

CHAPTER-11

Thomas still couldn't get over how, for as big as the kitchen was, it had a cozy feel to it, with the appliances matching the older decor. When he'd first seen it, once he'd moved in; during the party, he'd barely caught a glance as Limbani rushed him upstairs, he'd expected something out of a restaurant, all steel and chrome, not earth tones and.... well, the smell of sex might have something to do with it.

He finished making his sandwich and poured himself a coffee, his lunch, before going back to his room, and checked under the table before sitting at it to eat. He could always hear the guys having sex in a room, but he'd found out a few of them could sneak, when they wanted to give someone a surprise blowjob.

Spewing cereal all over the table, when a hot mouth sucked his cock in, had been a memorable experience.

He kept an eye on the guys who came and went, both to enjoy the view and to make sure none just vanished to reappear under the table.

"Thomas," Limbani called from the doorway as Thomas finished his pop. "We need to get going in fifteen."

Thomas stared. The monkey was fully dressed.

"The course we're giving?" Limbani said, grinning.

Thomas kept staring.

"Studies for Success?" Limbani said. "Come on, you have to remember."

"You were serious?"

"Aren't I always?"

Thomas had no idea how to answer that one. The monkey had been fucking Thomas hard that day when he'd brought up the idea of taking the giving the safe sex course as part of their outside-of-class

activities. It would be fun, he'd said.

Thomas had yelled 'yes', but by then he'd been yelling that with just about every thrust the monkey made, as close to cumming as he was.

"I didn't sign up."

"Oh, I signed you up when I did."

Of course he had. "I didn't prepare anything," Thomas said, hoping that —

"I have that covered." Limbani patted his holstered phone at his belt.

There were no penalties for not taking part. Just no points for the class, so Thomas could pass and no one would suffer. Well, maybe Limbani would be disappointed, but nothing sucking him off once he was back wouldn't take care of.

But what would Thomas do if not that? Study? He was ahead of his course load, finally. And while it would keep his father off his back if he got even more ahead, this was still class-related.

"Okay, I'm in." He rinsed his plate and put it in the dishwasher. "Do you need me to bring anything?"

"Just that pretty ass yours."

Thomas shook his head. "You are not getting me naked in front of a class full of people."

"Why not? We're going to have to give them a demonstration, won't we?" Limbani grinned as Thomas opening his mouth in astonishment the monkey would even think of doing that. Before Thomas could close it. The monkey took a picture. "That's worth keeping."

"I should let you do the class alone for this," Thomas threatened.

Limbani headed for the stairs to the second floor. "I'll make it

worth your while," he promised.

Thomas sighed. He had no doubt of that. "The door's that way."

"I want to see about getting Gilbert to help out. Come on."

Thomas followed Limbani, if only because now that he'd agreed to it, he wanted to make sure the monkey wouldn't get distracted by sex.

On the third floor, Limbani knocked on the third door. "Gil!"

The sound of something falling to the floor came through the door. Cursing. "Be right there!" Stuff being moved? Thomas looked at the monkey, who seemed uninterested in the sounds.

The door opened only enough for the armadillo to look at them. "What?"

Despite trying to block the view, Thomas's angle let him see a mountain of something under a hurriedly thrown sheet in the middle of the room.

"I need your help with a safe sex class me and the Thomas are giving."

Gilbert looked from one to the other, noticed Thomas's gaze, and moved to block it. "Is this a joke?"

"No, it's for our Studies for Success Class. You took it, right?"

Thomas tuned out the conversation, trying to figure out what Gilbert could be hiding. It was definitely not a guy. The only reason to do that would be because he didn't want to share, and his frat brothers were definitely not selfish in that regard. He remembered guys running up the stairs with a fire extinguisher. Gilbert's major.

"Is that a nuclear reactor?" Thomas asked.

Limbani and Gilbert stared at him, the argument about the armadillo's importance in the monkey's teaching plans broken.

“Why would you even think that?” Gilbert asked.

Thomas shrugged. “You’re hiding something, you’re a nuclear physics major.” Limbani pushed on the door, and with a sigh, Gilbert allowed it to open. The covered pile was almost as high as the armadillo.

“You do know a nuclear reactor is like the size of the entire Science building, right?” Gilbert said. “How would I even fit one in here?”

Thomas shrugged again.

Limbani sighed. “Does Henry know you have all that in here?”

“Yes.”

Thomas rolled his eyes. Even he could tell Gilbert had been too fast to answer.

“Well, it’s not like it’s my ass that’s going to suffer when he finds out,” Limbani said. “Just tell me you have a fire extinguisher this time.”

Gilbert pointed to the three on his desk. “Laurence brought them. Said that if I blew up anything again, he was sending me back home to have a talk with Colby.”

“That’s...” Limbani looked at Thomas. “The one who’s in charge, right?”

“In a few years, but his dad has him deal with trouble, and... well, you have to have met my uncle to know you don’t want him considering you trouble.”

“So... I could threaten you with telling your family what you’re up to?” Limbani asked with a grin.

“Only if you want to be woken up one morning by one of my surprises.”

The grin fell right off the monkey’s face. “Come on Thomas, it’s going to be just the two of us it seems.” He headed for the stairs.

“What is under the sheet?” Thomas asked Limbani once they were on the ground floor.

“You know how Laurence had a gun collection?” the money answered, opening the door. Thomas nodded. He hadn’t seen more than one rifle, but he could work out more had been in the cases in the armadillo’s truck bed. “Well, Gilbert shares his cousin’s obsession, but he likes the caliber to be higher.” He grinned. “A lot higher.”

Thomas froze in place as what Limbani meant registered. Then he ran to catch up with the monkey. “Is that even legal?”

Limbani shrugged. “Who’s going to tell on a brother?” He fixed Thomas with a hard look. “You?”

Thomas swallowed. That was a look he’d never seen on the monkey, and he much preferred the happy-go-lucky ‘please let me fuck you’ version over this serious one.

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“Welcome to Limbani’s and Thomas’s safe sex course,” Limbani proclaimed, and he slotted his phone into the podium at the front of the class. Not even half the seats were occupied. Maybe thirty people, two third women. “For those of you who were hoping for live demonstrations and a hand on—cock on?—portion, I’ve been informed that this class had to be purely theoretical. For the guys who insist on practicing what we will be teaching you, come see us after the class to schedule private lessons.”

Thomas hid his face in his hands, regretting agreeing to this. He should have known the only reason the monkey was interested was that he saw it as a way to have sex with more guys.

“So,” Limbani continued as if the level of discomfort in the classroom wasn’t through the roof, “you’re probably asked yourself, ‘Why safe sex?’ and indeed, why bother. What are the odds of anything crossing the species barrier?” the monkey tapped the desk and the podium and the screen behind him lit up with a list of events and dates. “Well, as you can see, the odds are not zero.”

Silence fell as the students read the information. Thomas looked it over and he only recognized two of them. The black death, and Tanzania, five years ago.

“Statistically, every decade there’s an outbreak of something that just doesn’t care for what species you are. It’s been mainly in isolated areas, and not particularly severe, but then there’s the black death, which reminds us that there is something out there that can be utterly deadly.”

Thomas swallows. He hadn’t known there were so many outbreaks. Or that so many of them were transmitted sexually. The black death hadn’t, but looking over the information and because of what the class was about, Limbani had indicated which outbreaks were sexual in nature and there were a lot.

Thomas stood there, in shock, as Limbani did all the talking. He was aware of the monkey looking at him a few times, as if he would address him, but then went back to talking.

All Thomas could think about were the numbers. Every decade around a hundred thousand people died of a sexually transmitted disease that had to cross the species barrier before a cure was found, and that was an average, so some had been much higher. Like the nineteen twenties’ ‘Spanish plague’, which twenty years later had still been clamming victims.

Once it was over and Thomas was following the monkey back to the house, the number kept bouncing in his head. Nearly a million death in the US alone that one time. What would happen now, considering how interconnected everyone was? Sigma Theta Gamma itself had people from half a dozen countries. If one of them caught something, how quickly would it spread?

Limbani said something, grinning, then touched Thomas.

With a yell, Thomas backed away. How many guys had fucked him without protection? Had protection ever been used? He couldn’t remember it happening. The guys in the frat just lubed up and did it.

He looked around. What if he was sick right now? Could a sexually transmitted disease turn airborne? Could he cause the next plague? Could he die?

“Thomas?” Limbani said, his tone insistent.

“I’m going to die!”

“What?”

Thomas backed away. What if Limbani had given it to him? When the monkey reached for him, Thomas ran.

He didn’t know where he was going. He just had to find some place safe, away from the frat.

He ran into someone’s arm.

“Thomas,” Limbani said. “Stop. What’s going on?”

How had the monkey gotten ahead of him? Where was he?

“You got me sick!”

“No, I haven’t. I can’t.”

“You don’t use protection! How the fuck do you know you haven’t given me anything.” Thomas tried to get out of the monkey’s arms, but for all the workout sessions with Madoc he’d done, Limbani was still way stronger.

“Trust me, I can’t get you sick. None of your brothers can either. It’s just not possible.”

“Liar!” Thomas fought harder. “You can’t know that.”

“Actually —Ow! Stop fighting. You’re not in danger.”

Thomas tried to stomp on Limbani’s other foot, but this time the monkey moved it.

“Look, we’re going to go talk with Henry, okay? He can explain things to you. Anytime one of us has had a panic attack he’s been great at helping us with it.”

"I'm not panicking!"

"I beg to differ. Come on, Thomas." Limbani said something in his native language. Then Thomas was over his shoulder and the monkey was running.

"Thomas," Henry called. Hubert had his hands on the rat's shoulders as had much as Thomas fought against him, he couldn't get free. "You're safe. I can't believe Limbani thought that was a good idea. You aren't one of us." The bat pulled Thomas's legs apart, and the rat realized he was naked. He fought harder. They were going to fuck him again, they were going to give him something else.

"Someone hold his legs," Henry ordered. "I need to suck him off."

"No!" Thomas yelled. They couldn't do that. He didn't want to die! He looked in horror as he got hard, and then moaned as the bat swallowed his cock. How could he get off on them forcing him?

His orgasm built so quickly Thomas didn't have the time to understand it, then he screamed.

Thomas startled awake, then groaned and slumped back in his bed under the weight of the barely awake Henry on one side and Limbani on the other.

"You're okay," Henry grumbled, and was asleep again.

Thomas remembered his panic attack and felt his face burn with shame. He couldn't believe how bad it had been, and he'd never had a panic attack before. At least Henry had talked him down once he'd sucked him off.

Thomas chuckled and had to admire the bat's dedication to taking care of them. Thomas wouldn't have thought to use an orgasm to calm a panic attack.

The most embarrassing thing in all of it was how unfounded his attack had been. Yes, outbreaks of diseases happened, but not only were they eventually brought under control, but every one of his brothers was tested before moving in. Even Thomas had been tested, and like them, he was clean. The results were... somewhere. He couldn't remember what he'd done with it. He remembered reading it, being happy at being clean since it meant he didn't have to bother with condoms anymore. And they'd celebrated by fucking him hard.

He looked down at his hardening cock. Yeah, it had been great. He tried to free his arm to grab it and the motion pulled on his neck, and pain erupted there. Once free, his hand went there. The right side of his neck was sore, painful even. And he felt scabs. He remembered Henry and Limbani escorting him to his bed after he'd been reminded of the tests and that he was safe and because they were Sigma Theta Gamma, they'd fucked.

Henry was a biter.

He looked at the bat. "You know, the vampire bat thing was overdone last decade." He sighed and chuckled. He had two guys in his bed. Why should he jerk off? He reached for both cocks and had them hard in seconds. He turned his back to the bat, and Henry moved as soon as the head of his cock was at Thomas's ass.

Yeah, Thomas was really happy not to have to worry about diseases with his brothers.

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CHAPTER 1.5-11

Thomas still couldn't get over how cozy the kitchen was; with its huge size and how many people it needed to feed he was expecting the steel and chrome of a restaurant. Instead it was all earth tones with appliances that wouldn't look out of place in a normal home... though the smell of sex would certainly be a bit out of place in even his parent's home .

Finishing making his sandwich, Thomas poured himself a coffee and went back up to his room, making sure to check under the desk before sitting down to eat. One morning spewing cereal all over the table as a hot mouth sucked his cock had been memorable, but not something he wanted to repeat too often.

He kept glancing back at the guys walking by his door as he ate, both to enjoy the view and to make sure none of them decided to do a ninja dive under the table. Of course all these precautions almost backfired when Limbani showing up at his door fully dressed almost caused him to do a spit take.

"Thomas," the monkey said as if him being clothed this deep into the frat was nothing unusual, "We need to get going in fifteen." The rat could only blink. "You know, for the course we're giving?"

Thomas rolled those thoughts in his head for a moment before shaking it. "You're going to need to be a bit more descriptive than that. I think someone stole all the caffeine from this coffee."

"Studies for Success?" Limbani said, "The out of class credit

hours?"

The rat bit his lower lip and scratched his brow ... only to go stark awake when recollection hit him. "You were serious?"

The monkey gave a confused tilt to his head, "Aren't I always?"

Thomas had no idea how to answer that one. The monkey had been fucking Thomas hard that day when he brought up the idea of taking the safe sex course as part of their out of class activities. It would be fun, he'd said, to walk in there and know more than the instructors.

Thomas had yelled yes, but by then he'd been yelling that with just about every thrust the monkey made.

"I didn't sign up," the rat said weakly.

"Oh," the monkey waved dismissively, "I signed you up when I did."

Of course he had, "Well I don't have anything prepared."

"You just need to bring your sweet ass," Limbani said, "I have everything I need right here." He patted the phone holstered to his belt.

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Thomas bit his lip. There were no penalties for not going; as the course for undecided majors, Studies for Success had a lot of on campus activities for the students to choose from. Each was worth a certain amount of points, and you only had to reach ten to get full credit for that part of your grade.

...but the safe sex classes at the student union were worth about twice as many points as anything else.

“Okay, I’m in.” Thomas put down his coffee cup and got up to pull some clothes out of his dresser. “Anything you need me to bring?”

“Just that pretty ass of yours,” the monkey smiled innocently.

Thomas rolled his eyes as he selected a shirt. “You are not getting me naked in front of a class full of people.”

“Why not? We’re going to have to give them a demonstration, won’t we?” Limbani grinned as Thomas opened his mouth in astonishment the monkey would even think of doing that. Before Thomas could close it the monkey took a picture. “That’s worth keeping.”

Thomas glared, “If this is how you’re going to be all night, maybe I should just register for the next class and let you tackle this one on your own.”

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Limbani smiled one of his less than innocent smiles, "I'll make it worth your while."

Thomas stared, sighed, and finished pulling on his clothes. When he joined the monkey in the hall, he found him walking in the direction. "Stairs down are that way."

Limbani kept walking. "I want to see about getting Gilbert to help out. Come on."

With a sigh the rat followed. He agreed to start this, and he was going to see it through. That or course ment keeping Limbani from getting bogged down with random sex along the way.

By the time Thomas had caught up to Limbani on the third floor, the monkey was already banging on the third door down. "Gil!"

The sound of something falling to the floor came through the door. Cursing. "Be right there!" Stuff being moved? Thomas looked at the monkey who seemed uninterested at the sounds. When the door finally opened it was only enough for the armadillo to look at them. "What?"

Despite attempts to block their view, Thomas's angle allowed him to see a mountain of... something under a hurriedly thrown sheet, right in the middle of the room.

"I need your help with a safe sex class me and Thomas are giving," Limbani said as if it was the most perfect and logical thing in

the world.

Gilbert looked from one to the other, noticing Thomas's gaze and moved to block it. "Is this a joke?"

"Hopefully only the teaching part," Thomas responded. "It's part of Studies for Success. You know, the class they force all undecided majors to take?" Thomas tried to stand on the tips of his toes to look over the armadillo. "That isn't a nuclear bomb, is it?"

Both Limbani and Gilbert stared at him, only for the monkey to break down laughing. Gilbert was a bit more concerned as he asked "Why would you even think that?"

Thomas shrugged. "You're hiding something, you're a nuclear chemistry grad student, and I have no clue what your thesis is." That made the monkey pause in his laughter, and after a moment he tried to pull the door open. With a sigh Gilbert stepped aside, revealing the covered pile was almost as tall as the armadillo.

Limbani looked at the pile and sighed. "Does Henry know you have all that in here?"

"Yes," the armadillo answered so quickly even Thomas was sure it was a lie.

"Well, it's not like it's my ass that's going to suffer when he finds out," Limbani said, "Just tell me you've refilled the fire extinguishers this time."

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Gilbert pointed to the three on his desk. "Laurence has been checking them daily. Says that if I blow up anything again I'm going to be sent back home to have a talk with Colby."

"That's..." Limbani glanced at Thomas. "The head of the Rowling estate, right?"

"In a few years," Gilbert said, also looking at Thomas through the corner of his eye. "But his dad has him deal with trouble, and... well, you have to have met my uncle to know you don't want him to consider you trouble."

"So... would some light threats to tell your family what you're up to get you to join us?" Limbani asked with a grin.

Gilbert crossed his arms. "Only if you want to be woken up one morning by one of my surprises."

The grin fell right off the monkey's face. "Come on Thomas, it's going to be just the two of us it seems." He headed for the stairs.

"What was under those sheets?" Thomas asked Limbani once they were on the ground floor.

"You know how Laurence has a gun collection?" the monkey answered, opening the door. When Thomas nodded the monkey continued. "Well Gilbert shares the Rowling obsession with collecting,

but he likes his caliber to be higher.” He raised his free hand above his head. “A lot higher.”

Thomas blinked as he processed this, eventually having to dash through the door as Limbani moved on without him. “We’re only talking about firecrackers, right? Nothing... illegal?”

Limbani shrugged. “With enough money anything can become legal, but Gilbert certainly pushes it. Still, he’s a brother. I’m not going to tell on him.” He fixed Thomas with a hard look. “Are you?”

Thomas swallowed. That was a look he’d never seen on the monkey. He much preferred to think of Limbani as the happy go lucky ‘lets make everything about sex’ version than this serious one before him.

Thomas, walking stiffly out of the student union conference room, felt pale enough he needed to check his arms to make sure his black fur hadn’t turned white. He wasn’t the only one, and Thomas felt that thanks to Limbani this might be the most successful safe sex class in the history of the campus.

Thomas zombied his way through the crowd, made his way down the stairs to the food court, and found himself a free table. Sitting down, he stared at the various fast food counters... but he wasn’t hungry. He looked down at his hands, and wondered how much longer he had left.

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"I'm going to die," the rat said flatly.

Despite all his jokes and promises to give his own private lessons after class, Limbani certainly did come prepared to know more about safe sex than their instructors. Namely a large list of every single known disease in the history of the world and which ones were sexually transmissible. From the ancient plagues like the black death, to that disease that spread through Tanzania five years ago.

Thomas never knew that there were so many outbreaks. Or that so many of them were transmitted sexually. And here he was having unprotected sex with a bunch of guys all from across the world... there was just no avoiding it now, he was going to die.

"Sorry about that," Limbani said, melancholically dropping into the seat next to Thomas, "The instructor just couldn't help going on and on about how he wanted me to join the rest of his classes for the month." The monkey grinned. "I tried to ask if he'd be willing to offer that sweet ass of his for payment, but he just laughed it off."

Thomas stared blankly at the monkey, not seeing him as a person but instead a vector. Every time you sleep with someone without protection, you were sleeping with everyone they ever slept with. That was the one statistic the instructor managed to add on top of all the death statistics Limbani had bombed his class with.

Limbani was still talking, and his hand went to caress Thomas's thigh... only to have the rat pull away sharply.

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Thomas looked at the monkey, his breathing slowly picking up in pace. Thirteen guys, all who practiced unprotected sex, likely well before they came to this college... and Thomas had slept with all of them. How many vectors for infection was that? How many chances to die?

“Thomas?” Limbani said, his tone insistent, and the rat realized he had been calling him insistently for the past minute.

Thomas calmed his breath, tried to get his lungs under control. And when he spoke it was in an out of breath whisper. “I’m going to die.”

“...what?” Limbani said, literally being unable to hear him.

Thomas closed his eyes, and forced himself to take a few slow solid breaths before saying. “I’m going to die!” And then he was running. Out of the food court, out of the building, and towards... he just didn’t know.

What he eventually found was a pair of arms that closed firmly around him and didn’t let him move.

“It’s okay. It’s okay, I got you,” Limbani said as he just held the panicking rat. How had the monkey got ahead of him... where even were they? Thomas tried to pull away, but those strong arms wouldn’t let him budge. So the rat just stayed there, hyperventilating until the numbness passed and the tears started coming.

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"I'm going to die," Thomas eventually managed to say, "And it's all your fault."

The monkey raised an eyebrow, "I'd love to hear you explain that one."

Thomas forced himself to start breathing slower, he was going to pass out at this rate. "There are billions of diseases out there, just waiting to kill you, and when you sleep with someone you sleep with everyone they've ever slept with."

"And therefore you're dead," the monkey finished for the rat. Saying a few words in his native language before continuing, "Thomas, I can't tell you why. But trust me, no one at the frat can get you sick with anything."

"You can't know that," Thomas said, forcing himself out of the monkey's arms. Looking about, the rat saw they were alone on the bridge that connected the Minnesota and St Paul campuses. Just how far he had run. Nevermind. "You guys keep on having sex with dozens of guys. Hundreds a week between the lot of you. And you certainly don't stop and check to see if they're clean. Every one of them is a new vector for infection that spreads to everyone you have sex with afterwards. Every... single..." Thomas paused as realization hit him.

"Thomas," the monkey said as he grabbed the rat to keep him from falling over. "Thomas, what's wrong now?"

Thomas started openly crying again. "I've killed my best friend ." He whimpered before falling into Limbani's arms again,

balling. "I've killed Paul."

Limbani just held onto the rat, holding him close. "OK... just breathe. Remember to keep breathing." He said a few more words in his native tongue again. "We just need to find Henry, he's going to fix everything." And with that the monkey picked the rat up in his arms and started walking. In any other situation Thomas would marvel at how strong the monkey was... but his mind was other places right now.

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Thomas woke with a jolt. He couldn't remember what he was just dreaming, but it must have been a nightmare. Which was... strange, weren't you supposed to remember nightmares better than dreams?

He looked about. This was Henry's room. Why was he in Henry's room? Thomas looked at the naked bat to one side of him, and the equally naked monkey to the other. Well, Henry did spring for a king size bed, so at least that made sense.

Still, nature was calling, so Thomas slipped out between the two of them and headed to the bathroom.

After doing number one and number two, Thomas washed his hands only to notice his reflection in the mirror. "...again Henry?" Thomas opened the medicine cabinet and got out the triple antibiotic, then took a towel to clean the two red spots on his neck before applying the salve.

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The bat was a biter, though he was lucky Thomas was clean otherwise drawing blood like this would be such a risk.

Thomas smiled, remembering the class Limbani took him to earlier today. It was a hoot, listening to the instructor list off all those sexually transmitted diseases, then going back down to the food court to laugh about how they had been vaccinated against every single one of them. Sure, it meant a lot of needles poking him in that first week of the frat, but... well his new brothers poked him with other things to prove it was all worth it.

The records for all that should be... somewhere. Why was he caring about records?

Shaking his head, Thomas wandered back to Henry's room and slipped between the monkey and bat. Nightmares aside, this was a safe place. That much he remembered.

OUTLINE-11

Chapter 14 [This chapter sits on the edge of staying, needing heavy edits, or just being cut. If introducing the concept of safe sex and sexually transmitted diseases ruins your porn setting, we can just cut.]

[Mind you, it was already kinda implied what with the Society getting immunity to disease so they can worship without fear of catching anything. Still, if we remove the safe sex aspect, then the choice is either cut the chapter or change the after hours class they go to.]

[And if the class is changed to... something or whatever... then we need to either make that class REALLY interesting, or give them something to do afterward. Aside from being the poster child of walking libidos even by Society standards, Limbani hasn't got much development.

And while he doesn't have much depth he certainly has complexity. It's also important to note that this is the first strong hint of Henry's memory manipulation that the audience gets to see. So if it's cut, that's fine, but we will lose that.]

[Which isn't necessarily a bad thing. Having hints of everyone's powers but not knowing Henry's might be a good call to make.]

###

Student Union, Thomas, Limbani: Mood: Extra curricular uncomfortableness

Start this in the frat, with catching a glance at Gilbert's room.

As part of studies for success, Thomas and Limbani have to do several activities around campus. Which ones they do is up to the student,

but each activity is worth points and extra points are given for those involved with safe sex. Because of course they'd be pushing that.

Limbani took it just for laughs, and he convinced Thomas to take it too. Thomas doesn't find it anywhere near as funny as the monkey does. Considering how much sex he's been having in the past month (or two), he's almost pale enough to be mistaken for an albino rat once he leaves the classroom.

Limbani, while normally a jovial sex addict, isn't so thick as to not notice Thomas's mood, so he takes him to the Student Union food court before it closes for the night. There they talk, and it becomes obvious that Limbani isn't smart enough to talk his way out of this... at least not without blowing the door off the magical world just yet and the fraternity has agreed to hold off on that for Thomas just yet.

Still, there's one person Limbani can take Thomas to that can solve everything.

###

Fraternity House, Thomas, Henry: Mood: Isn't science great?

Thomas wakes up the next morning in bed with Henry. His mind is buzzing, not just with the sex, but with the glories of how modern medical technology means they can have sex like this without being worried about dropping dead. He's a little embarrassed about freaking out after attending that historical reenactment piece with Limbani but... well death and disease are scary things.

Henry wakes up, and they might have a quicky before leaving bed to get ready for the day. Thomas himself will head to the bathroom, and won't think twice as he applies some triple antibiotic to the two bite marks on his neck.