair, starting to trail. His knuckles came down, pushing aside hair falling over your ear. Fingertips brushed it instead, wrist resting on your arm.

"That was certainly fun to grab. I wouldn't mind grabbing it again. I wonder if you sound the same—"

Dipper's words shut off very suddenly. The finger trailing the back of your ear stopped in place. So close to your heating cheeks.

Much louder he spoke next, voice almost trembling. "A-Are you awake?"

Your eyes snapped open. Your hand gripping the table tightened.

That was what had given you away, the way you were about to break off the edge. Your entire body was so tense you were afraid of breaking the entire thing in half.

He didn't repeat himself. Didn't return to what he was doing. He was very much aware. He always was. Too tuned into what was happening around him. Paranoia did that to you. But now of all times...

You sat up. Your gaze stayed on the floor, too shocked to look at his face. The feeling of embarrassment over him *knowing* you were listening subsided. The void left behind filled with just what he had been saying.

Soft hair, wanting to feel soft hair.

Wanting to *grab* soft hair and hear you.

The hand on your knee could've torn your pants. The tension in the room and in your body could've *killed*.

He remembered. At least... he remembered being stupid fucking teenagers. He still had that *terrible* memory in the backlog of things to keep focused on, enough to mumble it—

"FUCK." You glanced up. The hands in your hair were covering his face, teeth clenched. "I didn't mean to do that—I fucked *up*—I'm sorry—Awesome. Amazing..." There he was gripping his bangs like he wanted to rip them off. The way he was so utterly freaking out made you feel less...well *freaking out* yourself.

"W-What?" How you found your voice, even for something this simple, was beyond you.

There were no words for a moment. Silence filled with you staring at the way he pulled his hands back, face looking at the ceiling. Fingers were curling. He wanted to go back to tugging his hair out. When he finally spoke, he was looking off, not at you.

"I thought you were sleeping—not...that's not an excuse. I should've asked—asked to feel your hair? Ha no. I shouldn't have done that at *all*. I...don't even know where this is going—sorry. Sorry for saying *sorry*."

A tint of red was spreading on his cheeks the longer he spoke. One to match yours. Though you didn't even have a mind to speak like he was. You were too perplexed by everything.

He finally looked *at* you.

He looked like he was going to *cry*.

He really was still soft.

"I had this...stupid *plan*. That I made so damn long ago. It doesn't even matter anymore. But I had this plan—I'm rambling this isn't even important." He licked his lips anxiously. "This wasn't how I wanted to start that plan, you know?"

"What plan?"

Licking his lips again.

"Dipper."

Your voice was coming back. Probably at the same rate the butterflies were erupting in your gut. You could vomit them in a sea of emotions. But if you did that, you wouldn't find out where this was going, despite how damn obvious it was.

Guess you didn't want to jinx yourself. Or admit what Dipper was admitting.

The man's hands were tapping on the blanket. Still not speaking.

Glancing at his hand closest made you sick. A good sick. One that pushed you to grab it.

He jerked out of your touch.

"N-not to...sound cliché," Dipper finally said. He rubbed the hand you had touched. Barely touched before it was gone again. "But like...what if I said..." His voice was starting to strain, forcing himself to say the words. A nervous smile was up. "I-I like you? Like you a lot. ... Ha—it sounds like something a kid would say but—"

For once he wasn't interrupting himself. No, his words were halting against something besides his own regrets.

Namely your regrets.

Kissing him felt like you remembered.

Just something quick, since you were an idiot who couldn't just say, "Oh! I like you too! Maybe a lot!" Which sounded also like something a kid would say. You were both reduced to children when it came to romance. Figured, seeing how this had started because you had been just a kid in way over their head.

The kiss ended.

On your side.

Pulling away, you felt a hand on your cheek. Cupping it. Pulling you right back down for more. Your eyelids closed instinctively. Basking in the return.

Both hands were on your cheeks, holding you in place. An avalanche of kisses followed fast words, each one feeling like a century passed during it. The swiftness made the hairs on his face tickle yours. "I *really* liked you—for a while—forever? forever—I'm so *glad*." The words fell into giggling, right against your lips. "I...put off telling you. I procrastinated for like....ten years. Is that a new record or what?"

You couldn't help but giggle. Pent-up affection from...gosh, it had been like ten years. All those years of smacking your face into a pillow grumbling angrily at your thoughts, a hell of a lot of time spent agonizing over knowing this was never going to be reciprocated. Well...that'd been proved wrong. You'd been proved wrong.

"We both did though." Your words were shaking with the intensity of it all. Your body was too. "I...thought you didn't—"

"I thought *you*—"

"I mean we—but you just ignored it—"

"Because *you* ignored it."

"We both ignored it because the other ignored it... I thought you'd....forgot though?"

Hazel eyes were darting off to the side, brief nervous laughter coming out. Despite it, maybe because of it, a smile was playing on Dipper's bright red face. It all only made yours shine brighter. You were too happy for your own good.

"How....could I just? Forget that?" One of the hands on your cheek ran into your hair, parting it in soft strands. "...I enjoyed it too much, you know?"

"Like grabbing my hair?" Your head tilted into his roaming palm.

"Something I wouldn't mind doing again."

Your eyes fell on him. Lips parted enough to say something but...regretting what you might say. Like you could say anything wrong at this point. Especially when Dipper was saying pretty much whatever came to mind. Nobody purposefully spoke so embarrassingly.

Though the way his smile seemed almost...like a *smirk* made you feel different.

He certainly could change the mood fast.

"Do you...want to try again?" you asked, starting to mumble as you finished. Your voice wavered as eyes fell on you again. Being the center of attention, *his* attention, was new. Surreal. Strange. Blissful.

"Do you?" he coughed. Voice fell victim to the same nerves. Smirk disappeared.

Hand on cheek drifted lower, fingers brushing the collar of your shirt. The brief moment of skin on skin contact from the brushing sent shivers over your body.

You weren't quite sure how to process his question, let alone answer it.

"Do you...want to try? Ri-Right now?"

You couldn't answer correctly so you just blurted out, chuckling nervously. "We confess and then get straight to business, huh?"

The tint of red seemed to darken. "I-I didn't—mean it like—"

Babbling was working for you. May as well keep it up. Hand resting on Dipper's tense chest, you watched it rise and fall harshly. "Sounds exactly like what you meant." A masked monster laid over the right corner of his chest, smiling creepily at you from beneath your fingers. "Which I...wouldn't mind. I-If we did. Do something..."

"Like?"

"Like..." You gestured with your hand. Spiraling it like that meant anything. No way you would actually *say* what you were both thinking. Embarrassed enough over this sudden confessing, this end to all the anger you'd felt over the years (over yourself), and now what Dipper was insinuating....

This all felt too much like a dream you needed to wake up from *right now*.

The dream continued. Dipper grabbing your hand. Interlocking your fingers and they just felt like they belonged together. You could hold his hand for the rest of your life.

Especially if it was being followed by a kiss.

Compared to the quick line from before, this was...far different. Deeper. Not a quick peck but a lasting linger. Hovering on your face for too long seconds. Pulling apart just to be replaced with the heel of his thumb on your lips.

"We could...pretend we're teens again."

You breathed very quietly, not wanting to miss a word. He was talking so beneath every other mild sound now.

You were both too nervous to be doing this.

"Teens can be weird a-and spontaneous. We....we can pretend we're at the Mystery Shack . A-And it's summer—"

"It *is* summer." Your eyes wanted to close. But you needed to watch the expressions of worry, nerves, bliss crossing so rapidly over his face.

"Then it'll be easier to pretend."

Where the top of your shirt had been toyed with was now the bottom. Nails lightly traced your hip. Dancing so close.

This could be a redo.

That was the final push. The push that got you to climb up into the bed, somehow able to straddle Dipper's wide body. He simply smiled meekly, the hand playing on the end of your shirt coming to go into beltloops.

It was terrifying, being like this. Afraid you could hurt him or *break* something. His body was weak. Exhausted. He had to be exhausted. Yet still offering what he was through it. And you were going to take it. Like an idiot who shouldn't be so selfish with the moment. Especially since, who knew, maybe it'd end up like last time again.

But you were overthinking this.

Your childhood crush had his hand already beneath your shirt. Tracing the curve of your bones. Making your back arch against nails rolling down your stomach.

Dipper was ready.

Kneeling forward, you caught his face. Returning that lingering kiss. His lips seemed to get softer each time, chapped wrinkles disappearing. The cut of the line scar on the corner of his mouth rubbed perfectly.

You could only imagine how the others felt.

There had been a few when you were younger, ones that didn't blend into one massive line of battlescars. Only a few that were always sensitive to the touch. Ones that had made him go weak at the knees. Everything was too old now.

You nearly bit his tongue. *Cold* fingers teased the waistband of your underwear, thumb pushing against the button on your jeans. The speed things were going was as if time was of the excess. Like you needed to be in a hurry. That much hadn't changed about how Dipper went about things.

No words, just slipping off needless jeans, tossed to the finely carpeted floor. Sooner or later they'd be meeting the ground. Better sooner. It meant you'd be going places *now*.

You were right. If your mouth hadn't been covered by his, the groans would have been louder. His palm had cupped into your underwear. Thick fingers tracing low made your hips twitch, only made worse as its movements followed lower — back up — lower —

A hand tightened in his curly brown locks. Tugging at each patterned stroke. He was *good* at this. Better than good — *great*. Nothing like fumbling and apologizing constantly, that you had expected. Teenage awkwardness. That was what you had ingrained in your memory for so long.

This was lightly closed eyes, a look of bliss on a crimson face. Quiet other than breathing, kissing, and the sound of moisture spreading. It was slow. Comforting feelings enveloping you. Not sure if it was *Dipper* or what he was doing so carefully.

In the awakening of comfort, a finger slide in so *easily* that it took you a moment to register it. Once you had, you gave a gasp.

"Are you okay?" Dipper spoke so softly you had to strain your ears to hear. Half-lidded eyes came open, looking up at you with mild concern. Any concern at all was troubling. And the louder it took you to answer, the more it seemed to grow.

"Yes."

"Sure?"

You nodded, going to kiss his neck. He sighed at the gesture. Head tilted back, Adam's apple bobbing anxiously. The line of nips you scattered down the curve of his skin brought out another sound. More high-pitched. One that was more fitting for you, considering his finger was slowly moving within you, making your thighs shake with each half-thrust.

A whimper left as your teeth braced his ear. Another one, clearly restrained by a bit lip, sounded as you latched back to his neck.

He still had the same pleasure points it seemed.

The finger seemed to circle within, helping make room so easily for a second exploring digit, if not for a bit of resistance. Not enough to stop it joining. You felt like collapsing on top of Dipper. Only foreplay and you thought you might faint.

He noticed your shaking, holding you up by your chest. It earned him more bites and kisses that were now aimlessly littering neck and face, chest heaving beneath nails that accidentally scratched. But with nothing but more sighs to guide them, accidents became purpose.

The differences between your marks and the monster's were nearly gone.

That meant maybe Mabel wouldn't notice, or any of the other lucky Mystery Twins helpers. (You loved her but the teasing. The joking. The congrats. You could die of embarrassment.)

He was diligent, keeping focus on *you*. Which made you feel terrible. This was a group effort and biting wouldn't do a guy keeping your pleasure so intact. Your changed your actions, feeling beneath the blanket. Hand on chest gripped your shirt when you found it. Bulge in boxers.

You reached into the flap of the fabric. Tugging him out to the sound of grunts.

The moment of helping him didn't get to be alone for long. With one flick of your wrist, Dipper was digging deeper. Thumb rolling up to rub the bead in your folds. You gave an upset groan. He knew your body better than you did and he'd only ever explored it *once*. It made you wonder how often he'd thought about this. If he'd made lame elaborate plans like he did for *everything*.

With the way he went on, he had to. If you could remember these thoughts, maybe you could ask him later. At this rate, you weren't sure if you'd even know your name soon.

Still, despite the pleasurable interruptions, you could work him off. It was an awkward position. Grabbing back and hoping for the best when your arm pushed against his prodding one. Feeling it twitch when you stroked.

His mumbling seemed to carry over. Constant flows of small moans and whines kept slipping out, always quietly. Only stopped by breathing. He made more noise than you did, which seemed to be reserved to breathy hitches and the rare groan.

Dipper was like a pent-up teenager, unable to control himself despite how fluidly his fingers danced against you.

It was adorable. He was adorable. And it only made you want him more.

"D-Dipper?"

"Hm." He cracked an eye open, eyebrows furrowed in concern. It made you feel guilty for speaking, like now he'd fall into a puddle of worry.

"...Do...Do you have a-a condom?"

Both glossy eyes now stared at you. The look made *you* concerned now. Lustful but also confused. You would've started getting off him but he was swallowing harshly and looking over the bed. "T-There's one in my pants. I think."

"You just...have condoms in your pants?"

"I—" Dipper licked his lips, looking at the pile of tattered clothes hanging from the bedpost. He flustered darker. "...I just. Do....Ha. You n-never...know when you might bang your hot friend. You know..." The nervous smile made you giggle. And the giggle only made him look more embarrassed. Which just made you giggle more, leaning over to retrieve said object.

You couldn't deny how chilling it was when he left you, both hands coming up to hold your hips as you stretched. Barely catching the torn up clothing, you were *immensely* relieved to

find a small slip that had survived the attack utterly intact.

You held your breathe, holding it as you realized what had to be done. Excitement fell over you. It'd been so long since you'd actually *seen* him. That that anything could've changed but the mere fact made you feel lighter than air.

The blanket came back. More scars lined his body, a summoning circle carved into his hip (that you were more than aware was from a deity that used to take over Dipper's body like there was no tomorrow) alongside...it. His length stuck out from his boxers, the start of precum shining off it. Just as much of a sight as you remembered. That had certainly been a constant memory with little regrets. Seeing it again made your stomach flip, body lightening.

You wasted no time getting it on the man, his face changing to an almost proud air as it went on. He deserved to be proud. Being prepared, being so cute, being such a huge dork.

Returning for another kiss drew out a hum. You had to giggle again. He was more than pleased to be here, as were you. It was so bizarre, so unreal. Yet here you were, hovering above him, feeling a finger teasing the edge of your underwear, wanting it off.

You started pulling them down.

"Are you po-positive you want to do this?" Dipper's wandering fingers stopped for a moment. "Like...I w-want to. But...it's just all really s-sudden. If it's...too s-sudden. We can stop."

The proud smile was gone as he gazed up at you. Honest worry coated him. It was still...so adorable. All these tiny steps and careful workings. Despite how eager he'd been when this began, he really did want to be safe with the suddenness. Which he was. You just smiled upon him, sitting up.

"I'm totally positive, dude."

He laughed. "Good."

With that said, he just sat back and watched you go forth and lower yourself onto him. Slowly, steadily, hips jerking when he was barely in. On both ends. He looked ready to scream. You couldn't imagine how you looked.

You gripped tight to his shoulders as you were filled to the brim, the unfamiliar feeling taking a moment to adjust to. The moment was spent hearing a soft grunt from Dipper, who was returning to interlock your fingers again. "Th-There it is."

"There it is."

You gave an experimental lift, falling back down and feeling a fire erupt in your body. There it was and here you were. Dipper actually *inside* of you again, smiling shyly at the mere fact.

You were too, smiling. Smiling so hard.

Slowly, you bounced, trying to take it all out before returning to that beautiful full sensation. The man's hands death gripped yours, breathing heavy. With your fall, he leaned back, moaning.

You repeated, only pulling the same reactions and a breathy sigh from yourself.

The continuous motions made you both tremble, you especially. Trying to not topple over with each bounce. It was exciting in a way, the falling you kept resisting. More energy with out with it. More noises from the bottom man.

You couldn't compete with the noises. Both the sexual song or the mumbles that *were* loud enough to hear.

They were becoming more apparent with every second spent riding.

"I...I've waited so long for this. Wanted. Wanted to do this...prob..probably all the time? But...I was t-too scared to ask you...Guess that—Just stopped...Sort've. N-No it didn't. B-Because oh—*God*—you're...y-you're on my d-dick—you're *on*—hah—my dick—" He gasped into your mouth when you went to kiss him. Because he was spewing every thought now. And he was the sort of guy to regret and apologize later. You didn't need him worrying so damn much.

One touch of your lips, though, and he was hungrily pushing back. Pulling at your bottom lip to finally get sounds out. Taking the chance to brush deeper into your mouth, deeper *inside* of you, hips bucking up.

You tasted blood on your lip. Dipper was quick to licking it off.

"How you feeling?" you stuttered. You pulled from the interlocked fingers to brush his bangs. You nails tapped the tiny stars on his forehead, lined together so miraculously. Maybe later you'd kiss them, each dot over and over again. "W-With me on your d-dick."

"A-Awesome," Dipper whined. Hands free now, they tangled into your hair. Not..grabbing like he so adamantly told you he loved. Feeling, touching your shoulders. He held firmly to you, following your motions carefully with his own hip movements now. It felt like he was crawling, digger deeper the longer this went on. Your stomach was clenching and unclenching. Back quivering. "Hmm....s-say that again."

Your breath hitched, the upwards thrusts dragging tenderly against your walls. "W-What? B-Being...on your dick?"

"P-Please." He sounded so *pathetic*, far past mere whines. "Keep saying t-that."

You giggled harshly, kissing his forehead. "Do you like b-being ridden?"

"Yess."

"Enjoying y-yourself?"

"So much!" You shivered. A real *shout*. An utterly pathetic shout.

The fingers in your hair were tugging. Hand on your shoulder was trembling. Digging nails into your skin to keep his grip. "It's awesome...for you too. Right?" he spoke in a more reasonable tone.

"R-Really awesome." An understatement. All your muscles were on fire. Literal fire. A warm tingling sensation that felt like the end all of all pleasant feelings.

The nails dig deeper, a thrust jerking up and *smacking* into you so strongly you gasped. Dipper didn't stutter out an apology, just tilted his head into his shoulder and clenched his teeth. You were worried.

No noise to hear mostly worried you.

But it returned suddenly, Dipper unclenching his jaw to give a feeble shake of his voice. Holding on tight to you pressed into his chest. Shaft gave one finally jerk up before he was sighing loudly.

With the sudden breathing, just breathing with a relaxed post falling him, you knew he was done. You started sitting up, to pull out, but he grabbed you with what strength he had left.

"You're...not done. F-Finish. Please."

Your gut twisted at all the begging tones. Not sure if they were on purpose or him just being so out of it. Dipper wasn't usually the type to...be so accommodating.

No matter what, you would. Finish, like he asked. Like you wanted to anyways. You returned to your bounces, closing your eyes to feel only them and their sensations. Leaning back, against your hands, trying to get this over with now. Dipper wasn't breaking down beneath you, so it wasn't as fun. Though this was so much nicer, finishing.

"O-oh God." Your voice hitched. A finger pressed against that magical bead again, pushing you further back as you rode. It circled, rubbing every which way until one that made you moan *loud* was found. Then it was nothing *but* that direction.

These hands were more skilled than you needed. You were literally going to *die* they were so nice. Dipper played you like his favorite instrument, practiced and musical.

He clenched his teeth again. You knew why. It was still your body, you could feel it tightening as you lifted. Your stomach was losing heat, body pooling into a wave of cold. The rush sent shivers over your spine.

You leaned forward again, riding out the last of what was left. Jerking against the rubbing fingers. It was the little details that hit you. And it pushed you over.

You bit down on your still bleeding lip, jerking forward as everything ended.

You knelt down, arms on either side of Dipper's head. The two of you breathed together, kissing softly in the afterglow. It was like the final climax of a story, this huge event you'd be waiting for....for so long. All the little chilling events growing up didn't amount to this.

This where Dipper openly *liked* you. Was placing tender kisses on your hands and saying how much he enjoyed what you'd just done. Acting so interested in what you thought back, giggling at your responses. You really could pretend you were teens in the Shack late at night. Stupid spontaneous kids having fun except this was...so much realer. This wasn't fun. This was...life-changing. You wanted to go back in time and tell yourself everything was going to be all right.

That sounded twice as cheesy after you thought it. This whole situation was, really. And it didn't help Dipper was coated in it.

He just made it worse with every breathe he took. Running hands through your hair. "I love your hair."

"Thanks."

"I...love *you*."

He hesitated but just kept feeling the strands around your face. It made your heart ache, from hearing him actual say those words and from how upset he looked at himself. He didn't deserve to feel upset when you felt like you were standing on Mount Everest.

A wide smile erupted on your face. And you laughed like a fool. You couldn't help it and Dipper looked worried. What a surprise.

Before he could ask how you were or start stuttering out how wrong that had come out, you just pushed a finger to his lips, grinning.

"I love you too, dude."

The following silence, stillness of the air was discomforting. Almost scary. But it slowly went away. Beneath your finger, slowly, a smile formed. Dipper biting his lips to not burst into the weird laughing fit you had.

"I probably told you that before."

"Maybe."

"But I mean it this time."

"Me too."

And then he finally did laugh, rubbing his eyes. And just making you cover your mouth not to join him. Join him on the best possible conclusion to the worst possible situation of your life.

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