

# **New Year's Kiss?**

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*It's almost New Year's and Tak is waiting for her date to show. She'll destroy him if he doesn't come of course.*

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**Chapter 1 - New Year's Kiss?**

**2**

# 1 - New Year's Kiss?

## New Year's Kiss?

Tak was sitting on the sidewalk with the utmost contempt. An hour had passed and her escort was still not present. She thought about leaving a few times, yet remained where she was. Even if he never showed, she would be able to use this against him the next time they made contact. The same could be said if he *did* come. Being late always has its toll.

She growled when someone's dog licked her as he and the owner walked by. She knew she should've chosen to sit elsewhere, but it was too late now; all the benches were taken. Looking behind her, she saw that more and more people were walking into the club. This only made her angrier as she realized there wasn't much time left until the party would begin.

Under different circumstances, this wouldn't faze her either way. What made this time different was that it was supposed to be their first *real* date. At this point however, she wondered if it was even worth it anymore. If he truly cared, he would have been here by now.

Still, she didn't want to leave. Part of her still hoped he would come as he promised he would. She also secretly wished he would kiss her this time. It was New Year's Eve after all. The atmosphere would be perfect once the countdown started, and even Irkens could lose themselves in the moment. Well, that's what Tak thought anyway.

She closed her eyes and imagined the kissing scene, which was both awkward and nice. When she opened them again, Zim was standing in front of her with a very confused look on his face.

"What're you doing on the sidewalk?" He asked.

"Waiting for you," Tak said, sounding annoyed.

"That doesn't explain why you're *there*."

"I might tell you why if you tell me the reason for your lateness," she replied in the same tone.

"Ah yes, *that*," he finally said. "The Dib filth found a way to turn on all of the neighborhood sprinklers at once. I had no paste at the time so I had to wait it out. The other humans eventually realized what was going on and called his father to complain. Is that a good enough explanation for you?"

"Not really, Zim. There was no reason you couldn't just *fly* here. Even *you* aren't *that* moronic," Tak said with a slight smile.

"Okay, so, that didn't really happen, but Dib *did* throw a water balloon at me today," he said as if he were justifying it. When he saw Tak fold her arms and frown, he quickly said, "I forgot okay! I didn't remember to come until ten minutes ago! Stop looking at me like that!"

Though she was still unsatisfied, she finally stood up and said, "Fine. Let's go in. But if you're ever an hour late again, I will destroy your base for the second time."

"You were here for an hour?"

"Unfortunately, yes. Now come on. I'm tired of waiting," she said, rolling her eyes.

The two walked into the club and picked a table near the window to sit. Now that they weren't outside, Tak wasn't aggravated like she had been. In fact, she had already forgiven Zim and was ready to switch to date mode. To get things moving, she randomly got up and took Zim's hand.

"Let's dance," she said, laughing because Zim hadn't been expecting that; his eyes were wide and he looked confused.

"You want to *what?*" He said as if he hadn't heard her.

"Dance! You know!" She said, laughing harder.

"But this is *Earth* music!"

"So? You do want to blend in, don't you?" She said mischievously.

"Well, yeah, I guess."

"Then let's dance!"

Without another word, Tak dragged Zim to the dance floor and began dancing with him. He was reluctant in the beginning, but managed to have fun as the night progressed.

Then the last dance came.

Tak had her hands on Zim's shoulders, while he had his around her waist. Tak kept glancing at a giant clock as they danced, knowing the countdown to the New Year would begin soon. She was so close to getting her kiss.

"It's almost the next year Zim," she whispered.

"Yep," he replied, not catching the slight worry in her voice.

"Isn't that great?"

"I suppose so. I mean, *this* will be the year I claim the Earth as mine," he said, completely sure of himself.

"Yeah...I bet you will," Tak feigned a smile.

Suddenly, the slow music stopped and was replaced with a fast song and an announcer's voice.

"And now the countdown begins!" He bellowed. As he spoke, other people chimed in. "Ten! Nine! Eight! Seven! Six! Five! Four! Three! Two! One! HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!"

Everyone cheered in celebration. Many of them kissed each other. Tak looked at Zim expectantly. This was the moment of truth. She closed her eyes and tilted her head a little, waiting for Zim to move in for the kiss.

And waiting...and waiting...and...was Zim shaking her hand??

She opened her eyes and realized that he was indeed shaking her hand. In her dreamy state, she hadn't felt him taking her hand.

"Happy New Year, Tak. Maybe new years *are* great...I actually had fun. Well, I'll see you at Skool."

Not knowing what else to say, Zim turned around and walked out of the club, leaving Tak dumbfounded on the spot. She looked at her hand for a moment before clenching it into a fist and narrowing her eyes.

Zim's base was most likely not going to be around much longer.

End

Christina Price, Age 18, 1/2/08, Wednesday, 4:49 A.M.