

Emotional Support Human

Sadness

Wyatt walked along the wall of a huge hallway. As usual, everything on the alien ship was much larger than him thanks to his non-human companions. Once he reached a room containing some sleeping quarters, he peeked inside and spotted a familiar face.

More precisely, an alien woman with scarlet red fur reclining on a bed. Other ones belonging to her comrades were empty besides their personal possessions, while the xeno herself lied on her stomach with her face planted into a pillow. Only her wet nose poked out. With her two tails swaying, her black-tipped ears perked up once she heard a single word, and a translation device simultaneously sprang into action...

"Hey!"

She gradually looked at the human with her glimmering, emerald-green eyes. "Is... is that you, Wyatt?"

He leaned against the door frame. "Yeah, it's me. Couldn't help but notice that you look depressed while everyone else is on shore leave or whatever."

The alien sniffled before wiping her black nose, then her face formed a more neutral expression. "I've just been feeling... down. Recently. I guess..."

"You wanna talk about it? Otherwise, I'll leave you alone."

She looked at the ground with her tails slumping down. "Isn't it dangerous for someone like you to be roaming the ship like this?"

"Probably." he said before approaching the titanic alien. "I only do it when most of you aren't around. You know, whenever I'm feeling adventurous and don't wanna stay stuck in the human areas."

"Okay..." she said with a sigh, "But I don't like it when you take those sorts of risks."

"Don't worry, Vivi. I'm not getting into trouble! Well, usually."

Vivi rolled her eyes. "Sure. Keep in mind, I think everyone would be upset if something happened to you!"

Wyatt scratched the back of his head. "Yeah, yeah, I know... but back to the topic at hand." He crossed his arms as he looked back up at her. "What's bothering you?"

Her eyes avoided his gaze. "I... well... let me make sure we have some more privacy first."

Slowly, Vivi got out of the bed. Her outfit composed of olive green fatigues and white footwraps on her digitigrade feet became fully visible. Meanwhile, Wyatt took a few steps back as she stepped on the ground. He was hardly taller than her clawed toes, which were dark brown, reminding him of a fox's fur pattern with the distinctive black socks on their feet. She swiftly made her way towards the only door, shut it by placing a hand against a flat panel, then walked back towards him. Despite her demonic-looking form like a giant hellhound with two horns on her head, Wyatt showed no signs of fear as she kneeled directly in front of him and spoke once more.

"Would you mind if I picked you up?"

He raised an eyebrow. "That depends. Why?"

"It's just to put you somewhere a little more comfortable if we're going to have a proper conversation..." she said, looking to the side. "If you don't mind, of course!"

"Be my guest."

With a nod, Vivi gradually grabbed Wyatt. She promptly placed him on a pillow before beginning the process of lying on the bed again. As a result, he stumbled around his new and relatively soft surroundings, albeit he lost his footing when Vivi fully reclined. She propped an arm up to hold her head as she glanced down at the human, who still had his face face-planted directly into one of her massive pillows.

"Feeling cozy, Wyatt?"

He eventually got on his knees to maintain his balance. "Not what I had in mind, but this works."

Vivi snickered at his words. "Fair enough! Just let me know when to let you back down!"

The human repositioned himself to sit down, then patted down his pants. "Got it." He watched Vivi's twin tails wag for a while as they made barely audible swishing sounds. "Well, it looks like my job is done already if you're not sad anymore."

"What can I say?" asked Vivi as she formed a sly smile, exposing some cute little fangs. "Seeing you always seems to brighten up my day!"

He shrugged. "That's flattering, but I always figured that was because you're the bright and bubbly type."

She slightly stuck out her pink tongue. "Personally, I blame your species for being so adorable!"

Wyatt's face turned a bit red. "Right..."

"Aw, come on! You know it's true!"

"Don't get me wrong," he said with a shrug, "Being considered cute by aliens has its perks. However, it gets degrading at times. We're all supposed to be treating each other as equals... well, at least on paper."

Vivi's ears folded against her head. "Oh. I can stop doting over you like that if it gets... irritating."

Wyatt made a dismissive gesture by waving with one hand. "Nah, it's fine. If I'm being honest, sometimes I enjoy the extra attention and special treatment from everyone else."

She scoffed. "I knew it!"

"It was kind of weird at first, especially for the first few months when I joined the military like half a year ago, but I've gotten used to everything over time."

"It's only been that long?" asked Vivi, tilting her head to the side.

He nodded. "Time flies."

"For me, it's definitely felt longer than that!" she exclaimed.

"So, what's changed?"

At his words, Vivi stayed silent for several seconds. "Well... as you humans like to say, let's stop ignoring the elephant in the room. The reason why you saw me all mopey when you walked in earlier was due to me feeling a bit homesick." Her nostrils flared as she let out a little huff. "That's all!"

"Oh. So, you're missing old friends and family?"

"It's a bit more... complicated." she replied, sinking more of her head into the pillow. "I grew up on a sparsely populated frontier world. Things were wide and spacious. Here though?" Her eyes closed for a brief moment. "Things are small and cramped. Sometimes I have to take special precautions if humans are onboard, and that can make me anxious!" She broke eye contact with her ears folding once more. "No offense though..."

"None taken." he said with another wave of his hand. "Sometimes I think about what things are like from a non-human perspective and I can see how the size differences can be a big problem... no pun intended!"

Vivi glanced at the ceiling. "Actually, it's not that bad since your scents are distinct, but... sometimes accidents can happen if people are careless."

Wyatt scratched his chin, pondering over her words. "True."

"Regardless, the new lifestyle was a change of pace, to say the least. I used to get physically ill from the ship constantly moving and all of the artificial gravity. My sisters in arms, especially the ones who came from more metropolitan areas, still make fun of me for that... and the way I speak with a slight accent... and being what they consider... naive."

Vivi's face scrunched up while Wyatt remained as quiet as a mouse.

"It just makes me so angry sometimes." she continued. "They think I'm too soft to be a soldier, so I don't really fit in as well as the others. Maybe they're right..."

Wyatt blinked a few times. "I'm sorry, Vivi, I had no idea that sort of stuff was going on behind the scenes!"

She sighed. "You don't need to apologize."

"If it makes you feel any better, I didn't know you had an accent either. As far as I'm concerned, you sound like all the other joraxians!"

"Exactly the same?" asked Vivi as her ears wiggled a little.

"Eh... not necessarily." replied Wyatt, looking to the side. "The translation software I'm using works some kind of magic to personalize your voices to sound more distinct. You sound like a young human woman somewhere in her twenties."

"Does it apply a cool accent when I talk too?"

He chuckled in return. "I wish! That's something my translator can do, but you need to set it manually. Maybe I should mess with the settings to give you one... like an Australian accent, something US southern sounding, or maybe even an Irish one!"

She rolled her eyes. "Oh, please..."

"Take your pick."

"Ugh. It's not like I know what humans from specific regions sound like! From my perspective, most can sound really high-pitched at times."

Wyatt formed a thinking man's pose. "Huh. As far as I'm concerned, you make these deep and guttural growls and other weird vocalizations." He fiddled with a slim earpiece on his head. "It's strange compared to the bright and cheery human voice getting blasted into my head at the same time."

"And mine makes you sound like a young joraxian man..." she said with a sly smile. "I'll need to decide on an accent for you too!"

Another quick look of Vivi's fur and eyes, which were red and green respectively, made the decision solid in Wyatt's mind. "Definitely Irish."

"Why that accent in particular?" she asked with her head cocked to the right.

"No reason."

She rolled her eyes and scoffed. "Fine, Wyatt, be that way. I'm going to make you sound like a charming and exotic gentleman from the east, whether you like it or not!"

"Fair enough." he said with a sly smile. "Is there a reason for it?"

"None at all." she answered, condescendingly tilting her head upwards.

Wyatt sighed. "I was expecting that kind of answer. Oh, and speaking of which, that reminds me of something..."

Vivi's face scrunched up. "What?"

"Your two friends. When I go through the trouble of applying those settings, I'll apply the Australian accent to the blonde joraxian's voice and the US southern charm to the purple one. That'll make most of our conversations more interesting..."

"Do you mean Min and Hatha?"

"Yeah." answered Wyatt with a nod.

"Gods help them!" she snickered. "But I wouldn't really call them friends. More like... close acquaintances."

"Oh?"

"Unfortunately, yes. If I'm being honest, sometimes I go out of my way to talk to the humans on the ship just to socialize. They seem more... well, accepting of me at times." As Vivi spoke, a single tail slouched down the side of the bed. "This might sound pathetic, but sometimes the highlight of my day would be talking to you... like... you're not like the other ones."

"Is that a good thing or a bad thing?" asked Wyatt with a raised eyebrow.

"Sometimes if I'm talking to a human or a group of them, they'll flinch if I make any sudden movements. Trying to smile might scare them since I'll just be showcasing my fangs. Then there's you." For emphasis, Vivi lowered her muzzle next to Wyatt and yawned, momentarily exposing her carnivorous maw. A broad tongue curled out during the process. Despite this, the human remained unamused as warm breath wafted over him, and it only ended when Vivi suddenly snapped her jaws shut and growled... still arousing no reaction from him. "It doesn't matter what I do since it never seems to bother you!"

Wyatt closed his eyes and sighed. "That's not really true, but whatever."

"It's not?" asked Vivi with wide eyes.

"I just ignore it. However, you might wanna consider something along the lines of a mint or chewing gum." Wyatt pinched his nose and waved with the other hand. "Your breath is atrocious."

Vivi licked her sharp chops, then her thin black lips. "My bad then..."

"Plus I'm kind of used to this sort of stuff." he continued. "Believe it or not, I grew up around aliens as a kid, albeit their treatment of me was way different than your kind."

"You never told me about that."

He shook his head. "But I'd rather not talk about that either. There's more pressing concerns." For emphasis, Wyatt stood up and moved towards Vivi while doing his best to maintain his balance. "I might not be able to help you out right now if you're somehow the black sheep of your unit, but here's what I can do..."

Vivi's body tensed up, complete with her tail arching upwards. "Wait... do what?"

"I think part of why humans are fond of your species revolves around how you kind of look and act like big dogs sometimes, so I'm going to do something I've always wanted to try."

"And what's a dog?" she asked, fluttering her eyes.

Without bothering with an answer, Wyatt eventually approached Viv's neck. A tuft of white and red fluff obscured his vision of it as her head rested against a pillow. He stuck his hands deep inside the fur and partially pressed his body against it to do a combination of scratching, rubbing, and petting the alien to the best of his ability.

"Wyatt... now what are you... oh... OH..."

Vivi's tails began involuntarily wagging as his tiny fingers kept sifting through her soft fur.

"That feels nice!" she said in a more upbeat fashion. "REALLY nice!"

These words acted as encouragement for Wyatt as he redoubled his efforts. Vivi stuck out her tongue. Following this, she positioned her head to the side for more effective neck and chin scratches. The stress practically dissipated from her mind and body as her clawed toes curled up, and her tongue gradually lolled from her muzzle. Over time, her tails wagged more rapidly, prompting Wyatt to sneer once he saw her overall reaction.

"Aw... who's a good girl?" he asked in a mocking tone.

"I am!" she chirped in response.

Her answer took Wyatt aback, prompting him to stop what he was doing, but his inaction did nothing to change Vivi's now overjoyed mood.

Suddenly, the door to the room jolted open. A similarly large and amazonian joraxian with purple fur entered the room, just to stop in place once she saw the duo. Consequently, Vivi recoiled, partially smothering Wyatt with her neck fluff as she scrambled to straighten her posture, eventually causing him to stumble away.

"Ah, Hatha!" exclaimed Vivi with a bewildered look on her face. "Back so soon...?"

Hatha crossed her arms. "Actually, I was sent to get you." She then looked away. "Sorry if I was, uh, interrupting something. They want everyone to get off the ship since they plan on doing some basic repairs and maintenance."

"I see..." said Vivi as Wyatt nonchalantly sat on a pillow once more. "We'll leave soon!"

With a nod, Hatha turned to walk away while looking over her shoulder. "You and I both know that letting humans in here isn't allowed. I'll pretend it didn't happen. Keep in mind, based on what happened last time a human and a joraxian were left in here by themselves... well, our commanding officer would be furious if she knew!"

Vivi's tails moved in such a way that they became perfectly straight. "Um, noted. Thanks..?"

"Don't mention it. Really, don't."

With that, Hatha exited the scene, leaving the two to their own devices again.

"So..." said Wyatt, breaking the awkward silence, "If we're getting kicked out, do you want to do something together on this planet?"

Like clockwork, Vivi's twin tails swished in the air again. "Like what?"

"I don't know. Maybe I could give you a tour of the place. I'm familiar with the area and there's some places where both humans and non-humans are allowed to intermingle. Hell, maybe something like eating at a cheap joint could be interesting. Does that sound good to you?"

Vivi imitated a smile and closed her eyes. "I'd love that!"

The human couldn't help but smile at her words.

Several minutes later, the two left the room with Wyatt strapped to one of the horns on Vivi's head like a miniature mountain climber, ready to explore the planet together as they left any sorrow behind.