

Scared

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Dwicky isn't coping well with the information Dib has given him. Hints of ZaDR One-Sided DaDR Sequel to 'Let You Down';

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1. Scared

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Title: Scared

Summary: Dwicky isn't coping well with the information Dib has given him. Hints of ZaDR One-Sided DaDR Sequel to 'Let You Down';

Warnings: Yaoi Cussing PWP (Kinda)OOC

Couple: Hints of ZaDR One-Sided DaDR

Written By: Shino

Inspired By: The song Scared by Three Days Grace. Great song :cough:cough:

Comments:

Noise- is, well, a noise in the story.

Lyrics (centered) - people in story are listening/can hear it.

Lyrics (centered) - put in for my amusement. ^^ (AKA, they cannot hear it)

Scared

At night I hear it creeping
At night I hear it move
'll never sleep here anymore

A scream ripped from Dwicky's throat and he bolted up, sweat plastering hair to his forehead and his shirt to chest. His voice would not let up and soon he felt light-headed form lack of oxygen. Finally, it died and he gasped frantically, trying to get as much air as possible.

I wish you never told me
I wish I never knew

He ran a hand through his hair, musing it further, hoping that he had not woken up the neighbors, though he was sure he had. He squeezed his eyes shut for a moment and his dream came back.

I wake up screaming

‘You can’t stop me’
‘I’m tired of saving people who don’t want to be saved’
‘He’s mine now, Zim’s’
‘I’m going to help him’
‘He doesn’t need you’
‘I don’t need you’
‘We don’t need you anymore’

It’s all because of you

Green faces danced gleefully behind his eyelids, red eye narrowed in amusement. His eyes snapped back open and he clumsily swung his legs over the edge of his bed. Water sounded nice.

So real these voices in my head

When he stood the cold air stung against slick skin and he shivered, rubbing his arms. He stumbled to his down and down the hall before he heard it.

When it comes back, you won’t be
Scared and lonely

Heavy, needy pants, the shuffling of bodies against carpet, whispered pleas. He stiffened, he did not want to see it, but to get to the kitchen he had to. Why were they here?

You won’t be
Scared
You won’t be

He worked up enough courage and started across the living room, catching glimpses of green skin, dark hair, wet tongues. He hurried past, hating it, the voices from his dream mixing with the ones on the floor.

You won’t be
Scared and lonely
You won’t be
Scared
You won’t be
Lonely
Lonely

‘He doesn’t need you’
"Don’t pull so fucking hard! Those are fragile!"
‘I don’t need you’
"Don’t bite so bloody hard!"
‘We don’t need you’
"Ah! God- frack- My Tallest!"

I know there's something out there
I think I hear it move
I've never felt like this before

A shaky hand reached out, grabbed a, probably dirty, glass off the counter, and proceeded to fill it with tap water. Some sleeping pills sounded nice about now. The remarks from the living room died and were replaced by high-pitched shrieks. Some Advil too.

I wish you never told me
I wish I never knew

Pills fell from his hand and bounced off the counter. Scattering in all directions. Dammit, he would have to clean that up before he could go back to bed. He carefully started the tedious task of scooping little white pills, from all corners of the counter, into a pile, then dropping them back in their destined container. A voice broke the silence Dwick had not noticed.

I wake up screaming

"You okay? Did I," A pause and a clearing of throat, trying to rid of the husky, raw tone. "We wake you?"

It's all because of you

Dwick turned and faced Dib, almost blurting out a "Yes!" but instead he turned back and picked up two of the little pills. His dream starting to play in his mind's eye. "No. Just happened to wake up and was thirsty that's all."

So real these voices in my head

Hands fell to hips and a tongue clicked against a roof of a mouth. "You lie." Soft noises told Dwick that Dib drew nearer. "I heard your scream, Zim too. Was it because of," Another pause, this time a small hand was placed on Dwick's arm. "Because of . . . ?"

When it comes back, you won't be
Scared and lonely

Dwick unconsciously moved away from the touch, he still was not used to certain aspects of the boy's relationship with the . . . alien. He did not answer for a minute then said in a soft voice. "No." He hated lying to the teen but he could not tell Dib that he was the cause of all his nightmares. It was not fair to him.

You won't be
Scared
You won't be

Dib dropped his hand, a hurt expression crossing his face. "Why?" Dib blinked behind his glasses, head sagging and staring at his bare feet.

You won't be

Scared and lonely
You won't be
Scared
You won't be
Lonely

Dwicky felt a small dose of panic shoot through his system. "Why? what?" He reached out a hand and pushed dirty matted hair from the teens face.

It's all because of you

Dib looked up at the touch. "Why do you lie to me?" He watched different emotions play across Mister Dwicky's face before he looked away, the mans hand falling. "I can leave if you want."

I wish you never told me

"No!" He answered without thinking, but driving the boy away was the last thing he wanted. He meant to much to him. "No," He repeated quieter, "You . . . you can stay." He hesitated, Dib looking up at him. "He can stay too, if you want."

I wake up screaming now

Dib tried not to let the enthusiasm run amuck but he did launch forward and hug the man around the waist. "Thank you, Dwicky. Thank you so much."

So real these voices in my head

Dwicky shuddered slightly before patting the others back awkwardly. He wished Dib would not react like this; Dwicky hated being confused. "Your welcome."

So real these voices in my head

"Hmmm, so it seems I've been bested by an old pedophile, eh?" A husky, amused voice broke in.

I wake up screaming now

Dib spun around, retracing his arms. "Zim." A name is not a sentence, but when it comes to the alien, it means more then addressing.

I wish you never told me
I wish I never knew

"Come hither, Dib-worm." A hand lifted and a green claw beckoned the human to him.

Scared and lonely
You won't be
Scared

You won't be

Dwicky looked away as soon as Dib was walking away, not caring to see their displays of
'affection.' It bothered him enough to hear it.

You won't be
Scared and lonely
You won't be
Scared
You won't be
Lonely

'See, they don't need you;
'He doesn't need you;
'He has an ALIEN now;
'He has something better;
'He doesn't care about you, like you do him;

'Thank you, Dwicky.'

. . . . You're a boner biting bastard Uncle Fucka!

. . . Yea

Whee??

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