

## That Which I Desire

*She lowered her head to the base of his chin and grazed her teeth over it. He could feel her pinning him down, and as she continued to kiss him down the side of his neck, he felt an urge, which turned to a need to take over this situation.*

*He breathed out heavily and groaned, shifting as he tried to place her on the side of him. She whispered something, but he couldn't hear. The blood rushed in his ears as he laid her back, lifting his gaze to meet hers. She seemed scared, and he might have heard a whimper before her eyes rolled back into her head.*

*Their pulses raced, and his senses focused on the sound of her heart as he laid himself on top of her. He kissed her as she'd kissed him, down the nape of her neck and behind her ear, all the while feeling his own arousal. It'd never happened before, this type of feeling, but he acted on his instincts without thinking. From the reaction this girl was giving, he knew he was doing the right thing. She began focusing on the button of his pants, her hands grazed lower and lower causing him even more of an urge to do what his instincts told him.*

*He closed his eyes and felt her relax under him as he slipped his teeth through the first layer of skin. She cried out in passion... or was it pain....*

He sat up in bed and felt a drop of sweat trickle from his forehead.

"Damn it!!" he slammed his fist onto the bed feeling another drop; a salty one from underneath his eyelid.

He swallowed the forming lump in his throat and stood, shifting his boxers as his hardness faded. Looking into the mirror, he studied his reflection; his eyes were red rimmed from the sleepless nights he'd had, but the light blue irises made it easy to notice he'd been crying. His black hair hung down in separated strands, unwashed since the morning before. His hairless chin and upper lip were sheened with sweat, and he wiped them after he took a sip of water.

The boy stepped back into his room glancing at the clock (3:12am), and slipped back under the covers. He slept soundly the rest of the night.

## Chapter one: The Assignment

"More?" she said, and without an answer slid 2 pieces of barely cooked bacon onto his plate.

"Thank you." he replied and continued eating.

"Damien if you don't hurry up you'll be late. I don't know why you scheduled your classes so early if you can't wake yourself up in time." She said, already

working on the dishes.

"I scheduled them this early so I could get some free food served to me. Otherwise I'd actually have to make an effort" Damien replied, eyeing his mother under his raised brow.

She slapped him lightly in the head with a dishtowel "College boy, and already you're getting lazy." She said smirking as she looked him over. "Dame ... are your dreams coming back? You look tired."

He interrupted by standing and slipping the black trenchcoat over his shoulders, "I gotta go mom. I'll be back around 2." He said, grabbing his backpack and walking out.

The woman frowned and grabbed the paper bag on the counter. "Those damned dreams" she whispered, trotting out of the kitchen and opening the front door. "Damien you forgot this!" she threw and he turned and caught it. The actions were as well carried out as a basketball play. He waved his thanks, and opened the door to his car.

She watched him drive away with a concerned look on her face.

"He's in college and he still dresses like one of those freaks! I can't believe you let him pierce his tongue Gen!"

Genevieve looked over to her neighbor and glared straight at her. "I'm so sorry he's bothering you, but I'm not about to chain him in the basement and make him wear varsity sweaters. He's a perfectly mannered boy, and that's all that counts." She said turning to go into the house, but stopping just before she stepped in. "And anyway, a tongue ring is nothing compared to a tattoo of a peace symbol on your ass!" she added, shutting the door behind her.

"I HAD THAT REMOVED!!!" Gen heard from inside the door. She smiled and walked back into the kitchen. "He's a perfectly well mannered boy."

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*click . click . click .* Finger nails tapped on the desk. She couldn't help it, she was nervous. The third semester at this college and she still got the jitters on the first day. Her green eyes scanned every person that walked in after her and sat down. Most walked in with friends, gabbing loudly so the entire class would know that they were popular enough to 'score free drinks' from older men, or stay out the night before the first day and get drunk. Some even held 3 minute conversations on the redness around their eyes. She sighed lightly and rolled her own eyes, knowing this would be another friendless class.

The teacher droned on, and she began to regret waiting until third semester to take Biology 101. She'd been lucky enough to get the teacher who never assigned homework, but as he began to explain his 'catch', she felt the doom begin to rise in her soul.

"The semester project will actually make up 50% of your grade. You'll need one partner, and your homework time will be spent with this person. So choose

wisely people! These will be your best friends for the semester. And more importantly, you're ticket to an A, which expected of each of you!"

She tuned out after that, slowly drowning in her worries as she glanced around the classroom, noticing the looks people were giving each other, already choosing partners silently. She looked down at her desk thinking that she could still drop the class, it was only the first day.

Shaking her head, she remembered that this was to be her last year, and all courses had to be passed. Grin and bear it, she thought, or at least bear it.

"Tilman, Savannah Tilman" she looked up as her stomach dropped.

"Who will be your partner?"

Savannah looked around quickly, not knowing what to do. "I .. uhm.. I don't know." She glared at the desk; 'yeah sure, assume I'm already best friends with someone in this class.' She sighed to herself.

"Alright then, lets see... Black, Va..Vala.." he struggled with the last name.

"I go by my middle name, Damien." A male voice spoke from the back of the room. Savannah turned to look at him, as she knew he was her partner. "Great a foreigner... and a freak." She sighed to herself as she gazed over his black attire. Goth types were known for either their drug use, their mental problems, or their incessant depression. This was just getting better and better.

"Alright then Damien, you'll be Savannah's partner" the teacher said, adjusting his glasses and moving onto the next name.

Savannah's attention focused on the boy as he stared at his desk. She figured maybe he'd be better than one of the drunk jocks. Savannah stood and approached his desk, laying her phone number (which the teacher instructed that they write down) on his desk. He handed her his without a word or even a glance, and she sat down.

After what seemed like hours, class was over.

This was going to be a long semester.

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Damien picked at his food. He couldn't deal with this atmosphere as easily as he thought he'd be able to. People were more laid back, but generally the same, walking past him as if he didn't exist. Although he knew his dress and attitude wasn't exactly inviting. He concluded that maybe it was best that he didn't make too many friends, especially female ones.

Swallowing a mouthful of his sandwich, he thought more specifically about his biology class. This partner he'd been assigned wasn't going to help in his plight. He hadn't looked at her, but he could tell by her scent that she could be attractive. He knew he'd have to face this one day, he'd just need to prepare

himself.

"Hey, you got a light?"

Damien looked up to the young boy and shook his head "sorry man"

The boy just nodded and walked away. A sigh escaped his lips as he bit into his sandwich once again.

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Savannah dropped her books on the floor and sighed heavily. The cat meowed at her and she waved it away "Mishi give me five minutes hun".

She moved into the kitchen slowly and went through her usual routine, first pouring herself a glass of water and then moving to the fridge to get the cat food. She glanced at her work schedule and sighed to herself. If it wasn't school, it was work. At least there she had a few friends, but work was work after all.

As she moved back into the living room, she thought about the homework that might be due in the class after the next day.

Suddenly she cursed. "I gotta get together with that guy from class before Friday, and it's Wednesday. Thursday I have work, and therefore no time to." she growled and looked at the clock. It was only 4pm, so she decided to try and get in touch with him. This was just about the strangest thing she'd been faced with. Savannah was just glad to be in a forward mood.

She picked up the phone and dialed the number she pulled out of her pocket. "Yes is Damien at home?"

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"You'd better invite her to dinner, kid".

Damien looked directly at his mother and glared. He was perfectly fine talking over the phone, but in person he knew he'd .... "Well why don't you just come here for dinner. Tell your parents we're working on the project and you wont have ... oh....ok well... ok. I'll see you in a few.... Bye."

Damien hung up the phone. "Great mom... just wonderfully great." He sighed. "She's got her own place too. sooner or later she'll want to go there."

Gen turned around "Dame. Just because this girl is your Bio partner doesn't mean she's going to hit on you. Either way, you need to get over this. You will have to face females again, and I think now that your older you can control it. Your father-

Suddenly Damien turned and Gen flinched "I *do not* want to hear about my father. He never bothered to hear about me. I'm not him and I'm not like him..." His voice was strained, and those piercing eyes were set in such a serious gaze that had she not been used to it, Gen would have been speechless.

"I know." Gen said looking down. "I'm sorry. I just need to know you'll be ok. You've got such a sweet personality, too sweet to be anything like him."

"I know mom." He said in a calming tone. He needed to watch his temper "I'll just deal with her. It's not like she's in love with me." Damien shrugged and stood to go into the living room. "Do me a favor and get the door when she comes."

Gen smiled and started to set the table. She silently hoped this girl was very open minded.

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She stepped into the home and felt surprisingly calm, except when she looked at Damien. She seemed to sense a shock from him also, as this was pretty much the first time they'd actually looked at each other. In a split second she saw only one thing; the ice blue eyes that blinked once as he said hello. She smiled in reply and followed the two to the dinner table.

Savannah's thoughts ran all over the place at dinner. Once his eyes were off of her own, she talked to his mother about college, and found out that Damien was a freshman. She found herself talking about college, and feeding info about herself to Ms. Genevieve.

" Well I've been working for my Mother's old company for years, so I was able to save enough for a place of my own. And since I've stayed there, they have me on a good pay. I guess I'm really lucky to be in the place I'm in, but I still want something more" She tried not to babble, but she found herself doing so. She stopped as she bit into a piece of the roast, and was about to go on when she tasted a tang to the meat. Savannah glanced down to find that the crisp outer layer was the lining to a barely cooked slice of meat. She'd never seen beef cooked so rare.

Damien must have seen her look, because for the first time that evening he looked directly at her and spoke more than 4 words. "Oh. I'm sorry, we should have asked how you liked your meat. My mother really likes try new things when it comes to cooking." He smirked a bit and Savannah blinked. She found herself attracted to this guy. It was almost a blunt attraction, one that she'd never experienced before.

"No no! " she smiled "I'm an unexpected guest! And I sort of like the tang it has to it. The spices are great." She smiled to Ms Gen.

Savannah kept her eyes off of Damien for the rest of dinner.

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Damien had chosen to sit at his computer and type out a list of ideas as she went through the book and read them to him. He took this time to observe Savannah, because he knew there'd be no better time than when her view of him was obstructed.

He'd seen girls over his years in high school and he'd been attracted to them, but this one caught his eye in a different way. It could just be the fact that she was close enough for him to pick up her scent, and she wasn't leaving.

She wasn't what society would call anything 'special', but Damien had a much different way of observing people. She had brown hair with light bangs parted down the middle, framing her cream color face. She wore no make up; she didn't need to. Her clothes were plain, but they framed her body well. The outer seam of her jeans ran straight up her leg in perfect proportion, and her shirt hung loosely over her shoulders, dipping into a V that showed the smooth, lightly freckled collar area. She looked up to him, and her eyes seemed to take over, the deep green seeming to bore straight to his soul.

"Damien?"

He nearly jumped, and at the same time was immensely glad his lower half was hidden beneath a computer desk. "I.. I'm, sorry. I tend to daydream" he smiled and raised his brows, signaling for her to go on. He focused on the screen for as long as he could. Damien knew a serious talk with his mother was going to be needed after this "study session".

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'Ohhh god. This is not good.' Savannah repeated the phrase in her head a few times before reading another part of the list again. She hadn't had a crush in so long that the butterflies seemed extra heavy. This guy was totally winning her over, and all he did was stare at her for a few seconds and raise his eyebrows. Savannah bit her lip and squeezed her eyes, keeping her view of the ground clear. She was not going to get into another relationship. Not yet. There wouldn't be a risk until after college, and she was not going to suspect herself to the pains of a relationship again. She wasn't going to go for some guy just because he had gorgeous eyes. She read another word and sneered to herself. It wasn't just his eyes, it was his voice, his hair...there was something deeper. The dark clothes he wore didn't at all reflect the attitude he seemed to emulate.

"Ok that's it" he said, standing up and stretching. She had to look up at this point, and did so with a pained look on her face.

"I'm sure my mother's got snacks in the kitchen if you're interested. I wouldn't want to kick you out so soon." He said, approaching the door "Do you want me to bring something or..." he led the question to a dead end, which gave her the option of leaving. Something inside of her took over. She had nothing to be guilty about; she didn't have a boyfriend, she was a perfectly able adult, and if she wanted to stay and possibly get to know this handsome guy, she could.

"Sure" she said with a smile, closing her book. "I'll have whatever you have"

He smiled back politely and opened the door. "You can turn on the TV if you want, the controller's on the bedstand" he said as he closed the door behind him.

Savannah looked around the room, resisting the girlish need to snoop around and reached for the controller. She flicked on the tv and flipped around a little, letting her eyes wander around his room.

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He set the cups on the table and cracked the ice container. "Mom I can't just tell her to leave, and truthfully, I feel good knowing she'll be here a while more." He looked down "Are all kids like this? I mean, . Is this normal? It's been like 2 and a half hours!"

His mother sighed. "I don't know what to tell you. I can just say that crushes do come quickly, and they are a wild ride. But you are in college, and this might mean a little more than a crush. She's older, and if you're serious about getting to know her, you'll have to know it's a commitment. Especially with you."

Damien place the cups on a tray and took a few bowls from her. "Exactly! With ME it turns out in disaster! I can't tell if this is just a carnal desire or a need for love. I really don't trust myself either way mom."

She placed a hand on his shoulder as he walked out "Well I think it's time you do. Until you trust yourself, life will be very lonely. Just remember; only you can control you. Don't let your father-"

He smirked right at the end and Gen didn't need to finish. She knew it was the right fuel, and this could be a better place to keep his anger. "I'll be in my room and I wont bother you, so no need to worry" she said flicking the lights of the kitchen off.

He nodded, and made his way back to his room. They were on separate ends of the ranch-style house. He was, after all, a college age boy who needed his privacy. Still, she thanked god that she had such a close relationship with her son, otherwise he could have taken out half of the city by this time.

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She got up as soon as he entered carrying a tray, reaching to grab something to help him out. "It seems kind of partridge family, but she loves having guests." He said handing her a cup and can of soda.

"Oh I forgot to thank her for dinner!!" Savannah said, standing. Damien smiled

and held a hand up "Don't worry, she's glad you liked it. I'll tell her you said thanks." He said taking a seat on the chair by the bed and grabbing the remote.

Savannah smiled and sat back on the bed "She's really cool"

Damien nodded in response as he looked at the TV. "Nothing's on?"

Savannah shrugged.

They flipped around before finding an old SNL rerun. Comedy proved to be the best ice-breaker; within a half hour they were both on the bed, him sitting against the headboard, and her laying on her stomach with her head propped up on one of his pillows.

"I hope you don't mind me staying. Is there a time you usually go to bed?" Savannah said, realizing she'd been there for awhile.

"Yeah. Usually around 11, but that's only because I have nothing to do. I actually like having some company for once." He said staring at the TV.

Savannah smiled " I know exactly what you mean"

She had run thoughts of how strange it was to be laying on a bed with a guy she'd met less than 24 hours earlier. In the end she felt more comfortable with him than some of her best friends. Eventually she ruled out any strange thoughts. She'd made the decision to let whatever happens happen. She felt happy, and that was all that counted.

"So... if I can ask, what's your first name?" she said, suddenly remembering the class.

Damien quirked a side of his mouth, studying her once again. Her direction on the bed made it hard for her to look back at him so she rarely did. This gave him more time to observe her actions. "Vladienleicht." he simply sat and gave her time to think for a moment.

She actually sat up and turned to him, pulling a leg up to her chest and wrapping her arms around it. "Now where exactly do your ancestors come from to get that name?"

He looked down for a second "I don't exactly know. All I do know is that my father insisted on my being named that way."

Savannah blinked.

Damien went on "I don't know my father, he left when I was young"

She nodded with a small "ohhh.."

He smiled a little "No reason to get all sad." he trailed his eyes over her face slowly "tell me about you. Any specific reason for the severe public shyness? I can use my dad as an excuse for mine. " He grinned so widely Savannah couldn't

help laughing. This boy, whom she had originally thought to be a dark, dreary depressed soul was so filled with life she felt it emulating in her. She wondered if he knew the effect of his endearing charisma. With a small smile, she went on.