

ASCENSION:

BULLIES

PART ELEVEN



Captain Armand Chester stared, rooted on his spot, on the brink of soiling himself.

Yet at the same time, he admired. Such beauty, such power, how could they ever think to fight that? Why even fight it in the first place? Why not just surrender? Submit? He was in the presence of a goddess. Everyone should submit.





She utterly dwarfed them, a divine sight to behold. Upper command told him they would perhaps have to fight her if they encountered the twin giantesses. He remembered having an itching feeling of wanting to meet one of them. Wanting to challenge them.

What an utter fool he was.

The convoy had slowly deployed a division around the designated perimeter. His company one of the latest to take positions through the now empty buildings. His orders were to steer clear of engagement, merely contain the threat. Command explicitly told him not to fire unless his life was on the line. But she said she found them. Was she seeking them? Why would she want to find them? What did she-

“Sir? Sir!” One his lieutenants was screaming at him.
“Orders sir? Sir!”





“Oh, right.” He shook his head as the dust and debris cleared. The giantess, for some reason, hadn’t made a move yet. She was scanning them, as if she was waiting for them for some reason. Did she want to negotiate or what?

He raised his radio, “Soldiers, aim but do not fire!” He said, “I repeat, do not fire! Only if she makes a move are you permitted to fire!”

Then they waited. The giantess frowned for a moment. “You’re not going to shoot?” She shook her head. “Well, in that case,”

Hannah moved. They weren't going to panic and shoot it seems. These lot seemed rather disciplined, she supposed. Army training or whatever. Sit was obvious she needed to incentivize them. She really wanted to grow taller.

Her foot slammed through the puny building in front of her, crashing through it like through a sand castle. She loved being so big.



Her foot landed on a truck. A bit of resistance. She enjoyed things that resisted a little. Added an exquisite feeling for when she finally crunched them. She applied her full weight on the truck, just like she used to break his little brother's toys for fun.





Hannah's massive weight put too much pressure on the trucks fuel tanks and it immediately ignited into a massive explosion that rocked everything in the vicinity. Hannah definitely hadn't expected that. But it was a perfect source of pain! Just like with the fuel truck earlier.



Except, nothing happened! She pulled her foot back from the heat, wincing. But that peculiar tingling sensation she would get before growing just wasn't there anymore. What was happening. Why wasn't she growing?



Even the soldiers had all started shooting at her, pelting her skin with their little bullets. Yet nothing was happening. Not that she was surprised, she was feeling those bullets even less than that fire.

"Aw fuck," She complained, "Is this really it? But I want to grow bigger!"



Suddenly some rather annoying pricks peppered her body.
"Stop!" She said as she held a hand up to shield her face. "It's not working! I said stop!"
They didn't stop.



"API!" Chester yelled, "Switch to armor piercing rounds you idiots! High explosive won't do it!"

But it was too late, he knew it. Out of the billowing smoke of the exploded truck emerged one of her feet, coming for his soldiers. They fired back, trying the usual tactics of fire suppression as others evacuated the scene, but a giantess didn't care for ordinary tactics. What had command gotten himself and his company into?

Her foot slammed into the first couple of soldiers, Chester didn't even know who. The first casualties already. He didn't know who they were. He would need to grab their nametags at some point. Would he even be alive to do that?



With just a single step the entire composure of the first few squads was completely broken and everybody ran. Even the APC's stopped firing, unable to track the unnaturally fast paced movements of the giantess. Her other foot rose into the air, filling the sky along with her angry face.





Once again, her foot slammed into the ground, sending dust, debris, him and his soldiers flying, shattering windows in the vicinity and shocking the ground so much so that even the APC's rocked around.

Just two steps, Chester though, and they were done for. He lay on the ground, staring at the terrifyingly beautiful sight as chaos ensued all around him. Soldiers screaming, crying for helps, others already running away, boarding the APC's and screaming for them to drive away as fast as they could. He didn't fault them.



Her right foot came again, and Chester thought it was his turn. At least it would be a quick one, he thought as darkness engulfed him, though he hoped there would be something left to bury. But then he saw sunlight again, her foot instead sailing above him to hit one of the APC's like a soccer ball, sending it and all the soldiers inside flying.



The raw power was incredible. With a simple flick of her foot, a twelve-ton vehicle was just casually sent flying to a building, and she didn't even lose her balance, expertly positioning her foot above the next APC whose commander was screaming his last breath.



"Please don't!" Chester squeaked as he watched his soldiers - his friends - dying. She would never hear his weak voice of course. He was nothing to her, less than an ant. She crushed that APC like a tin can, why would she even bother giving them her attention? She was only doing this because they stung at her, like little ants indeed. Now she would end them.





Hannah surveyed the damage she had caused, nodding satisfyingly to herself. She was still angry at them though. Angry for not listening to her, but more so because their assault on her hadn't worked. She hadn't grown one bit, and she really really really wanted to!

She noticed one of the armored vehicles trying to get away, "Oh no you don't!"



She crouched down and grabbed one of those little toy vehicles with its tiny commander flailing in panic, screaming for them to drive faster. It was surprisingly light to her. Everything was just too easy at this size. She imagined what she could do if she were to become even bigger.

“Trying to get away, are you?” She said as she leaned back up, “And without my permission? I said to stop, not to run away.”

She wasn't sure if they even heard her inside, so she peeled the door on its back open, picking away at it with her nail until it caved in and she ripped it open, revealing it's contents.





Hannah peeked inside, watching the squirming mass of panicked soldiers pushing themselves as far away from the door as they could. "Scared of big, bad Hannah, huh?" She winked, "Come on now guys! I don't bite! Or maybe I do."

Hannah was in the mood to play a little now. She could do so many things to get them out. She could simply flip the vehicle upside down and shake them out. She could also make a mess of them with her finger until the survivors had no choice but to climb out.

But nah, instead she decided to simply crush the toy like an empty tin can and watch them crawl out, begging for her to stop, which is exactly what happened.



Only a few made it, the rest too weak and too deep inside the vehicle to make it before Hannah transformed it into a metal coffin. Those that made it though... Hannah moved the toy to her face and tipped it, forcing the survivors try for her open, dubiously inviting mouth.





Chester watched the entire exchange from below, his resolve having melted away entirely. Despite her being distracted with that APC, he and his men never attempted to run away. She clearly wanted them to stay. So, he watched as she sucked some of his men in her mouth while she crushed the others to death inside the APC before casually releasing it crashing on the ground near them.

“Well, boys,” The giantess said with a mouthful of soldiers while her feet casually flicked every vehicle around them away, clearing the area and forcing everyone to gather between her feet, “Now that we have a little quiet, we can have some fun at least, can’t we?”





“Please!” Chester screamed, “What do you want from us?”

He wasn't sure she heard him, but she seemed to react when she suddenly crouched down. She might have misgauged her size, or she might have not cared at all, but as she did both her knees crashed through the buildings to their sides, collapsing them completely.



When the debris and dust finally settled and they found themselves to still be alive, they prayed. Chester wasn't sure who to. But they were still alive, though at the terrible mercy of this goddess straddling them, openly displaying her nether at them. What was her intention?



"I said fun, didn't I?" The giantess said, surprising Chester. She had heard him? "I don't like to repeat myself." She continued as she slowly sucked in those men in her mouth deeper.

"Please!" Chester begged once again, "Take me! Spare my men! They have families! They want to live!" He was surprised by his sudden burst of courage coming out of his cowardly self.



The giantess' response to that was to smile and suck in the men in her mouth completely, then, to his horror, swallowing them completely. He grew completely numb once more.

"Unfortunately," The giantess said and lowered her hand, grabbing some of them as they tried to finally get away, "The needs of my cunt come before your families."

WRONG WAY

NO PARKING

Beach Drive

Once again, Chester had the dubious luck of somehow surviving while the giantess grabbed the rest of his screaming men and shoved them inside her oversized pussy. Why was she doing that? Was it in purpose? To punish him? He couldn't make sense of anything anymore.





He watched in stunned silence as the giantess began to masturbate using his men. Here, in the middle of the city, without any care as to who might be watching, she was enjoying herself. Deriving pleasure while she made his men suffer.

Her realized she ignored him, or maybe hadn't even realized she missed him. He couldn't watch, couldn't stay. His cowardly self took over and he ran for his life.



He felt anger too, a simmering, quickly boiling rage that threatened to overwhelm him. Rage at himself for being so powerless, for running away like the coward that he was. He took a quick glance back and watched the giantess mash one of his helpless men against her clit, moaning in the process. It sickened him.

Then he heard the rumble. It was low, distinctive. He knew it by heart.



The M1 rolled into view and turned its turret towards the giantess who was perplexed at the sight. "Quick!" The tank commander yelled in the coms, "One AP round straight through the heart!"

“What-“ The giantess managed to say before a loud bang rocked the city, the Abram’s shot piercing the air.

Chester wasn’t sure if it had hit, but then the giantess began to tumble backwards, her ass suddenly descending for him. He ran as fast as he could, but wasn’t sure if he would survive. He thought it to be kind of ironic if, after surviving all the rest, this was how he would meet his end, crushed beneath the ass of a dying giantess.



The giantess fell back, her body slowly crashing through the nearby buildings as she lost control, screaming loudly in pain. The shot had been true. She was done for. Back then, when the first giantess had rampaged through the city, they had been unprepared and the giantess had quickly overwhelmed the tank. But now they had bid their time, waited for their moment.





The tank commander opened his hatch and pulled himself up, surveying the scene. The giantess had collapsed completely, engulfed by a huge cloud of dust as her massive body collapsed buildings along with her.

They had done it. A single, precise shot instead of overwhelming force. This was how it was done. "Now on to the next giantess-" He cut himself off when he saw the barely visible leg stirring.

“Shit shit shit!” He said, shaking his head as the dust clouds billowed and she saw the shape of the giantess rising up again. “Is the next round loaded!”

“Yes sir!” His loader responded.

“Aim for her heart again!” He screamed.

“I can’t see anything through the dust sir!” His gunner complained.

“Just fucking fire already!” He screamed in his coms. The tank rocked from a shot a moment later, but nothing happened. They had missed.





"Again!" He yelled, but it was too late. He watched, in amazement, as the giantess rose from the dust clouds, bigger. She was growing.

"Oh god, what have we done?" The commander said quietly as his loader announced another round loaded. But what were they to do? The tank couldn't even aim that high up. And their last hit had made her grow instead. Again.



Hannah looked around. What happened? Why did she feel so different? Weird. Everything was different, smaller. She raised her arms, feeling the weight on them. And the pain on her chest had disappeared as fast as it came.

Had she grown? She smiled. Yes she had. "Finally!"



Then she remembered what happened. Her gaze shifted and she quickly found the tank. They had shot at her, hit her straight on her chest. It had hurt. It had really hurt a lot. Granted, it had made her grow and she had finally achieved her aim. But it had hurt so bad! They ought to be punished.

"You little fuckers," Hannah said and slowly took a step, watching as the little tank panicked and twisted its little tracks around, trying to get away, "You really thought you could just ambush me like that? You're going to pay!"





The tank had barely made it half a block before Hannah caught up to it, blocking its path with her foot. She needed a moment to adjust to her new size, but the sheer power she commanded through her body felt exhilarating.



"Just showing up like that, unannounced?" She said as she leaned down and grabbed it, lifting it easily from the ground. "And then fucking hitting me in the chest like that? It fucking hurt!"



“Aw, it’s so small,” She said as she held the tank up close to her face. It didn’t even feel that heavy. A little heavier than expected, but it was a tank. What were they supposed to weight? Fifty tons? A hundred? She couldn’t quite remember.

“Shit, it’s smaller than my boobs,” She remarked, “Come to think of it, I bet my boobs are much bigger than Kate’s now!”



“In fact,” Hannah smiled as an idea on how to punish this tank came to mind, “I bet I could crush this tank between my boobs!” She exclaimed as she positioned the heavily armored battle tank between her breasts and pushed them in, it’s heavy metal creaking.

The tank commander had escaped the press last minute, and Hannah watched in amusement as he slowly climbed to the back of the pinned tank.



“Where are you going to go, little man?” Hannah teased him as she pushed harder, crushing the tank by the moment, “You should’ve stayed inside. It would’ve been a privilege to get crushed by my boobs. Others have had it much worse.”

The little guy panicked as he desperately searched for a way out of the situation. Hannah pressed even harder. The tank compressed so much that the ammunition inside ignited into a chain reaction.

The tank exploded into a ball of fire between Hannah's breasts and she reeled back from the explosion. She hadn't expected it at all as a burst of warmth washed over her chest.



But alas, as the burning wreckage of the tank fell from between her boobs and the smoke slowly cleared, Hannah felt no different. It seemed that with each grow spurt, it would take far more damage and pain for her to grow again. Would've been fun to utterly dwarf Kate for once, but this would do.



As Hannah twisted around and tried to make sense of where she was and where Kate would be, Chester backed away before she somehow spotted him. He had survived her toppling body, and every inch of his body told him to run away and never look back. But he had stopped, admired her once again as she rose like a phoenix from the ashes. She was a taller than most skyscrapers now.

He had thought her a goddess before. How utterly wrong he had been, again. He was a fool and a coward. He knew that. But deep inside he was glad to be alive and to be able to witness her in all her glory.





Meanwhile, a little farther away in the city, two naked women were running through the deserted streets as massive crashes and rumbles followed them in the distance.

“There!” One of them yelled, pointing, “The subway entrance! We can escape through there!”

“We’ve... we’ve made it!” The other one cried between heavy breaths.

But just before they could cross the street a shadow moved. A massive hand descended from the sky, almost crushing them as they stopped on their tracks on the last moment. They almost made it. Almost.



“Sorry girls,” Kate said as she crawled forward, licking her lips, “I gave you enough of a head start, but you’re just too small! Just a few steps and I’m already on to you. Should’ve done better, but oh well, it’s back on my boobs for you two.”

“Please!” One of them screamed, “Please give us one more chance! We’re-”





But Kate gave them no heed as she simply leaned forward and crashed her boobs on top of them, her fall so heavy her breasts broke the asphalt beneath, the flattening crunches of the two women almost drowned in it all.

But Kate felt the wetness too. Her breasts had completely obliterated the two inferior women. She smiled. "My boobs reign supreme!"

Kate suddenly felt the ground shake. But she hadn't moved! Why would it shake like that? Another one caused her eyes to widen and she leaned up. Again, and again, they became louder, came closer. She tried to pinpoint the direction in the midst of the jungle of buildings, but she didn't have to.





She saw Hannah soon enough, striding towards her. A cold feeling swept through her as she noticed Hannah's size. She had really made it. Had grown far beyond what she had so far. It wasn't fair. It wasn't fair at all. And what was that other thing she was feeling?



Hannah stopped in front of some buildings she dwarfed now, looking down at her. "Kate."

"H- Hannah."

"I see you've been having a little fun playing cat and mouse."

"And," Kate swallowed down her panic, "I see you've... changed."

Hannah smiled. "I think we've been interrupted in the middle of something earlier."



A little further away in the city, Miranda stirred from her slumber. A deep, dreamless one. She slowly came awake, somewhere in the back of her mind hearing a car speeding away. Her head pounded. What had happened? Where was she in the first place?

She sat up and looked around. Her chest hurt. In fact, she felt like all her veins were burning, like she would explode at any moment. She took a deep breath and spotted some kind of a gun near her. A gun with a needle?

“Where is everyone?” Her voice came out weak. Then her memories started flooding in.



TO BE CONTINUED

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