

Chapter 46

Minneapolis, MN, October 15th

Thomas sat in the front row.

“So,” the monkey in the front of the room said, “it was in 2023 that we had one of the worse case of a sexually transmitted disease jump the species barrier.” He nodded in his direction and Thomas tapped the screen of his phone. Limbani had added the app needed to interface with the class’s multimedia system, along with the set of images he’d need.

Part of the white board became a graph showing what Limbani said.

“Seven million people worldwide were infected with SRX-001, which was referred to by the media as sex-won. And believe me, that was not what they wanted to hear. Fifteen percent of those infected died of complications, only seven percent escaped with no effect, and the rest varied from full body trembling, so lovingly referred to as ‘the jerks’ because it caused the hands to move in a jerking off motion, to lesser version of it, to weakened hearts and respiratory system. Now, the important thing to remember is that this wasn’t cured. It was contained until it went away, just like the previous ones to jump the species barrier. What became know as the years of abstinence led to it basically starving to death, along with the dip in population growth that followed.” He nodded again and Thomas tapped the phone reflexively, hardly seeing the next set of graphs that appeared.

“In the thirty years since, there’s been eight documented outbreaks of SRX variants around the world. With the last one just over five years ago in Tanzania. Fortunately, the damage was contained and people isolated quickly, but this shows that using protection is important, because we have no idea who might carry the next variant.”

Protection Thomas had never used.

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“It’s why over the last thirty years, there’s been eight documented outbreaks of SRX variants around the world. With the last one just over five years ago in Tanzania. That’s close enough to my country that I immediately got my booster shot, and that’s why, if you’re planning on shooting off in someone, or having them shoot off in you, you’re going to do like my favorite lay over there,—” he pointed to Thomas and the rat’s ears burned “—and get your shot. Repeat after me,” Limbani said. “If you’re going to shoot in someone or they’re going to shoot in you, first get your shot.” He motioned, and haphazardly the people in the room, Thomas included, although he sank in his chair in embarrassment, recited it.

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Thomas felt sick as he stepped out of the student union conference room, and he wasn’t the only one looking sick or terrified. Limbani had done a great job of explaining all the potential danger of a sexual disease jumping between species, from documented case to anecdotal stories to old folklore. He’d been so successful that Mister Heron had held him up. Now, Thomas headed to the food court, where Limbani said they’d meet up.

He dropped into a seat at a vacant table, getting nothing to eat. Just glancing at the fast food counter was enough to make his stomach protest harder. He looked at his hands resting on the table and tried to count the number of guys he’s had sex with.

How could Limbani, who’d research the subject so well he had numbers, casually toss out that they didn’t just have sex with the person currently in their bed, or table, or counter, or against the wall—the

monkey couldn't seem to help make light of the serious subject—but every person they'd had sex with before. How could he be so wanton with the guys he had sex with? No one in the frat used protection, not among themselves, certainly not with any other guys they had sex with.

Thomas might have had sex, through just the guys in the frat, with enough people to fill a coliseum.

"I'm going to die." The words left his mouth unintended, and so flat he might already be dead.

"Sorry about that," Limbani said as he over dramatically dropped in the seat next to Thomas. "Mister Heron just couldn't help going on and on about how he'd never seen such an effective speech, and he wants me to join him for the rest of the month." He grinned. "I said I would, if it came with that sweet ass of his, but he just laughed that off, so I think I'm going to have to try a little harder to convince him I'm really worth it."

Thomas stared at... a moving disease. That was what the monkey was. A vector of infection. Talking about infecting yet another person, because he knew the monkey, there would never talk of using protection. He just didn't give a fuck who died with him.

The hand on his thigh had Thomas jump to his feet.

"Thomas?" Limbani asked, seeming perplex. "You okay?"

"Am I okay?" Thomas replied in disbelief. He wanted to scream, but didn't have the strength. Maybe that was all the sickness Limbani had given him, finally acting. "I'm going to die," he whispered.

"What?" the monkey asked, standing and stepping toward him. He reached for the rat and Thomas jerked away.

"Don't touch me! Haven't you done enough to me already?" he yelled, then ran, ignoring the looks he go. He had to get away. It didn't matter where to, just away. Away from all the sickness the monkey had given him.

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Thomas laughed with Limbani and their instructor, Mister Heron, as they left the student union conference room. The man had been so impressed with how Limbani had pushed for everyone to get their shots if they hadn't, or the booster if they had. He wanted him to be part of the other sessions for the rest of the month. Limbani had looked back at the gerbil's ass and said he'd consider it if they had fun afterward. Mister Heron had laughed it off, and they'd gone in different directions.

Thomas and Limbani stopped by the food court, the course having given them an appetite, and for once, the monkey hadn't suggested they sate themselves in a too risky location in far too undressed conditions. Thomas had been grateful until he nearly blew his drink out of his nose as Limbani placed a hand on his crotch under the table. Then proceeded to jerk him off while innocently enjoying his meal with his other hand.

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Arms closed around him as he impacts someone in his blind run.

"I've good you, it's okay," Limbani said. Thomas had no idea how the monkey had made it ahead of him and he didn't care, just touching him had to give him some new sickness. Was there any the monkey didn't have? He trashed, but Limbani only tightened his grip. He couldn't be that strong. Thomas had gained plenty of muscle mass from the lifting Madoc had him do. Maybe it was all those diseases sapping his strength as they killed him.

"You killed me," Thomas said, crying. "You fucking killed me."

"Okay, I would love to know how you reached that conclusion."

Like he didn't already know!

Unable to run, or even move, Thomas's breathing slowed. "There are billions of diseases out there, you said in your presentation, all of them just waiting for the change to infect us, to kill us."

"I didn't say they'd kill us, and there aren't bill—"

"You never used protection!" Thomas yelled.

"I don't need it," the monkey replied casually.

Thomas shoved and was surprised when the monkey backpedaled. "What? You're fucking special? You're so good at sex, sickness don't bother with you?"

The monkey beamed at Thomas. "Well, yeah."

"Are you fucking insane? How many guys have you fucked? How can you be so fucking cavalier about the chances something you carry will jump species?"

"Calm down, Thomas. Look, you're going to have to take me at my word, but I don't have anything like that and neither do you."

"You can't know that!" He looked around, ready to run again. They were on the bridge connecting the Minneapolis and St-Paul campuses. How long had he run to get here? "The lot of you just fuck whoever you

want without bothering to use protection. Whatever you have, you probably gave to all of us, and I gave it to..." his voice trailed off and the realization hit him.

Arms kept him from hitting the ground. "Thomas?" Limbani called worriedly. "What's wrong?"

"I killed him," Thomas said, crying. "Our first time doing it, and I've doomed him to die." He buried the wail in the monkey's expensive overcoat. He'd killed his best friend. He'd killed Paul.

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Thomas rolled his eyes as the monkey made a show of licking his fingers as they exited the campus. "Just the right level of tanginess to go with teriyaki."

"You're a freak," Thomas replied, and they laughed.

The entire walk back to the frat, Limbani tried to get Thomas to fuck in really not appropriate places, but for once, Thomas had the fortitude to resist him.

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"Henry!" Limbani yelled as they entered the frat. Thomas was barely aware of where he was. Only the ever permeating smell of sex clued him in. If he'd had something in his stomach, he would have thrown up.

"What's happened?" The bat asked, hurrying to them and taking Thomas from the monkey.

"I have no idea. He freaked out about the sex ed course we gave and ran. I saw where he was heading to and caught up to him there. Now he thinks he killed Paul because he also thinks we all gave him all the sexually transmitted diseases out there. I tried to tell him we can catch anything, but I don't think he heard me."

"Or that he'd have believed you. That was sloppy of me," the bat said. "I literally didn't consider that as an outsider. He wouldn't be familiar with how we're protected. Fortunately, I can take care of that. Come with me to my room."

"Oh, I get to have sex with you." Then the monkey was running ahead, shedding clothing.

"What's happened?" Yating asked, looking out from the kitchen.

"Nothing to worry yourself about," Henry replied, carrying Thomas in his arms. "Thomas had a panic attack, so me and Limbani are going to comfort him."

"Can I join?"

"I think this time it's best if it is only the three of us. Next time, I promise."

On the bed, Henry removed Thomas's clothing then sat him between his legs. The monkey bouncing eagerly at the head of the bed.

"How about you suck him off?" Henry said, running his hands over Thomas's chest.

"No," Thomas whimpered. "I don't want to get anything else. Please."

Henry shushed him gently as the monkey wrapped his lips around Thomas's cock.

"It's going to be okay, Thomas. I'm going to take all this pain and fear away. Just let Limbani suck you off and then I'll make everything better. Trust me, Thomas. I just have your best interest in mind. Just like before, everything's going to be better afterward."

Henry's voice calmed him and Thomas grew hard. His protests died under the pleasure he felt as the bat playfully tweaked a nibble, and Limbani deep throated him. Thomas thrust in the monkey's muzzle, unable to stop himself. It felt good, and that was all that matter at the moment.

Pleasure was all he wanted. Then, after that, he could deal with how miserable his life had—

He arched his back as the orgasm hit, and the teeth biting in his neck at the same time barely registered.

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"And what have the two of you been up to?" Henry asked as Thomas and Limbani entered the frat.

"Nothing," they hurried to answer, then giggled.

"Well," Limbani said, then grinned. "We could show you."

The bat raised an eyebrow and looked like he might turn down the offer. "You know what? Why not. It's been a day or two since I've last enjoyed Thomas, and you're always fun to fuck, Lim."

"Yes!" the monkey was already running, shedding clothing.

"Can I join?" Yating asked from the kitchen's doorway, licking his lips as he looked Thomas over.

"Next time," Henry said. "I promise."

Once in Henry's bedroom, he undressed Thomas, then sat on the bed, pulling the rat between his leg. "Start us off with sucking him off, Lim." The bat's hand roamed over Thomas's chest while he nuzzled his neck.

Thomas melted into the touches and sensations, moaning at the monkey's expert mouth closed over his cock, then was bobbing up and down it.

“Harder,” Thomas groaned, thrusting in Limbani’s muzzle, reaching back with hand to push Henry’s head tighter against his neck. He shivered as the bat nipped at the skin through the fur. Then screamed as his orgasm hit.

Panting still, the back rolled him onto his stomach. “Remember how much you loved this, Thomas.” And the slick cock pushed in his ass.

Thomas groaned and bit the pillow as the cock move in and out of his ass. Henry was a master at this, changing the angle to hit the rat’s prostate, slamming in hard to make him grunt and build the pleasure. Thomas felt the orgasm approach just from the way the cock moved in him.

He knew Limbani was fucking Henry, because the monkey was loud and the bat was considerate that way. And he just made being under the two of them better. Thomas grunted in time with Henry as the thrust became more forceful. Then the orgasm hit in time with the bat nibbling at the skin of Thomas’s neck through the fur.