

Damian knocked on the door. He'd made sure to arrive a bit late, and he'd waited until those who had seen him walk to the door had gone out of sight. He didn't want to risk anyone noticing the change in behavior, it would bring questions.

He heard someone move on the other side. "Who is it?"

Before Damian could answer, the door opened. "H, Hi." *Nervous smile, hold it for an instant, drop it. "I'm Damain. I'm . . ."* A little hesitation here. *Look at the paper I'm holding, make it shake a little to show nervousness. Check that I have the right door. Look at my suitcases. Look back at the bear in front of me, another nervous smile.* "I'm suppose to be your roommate?" *make it a question.*

The bears stared at him for a moment. "You . . .you're my new roommate? Really?" he seemed to be surprised at that.

*Let the uncomfortable silence hold for a moment, Damian thought. He's shy, and so am I. Give him a few second. If he doesn't say anything, break the tension.* Then Damian noticed Kurogane was checking him out, and trying not to show it. Because of that, Damian let the silence stretch a little longer than he had planned.

His uncle had been right, the bear would like him.

"Sorry about that." *Small smile, a little embarrassment.* "I transferred from New York. I just got in." *An hesitation.* "Do you mind if I come in?"

"Oh, sorry. Of course, come in." The bear. Kurogane, Damian reminded himself. *Japanese name. I wonder where he got it, need to do research on it, if he doesn't volunteer the information. He isn't a mark, not anymore. He's a person. Don't use his name until he mentions it first.*

"Thank you." *Grab the suitcases, enter. Look around. One side is Kurogane, one side is mine. Go to the bed.* "I guess that's going to be mine." *Make it a nervous chuckle. I'm stating the obvious, after all.*

The door closed, and Kurogane sat at his desk. "Yeah, it's all yours, make yourself at home! Oh, and if there's anything you want or need just let me know, okay?" Kurogane smiled.

*He's nervous, he's talking just a little too fast, he makes the ending of his phrases an exclamation.*

"Oh, right. Let me introduce myself! My name is Kurogane." He jumped up and extended his hand.

Damian shook it. *A slight tremor, another sign of nervousness. He probably doesn't realize he's shaking. I need to break the tension, he might pass out.*

"Where are you from? Kurogane doesn't really sound American."

Kurogane let out a small laugh. "I'm actually from San Antonio. My father named me Kurogane after one of his favorite anime character, even though I have nothing in common with him." The bear laughed.

*He's remembering something,* Damian noted, watching his

eyes. *Something pleasant.*

"So, what's it's like in New York? I've only been in Texas, so I haven't explored much."

*He's curious about me, good. I can use that to lead the questions. "New York City's nice, but hectic, and crowded. Except for being larger, it's a bit like my home city of Pittsburgh." Put the suitcases down. Give him time to ask more questions. Knell, open one. Still no questions? He's shyer than I expected. Look over my shoulder, make eye contact. "I take it you also like anime?" Make it a question, even if I already know the answer. People don't like being told what I shouldn't know.*

*"Oh yeah, I love it! It's the source of a lot of my inspiration." Kurogane sat on his bed and looked at his posters. "There are just so many stories, so many different ways to create a new world. It's so amazing . . ." He's imagining something, no, recalling. A mix of both? He shook his head and looked back to Damian. "Oh, sorry!" Kurogane laughed and scratched the back of his head. The nervousness is settling back in. "I can get lost in thoughts easily."*

*Smile. "It's okay." Let him calm down. Take out what's needed and make the bed, in silence. Give him a chance to ask questions, if he wants to. The bed was done. Neat and crisp, not one wrinkle on the sheets. Still silence. Ask him something? give him more time? Give him something and see if it peaks his curiosity? Damian pulled out three books from the suitcases and put them on his desk. One was a first year book, the other one a second year and the third was an advance study on Freud. He isn't going to know the difference, he's into gaming studies. Put the clothes away, give him time to see the titles and ask about them. He took his clothes out, made sure they were wrinkle free and put them in the closet, then laid back on his bed. Still silent. I have to engage him again.*

*"What are you working on?"*

*"A project for my Digital Imaging class. I have to create my own environment, as if I was going to put it in a game, but I've been wracking my brains all night, and still nothing." Kurogame sat in his chair, and stared at his computer screen, and at the many sketches scattered on his desk.*

*"I see." Damian checked his watch. "Is there a curfew here?"*

*Kurogane didn't answer immediately.*

*He's thinking about his problems. Draw him out with with conversation? No, do something to make myself look more like a normal teenager. The suitcases. Damian turned and sat, his legs over the edge of the bed, and a foot landing in one of the suitcases. "Great. I'm leaving stuff lying about." Low tone, mumbling. I'm talking to myself, not announcing it to the room. He closed both of them, and put them away in the closet.*

*When he turned Kurogane was looking at him. "Well, we can stay up as long as we want. So long as we don't disturb the*

other students, but there is a curfew for overnight guests. They have to leave before two am, or we'll be written up, if they're found. Any more questions? Or do you need any help?"

"Two am? does anyone stay up that late?" *Add nervousness, I'm someone who isn't experienced with dorm life.*

Kurogane scratched his head. *He's thinking.* "Well, I sometime do, when I want to work on improving a project, but mainly, the ones who do are the math and biology students. They have to study extra hard to pass their exams.

*Right, I need to remember that. Psychology isn't suppose to be easy. I'm going to have to find something to do while I'm 'studying' hard.*

"I see," Damian said. "Are you planning on staying up late tonight?"

"Well, this project isn't due for another week or so, I don't need to, but it really bothers me that I don't have a single thing down for it. So maybe I'll work a little more."

"I wish I could help you, but I'm studying psychology." He indicated the books on his desk, "not art."

*Should I learn how to draw? No real point in it, not really something useful, but I could use it to help him. No. The goal here is to get him to gain social skills, build up his confidence. So he's going to have to work at some of it.*

"Psychology huh? Is that hard, or does it come easy for you? I took a class, and found it was pretty interesting to learn explanations for some of my actions." Kurogane laughed.

*Why is he laughing? Laughing usually indicates humor. What he said doesn't follow the structure of a joke. A pun? No. A bad joke? Should I laugh? I hate humor. Ignore it and hope he isn't offended.*

"Well, I don't know if I'd say it's 'hard'." *It's so easy it's boring.* "It does take work," for other people, "but I don't mind doing that, and I love reading about how the mind works," *if only I could find some new books that doesn't just repeat what everyone else says,* "and I'm really hoping to be able to help people once I'm done. I really want to help people who need it." *Put earnestness in it. It isn't a lie, well not totally. Some people don't deserve the help. But he does. Okay. Time to be a normal student again.*

He opened a drawer, and took out his toiletry kit. "Since you're only going to be working for a little while longer, I'm going to go clean up, and get ready for bed."

"Oh yeah, sure. Go right ahead! I usually shower before bed. Oh, but I can shower earlier, if it might disturb your sleep, and I could also work in one of the labs." Kurogane pulled out his computer bag from under his desk, ready to pack up if needed be.

*He's too eager to please. Maybe he's a sub, like Dominic? If that's the case, I don't know how much I'm going to be able to help him. Could just be nerves, he's attracted to me, and he*

*might be afraid of offending me? He's trying to hard. He really lacks confidence, if that's the case. Well that I can help with. But man the things I could put him through, the ways I could take advantage of him.*

"No, no. You don't have to leave. I'm not going to bed right now. I'll do some reading when I get back." *Ignore the door leading to the bathroom. I'm not familiar with a dorm room with its own bathroom.* Damian headed out of the room. The closing door cutting off what Kurogame said.

Damian walked from one end of the hallway, to the other, taking his time. He was suppose to be looking for the showers. He nodded to the people he passed, and noted those who looked at him just a little longer than they should. The doberman, whose eyes traced every visible stripes in Damian's fur, as they walk by, and even turned to continue watching him. Damian was going to have fun with him, at a later time.

A bunny smiled at him and then quickly looked away when he returned it. She was just shy enough that he might be able to use her to get information about other people on this floor.

A few others went into his mental rolodex, mostly guys, various species, but a few girls. He wasn't going to bed those, but he could always use a little charm on them and get information.

He walked back into the room. *Put some embarrassment in it. You feel really bad for not finding something that should have been obvious.* "Kurogane, where are the bathrooms?"

"Oh, um, the bathroom is connected to the bedroom, so it's the door right over there." He pointed to a door on the left side of the room.

"Oh." *Ears red, make the embarrassment really visible now. Time for the story, to peek his curiosity. I hope.* "A friend of mine, who stays at the dorm, back in New York City, told me the bathroom was a communal one. I thought it was the same thing here. Having a private bathroom is much better." He went in and closed the door behind him.

"A communal bathroom?" Damian heard Kurogane say, through the door. "Wonder hat that was like?" there was a long pause. *He's imagining it. Good. Although I was hoping he would have asked questions about it instead. I'm really going to have to work on his shyness.* "That's be interesting," Kurogane said. *There's hope for him.*

Damian brushed his teeth, carefully going over them. He had a perfect smile, his sharp teeth gleaming in the light. He took off his shirt, and brushed his body until the fur as shining, the orange seeming deeper and the black stripes more vibrant and the white of his belly had a sheen to it.

Damian was good looking, he knew that. Enough people had told him so, including every member of his family. He worked out regularly, like everyone, except Dietrich, who really over did it, even if he was a professional body builder, and Dominic, who

should do it more. Unlike them he hadn't honed his look because he wanted to be in good health, or look buff. He did it because his looks were a weapon he could use on other. Like Kurogane, not that he was going to use them that way, he was already attracted to him, and that was all that was needed at this point. The rest was going to be built on personality.

The rest of the school was fair game. On them, any tool he had could be used, to get what he wanted, and his looks were going to be at the forefront of his arsenal.

When he had spent enough time preening, he left the bathroom. He folded his shirt and placed it on his desk chair.

"Did you have a nice shower? The water can be cold sometime, here."

Damian gave him a crooked smile. *I'm more comfortable now, more at ease, a touch of cockiness? Will he even notice something that subtle?* "I just brushed and washed my hands. I prefer taking my shower in the morning.

He took the book on Freud, from the desk, and stretched on his bed. He'd read the book before, but at least it wasn't going to put him to sleep.

"Oh! I see, sorry."

*Yes, he's afraid of offending me. Did he just look away from me? Seeing me bare chested is embarrassing him? Hasn't he seen other guys without their shirts on? Has he been that sheltered?*

"I think that's enough for today," Kurogane said. "At least I finally have an idea." He grabbed his towel, a change of clothed, and went in the bathroom.

*Do I wait for him to get out of the bathroom to get ready for bed? His ears were turning red as he saw my chest. It's too early for him to see me just in underwear.*

Damian took off his pants, folded them and placed them over his shirt. Then his socks, which he rolled. He took off his underwear, and put them between the bed and the wall, so he could find them in the morning. He didn't like sleeping with them, and since he currently didn't have to worry about Kurogane seeing him, he could go without. He slipped under the covers, and waited for the bear to be done.

Kurogane left the shower fifteen minutes later, wearing blue shorts, a muscle shirt, and the towel around his neck. He hung the towel, then climbed into bed.

"Have a good night," Damian said, turning off his light.

"You too. Good night." The room plunged into darkness.

Damian kept his breathing slow and steady, as he listened to Kurogane's, waiting until it deepened, indicating he was in the process of falling asleep. When that happened, he started jerking off.

Unlike what his brothers thought, Damian enjoyed jerking off. Sure, it wasn't as pleasurable as when he twisted a guy inside out, before fucking him. Those orgasms were simply

amazing, but any orgasm was pleasurable. Being able to control it totally didn't change that.

He grunted, and Kurogane's breathing changed.

Damian's eyes were half lidded, and he saw well enough in the almost total darkness to see the bear look around and then in his direction. Damian moaned softly, continuing to stroking himself, making the covers move up and down.

Kurogane looked for a long moment and then looked away, turning his head in his pillow. *Really? He isn't going to watch me jerk off?* Damian listened, no he wasn't jerking off too. Well, he might not watch, but he couldn't turn his ears off. He continued jerking off for a few minutes. He didn't want to over do it, not that he needed to cum. He was a patient guy, and the longer he went, the better it felt, but most guys didn't last more than ten minutes, so after five minutes of low moans and grunts he let himself cum.

He smiled, panting silently. Normally, now he would use a finger to collect the cum and eat it, but not tonight, he wanted it to dry in his fur, for effect in the morning.

Satisfied that his first night at Kurogane had gone well, he closed his eyes, and was instantly asleep.