

# House-Arrest

By Demonluvr

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*When Dib is put under house arrest, Zim finds ways to see him. Slight!ZaDR*

*(This IS where I put the summary right??)*

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# 1 - House Arrest

Disclaimer: Do not own them.

Title: House-Arrest

Summary: When Dib is put under house arrest, Zim finds ways to see him. Slight!ZaDR

Warnings: Yaoi Cussing PWP (Kinda)OOC

Couple: ZimDib

Written By: Shino

Inspired By: Reading other ZaDR ^^

Comments: . . . Let us pretend Dib sleeps with his glasses on, mmkay? And, that Zim has gotten taller.

*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)

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House-Arrest

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It's been, roughly, three months since the police found that he had placed the bomb in the locker at Hi-Skool. Meaning it had been three months of him being stuck in his house. After a day, he learned that the heavy dangle-y thing they put around his ankle did indeed shock if you tried to leave the house and that it would indeed knock you out. Within a week he had re-read all of his magazines, books, information on paranormal, watched all his movies, taped shows and his father had kicked him out of the home lab 'for his safety'. He had nothing to do. Therefore, he learned to sleep all day.

Another week passed before he was woken up one night to find some one climbing through his window.

First, big black boots, that knocked softly when they hit the floor, next, long lanky legs, then, a short midriff, finally, the head. Dib knew who it was and almost jumped up but forced himself to stay still.

He was curious.

A clank sounded throughout his quiet room and the figure looked around, red eyes landing on him. Dib

frighted sleep, but watched through half lidded eyes as sharp metal 'legs' rose from behind the intruder.

After another moment the other turned, and started rummaging through his stuff. He almost laughed out loud as he watched his computer get ransacked, all his files –that had back-saved onto flash drives and again onto discs- were deleted, some of his pictures shredded, and various other 'incriminating' things destroyed.

Then, it went quiet again, except for clicks of metal along his floor. It stopped next to his bed and with another clank; the appendages were gone, leaving boots to thump against the floor.

A self-imposed rant started, in a hushed voice. He listened to the jumble of words, self-praises, insults, threats, admiration to his 'Tallest' and complaints of 'stupid robots.'

The voice dwindled, with nothing left to say.

A slight scoff, clawed fingers brushed his face, then, he was gone, out the window.

Dib's eyes widened slightly and he stared at the ceiling, slowly his eyes slipped closed.

*Why had Zim come?*

It was four days later that Zim returned, right as Dibs watch beeped midnight.

Sliding through his window, rummaging through stacks of paper, the rant, then claws on his cheek, this time, they stayed somewhat longer.

Again it happened after a day then every night, the same routine, every time the rants growing longer, the touching growing more confident, soon, Zim sat on the bed as he ranted.

But then one night, half way through the second month of his house arrest, Zim did something different. He went straight to Dibs bed and paced beside it. He whispered harsh, angry words, about his Tallest being upset with him and that it was all Dib's fault. When he was finished, he stopped pacing and leaned over Dib, clawed hands pressed into either side of his pillow and Zim's face hovered over his.

*What is he doing?*

With a slight pressure on Dib's lips, Zim escaped the room, boots thudding heavily as he ran.

*What was that?*

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Dib groaned softly, rolling around on his bed restlessly, it had been a few nights since the stupid green-skinned BLOCKhead had shown up, and because of it, he couldn't sleep. He couldn't exactly

run the few blocks separation their houses and see if the bastard had been taken yet, not with two months remaining on his 'probation.'

He quieted down, glancing at his clock; a couple minuets remained before Zim would usually show up.

. . .

Why was he obsessing over this so much?! He groaned again and blamed it on he was used to the aliens 'bedtime story.'

He pulled a hand from under the covers and bit into the pad of his thumb.

Their 'relationship' had nosed dived into the ground and exploded in his face, fiery and bloody. What happened to the fighting and name-calling over the past three months? Dib didn't exactly miss it so much he didn't know what he thought of what was happening now.

His watch beeped and he shoved his hand under the blanket again. He closed one eye and watched his window carefully with the other.

As he was starting to give up hope, it pushed up and he saw a boot appear. His heart rate quickened and his other eye slid open. When Zim was completely through he walked straight to the bed.

Dib closed his eyes on instinct and tried to calm his racing heart. When nothing else happened, he cracked an eye open and Zim was staring directly at him. He other eye snapped open and he knew he was caught.

Wait, why was he caught? Zim was the one in HIS room!

In a swift movement Zim pinned him against the bed, metal clashing together as different assortments of appendages came into view and pinned him.

"If you've been awake this whole time," Zim's face hovered over him and the words were spat angrily. "Why did you let Zim do all I did?"

Dib felt small and shivered as the claws yanked his blanket back and grabbed his wrists. "I don't know." It was weak and he knew it but, it was the truth.

"I don't know." Zim cackled mockingly, eyes narrowed, lekku lifted higher. "I don't know!" Zim suddenly lashed out and slammed his fists next to Dibs face. "Zim knows Dib isn't stupid. Zim knows that something is going through that big head of yours!" The snarl twisting his mouth only intensified his already dark features. "Think Dib-stink! Think! Why did you let Zim?"

"I don't know!" Dib yelled back, anger pushing to the surface. "I don't fracking know, okay? I don't!" He started to struggle against his bonds and cried out as they bit into his skin.

Zim gritted his teeth, his lekku flattened against his head, and a growl emitted from his throat. "Tell Zim why! Tell me what you were thinking when you let me in and didn't stop me. Tell me!" Zim's body

pushed more heavily against Dib and he dug his claws into the pillow. When he spoke again, his voice had dropped to a gruff whisper. "Tell me why you let Zim wader around your room. Tell him why you let yourself lie wide open to the possibility of him killing you! Tell Zim!"

Dib felt wetness on his cheeks and desperately wanted to rid the evidence his frustration and confusion were showing. "I don't know." His voice had dropped also, barely above a whisper, "I don't know."

*Why does this feel so wrong?*

Zim growled again, trying to find a simple solution for his frustration.

*And yet . . .*

He only found one.

*So right?*

His mouth smashed against Dib's, teeth hitting lips. He bit harshly, letting his thin tongue slide out, and spread the blood.

Dib cried out softly, not expecting to sudden move, and started struggling again, not caring about the bonds. He whimpered as Zim invaded his mouth and took control. He tried to mutter around the extra organ but couldn't find a way, so he bit down onto it.

Zim reeled back only for a moment, eyes darkening. He ignored the humans blubbering and captured that mouth again. His tongue running across teeth and tasting gums. Finally, when he pulled back and growled into Dib's ear. "Tell Zim now, Dib."

Dib's eyes darted down, to Zim's chest, small whimpers and pants making his breath more and more erratic, it seemed as if he couldn't get enough air into his lungs. "I don't know damnit!"

Zim's mouth twisted into a grin, "Wrong answer."

Dib almost let a whimper slip as Zim's hand shifted and claws ran along his cheek. His eyes moved back to Zim's and he tried to force a challenging smile onto his face, it looked more like 'whipped puppy.' "What are you going to do?" Dib shook slightly as the hushed words slipped past his swollen lips.

Zim smirked, lekku perking back up, thoroughly enjoying Dib facial expression. "Do you really want to know? Or," Zim strung the word out, testing it first before continuing, "Do you want Zim to just do it without any warning?"

Dib blushed, eyes darting back down, "Would you? I don't think you could take my life at this point." His words were shaky and he willed himself to believe that's what the Alien had planned for him.

Zim's smirk widened, "Who ever said anything about that, Dib-stink?" He dipped his head slightly and ran his tongue along Dib's jaw line. "You know first hand what I have been doing these past few weeks.

Why would you think it had anything to do with death? Blood, maybe. Death, well, that's a maybe too, Zim hasn't decided yet." Zim's tongue lingered on one of the cuts on Dib lip, trying to catch any blood he had missed.

Dib tried to shift his head away but it only resulted in his chin being tipped up and lips pressing against his own.

Zim unmercifully attacked Dib's mouth. Jagged teeth biting again, as hands slipped down.

Dib couldn't stop the moan from falling past his lips, as Zim brushed his hands over a more 'sensitive' part of his body.

A crash sounded and Dib's wall shook. "For frack's sake you little fracker! If your ganna fracking jack off, go to the fracking bathroom! Your screeching makes my ears bleed!"

This made Zim still and for his lekku to pin back against his head. He leaned up, as if just realizing what was happening. A few spindly legs retracted back into his Pak and Zim's face went blank. "Tell Zim?"

Dib flinched from his sister's shriek and jolted back when Zim suddenly let up. His eyes darted as his wrists were freed and Zim spoke. He caught the questioning tone and he couldn't help but drop his gaze. "I don't know."

Silence followed and Dib shifted slightly, Zim was light but he had been sitting on the same spot for a while now.

Zim stood when Dib shifted and let his eyes linger on Dib's flushed body for a moment before making his way back to the window. He placed his hands on the sill and started out.

"Wait!" It was instinctual. He hadn't really meant to say it aloud. Now that Zim was giving him his attention, Dib's blush darkened. "Will you tell me?"

Zim felt like yelling again, Dib's question was stupid and he had no right to question Zim.

Zim answered anyways.

"Zim felt odd with Dib gone."

Then he made it out the window, Dib almost catching the end of his Invader outfit.

Dib watched as Zim disappeared out of sight before slumping down, dangling halfway out the window.

*What was going to happen next?*

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. . . . Did that have a point at all?

I mean really.

That was just a random . . . *thing*. With no plot (like all my work) and no nothing.

Hrm, who thinks Shino should quit will she's . . . not last? :raises hand:

:cough:cough:

Utterly horrible. And OOC

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