

Booplesnoots

AKA insensitive morons mess with an anthro alien

"Don't be a pussy. All you have to do is boop the snoot before running away. It's easy!"

"Then why don't you do it?"

"Hey, you already got me to do the blep challenge, so now it's your turn!"

At these words, the two human men directed their attention at the alien in question. In some ways, she looked like a hybrid of a python and a cobra, albeit at over seven feet tall. Her amazonian physique only resembled a human by having two muscular arms. She had a similarly strong tail that came complete with slick, shiny, and glossy scales that shone like individual amber jewels. Softer tan ones coated her exposed face and throat, which were the only areas not protected by armor as she went through the routine of calibrating her plasma rifle within the outdoor firing range.

Meanwhile, one of the men resumed speaking...

"...I don't know, man. Isn't her species from one of those feral worlds? I'd rather not get killed over a joke. You saw the vids of what happened to some people trying to pull stunts like that, right?"

"So what you're saying is that you're a pussy."

The soldier groaned at these words and rubbed his eyes.

"Just do it, Leon. What could possibly go wrong?"

"That's like the worst question you could possibly ask." replied Leon with a sigh. "She might end up biting or constricting me if she gets pissed off. Her biology kind of freaks me out too."

"Is it the two venom sacs on her chest?"

Leon rolled his eyes at his words. "Good one, but no. Reptiles just kind of freak me out in general, man. I'm not exactly sure why..."

The other man shrugged. "Who cares. You gonna do it or not?"

"Eh... I don't know." replied Leon as he scratched the back of his head.

"Remember that you owe me one!" The man paused as he pulled out a smartphone. "Hell, drinks can be on me tonight too if you provide me with some quality entertainment too!"

Leon scoffed in return. "Fine. I'll do it. Ugh... god help us all."

"That's the spirit!" replied the other man. "I'll be rooting for you from here."

With that, Leon walked away with a sneer while the other man prepared to record him with his smartphone. As for the alien, she slithered to a nearby table and placed her plasma rifle on it, rendering her empty-handed. Only Leon approaching her position broke her focus.

"Hey there!" said Leon with a smile and a wave.

Much like himself, the woman had an earpiece acting as a translation device. Hers partially looked like an implant, however, and small orange lights graced it alongside her heavy armor. His own earpiece activated once the woman began hissing, and a deep yet feminine voice emitted from it.

"Greetings, human. Why must you be bothering me?"

"It's nice to meet you too!" said the human as they came face to face. "My name is Leon, and I'm here for one simple reason..."

The woman gestured at herself with a free hand. "And my people call me Jissa. What might your reason be?"

The man made a devious smile as he thrust a pointed finger towards her snout and said a single word...

"BOOP!"

Before his finger came into contact with her nose, Jissa grabbed his wrist with a clawed hand. From there, she held it in a vice grip. She gave him a menacing look that seemed to stare into his soul as the pupils of her fiery orange eyes narrowed. A crooked frown then graced Jissa's snout as she slightly stuck out her serpentine tongue complete with exposing a few fangs, giving Leon an outright death stare befitting for an angry and carnivorous apex predator.

"Boo... Boop?" muttered the human.

Her only response came in the form of an incomprehensible and venomous hiss, making Leon's eyes widen before he sputtered a few familiar words.

"Wait... WAIT! IT WAS JUST A PRANK!"

The other human laughed like a mad man as he recorded Jissa gradually coiling around Leon. She yanked one of his arms upward, forcing him to stumble towards her, and blood flushed his face once he came into contact with her upper chest. During this process, her tail tightened around him like a snare and she began constricting him with the tightness of a steel cable.

Afterward, Jissa rested her hands on Leon's shoulders before hissing once more. "I... am not amused." She sunk her claws into the fabric of his shirt. "You have made a great mistake."

These words made Leon shudder. "No shit."

"And I'm assuming this was part of that stupid so-called social media challenge." she continued. "You do know that the nose is one of the most sensitive parts of a Syme's body, correct?"

He shook his head. "I did not."

"Then refrain from ever touching it. You humans are either brave, stupid, or both for doing so. It's all so... infuriating! Your kind forced my people to bow before them, but now you amuse yourselves by taunting us with these immature antics!"

As she spoke, the pressure around Leon's body increased. He could feel many powerful muscles flexing within her tail as she continued to constrain him, and breathing slowly became a struggle. "That... that all happened before I was even born, Jissa!"

Jissa blew air from her nostrils. "I'm not angry about what you humans did to my species. No. In this cold and uncaring universe, the strong devour the weak, and that's just the natural order of things. What angers me is that what could be a plant eating prey creature under different circumstances had the audacity to disrespect me by violating my precious nose!"

Leon tried to squirm, but it did little to loosen the scaly coils tightening around him. "Prey?! For the last time, I'm sorry, and I'll never do something like that again!"

"Perhaps I should elaborate..." replied Jissa as she cocked her head, sending a shiver down his spine. "You humans are both predator and prey in your natural environments with your omnivorous diets, but still potential prey nonetheless. I respect how humanity can dance with death from a safe

distance, but without that, you wouldn't be much of a threat with your lack of natural weapons and armor. So the song of your species is incredibly odd as a result. It's so... twisted. Exotic. Maybe even synthetic in a sense, but words alone cannot do it justice, much like trying to describe light."

"What the hell are you even talking about?!" exclaimed Leon as he gasped for breath. "Let me go!"

Jissa did a mix of rolling her eyes and flicking her tongue. "What I'm saying is that even if I still don't understand odd creatures such as yourself, you shouldn't mess with those at the top of the food chain..." She stopped hissing to start squeezing him in earnest, then sank her claws deeper into his back. Leon's heart raced as he began suffocating. Multiple sensations resulted in a primal joy flickering in Jissa's wild eyes as they went wide, then a catlike smile formed on her face. "Because it would be oh so easy for someone like me to break you."

Ultimately, Leon found himself in no position to respond as all of the air was squeezed from his lungs, but another deep and masculine voice soon filled his eardrums.

"WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU DOING TO MY ARMSMAN, CORPORAL BOOPLESNOOTS?"

The alien's smile immediately vanished. Consequently, she rapidly released the human, who gasped like a fish as fresh air filled his lungs. His cheeks also turned bright red. Meanwhile, a middle-aged human man bearing the rank of a sergeant approached them, causing the other human to scatter off with his smartphone in tow.

Ignoring this, the sergeant grit his teeth. "Speak when spoken to, GOD DAMN IT! You better have a really good reason for trying to kill one of my men!"

"...This one attempted to do what you humans call booping the snoot." finally answered Jissa as she broke eye contact.

"Christ, not again..." said the sergeant before both his gaze and fury focused on Leon. "We've already had more than enough of these stupid incidents, armsman. I'm not sure what you mickey mouse motherfuckers think is so funny about fucking with our new auxiliaries, BUT CUT IT OUT!"

As Leon stumbled away from the alien snake with an exasperated look on his face, he eventually made eye contact with the sergeant. "Yes... YES, SERGEANT!"

"And where the hell is your laser rifle, armsman?"

Leon looked at the ground. "I haven't been issued a laser rifle yet, sergeant!"

Naturally, the sergeant growled at his answer. "How the hell do the paper shuffling pansies arranging this entire interspecies exercise expect me to get anything done if my men don't even have their equipment?"

"I don't know, sarge."

"ARMSMAN! You can only call me sarge if I like you. And guess what?"

Leon perked his head up. "What?"

"I DON'T LIKE YOU!" shouted the sergeant. "Despite that, I'll give you a second chance once training begins in earnest, then we can pretend that I never met your sorry ass. Just do something right for once in your life and grab a laser rifle from the armory at the very least. DISMISSED!"

"YES, SERGEANT!" said Leon before giving a salute.

The sergeant started moving away, just to momentarily glance over his shoulder. "Oh, and as you were, Corporal Booplesnoots."

Jissa nodded at his words. Afterward, she silently stared at Leon with daggers in her eyes, then returned to maintaining her plasma rifle. Her gaze alone let the man know a straightforward thing where words didn't need to be exchanged...

I don't like you either.

As Leon walked away from her, he knew things were far from over as he prepared to train alongside angry aliens for the first time.