

Description: Years after the events of Gravity Falls Dipper is Moving in with his girlfriend, Pacifica while they go to school in Salem-U but after Pacifica accidentally rolls the Infinity Sided Die, their new college life gets a lot quieter?

Series: Gravity Falls

Kinks: Transformation, Breast Growth, Butt Growth, Cock Growth, Cock Worship, Kissing, Spankings, Mime Girl, Mime Bimbo, Anal, Vaginal, Bondage, Light Femdom, Reversal, Turnabout is Fair play, Cartoonish Sex & Excessive Cum

Critical Clussy

Chapter.1: Perverted Pantomime Pacifica

It's been years since Weirdmageddon and so much has changed. Dipper and Mabel Pines have spent numerous summers in Gravity Falls before returning home. However this year Dipper had been accepted into University and would not be returning to Gravity Falls for the summer but he took a piece of it with him specifically, Pacifica.

Dipper had been dating the heiress for a few years. They had spent the last few summers getting very close to each other. However this summer they'd be so much closer; since they were going to the same University! They spent a short week in Gravity Falls hanging out with friends before they made the trip to Salem, Oregon to move into their new place.

Which Dipper picked.

A rather cheap but spooky house about an hour north of Salem, located at the end of an off road in the forest. Dipper wanted to buy the property because it was cheap and apparently haunted, which is not what Dipper said to Pacifica. He highlighted the lake close by that was very unhaunted (or so they say) and that was enough to gain Pacifica's approval. Plus the odds of real ghosts were probably very low, according to Dipper. So, the pair (mostly Pacifica) bought the property for a steal and Mabel helped them move in.

"Thanks for taking the time to help us move, Mabel," exhaled Dipper as he set the box down on the old entry hallway.

Dipper had grown up in the past few years, now tall and built. He filled out his plaid shirt and jeans well. He took Grunkle Stan's advice to heart and as the years went on Dipper turned into a bit of a stud. He still kept a bit of the boyish charm but his face was rougher, more masculine with a bit of facial hair around the chin but age came with a growing fear he'd inherit his Grunkles five a.m shadow. Though Dipper never grew out of his puffy brown hair and still wore his favourite pinetree hat.

"No problem, bro." Responded Mabel, skipping inside with an excited step. She nearly dropped the tower of small boxes she was carrying as she stepped through the door.

Despite being Dipper's twin Mabel "grew up" to be a foot shorter than her brother. Barely scraping five foot two but she grew into a tomboyish kind of girl. A tight athletic little body which was just a bit curvy. Though unlike her body, Mabel's taste in fashion never changed, still preferring colourful sweaters; today she chose a rainbow sweater with a unicorn on the front and a rainbow on the back and a pair of jean-shorts. Her long brunette hair pooled around her upper back and shoulders, a single pink hairpin sticking out of her bangs.

"Though I am a little disappointed your cheap haunted house wasn't a bit spookier." she said as her eyes darted around the main hallway.

"Yeah... It's honestly a bit surprising," responded Dipper as he opened the door to the parlour.

The room looked pretty normal, a large coffee table on top of what looked to be an old rug. There was a rather thick layer of dust gathering around the old mouldings and tables. More dust particulates could be seen dancing in the sun rays as they peeked into the room. The scariest thing was an old landscape portrait of the old carny owners that hung over a brick fireplace.

"No spooky basement, the attic was clean, the furniture is semi new and the oldest thing in this place were the spiderwebs." Dipper let out a sigh, "Hardly a haunted house."

"I feel ya bro, shame they didn't leave behind any circus supplies, cause I kinda wanted his pants." Mabel put down the box on a table, throwing up a little poof of dust as she pointed to the portrait with a sweater covered hand.

"Nah Mabel," Dipper shook his head and laughed, "even if I did find them they wouldn't fit. It'd look like you're wearing a circus tent."

“That’s the point of big poofy pants!” Mabel threw her arms in the air.

“I don’t know, I think you’ll end up looking like a clown.”

“Looking like a clown *is* half the fun of poofy pants!” giggled Mabel.

“And I don’t think you need much help with that.” said Pacifica as she walked in with a container full of clothes.

The once spoiled heiress had grown up the past few years. Now a six foot tall blond beauty with curves in all the right places; wide hips, bouncy tits and a booty that her yoga pants tightly hugged. Her long blonde hair was tied back into a ponytail by a single black elastic and she seemed quite proud of her joke as she walked in.

“See bro, your girlfriend understands me~”

“Mabel, I think she was teasing you.”

“*Nuh-uuhn~*” Mabel stuck out her tongue and pouted as she turned her attention to the pile of stuff she transported.

“Babe, I’m gonna get the last bit of the clothes unpacked,” Pacifica leaned over and planted a kiss on Dipper’s cheek, “And Mabel try not to give your big brother too much of a hard time!”

“Hey!” shouted Mabel, “I was born first!”

“You wish,” snickered Dipper.

“*Hmmmmph!* As punishment for spreading lies, take this!” Mabel shoved a little brown box on top of the clothes, “It’s Dipper’s nerd stuff~”

“Gee thanks, Mabel!” wheezed Pacifica as her knees buckled from the sudden weight.

“Need a hand—”

“Nah I got it, finish unpacking this stuff with Mabel,” Pacifica leaned into Dipper’s ear and whispered, “We can always have fun later~”

“Ew gross! That’s my brother,” added Mabel, sticking out her tongue at Pacifica who shot her a cheeky wink before walking up the stairs.

“See you in a bit~” Pacifica did a little sway as she walked up the stairs leaving Mabel’s cheeks completely red and Dipper a little stunned.

“Anyways, thanks for bringing up so much. There was no way everything was fitting in my truck,” responded Dipper.

“It’s cool, you are my brother and I didn’t have much else to do this summer anyways,” muttered Mabel

“Really, weren’t you going to “corrupt and ruin” that goth boy?”

“What no, why’d you say that?”

“Those were literally your words to me,” said Dipper in a stern tone.

“*Ppffttt, naaah* he wasn’t worth the effort, too much of a dope,” Mabel reached up and gave Dipper a pat on the head, “And I can only handle one dope in my life.”

“Gee thanks,” Dipper rolled his eyes as he asked, “So what do you want for dinner?”

“I’ll pick up something tasty,” said Mabel, “You enjoy sucking your GF’s face.”

“*Haha*, want an awkward sibling hug for the road?” Dipper held his arms out and almost immediately Mabel spun herself around.

“*Hehehe*, no way bro!” Mabel sputtered, “You stink, and it’ll rub off on me!”

“*Hmm*, but I showered like—”

“See you in a couple hours!” Mabel rushed out, the door slamming behind her as she ran off to her car. Dipper could hear a very audible skid as she ripped down the pavement and into the backroads.

Weirdo, thought Dipper as he started to take the boxes to their appropriate rooms on the first floor. The house was almost too spacious, Dipper worked up a bit of a sweat taking the boxes to the kitchen and various side rooms. Including one full of old carnival portraits, some promotional for the shows and some depicted the carnies.

"Huh, I wonder if we could sell these?" Muttered Dipper as he looked at a painting of one particularly top heavy clown who clearly had a pair of balloons stuffed into her clown suit.

"Nah, what kind of weirdo would buy this crap."

Dipper was content to use this old portrait room for general storage, stacking a few of the miscellaneous boxes. However, he realised a box of toiletries got mixed in and opted to drop it off in the bathroom before sorting out the new storage room. Dipper brought up the box, nearly tripping on the last stair. He was half expecting to hear Pacifica complain about finding some weird carny crap. Though instead he was greeted by a bright blue flash which blasted out from the bedroom.

"Pacifica! Are you okay!?" Dipper shouted and dropped the boxes. Their contents spilled out into the hallways as he rounded the corner and poked his head into the door frame.

Oh hey it's the infinity sided die, I was wondering where Ford put it—

"Oh fuck it is the infinity sided die!" Dipper's brow got sweaty as he moved into the room. Pacifica was currently glowing? Her outline obfuscated by a thick white smoke, close to her form a cheap plastic case which Dipper quickly swiped off the ground. He quickly scrambled to pick up the die which appeared to have rolled a—

"French person with a painted face?" Dipper squinted at the symbol as he looked at the slightly glowing outline of the symbol. He had no idea what it meant but he quickly put the die back in its case. There was no time to lose, he'd need to search through Ford's old stuff to find a cure for whatever was happening quickly.

Though as Dipper turned around, he nearly ran into a transformed Pacifica! On her head was a small black beret which stayed at a sharp angle and barely covered her long platinum blonde hair. Her face was painted a perfect white, eyes edged in a thick black liner with long lashes. Pacifica's lips look fuller, poutier and painted with a thick coat of black lipstick. Which matched the colour scheme of her outfit.

Pacifica always had very bouncy breasts but now they had to be at least E-cup! The outlines of her thick nipples could be seen through her tight black and white striped top and were slightly covered by a set of red suspenders that attached to a striped bikini bottom which did not cover Pacifica's ass at all. The striped fabric disappeared between

a positively massive ass. Each cheek nearly the size of Pacifica's head, Dipper was not expecting a bottom heavy result from the die but it was definitely not the worst result.

"You're a mime!" Dipper's eyes went wide as he let out an exaggerated exhale, "Ooooh, thank god you're not French."

Pacifica covered her mouth and made the gesture for an exaggerated laugh but no sound came out. Even as Pacifica stepped back, her thigh high boots should've made some kind of noise on the old floor. Yet, she was completely silent. Honestly it was a little eerie but Pacifica's big smile put Dipper at ease.

"Pacifica, are you still in there?" Dipper leaned forward a bit, looking into Pacifica's big green eyes as she gave him a nod of approval.

"Great, just sit down and don't do anything strenuous," he continued grabbing Pacifica's shoulders as he frantically continued, "We're lucky the die didn't do something horrible but their result might still be reversible. I just need to check Ford's note—"

Dipper paused mid sentence as he saw Pacifica start making quick hand gestures around his body. He cocked his head and asked, "Why are you doing that, do you feel compelled?" Dipper was clearly concerned, his voice unsure as he watched Pacifica move. Those moves were really weird, almost like she was moving something like a cord or a rope...

"Wait are you trying to—" The invisible rope tightened around Dipper, binding his arms to his sides. Then with a quick flourish of her hands she literally tied the knot.

"Pacifica!" grunted Dipper, struggling in her binds, "Are you mind controlled, why are you-*mmmmwwwaahh!*"

Pacifica planted her pitch black lips against Dippers', her tongue darting into his mouth. It was so sloppy and sudden, Dipper couldn't help but reciprocate, leaning in. Their tongues twisted together, drool dripping off his chin as he let out little groans. She was rubbing Dipper's crotch as their lips remained locked but even as they kissed, Pacifica didn't make a sound.

"*Mmmm*, that was... That was certainly something," muttered Dipper as Pacifica gave him a playful smile. She licked her lips as she ran her hands down his body.

"Do you want these changes?"

Pacifica looked into Dipper's eyes and gave him a little eskimo kiss before pulling her head back and nodding quickly. Almost cartoonishly in how exaggerated her excitement was but Dipper could tell it was genuine.

"Haaan, alright I'll humour you," said Dipper and Pacifica trembled with excitement, "But I want to know more about what happens right after you're done—*whoa!*"

Pacifica pushed Dipper onto the bed, his body bouncing against the cool fresh sheets. Though before Dipper could get a chance to move, Pacifica had a hold of him, practically playing with his body. She took a new strand of rope and tied off Dipper's ankles to the bedpost before she leaned over his body, pressing her breasts against his crotch as he grabbed the hem of his pants. Then she ripped his jeans off with an almost sadistic glee.

"Not so rough, my head's still spinning," spat Dipper as Pacifica tossed his pants back. Showing off his toned thighs, covered in little brown hairs. She leaned back and started making a flexing motion with her scissors creating an audible;

SNIP!

SNIP!

"Wait so you can make noise?"

Pacifica shrugged nonchalantly as she took her invisible scissors and snipped off Dipper's pine-tree briefs and moved onto his shirt. The shreds of Dipper's clothes were quickly tossed to the side as she revealed her boyfriend's hairy chest. He was so soft and Pacifica drooled a little as she groped his pecs with her hands.

"Hey! How can you cut off my shirt if these ropes are still around me!" Dipper pouted, "If you are going to subject me to surprise bondage you could at least be consistent with your magic mime powers."

Pacifica placed her finger over Dipper's mouth as she rolled her eyes, shushing him before she moved down to his cock. His little pale member was accented by a little bush of brown hair and his pink cock head was mostly covered by foreskin. However, he was still a little too stressed to be fully hard. A fatal flaw Pacifica would fix.

She kissed up along the underside of Dipper's meat. His cock pulsed and hardened with each big black kiss mark she planted up his shaft, until Dipper was fully hard and throbbing. His meat half covered in lovingly placed kiss marks and standing at an impressive seven inches and Pacifica loved every last dorky inch.

"Go a little slowly," exhaled Dipper, trying not to groan so much, "It's been a while and I feel like I'm gonna burst any minute."

There was no hiding it, Pacifica took Dipper's plea as a challenge. She gave Dipper a smug little smile, pushed her lips around his throbbing cock head and swallowed his meat in one go. Her lips pressed around the base of his cock before Dipper's brain could register the sensation.

"Mmmmmnnn, puh-Pacifca," groaned Dipper, squirming in his binds, "I w-wu-wasn't kidding!"

And neither was Pacifica.

Dipper was not ready for his girlfriend's new head technique (and really neither was she). The surprise perks of basically being a living breathing cartoon was no gag reflex and only a theoretical need for air. Which was mostly satiated between little breaths she took every time she moved her lips up and down Dipper's cock. There was nothing stopping Pacifica from sucking Dipper's cock like a maniac, giving him the sloppiest (and quietest) top of his life.

He could feel his cock swelling with every motion of Pacifica's lips. They formed a vacuum seal around his meat, leaving rings of smudged black lipstick up his length with each motion. He could literally see the hearts bearing in her eyes before he closed his eyes, desperate not to cum so quickly. However, Pacifica wormed her way up, clasping both his hands with hers' as she buried Dipper's swollen meat deep into her throat.

"Nnnnyhh, damn it~" muttered Dipper through gritted teeth, he could feel his load flowing out of him. Body failing to resist Pacifica's suck as he said, "I'm going to cum!"

Pacifica sucked harder, the promise of cum motivating her to suck until she could feel his hot load flowing down her throat. Dipper came so much and she devoured every single drop he spurted into her stomach, swallowing and sucking until Dipper was completely finished cumming.

"Huuff.... Huff.... Huff.... I feel like I'm seeing stars," muttered Dipper as he looked over to Pacifica who was just starting to pull her lips off his cock.

"Hehe, you look pretty proud of your— *Holy fuck!*" Dipper's post orgasm bliss was brutalized by the sudden realization that Pacifica pumped up his cock to levels that would make most unicorns look tiny!

Dipper's cock had doubled in size, reaching nearly fourteen pulsating throbbing inches. With a girth that was thicker than a pop can. Little veins swelled up along his meat to his fat pulsating tip, which Pacifica lovingly rubbed as her predatory eyes met his. She looked very impressed with herself, even as strands of Dipper's drool and cum dripped off her lips.

Pacifica wiggled her eyebrows and reached down to Dipper's nuts. She cradled both in her hands, showing that his once respectable sack had become the size of soft balls! Two heavy cum factories that Pacifica needed both hands to properly hold. They were clearly pumped up by Pacifica's powers and as always Dipper needed to know why.

"Not happy with my old size?" asked Dipper.

Pacifica shook her head no.

"Hmmm, wanted me to look like a cartoon too?"

Pacifica smiled and nodded yes.

"Fair, though I look more like a hentai guy."

She threw her head back, clearly laughing yet no laughter came out of her mouth. The lack of sound still made Dipper feel a little uncomfortable, but those feelings were quickly smothered by Pacifica's ass. She shoved her booty into Dipper's face, and he wasn't sure when it happened but Pacifica had taken off her bikini bottoms.

"Mmmmmhnn!" groaned Dipper as he was smothered by Pacifica's pillowy ass cheeks, pressing her muff against his mouth. Her slit was soaking, and her clit was swollen as she ground a little bit against Dipper's face, rubbing his tip with one hand.

I'm not going to let her play with me... Well I am, but I will get even, thought Dipper as he struggled in his binds. Which Pacifica found very cute. His hot breath against her slit

as he tried to breath. The feeling made her shiver with excitement but then she felt a tingle.

Pacifica's face shifted to surprise before she bit her lip, her eyes rolling up into her head as she felt Dipper's tongue tease her clit out of its hood. He nibbled gently on her clit before sliding his tongue around the circumference of her slit, causing Pacifica's pussy to pulse. She was expecting him to be a bit more worn out from the ball draining and dick growing bj; though giving him a cartoonishly powerful penis might've been a little self-defeating.

There was a moment Pacifica was willing to just sit and cum herself stupid but that wouldn't be fair to Dipper after he worked so hard. Pacifica pulled up her top, leaned forward and wrapped her tits around Dipper's cock! Her hands smushed the sides of her massive mime tits and she started squeezing his new length with all her mime might! Nearly smothering all fourteen inches between her soft fuck pillows. The last few inches of Dipper's cock poked from between her breasts and she greedily swallowed it.

Pacifica wrapped her perfect black lips around Dipper's cock, painting his pink tip pitch black with sloppy wet kiss marks. Her tongue tickled every last corner of his cock head. Pressing against his glands and tickling his veins before she started taking more of his shaft into her mouth. Lips moved down his exposed shaft making a slutty duck face as she sucked down Dipper's thick pre-cum.

However, Dipper wasn't about to lose. He shoved his tongue deep inside Pacifica's cunt, eating her out with all the energy he could muster. His tongue tickled up behind her clit, tickling her soaking folds, forcing Pacifica to tremble and shiver as a little micro orgasm made her brain go blank but she didn't stop sucking. She kept squeezing Dipper's cock, milking his meat with her new tits, not giving him a second of relief even as she felt herself get painful close to the edge.

"Mmmmmppph!" Dipper let out a muffled groan as he shot a load directly into Pacifica's throat. Her nostrils flared, jaw straining as his hot load of nut jelly hit the back of her throat. There was so much hot seed but Pacifica's lips kept a perfect seal around Dipper's cock, swallowing it all down as she squirted on Dipper's face. Pacifica's eyes crossed as her pussy pulsed, clit swollen as she covered Dipper's face in girl cum as she greedily devoured the last of his salty spunk.

Pacifica pulled her ass off of Dipper's face showing off his sticky girl squirt coated chin and lips. Dipper took a second to take a deep inhale, *"Nnnngggh-phew..."* He paused and leaned his head up as Pacifica looked back at him and smiled.

"I guess you're a squirter now."

Pacifica quickly nodded.

"Though, I did make you cum first." continued Dipper a little smug.

Pacifica shook her head, no, giving Dipper a little pout.

Dipper gave Pacifica a little smirk, "You're just embarrassed that you nearly drowned me after a little eating out."

Pacifica frowned before opening her mouth, showing off the thick ropes of Dipper's semi solid nut sludge that stuck to her tongue and cheeks. She twirled it around her gaping maw for a moment, feeling his thick sperms sticking to her looking for eggs before she swallowed. Then opened her mouth again showing it was now clean.

"Ooops, I guess we both nearly drowned," chuckled Dipper.

Pacifica leaned in and planted a bunch of kisses over Dipper's sticky chin and cheeks, leaving big black kiss marks all over him. The black lipstick that coated her lips never ceased to remain shiny and full, no matter how much smudged. It would've fascinated Dipper a lot more if he wasn't extremely horny. His cock pulsed with every kiss Pacifica planted, her tongue running up his cheeks as she cleaned up her sticky mime discharge. He desperately wanted to rut Pacifica but he was still bound.

"Mmmm, y-yu-you gonna—mmmgh," Pacifica swapped Dipper some spit, their tongues touching for a second before she pulled back, causing a little string of spit to be created and break.

"You gonna let me out of these ropes?"

Pacifica shook her head no, taking a little too much joy watching Dipper struggle to let him go so soon. Though she wasn't about to leave Dipper's cock un-attended too, it would be such a waste. Pacifica turned her ass around and pushed her boobs into Dipper's face as she squatted over his cock. The tip of his dick pressed against her slit, spreading her lips as Pacifica gyrated her hips, keeping her soaking wet insides just a thrust away.

"What's taking you so long, having second thoughts?"

Pacifica stuck her tongue out at Dipper and gave him a playful wink before slamming her hips down on his cock. The old Pacifica might've taken her time slowly sinking Dipper's meat into her folds but where was the fun in that? She was already soaking and wanted to show Dipper who wore the pants in this relationship. Which at the moment was no one.

"Mnnnggh, you're so tight!" Dipper grit his teeth as Pacifica bounced his hips on his fat new meat hammer. Her tight belly bulged as she bounced her hips like a rabbit, gyrating with each movement. The sudden increase in speeds were making Dipper's head spin and it was taking a lot of control to stop himself from cumming instantly.

Which again Pacifica took as a challenge.

She put her hands behind her head, grin growing smug as she looked at Dipper sputter and groan, desperately trying not to be a quick shot. It fueled her need to breed more, Pacifica's tits bouncing in combination with her hips, both of her nipples bounced with each frenzied movement. The mere sight of her bimbofied body was edging Dipper closer to another fat cum load.

Dipper tried to look away but Pacifica just leaned forward, smothering his face between her tits. His face was completely enveloped by perfect silky tit flesh, eyes covered and senses absorbed by Pacifica's boobs. Despite the sudden shift her hips didn't stop bouncing on Dipper's dick. Wet pink folds tightly squeezing every last inch as his tip knocked against Pacifica's womb.

She was getting painfully close to cumming herself. Mere moments from creaming herself stupid. Pacifica thought she'd be seeing stars soon but Dipper's cock was throbbing like crazy, spilling spurts of wet, hot pre-cum into her pussy. It made her shiver with each spurt shot. There was no more hanging on Pacifica embraced Dipper, squeezing him tightly between her tits as he came. His hot nut flooded Pacifica's womb. There was so much, a natural sign that she'd milked Dipper like a cow, draining tons of cum from his heavy nuts.

Pacifica was about to keep riding Dipper but her legs were locked. So weak, she could barely move at the moment. Her eyes were still crossed, lips slack and drooling as Dipper's hot load bloated her womb. There was a point Pacifica wondered if her orgasm was just going to go on forever, her bimbofied mime body providing her with all she could have ever wanted.

However, it didn't give her an advantage against surprise attacks!

"Ahaha!" shouted Dipper as he reached out and grabbed Pacifica's shoulders. Her eyes went wide, little exclamation marks appearing for a brief second before she was forced onto her back! Dipper's muscular frame was looming over Pacifica, she thought her heart might beat out of her chest as her eyes shifted into little hearts.

"Good thing Ford taught me how to untie invisible ropes," Dipper leaned in and nibbled on Pacifica's ear as he whispered, "And your rope work was sloppy, almost like you wanted me to break out."

Pacifica gave Dipper a knowing smile, her expression returning to smug as she wiggled in his grasp. She tried to mime something with her hands, probably a lasso but Dipper was quick. He grabbed both of Pacifica's wrists with one hand, pinning them above her head.

"No more of that, it's my turn to tease you!" he continued, returning Pacifica's smile.

Dipper pressed his cock tip against Pacifica's slit, slowly sinking his meat inside her pussy but Pacifica was having none of that. Her legs wrapped around Dipper's waist and shoved his massive meat balls deep inside her body, leaving Dipper hardly any room to move. He was basically rutting Pacifica like a dog in heat. His cock bulged her belly to the point it poked the underside of her jiggy mime boobs.

"*Huh*-holy, I don't think your stomach is supposed to do that~" Dipper let out a long groan as Pacifica ground her hips against Dipper. Her cunt clamping down on him as her expression got progressively sloppier. Expression melting with every deep thrust Dipper made into her pussy,

"But you seem fine, better go a little—*mmmph*, harder! Dipper leaned over, pushing his weight into Pacifica, really stretching out her hole. His fat tip pounding her womb with ferocity, swelling with every deep thrust; yet Pacifica didn't let go. Her walls stayed tight as a vice despite Dipper's thick meat hammer scrapping out all her folds.

No matter how hard Dipper rutted her, Pacifica's pussy would not yield. Even as a little micro orgasm rattled her brain she remained tight. Making absolutely sure that Dipper wouldn't remove his cock until he'd dumped another womb bloating load inside her pussy.

“Take my load you slutty little mime!” shouted Dipper. The silly nature of his degradation was lost on him but the same was True for Pacifica. She threw her head back, her jaw slack and drooling. If Pacifica could, she’d be screaming her lungs out but no moans escaped spit slicked lips as Dipper filled her womb full of spunk. His hot genetic sludge filled Pacifica to the brim, her cartoonishly sensitive body could feel his sperm swimming to every corner of her womb, filling her fallopian tubes and impregnating whatever eggs they could find.

“*Phееew*, I haven’t cum that much in ages,” exhaled Dipper, satisfied as he pulled his meat out of Pacifica’s gaping cunt. His cum covered man meat left Pacifica’s pussy a gaping cream packed mess. Her perfect pink walls were painted white by Dipper’s hot chunky nut and it slowly leaked out of her as Dipper leaned back.

“Did you want to take a break?” asked Dipper, between light huffs, “I am sure Mabel will be back soon and will probably freak out after learning you became a mime.”

Pacifica just gave Dipper a plain look for a solid few seconds until she stood herself on all fours and crawled back. She turned her ass back to Dipper, rested her face against the bed, pushed her ass up. Her perfect bouncy ass cheeks rippled as she gyrated her hips at Dipper. Her expression as she looked back was that of a temptress, which quite quickly answered Dipper’s question.

“Well I can’t reject such a kind offer,” responded Dipper as he knelt behind Pacifica. Her ass was perfect: heart shaped cheeks which curved perfectly into wide hips and thick thighs. When Dipper grabbed her ass, his fingers sunk into her pillow flesh as he spread Pacifica’s cheeks. Her puffy little butthole was tight and completely smooth, not a single hair in sight.

Dipper smiled and inserted a finger into her butthole, “We’ve only done anal once and I couldn’t fit all the way inside, but now I got a feeling—”

Pacifica clenched her teeth, her eyes rolling up into her head as Dipper inserted three fingers into her asshole. Her stretchy rim eagerly accepted each one as he continued, “That you’re stretched enough to handle a round, what do you say?”

Pacifica looked back and nodded over and over again, drooling as she showed her enthusiasm to get pounded into the sheets. There was hardly any resistance and her butthole was practically swallowing Dipper’s entire hand by the time he finished fingering her anal entrance.

“Good girl,” said Dipper as he spread Pacifica open. Her asshole gaped slightly showing off her redish-pink insides. The old Dipper might’ve done this a little slow but Dipper at the moment impaled Pacifica on his cock. He shoved his meat balls deep in a single heavy gut busting thrust that nearly sent Pacifica’s eyes shooting out of her skull.

Dipper couldn’t help himself, her hole was so inviting and her insides moulded themselves perfectly to fit his massive man meat. It felt so good being squeezed tightly by all of Pacifica’s stomach muscles. Every little twitch and flex serves to milk him faster. While Pacifica looked fucked out of her mind. No words escaped her drooling lips but her eyes hand rolled into her head and her body was shaking as she squirted over the bed, cumming herself stupid as Dipper’s dick pressed on the back of her womb. It was too much to handle and Pacifica thought she’d reached the limit of her new cartoonish sex powers.

“Guess, I’m not the only quick shot around here!”

SLAP!

Pacifica grit her teeth as she felt Dipper plant a playful smack on her ass as he teased, “Don’t worry I am just teasing you, babe. I love seeing you cum your brains out~”

Pacifica’s tongue flopped out of her mouth as she nodded along to Dipper’s words, “Now get ready I’m going to start thrusting.”

Dipper grabbed Pacifica’s wide hips, his hands nearly got swallowed by her thickness as he started to pound her fat mime booty. Every deep thrust caused his fat nuts to slap against Pacifica’s cheeks, filling the room with the one sided sound of their sweaty love-makin.

Though this round was more like bestial sex you had in a back alley. Dipper was grunting like an ape as his cock beat the back of Pacifa’s full womb, forcing cum out of her cunt with each heavy thrust. A desperate reaction by her body to make room for Dipper’s dick. It was a shame to waste Dipper’s cum but Pacifica could always make him re-fill her next round!

“God your ass is perfect!” grunted Dipper as he picked up speed, “I might not be able to stop but I bet you’d like that!?”

Pacifica looked back and nodded, causing a few drops of her drool to spill on the bed.

“Slutty mime, I’ll make you my cumdumpster!”

Pacifica nodded faster, eyes twitching as she squirted. Dirty talk wasn’t too common between the pair but Pacifica’s teasing easily flipped Dipper’s switch, and shamelessly Pacifica hoped it would stay flipped. She wanted Dipper to move faster, fuck her slutty mime pussy harder.

The divine purpose of a mime girl was to be a sloppy silent sex-toy for her favourite boy. Every slap of Dipper’s heavy nuts against her ass reinforced this fact! She couldn’t wait to feel every last drop of her lover’s seed sticking to her insides and oozing out her holes.

Then she felt Dipper’s cock erupt inside her as he tightly embraced her body. His hands wrapped around Pacifica’s midsection and squeezed her stomach as Dipper’s thick and nasty nut jelly flowed through Pacifica’s bowels. The seed stuck to what felt like every corner of Pacifica’s insides, inflating her belly as she came hard. So hard, that her I.Q. literally dropped into the negatives as every last shred of brain power was focused on squirting while being filled with Dipper’s tasty nut cream.

“*Phew*, you look a little too happy, babe. Did you like it a little rougher,” asked Dipper as he pulled his cock out of Pacifica’s asshole.

Pacifica gave Dipper a meek little nod as his hot load oozed from both her holes and pooled on the sheets. It looked like she should be moaning but instead gave Dipper a silent *ahgao* as her hole leaked his thick cream, rim freshly glazed and twitching.

“I’m almost happy Mabel gave you that box,” exhaled Dipper as his cock throbbed, still half hard, “We haven’t fucked like that since— *Haha*, well last summer.”

Pacifica nodded, drool dripping off her lips as she looked at Dipper with big stars in her eyes and a naughty little smile on her lips. Literally her pupils shifted shape as she reached back and spread her booty. Her delicate hands sinking into her squishy ass flesh as she showed off her cream packed holes. She wiggled her hips as if to invite Dipper in for more.

Dipper inhaled, a growing smirk as he said, “Well there is more where that came from! I’m not letting you go until I’ve wiped that grin off your face—*whoa!*”

Dipper nearly fell back as Pacifica lifted her body up off the bed and looked towards the door. There was a second Pacifica’s face was devoid of emotion before an ear to ear

grin crept across her painted lips. Pacifica cartoonishly leaped forward, landing right in front of the door to their room before she threw it open, revealing Mabel.

“I wasn’t watching, I swear!” Shouted Mabel with one hand in her shorts and another holding her phone.

“Mabel!” shouted Dipper as he quickly covered up his cock with the nearby blanket, “what the hell are you doing!?”

“I just came up to tell you I bought Pizza! I definitely haven’t been watching you pound Pacifica’s ass with your newly massive dick,” wheezed Mabel, her face growing redder by the second.

“I have no words... Wait, how do you know it was newly massive?”

Pacifica covered her mouth and silently giggled as she looked down at Mabel and pointed at her phone.

“Well I, *eeerrmmm*,” Mabel’s eyes darted to her phone, which she quickly discarded as she blurted, “I’m definitely not recording you that’s for sure! Why would anyone do that to their own brother on more than one—*uuuhmm*, I mean any occasion, *ahaha–ahaha~*”

Pacifica put a finger on her chin, and thought for a moment as the siblings gave each other a look of dread and confusion. No one said a word, neither wanted to for fear of saying something that would utterly destroy their relationship. Dipper looked over to Mabel who was rubbing her bright red cheeks with her sleeve covered hands, her head half retreated into her sweater. Dipper was about to suggest they go downstairs and forget about this weird day, but then Pacifica got an idea.

At least Dipper assumed so. A little black and white lightbulb appeared over Pacifica’s head. Then her expression lit up (much like the lightbulb) and she turned to face Mabel giving her a very knowing nod as she looked at her and smirked.

Dipper cupped his head in his hands, his brain racing as he muttered, “Damn what the hell should you say Dipper?”

Mabel looked up teary eyes, cheeks bright red and voice shaky, “Pacifica, why aren’t you saying something mean? This should be easy fuel for your—*whoaa!*”

Pacifica wrangled Mabel with an invisible lasso and pulled her into the room. Mabel fell forward onto her stomach, letting out a sad little, *"Ahhhnngg!"* as she landed at Pacifica's feet. Her eyes were spinning from the sudden motion.

"Mabel are you alright?" asked Dipper, his concern overwhelming his embarrassment for the moment.

"Uhhnnhhh, yuh-yeah... I deserved that." Mabel rubbed her head with one hand, confused on why she was suddenly jerked forward.

Mabel rubbed her head still processing what happened as she tried to gather her words, but like a crow that just spotted something shiny, she was easily distracted. *"Nnngh, h-hu-hey I know that die!"* awkwardly giggled Mabel as she leaned up off the floor, "Is that why your dong is bigger than a horse?"

"What no! Well kinda, Pacifica accidentally rolled— Wait how do you know we have the die?" Dipper paused mid sentence as he watched Pacifica roll the die between her fingers.

"No Pacifica, stop—*oooph!*" Dipper tried to jump out of bed but Pacifica quickly mimed a wall and Dipper's face pushed right up against the side.

"Seriously, we got lucky the first time!" shouted Dipper, "We have no idea what the dice might do!"

Dipper pressed his body up against the wall trying to break it down. His cock smushed against the wall, a sight that had Mabel's face bright red and her eyes spinning after just a quick look. Dipper looked absolutely desperate to stop Pacifica but then she looked at him.

Pacifica gave Dipper a big grin, drooling with smugness. She wiggled her eyebrows at him before rolling the die right in front of Mabel. Her thick mime body trembling with anticipation as she watched the die roll across the floor, right in front of Mabel's eyes.

"Oh fuck~" squeaked Mabel as she was enveloped in a flash of blue light.