

Skool Dances Just Got A Whole Lot Better

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*Title says all. ZaDR

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Zim scoffed, watching the filthy human dress. "This is ridicules. What is the point of these STOOpid human rituals? They get all sweaty and press against each other letting other people watch? HUUmans are beastly. Utterly beastly." He crossed his arms to prove his point and ignored the pointed stare in his direction.

"Says the Alien that just finished doing a very said-beastly human thing." Dib pulled on a white shirt, covering most of the marks littering his thin frame. He glanced back at Zim, noting that he wasn't moving to put anything on. "Are you going to change or are you trying to make it easier for me to ravish you with the rest of the student body watching?"

Zim's face took a slight blue tint and he glared at Dib. "Zim will NEVER AGAIN! NEVER again." He didn't elaborate, the teen understood. He stood and quickly jerked his jeans on, once again ignoring the stare. He wandered over to the humans dresser and rummaged through it, throwing clothes behind him as he searched. Zim caught the sigh from behind him but ignored it also, pulling on a shirt from the bottom of a pile, making everything on top to slip off the sides of the drawer. He inspected the shirt, black, long sleeves, hot pink squiggly lines going up the arms. "Yes, this is Zim's now." He pulled it over his head, the fabric swallowing his lithe form. "Yes, Zim's."

Dib watched the whole spectacle with mild interest before turning back to his closet, grabbing his trench coat. "You ready?" He turned to see the Irken standing right behind him, black and hot pink wig in place. He smiled and pushed the bangs, that covered Zim's right eye, away long enough to lean down and press a short kiss to green lips. "Okay, ready?" Dib pulled away, letting the fake hair fall back, pretending not to notice how red eyes narrowed.

Zim muttered under his breath and shuffled around a bit before finding his discarded contacts. He put them in place before following after the teen. "Loser." Zim crossed his arms childishly and pouted, why did the human always have to one up him. He pushed past Dib angrily and ran into the door Dib had yet to open and Zim had failed to notice.

Dib couldn't contain his laughter and doubled over as the Irken fell backwards onto the floor. He clutched at his sides, tears pricking the corners of his eyes. It was rare times like these that he was happy he had fallen in luh- . . . Like with the Alien. His laughter died after a few more moments and he held out a hand to the teen still sitting on the floor.

Zim landed hard on the floor, making him ache worse then he already was, and the human laughing at him didn't help. He was about to yell at Dib when he actually looked at the teens face more carefully. It didn't look like a cruel laugh, like he was being made fun of, more of an amused laugh. He sat on the floor, a smiled smile tweaking his lips. Maybe humans weren't so- NO! HUUUMANS are disGUSTING. Blue crossed his cheeks again and he pushed the humans hand away. "I don't need YOOOOOU stink-mud-THING. Zim, doesn't need ANYthing."

Dib was slightly confused but didn't mind. "Not what you were saying before but, okay! Let go!" He grinned and opened the door, ushering Zim out of his house. "Before they close the doors on us." He leaned forward once they made it to the sidewalk, placing his lips against a cold cheek. "Cold?"

Zim squirmed at the hand placed on his back and tried walking a bit faster. The press of lips to his face had him hesitating and he looked about himself. It was kind-of cold . . . NO! ABORT. ABORT. Zim shook his head fiercely, picking up his pace, tempted to use his Pak to get away, but knew that it would be a stupid move. "Zim isn't cold."

Dib snorted, "Fine by me." He hugged his jacket to himself, noticing the Irken's less-than-tolerant reactions to the touches. They walked in silence, Dib was humming to himself quietly when he noticed the teen shiver slightly. Dib stuck out his tongue to keep in a laugh. Slowly, he pulled his jacket off and draped it over Zim's slight frame. It engulfed him more so than Dib's shirt did. "I got to hot, carry it for me . . . Please. I'm to . . . weak."

Zim faltered, but only barely, the sudden weight on his shoulders was unexpected. "Fine." Zim cuddled into the fabric, feeling the warmth from the human on it. "Zim will do you this favor. But only because you are so weak and helpless." He smiled to himself, turning up the collar, shielding his face from view. Mmmm. So cozy.

Dib smiled and watched Zim snuggled down in the coat. Happy to see the Alien happy.

Zim shrank back, not wanting to take another step. "It's worse at night than it is during the day." The statement was said with a quiver of disgust. "Zim changed his mind. Lets go back to Diblet's. It's too loud. Too smelly. Too," He shivered, hands slid out from their protective covering and grasped the back of Dib's shirt. "Scary."

Dib glanced back at the boy, "Oh, come on. I can think of a few ways for you to not notice any of those things." He quirked a brow and smiled lewdly. "Just think of all the envious faces, disappointed because they don't have Zim to their selves." He licked his lips, managed to loosen Zim's hold, turned around and leaned down, tongue flicking out against Zim jaw.

"Yes, yes." Zim's eyes slipped part way closed. "They will wither at Zim's feet, begging for a chance to have a go at the amazing-ness called Zim." He leaned towards the display of affection. "But I'll have to tell them that they need to get in line, and wait till Dib-pet has failed in his position." He leaned up a bit more, lips lightly brushing against Dib's. "Yes, Dib-pet. You need not fail or I'll have to find myself a new 'Dib'. Maybe one without a huge head."

Dib pouted, arms wrapping around the shorter boys waist. "It's not that big."

"That's not what I'm talking about, Diblet." Zim smirked, his own innuendo amusing him greatly. "Not that I mind, per-say, it just." Zim paused, stripped, serpentine tongue darting out to lick at his own lips, a human habit he had picked up during his time on Earth.

"Hurts a bit."

"Is that so?" Dib smiled happily, lips pressing against Zim's. He pulled away just as quickly. "Let's go inside, it's warmer inside."

Zim nodded, yes, warmth, sounds nice, but he was already a little hot. He let Dib pull him inside by his hand, his mind running in circles. Where were they again?

Dib dragged Zim along and immediately walked to the Gym, it was dark in there. No one would notice. Right?

Zim flinched slightly, Pak being harshly pushed against something hard. He wiggled but something else pushed against his front. Wha? He looked up and caught a flash of black hair sticking up and out. Dib-worm?

Dib crashed his lips against Zim's, hands pinning Zim's, making it harder for the Irken to struggle, if he was going to. He pushed his tongue past already slightly parted lips and he sighed softly, if this was sin he didn't mind the consequences.

Zim closed his eyes and pressed back against the human upon realizing that he was, indeed, kissing Dib. He flexed his claws, and mewled, wanting his freedom back, but at the same time liking the feel of not having complete control over the situation.

Dib smiled into the kiss and retracted his tongue into his own mouth, nipping at green lips. Know wonder Zim always liked being in control. It was a great feeling. Then, Dib realized something. It was entirely too quiet. He turned and looked behind him. A low noise felt his throat when he saw about half the student body watching them, they had even gone as far as to turn the lights on and stop the music.

Zim whimpered at the loss of contact and opened one eye, then the other, realizing that the first was hidden away under pink and black hair. They widened further when they saw that they were the center of attention. "Dib-stink?" He questioned lowly, grabbing the teens' attention. "Let Zim go."

Dib looked at Zim half dazed and complied.

A wave of disappointed and relieved mutterings rippled through-out the crowd and Dib shoved his hands in his pockets.

Zim reached up and made sure his wig was still in place, a sigh escaping his lips.

Both were thinking the same thing.

Skool dances Suck.