

Waffles

By Demonluvr

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Dib is rather submissive. ZaDR

(It's not :coughverycough: dirty, it more cheese than anything. RAH RUINED IT!! . . . Yesh Ph34r our CHEESE!!)

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1 - Waffles

Disclaimer: Do not own them.

Title: Waffles

Summary: Dib is rather submissive. ZaDR

Warnings: Yaoi Cussing PWP (Kinda)OOC

Couple: ZimDib

Written By: Zim by Shino, Dib by Rah

Inspired By: Nothing. Just me and Rah typing.

Comments: . . . ANGSTY GIR!!

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)

Waffles

Dib gritted his teeth as the faces surrounded him. “shut up, Shut up, SHUT UP!” He cried lashing out. His hand hit something, and he looked up. “Zim?”

One narrowed eye widened and a confused look was sent at Dib. A gloved, clawed, hand gripped Dib’s own and the Invader spoke. “What is this odd thing Dib is doing? Flailing and screaming at nothing’s? Is it some kind of Earthling ritual?”

Dib scowled. “Shut up and go away Zim. This does not concern you. So just back off!” He stood up and pushed at Zim’s shoulder with his free hand.

Zim’s other eye widened as a smirk tweaked his lips. “Why is the Dib-worm so,” A pause, in which Zim pulled Dib’s hand up to his chest as he thought. “Uptight? Zim wants to know why he found you in the middle of woods. In the middle of the night? Hmm?” Zim leaned closer and tilted his head up slightly, needing to, due to their height difference.

“What about you? What’re you doing here?” Dib narrowed his eyes. “Following me, or trying to get home? And why do you suddenly give a damn?” He tried to take back his hand and failed miserably.

Zim’s smirk turned into a full-blown grin. He spoke, clutching Dib’s fingers harder. “I don’t need to explain my reasoning to you, Dib-stink.” Zim moved his hand slightly, interlacing their fingers, a look of fascination covered his features for a moment before his eyes turned back to Dib. “Zim can do as he pleases; it has nothing to do with mud-babies.” His lekku perked and he leaned closer. “When did Zim say he cared? He doesn’t care for you Dib, just what you can do for him in the end.”

Dib’s scowl disappeared instantly and he blinked childishly. “What do you mean what I can do for you in the end?” Suddenly the scowl returned with a vengeance. “I’m not helping you with anything. Why should I?” Again, the voices started to bear down on him.

‘You’re a failure!’

‘No one loves you!’

*‘Why don’t you just **DIE**?’*

Dib whimpered softly.

Zim looked up at Dib challengingly and opened his mouth, ready to retort. Then his eyes narrowed, his grin left at the whimpers, and something instinctual started, he lightly ran his thumb over the back of Dib’s hand. He stopped himself. SO not Invader like. “Because Zim now know you hate this planet just as much as Zim wants to destroy it. He knows that you can’t stand to stay any longer.” He paused, words fought to escape his throat but he stayed silent, lekku pinning back, hand twitching with the impulsive need to comfort. “Zim *knows*.” The word was drawn out, a need to fill the silence finally fulfilled.

Zim reached out and tipped Dibs head up just enough so their eyes met. “I know.”

Dib started at the touch. He started to soften, and something inside murmured that he should let Zim in. Suddenly, Dib slapped at Zim’s hand. “Oh, what the frack do you know? How would you know the pain, the anxiety, the waiting for the next time that *they* come for you?!” He let out a shuddering breath, and tried to pull away, suddenly hating the contact. “Stop acting like you know, ‘cuz you **DON’T!**”

A feral growl emitted from Zim when his hand was hit away and he grabbed onto Dib’s upper arm, stopping the struggle. “You think you’re the only one with problems?” Zim snarled and pushed up onto his tiptoes, foreheads almost knocking. “Zim has been on this planet long enough to know what all your *feelings* are called!” The word was spat with disgust and his hold tensed. “How would you feel if your whole PLANET abandoned you! The only people you ever cared for threw you away! Leaving you to rot

on a filthy germ-infested planet!" Claws dug into tender flesh as Zim barreled on. "You have NO idea what it's like to feel true pain! True agony! *True abandonment!*" Zim panted, the yelling starting to make his throat feel scratchy.

Dib's eyes narrowed. "I'd rather be abandoned than to have to live with-" he cut himself off and broke eye contact with Zim. "Never mind. Fine then, if you feel I don't know, then tell me. Or just let me go so I can get on with this sham of a life!" He bit his lip slightly as he felt Zim's grip tighten.

Another growl ripped from Zim's throat. "What happened to the stupid pig-headed Dib, Zim knew? You're giving up so easily! Even Zim hasn't given up!" He forced Dib to look at him again, loosening his hold on Dib's arm. "Zim has been exiled, again, from his planet; he has been forsaken by his Tallest! Did that stop me? No! Why?" This time he bashed foreheads with Dib and pushed against it, straining to be tall enough. "Because he wanted to beat Dib! Dib kept me going! If only I could beat you-!" Zim stopped, biting his cheek.

"If I could beat you then maybe Zim wasn't useless after all."

Even as Dib narrowed his eyes at the forehead bash, realization was evident in his eyes. "Why am I giving up?" he asked quietly, almost to himself. "Because I have no reason to keep fighting. Because I'm accepting my fate. Because I can't live for you anymore!" He clenched his jaw. "Proving to the world what you are kept them at bay! You held them off of me! You shielded me from harm! When you were around, for once in my life, demons didn't writhe under my feet! You gave me the strength to fight them! But now . . ."

Zim stilled, waiting for the teen to finish. When he lapsed into silence, Zim clicked his tongue lightly. "'Now' what?" With a light shake of his head against Dib's, he started again. "Zim is here now, right? Dib must be a moron for giving up so easily! Dib can fight whatever it is 'writhing' under his feet!" Zim's antennae lifted and his voice softened. "Zim is here."

This definitely hadn't been covered in Basic Training.

"But are you really here? Or am I merely talking to a phantasm? Am I truly unable to tell what is real and what is not?" Dib murmured softly, looking into Zim's eyes. "Can I trust my enemy? Or am I falling into another trap that they have set for me? Is it true? Is the enemy of my enemy truly my friend?" He closed his eyes and was quiet for a moment. "And if it is," he opened them and stared into Zim's own. "Can there be more than friendship?"

Zim paused trying to remember all the teen had asked, eyes darting around, as if a bunch of trees would help. "Uh, if Zim remembers correctly . . . Yes, no, maybe, yes, uh, forget that one, Zim doesn't believe in friends." Another pause; bright red eyes landing back on Dib, "They have hurt him too many times." With a sigh, he blinked slowly, mulling the last question over in his mind, in place of shooting off insults. "What does Dib think there can be?" His hand on Dib's arm slipped down and he laced his claws with Dib's fingers holding this one to the boy's chest. "Can there really, truly, be anything between a human and an Irken?"

"Hmm." Dib softly examined their intertwined digits. "If we think about it logically . . ." He looked into Zim's eyes. "No." Slowly Dib smiled. "But frack logic and frack what others think." He stared deep into

Zim's eyes. "Right?" he said it softly, vulnerably. "What do you think Zim, is it possible?"

Confusion passed across Zim's face. "How do you . . . 'frack' logic? And what people think? 'frack' is indeed a tangible thing Stink-worm." Zim scoffed lightly and with a clank, long spindly legs withdrew from his Pak, settled onto the ground, holding the Invader up, and let him rest his feet. "But, to Zim, anything is possible." Zim looked back to Dib. "Well, except for crossing a carrot with a gerbil. That's just scary."

Dib blinked. "Wha-? A carbil, a gerot?" He stared at Zim with a serious look on his face. "You're a moment killer, ya know that? And . . . the frack thing is a metaphor, dear. Don't think on it too long." Dib squeezed Zim hand softly.

Zim blinked, lekku twitching in thought. "'Deer?' . . . Never mind. Zim doesn't care anymore." He rubbed his head against Dibs, as if shaking the thoughts off. "I think you are the 'moment killer,' Zim is being serious." With that, Zim stuck his tongue out and, as an afterthought, ran it lightly over Dib's lips, before retracting it back into his own mouth.

"Nn-hmm. I'm sure." Dib looked skeptically at Zim. "What was that all about?" He reluctantly tried to withdraw one of his hands from Zim's. Nonetheless, he failed. "All you did was lick . . ." Dib pouted faintly. "Dib wants more." He grinned, proud of the fact that he stole a leaf from Zim's book. He leaned towards Zim's ear. "Dib wants a lot more."

A deep purr sounded for a moment and Zim grinned, "Is that what Dib wants? But what about the 'writhing' under you feet and the 'demons?'" He let his tongue slid past his lips and trace Dibs ear, teeth closing around the silver ring adorning it. He pushed the hand that was against his chest against Dibs, pinning the hands while two more legs came from around him and held Dib still. He let the fleshy human appendage and purred again. "Are you sure?"

Dib moaned at the contact. He whispered huskily into Zim's ear, "Will you help me make them disappear?" He clenched his jaw shut to keep from making more noise. "As I said, they vanish when I'm with you, so maybe you can help me vanquish them." Dib's breath hitched and a nice rosy blush formed across his cheeks. "Will you be my knight in shining armor, please?" He arched his back subconsciously. "Please Zim," he moaned hoarsely. "For me and only me?"

Zim nuzzled Dib's cheek affectionately, loving the noises. "Dib, you do know that 'nights' don't have 'shining armor,' right?" A lithe tongue ran along his jaw line and Zim nonchalantly brushed lips. He let his tongue slide past obliging lips and ran along teeth. Rubbing his-

"I MADE WAFFELS!!!" A high-pitch squeal sounded along with clunks of useless metal. "Master? Why are you eating Cookie-mans face?"

Oh yesh, WAFFLES AND CARBILS!!! >< ><

Oh dear God. Scarlett please don't kill me after you read this.

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