

What You Really Want

by

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"Bravo Team, respond."

Silence, occasionally interrupted by car alarms in the distance and random muffled screams was almost deafening. Lieutenant Nicks, the lone non-human in the squad, pressed the button again, trying to sound collected and professional. But things weren't good at all.

"Bravo Team, respond."

The anthro coyote could feel heavy, nervous breathing on his back. Rookies. Because of the emergency and lack of professionals, each team got a few who just finished the necessary training. And none of them were prepared for anything like this.

"Charlie Team, respond."

He eventually sighed, trying to think strategically, but this mission looked extremely grim. And obviously, the literal radio silence only made it worse. Then suddenly, the officer could hear some static and a familiar voice, although barely understanding it.

"Heavy... losses... backup... three dead... ass!"

"What's your position? We're coming for you" while still calm, Nicks could feel cold sweat traveling down his neck, stiffening his spine. He couldn't believe his own ears, wanting it to be just a bad fever dream.

The officer kept staring at the walkie-talkie, but nothing else was heard, not even static. Knowing there was only one thing left to do, he turned his head towards the rest of his team.

"No time to rest. Moving out."

The heavy-equipped squad marched swiftly through the carnage that was left by the unknown enemy. Bent street lamps, flattened cars, and a sea of broken glass were mostly what they saw. And so survivors so far. But judging by still standing buildings it wasn't a mythical nuclear dragon beast or anything close to that. But how something with a much smaller size would cause that much damage?

Soldiers protected each other backs, scanning surroundings for any movement of either someone who needed help or perhaps a lackey of the enemy, but none of them were lucky enough.

Judging by the intensity of yelling and sounds of destruction, it felt like the source was getting closer and coming their way like the enemy forgot something and decided to return to the previous location. Suddenly, one of the rookies decided to speak up.

"It's just me or does the pattern on the cars and sidewalk resemble... buttocks?"

"No time for the jokes. First and final warning." Nicks demanded discipline and a clear mind and this state of emergency needed both of them if they wanted to succeed.

While the fresh soldier's statements sounded crazy and inappropriate, soon enough they found the answer. Not even a fever dream would be that creative with such a view.

Curvy would be an understatement to describe the figure of the incoming persona. Each hefty leg was easily as wide as an average human being, while her hips could cause immense damage to anyone in her way. The brown-skinned woman while not tall at all, absolutely nobody could compete with her girth. Not even close.

Of course, there was one particular body that should be mentioned. Her truly enormous buttocks looked unnatural like a massive bag was attached below her back, bouncing after her each move.

The red visor covering her eyes scanned around the area, finding an anthro wolf who tried his best to hide under the wreckage of the nearby car, but he was apparently defeated by technology.

"You can't run from Booty Bash, sweetheart. Now, come to mommy and feed her!" The woman smiled mischievously, before jumping on the poor canine, landing on him with her gigantic rear, crushing him completely.

The super-villainess picked up the still breathing male, before devouring it completely, filling her already massive belly. Her purple, rather skimpy outfit stuck out in the view like a sore thumb, making her a perfect target for the team.

Various clicks of the equipment and magazine clips spread through the destroyed street, while the remaining team prepared themselves in an offensive position. All of them targeted the so-called Booty Bash, not wanting to even try to communicate with her. And she was known for playing with her meal first. But since it was what they wanted, the super-villainess could only agree.

"Aim to her head. Shoot to kill" the lieutenant ordered, looking down the scope of his rifle. His finger placed on the trigger almost pressed it, when something unexpected happen. The brown-skinned, enormous woman... disappeared.

Nicks lowered the weapon, not believing his eyes, looking around. Did she teleport? But after looking up, the whole team saw a gargantuan set of ass cheeks, rapidly growing in their view. They didn't even have time to scream.

"Yes. smile for me sweetheart. That's it. Perfect!"

Tyler, the young human, and citizen of this mixed-species community had a time of his life. While ignoring completely the carnage below, the photos will definitely make him famous. Additionally, mostly only the streets were dangerous since she didn't attack the multiple-story building just yet.

His finger got sore from pressing the button of his camera multiple times while standing in the empty office of the abandoned company, Nobody would interrupt him that way in his important work, having some kind of strange crush on the villainess. Each of her curves deserved the front page of every magazine in the existence. And he would be the one immortalizing her, his perfect muse.

"Ouch, that gotta hurt," he said to himself when Booty Bash just completely eradicated the team of soldiers like they were just a bunch of freshmen. She devoured each and every one of them, making her even bigger but not in height. Eventually, her visor lightened up again, scanning for more victims.

Still feeling safe, he disregarded the suffering of others like it was a part of a movie or video game. Smirking, he zoomed in, trying to get her face, even if her eyes weren't visible. But second later, her profile seemed to be extremely closer than he thought.

"Having fun?"

Tyler screamed, dropping his camera on the floor, now being face to face with his muse. How did she even get here so fast? While the window was open, he didn't hear or see her coming. Smiling wide, she raised her hand like throwing something towards him, making him feel a heavy object around his neck. A metal collar?

"I always wanted a pet, sweetheart. I'm glad that you're a volunteer. What about your first reward, hm...?"

Tyler couldn't speak, feeling the immense weight, almost crushing his vocal cords. But it was nothing, compared to what would press against his head next.

Two gigantic, soft, pillow-looking ass cheeks appeared in his view, approaching closer and closer, promising upcoming suffocation from something scary and beautiful at the same time. Was it what he really wanted?

The answer was: yes.