

Sapien Strife

By Jordon Ross

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Sapien Strife
by reedman

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The sun pierced the window of a small studio apartment. Upon the bed was a frail human. His body was entrapped by the arms of a giraffe anthro. At eight feet four inches, the giraffe's body was the definition of giant. At five feet ten inches and skinny, the human wasn't. The eyes of the giraffe slowly opened to the sun, and the human he adored. "Wake up, Jon." The giraffe rubbed his head until he woke up. Jon slowly looked up at the giraffe he woke up to, again and again.

"Good morning, Terry. Can you loosen your arms please? I need to stretch." Terry only loosened up, because he loves watching Jon stretch. Staring at every inch of his small body twist and turn so he could prepare for the day, was always a show for Terry.

Terry always had a thing for Jon's body. "So thin, so beautiful, so mine." Terry would say that about Jon all the time. Of course the love wasn't purely physical, Terry loved Jon for a lot of things. The way he saw through the muscles, how he was always happy around him, and his giggle, especially the giggle. Jon's giggle was the cutest.

Terry walked up behind Jon on the balcony, who had finished stretching and was now staring at the sunrise. He held Jon from behind and slowly began swaying side to side. Jon slowly leaned his head back to rest on Terry's chest. "I wish it was like this forever, Terry. With all the damn bills....I just don't know. Maybe a second we can apply for assistance."

Terry lightly pressed his beefy fingers against Jon's lips, silencing him. He turned Jon around and got down on one knee to look at him right in the eyes. "Don't say that Jon. Don't ever say that. I will never let us go to something like that." Terry pulled Jon in and held his misty-eyed head. "I love you too much to end up like that."

Jon wiped his eyes and kissed the giraffe on the cheek. "You're right Terry. I'm sorry I said that."

Terry gave Jon a light squeeze, then kissed his forehead. "Let's have breakfast Jon. Then we'll plan our day."

Jon smiled. "You and food, I swear." Terry was always eating something. If it wasn't for the constant exercising, Terry would be a big blob. Somehow, Jon

stayed his skinny self as well, despite Terry constantly feeding him. Yet, Jon didn't care. He always liked seeing Terry put on his apron and start acting like a super chef.

After a few minutes, Terry turned around with his masterpiece: a giant stack of chocolate chip pancakes. They were covered in butter and syrup. Terry placed the huge stack in between them at the table and grabbed a fork for each of them. "Let's eat! Gotta be full to start the day." Terry immediately started devouring pancake after pancake, each piece on the fork for a second, then disappearing into his throat. Jon however, was slowly working through his first pancake, taking his time with each piece he ate. When breakfast was finished, Jon collected the dishes, and put them in the dishwasher for later.

While he was showering, Jon went to the bedroom and prepared Terry's construction uniform for work. He folded the shirt, vest, and pants into a pile. When he tried to reach for Terry's helmet, it slipped off the shelf and hit his head. Jon fell back on the floor from being hit the head. When he opened his eyes 3 seconds later, Terry was standing over him, scared. "Are you okay Jon? I heard you fall."

Terry scooped up Jon in his arms, and held him against his wet, naked body. He was always worried about Jon being hurt. Being a very big guy, Terry was secretly convinced he was going to crush Jon one day. Jon however, was used to this paranoia now. "Terry, I'm fine." Jon gave him a reassuring kiss on the neck. "Now go dry off. We both still have to go to work today."

"I don't know Jon, that bump looks serious. I might have to keep you home and take care of you." Jon saw the evil curl in Terry's smile as he dried off.

Terry was always trying to find excuses to stay home with Jon, and Jon would always ignore them. He threw the work clothes at his boyfriend. "Nice try, now get ready for work. My class is meeting in an hour and I want to make it."

Terry was soon outside, walking hand-in-hand with Jon. Well, more like Jon was hugging his entire right arm. He always acted like this whenever they left the house. Even though sapiensexual relationships were severely hated, even illegal in some states, Jon wasn't scared. In fact, Jon was one of the most prominent protesters for sapiensexual relationships in the city. He teaches a class

on sapiensexual relationships. In secret, Jon's sapiensexual class is the only successful one that hasn't been shut down. His was passed by word of mouth rather than worthless ads. Others were scams or were destroyed by anti-human groups.

After a few blocks, the couple stopped in front a two story building. It was Jon's school. Terry's work was a construction site across the street. Normally, the two would kiss and have a long goodbyes, but anti-human protesters have been circling the area recently, so they parted with a silent goodbye. Jon unlocked the front door and walked up to the second floor. He stored his supplies and private information on the second floor.

"Mr. Rosera?We're here!" A loud voice echoed through the building. It was soon followed by the sounds of multiple people entering and filing into the room where Jon would begin his day. He walked downstairs to the classroom smiling. The sight of anthros young and old, eager to learn from Jon, was always a sight to see. People, not afraid to be true to themselves.

Jon grabbed his clipboard and went over his lesson plan."Okay class, your first week is done. You now know how to socialize with humans and all the cute fun stuff. For the next week, we'll go over all the legal things: where you can marry, your rights as a sapiensexual couple, and other various things." The whole class didn't argue. They quietly sat there, waiting for Jon to continue.

It was about six at night when the last class left. Jon waved to a lion as he was leaving for home. Jon went to his classroom when he heard a knock at the door. He opened it to two hooded figures. Before Jon could invite them in, they pushed their way in and roughly shoved Jon to the floor. They kept their hoods on, but he could see their anthro muzzles. Jon wasn't scared, so he tried talking to them. "Look, I know what you want to do, and I suggest you don't try it."

The two immediately laughed."Yeah, and we're supposed to be scared of one human?" The two hooded figures began to advance.

Jon laughed."It's not me you should be worried about. My boyfriend's a different story."

Right then, a large shadow loomed over the two hooded figures. They turned to see a very tall and buff giraffe, his hands balled up in very large fists. The two

looked at each other and gulped. Terry leaned in very close and spoke in a voice that even disturbed Jon. “You tried to lay your hands on the human I love. Why shouldn't I crush you both?”

Jon looked to the larger of the two, who seemed to wet his pants. Jon walked over to Terry and kissed his cheek. “It's okay Terry. You don't have to break these two. They'll leave and never come onto this street again. Will you?” The two were gone without a word. Jon looked up to his boyfriend, who dropped his scary guy facade and now had a face of concern.

Terry held Jon close and checked him all over. “Are you okay? Did they hurt you anywhere? Maybe we should get you to a hospital or to the police. I never should have worked such a long shift. I should've gotten here earlier.”

Jon nuzzled Terry's chest, trying to relax him. “It's okay sweetie. I may not be a giant like you, but I'm still tough.”

After a few cute looks from Jon, Terry was ready to walk home. He would never admit it, but he was never more scared in his life then he was back there. Yes, he's been the tough guy to keep Jon safe, but he's never seen anyone actually hurt Jon before. Seeing him on the ground, helpless, was the scariest thing Terry would ever know.

Terry opened the apartment entrance door and let in Jon. They walked up the stairs to the second floor to their apartment. Jon unlocked it and the two got ready for their Saturday night dinner. Jon grabbed a giant bunch of grapes while Terry grabbed a horror movie. Every Saturday night, Jon would eat at work and Terry would eat an extra large lunch. When they got home, Terry would pick a movie that would scare Jon into his arms and Jon would feed Terry grapes.

Jon walked to the couch, where Terry was about to start the movie. Jon snuggled up in Terry's arms, who gave him a small squeeze. “I found a scary one this time. I won't say, but I think you'll like it” Jon smiled and pushed a grape in between Terry's lips. A familiar smile appeared on the giraffe's face and he kissed Jon. He returned Terry's kiss with another, along a bonus tongue exchange. The two were soon kissing and feeling each other over. Saturday nights usually end up like this.

The movie was two hours long. Terry watched the last half of it with Jon fast

asleep, curled up on his torso. After it finished, Terry lifted Jon up and carried him to bed where he instantly fell asleep. Jon moaned, then sighed with content. They both knew this week was like every other. Exhausting.

It must have been early in the morning when the phone rang. The ringing woke up Jon, for he was a light sleeper. He looked up at Terry, who was snoring away. He chuckled at the snoring giant, then walked over to the phone. The voice sounded very gruff. "Terry?" Jon didn't want to be rude, so he grunted like Terry would early in the morning. "Good. Just wanted to let you know, your mother and I will be in the neighborhood around four. See you then." The person on the other end hung up, leaving a confused Jon holding the phone.

The alarm went off at nine in the morning, something Terry was never used to. He saw Jon, tapping his foot at the doorway. It was obvious Jon was upset about something, yet he was so calm talking. "Your parents called last night. They said they would be in the neighborhood around four. Care to explain why you were hiding your parents from me?"

Terry had no choice, but to tell Jon the truth. "You see Jon, my parents don't exactly know about me being a sapiensexual and my dad doesn't like humans a lot either."

Jon's anger melted away and was replaced with guilt. Being the teacher he is, he knew how hard it was for someone to be open up about being a sapiensexual. He hugged Terry, hoping to apologize. A kiss on his forehead let Jon know he was forgiven. "Come on Jon, let's get the place ready."

With that, the two set out to clean the apartment for Terry's parents. Jon would power lift the furniture and Jon would clean under it. Jon caught Terry peeking a few times when he had to bend all the way over. He simply chuckled. Even when they're cleaning, Terry was still trying to check him out.

After what seemed like hours, the house was ready, the two were showered, and the day wasn't even planned. Terry looked at Jon, who was wiping the table over. Terry watched as Jon rubbed himself over the table, unknowingly turning Terry on. By the time Jon finished, he turned around to see Terry panting for some reason. "Are you okay Terry? You look like you ran a marathon."

Terry swallowed hard. If he gave in to his urges right now, the smell of sex would be everywhere. So, he shook it off. "It's nothing Jon, just excited and nervous."

As Terry was speaking, a long-awaited knock was at the door. Terry took a deep breath, and opened the door with a beaming smile. "Mom! Dad! Come on in!" Jon smiled as a giraffe larger than Terry actually ducked through the doorway. He was a giant! The father must have been at least nine feet tall. The mother was much shorter. She looked only six feet tall. Jon's face was silent with shock as he watched Terry's mother and father walk up to him.

The mother's voice was soft and sweet. "Hello. I'm Joanne. You must be Jon" Jon smiled and shook her hand.

The father on the other hand, sounded just as gruff and rude as he was on the phone. "You're human?" Jon bit his tongue as he went on about how having a human roommate was a waste.

Jon wasn't upset at this. In fact, he knew just what to say. "Sir, I own this apartment, have a master's degree in human anthropology, and I've been working hard to be where I am now. If anything's a waste, it's you talking down to me."

Terry's jaw dropped in a mix of horror and shock as he saw his boyfriend stare down his giant of a father. Luckily, Joanne knew what to say. "So Terry, what do you have planned?"

Terry was never happier to hear his mom to speak. "Well mom, I planned to take dad to help me get dinner. I'm going to make fish for dinner tonight." Terry didn't really have a plan, he just wanted to get his dad away from Jon before he tried to crush him. The two left, leaving Jon and Joanne to socialize.

It's not that Jon didn't want to talk, it's just he was worried what might come up. He was personally worried that Joanne might ask questions about the living arrangements. So, he was silent. Joanne however, was still suspicious. Then, she said the most outright biggest surprise to Jon. "I know about Terry. I've known for a long time."

Jon was frozen, so Joanne continued. "Ever since his junior year in high school, I knew he was a sapiensexual. He didn't notice me watch him kiss his science partner." At this point, the two sat down so they would feel more comfortable. "I decided to wait for him to tell me when he felt ready. It's been five years. I know you've barely spoken since we met, but I can already see why Terry loves you."

Jon smiled. "Thank you. Terry decided today was the day to come out to you both. I guess Terry wanted to tell his father on his own. I hope everything's okay."

Just then, the door burst open, Terry's father shouting louder than Jon ever heard. "You're disowned! I will not allow someone carry the Smith name and be dating something as disgusting as a human!"

When Terry got through the door, he was just as mad. "I don't care what you say! I love him and there's nothing that can change that!" In all his life, Terry has never felt this kind of anger towards his father. A burn like he was showered with boiling water.

As their shouting grew and grew, Jon and Joanne became more and more scared of them. Whenever the shouting would get louder, the two would slowly retreat away from them more. Only when the two turned to not look at each other, did they see their terrified spouses. They each stopped yelling and went to comfort their significant other. Terry and his father looked at each other, their loved ones crying in their arms.

Terry took Jon to the bedroom, while his father stayed with Joanne out on the couch. Terry laid Jon out on the bed proceeded to cheer him up. He knew Jon would be cheered up if he made him laugh. As Terry looked at Jon, he knew that wouldn't work. This was the first time Jon saw Terry argue hatefully. If he didn't fix this now, things between them would never be the same.

He kissed Jon on the cheek and slowly rubbed his arm. "I can't stand to see you sad. Please tell me how I can make the happiness come back to you." Terry's never been this poetic before.

Jon rolled over and looked up at Terry. “Your arms look so soft, so inviting, so safe. I remember I was scared of you when we first met. I knew the temper came with the size. After watching you shout at your own father, I realized we planned this night all wrong.”

Terry scooped Jon up and nuzzled him, causing the once sad human to giggle. He kissed Jon on the head. He was happy again. Terry then set him down and grabbed his hand, which Jon then proceeded to hug it. “Come on Jon, let's give this night a happy ending.”

The two walked out to see Terry's parents, calmly sitting there, waiting. Terry's father spoke first. “Jon, Son, today didn't go exactly as anyone wanted, and I apologize for that.” He stood up and walked over to Jon. “I never should have been so quick to judge you. You make my son happy. That should be enough for me as a father.” He turned to Terry. “I want to apologize to you the most. Raising you the way I did, made you hide a part of yourself from your family. No one should have to do that. I shouldn't hate humans because my father did. Not if my own wife becomes terrified of me every time I yell.”

At first, Jon and Terry stood there, silent. Neither of them expected him to have a change of heart so fast. Jon was the first to manage a response. “Thank you. I'm not going to try to relate to you because I know I won't. I can however, help you understand what sapiensexuals have to go through. Come with me to work tomorrow at noon before you leave.”

After working out the details and a short goodnight, Jon and Terry retreated to their bedroom, while the parents left for their hotel down the street. The two slipped under the covers, too tired from the day to even take off their clothes. Terry however, still had enough energy to talk.

“Are you sure you can handle my dad tomorrow? I can go with you since I have tomorrow off.” Terry was worried his dad would get angry at Jon, with him not around.

Jon rolled over to look into the eyes of his giraffe. “It's okay. I'm confident that if I show your father what kind of life we have to live just to teach those like us, he might understand how you feel. I have to try.”

Terry smiled at his goodhearted human as they fell asleep, an exciting day

awaiting one of them tomorrow.

After their usual morning schedule, a knock was heard at the apartment door. Terry opened it to see his father, wearing one of his infamous tailored from scratch suits. It was just about the only outfit that was ever loose on him.

Terry let his father in with a big smile. He was masking his worry for Jon. "Hey dad! I see you're all set to go to work with Jon."

Terry's father nodded. "Yes. Your mother is at the hotel today and might stop by to see you, seeing I'm going to be gone for a bit."

As they were conversing, Jon walked out of the bedroom, wearing the usual shirt and jeans he always wore to work. He smiled at the two. "Good morning! Are you ready Mr. Smith?"

"Yes." The voice of Terry's father was less gruff than it was yesterday. "Let's go."

After a quick kiss from Terry, Jon was out the door with Terry's father right behind him. Terry looked at the door after it closed, wondering if anything would go wrong.

Terry's father decided to strike up a conversation. "So, what do you do?"

Jon had to be vague on the subject because they were starting to enter the anti-human protesting area. "I teach. Here's the place I work."

Terry's father was going to ask another question, but Jon was already inside the building and walking upstairs. He walked into the first door on his left. It was a classroom. He saw a seat next to Jon's desk and sat in it. After a few minutes, Jon walked in, followed by a number of anthros. Young, old, rich, poor, every anthro of every shape, size and species walked in and filled all the seats. Every single one of them had their eyes trained on Jon.

Jon grabbed his clipboard off his desk and began talking to the class. "Good morning everybody. Today's lesson will cover what states sapiensexual

marriages are legally recognized in.”

Terry's father sat there for six straight hours watching Jon teach people from all around the city about sapiensexual rights most of the public didn't know about. He sat there and saw every single class pay absolute attention to Jon. Terry's father never saw Jon in this light before.

Jon was cleaning up the classroom when Terry's father walked up. His face was solemn and his body's expression was depressed. Terry's father took a deep breath before speaking. “Jon? I have something to say, but I don't know how to say it.”

Jon looked up at the giant father of his boyfriend and smiled. “Just say what feels right. That's what I tell my students.”

Terry's father looked at this human, and said what he thought he would never say in his lifetime. “After watching you teach people. People from all walks of life, and watching them having to meet in secret just to be themselves, I wish I never said those things to you.”

Jon watched him start to tear up. He held his forearm in a comforting manner. “It's okay. I first met Terry when a construction crew was building a new wing to the college. He would always keep that part of him away when his friends were around. Whenever we were alone, he would try to impress me.” At this point, Jon and Terry's father were sitting. “When we finally did get serious, I realized other sapiensexuals needed to know how to interact with humans. That's why I created this class. That's why I fight for those like me and Terry. They need a teacher and that's why I'm never backing down from this ever.”

Terry's father looked at Jon for a bit, then laughed. “Your a fighter alright. If my son's a sapiensexual, I'm glad it's with you.”

For the first time, Jon actually laughed with his boyfriend's father. Until there was a knock at the door. Jon walked up and opened it. Immediately, he was pushed down.

Jon looked up to see who it was. It was the same anthros from before! “Hello filth.” The larger one was smirking. “Your big boyfriend isn't here to save you this time.” Jon watched as The smaller one held him down as the supposed

leader pulled out a long, curved blade. He smiled and pointed it at you. "Let's play shall we? I'm thinking kill the human."

"How about snap you in half?" All three of you looked up to see Terry's father, fury filling his eyes. Before either attacker could run, Terry's father grabbed both with ease. He looked at the smaller one that held Jon down, and tossed him out the door. Then his eyes locked on the one that pulled a knife on Jon. The attacker was slowly lifted to his eye level. "My son had restraint because his beloved was here to stop him. Mine isn't."

The attacker was so terrified, he tried to wriggle free of his predicament. Terry's father simply dropped him and whispered in his ear. "This human is off limits. Every pro-human anthro in this neighborhood will protect him when people like you will try to hurt him. Now leave and never come back. There won't be a next time."

After the attacker ran scared for the last time, Jon thanked Terry's father a million times. Then they grabbed their coats and began the walk back to the apartment. Jon was the first to start talking again. "Mr. Smith, can I ask you to do something for me?"

Terry's father was somewhat confused. "Sure. What is it?"

Jon took a slow breath before talking. "I need you to keep that attack between us. I know it's wrong for couples to keep secrets, but I don't want Terry to be scared every time I walk out of the house. Are you okay with this?"

Terry's father looked at Jon for a moment. He never saw him as the type to keep secrets. He understood what Jon felt though. "Alright then. Tonight's attack is between us."

When Jon got to the apartment, Terry and Joanne were having tea, something Jon never saw Terry drink before. After seeing the two in the doorway, Terry got up and greeted them. He also gave Jon a kiss and a whisper.

"How was my dad?" Terry was still worried that his father's temper.

Jon wanted to tell his boyfriend what happened, but Terry would never let him leave the apartment again if he did. So, he smiled. "Your father is a changed

man. More or less.”

After hiding a slightly shocked face, everyone found it time to say goodbye. While Jon and Joanne walked to the hallway, Terry and his father stood there in the living room, staring at each other in silence.

Terry was the first to speak. “You enjoy Jon's class?” Terry tensed his jaw, waiting to spout off at his father when he talked down about Jon and his class.

That's when Terry got the shock of his life. His father smiled. “I never thought such a small human, could be such a big fighter. He was willing to go against those who were almost twice his size, and still come out on top.” Terry's father brought his son close. “Jon is the one for you, son. Don't ever let him go.”

Terry was still there. In the same spot after his father left.

“Are you okay sweetie?” Jon came back after saying goodbye to Joanne.

“My father. The man I despised for years. His entire mentality about humans and sapiensexuals, magically changed in one night, by my boyfriend.” Terry's mind was on overload from so much in two days.

Jon wrapped himself around his giant giraffe. “Don't think about it. All this, has indeed been stressful. That's why you have me. To relieve any stress you have.”

Terry moaned and slung Jon over his shoulders. “Let's relieve that stress my love.”

About the Author

Reedman is a young writer with hopes to be as popular as those writers before him.

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