

ASCENSION:

BULLIES

PART FOURTEEN



"P-please! I don't know why it's not working!"
"You know that makes you useless to me now, don't you?"
"I will try again! Just let me down please!"



But instead, the pressure increased. The police officer cried in pain. "Nooooo! P- please!" He could barely breathe now. "I will find a bigger gun! I will find a way just don't- Agh!"

"I don't think I need you for that. I don't think I need you at all anymore."





Miranda increased the pressure even more, and watched the police officer beg for his life while she crushed him with her bare breast. She didn't even know why she was doing this. She's known for some time since her last growth spurt that guns weren't going to make her grow taller anymore. She needed something more.



But being able to dominate someone like this was... exhilarating. For the first time in her life she wasn't small and weak, pushed around by her peers, bullied all her life. No, she had no-one to answer to anymore. She'd always been the prey, but now she was the predator.

The window cracked from the pressure, and the little officer stopped begging and started coughing out blood.



Deep inside she understood that whatever made her grow also dulled her moral inhibitions. Her previous self would've been horrified at the sight of a full-grown man being crushed to death by a breast as big as him, even if it was her own breast.

But now... she could even smile as she smeared his weak body against the glass window with her tit.



And just like that, she had taken yet another life.
"Useless." Miranda proclaimed as she finally set his body free. It slid off the window at first before tumbling multiple stories to the ground.



His body splattered against the concrete, joining the others she'd already played with. Puny little weaklings who thought they could barter with her. They were doomed from the moment they met her.



Miranda cupped her breast with which she had just killed a man.

“You have no idea how often I fantasized about this.” She said to no one in particular.

She wasn’t just tall and strong now, but she had curves. Her body hadn’t just expanded vertically, but in the most feminine ways possible too. When she looked at her reflection now, she liked what she saw. No, she loved it. And she wanted more of it.



She had come so far from the scrawny little thing she had been earlier in the day. Always looking down, hunched shoulders, pushed around by everyone she met, always trying to please others.

Bullied all her life.

Not anymore though. Whatever coursed through her veins, it made her confident too. And she was going to use this newfound confidence to grow even-

Miranda's train of thought was interrupted when she felt the earth shake ever so slightly. She thought it was just in her head at first, but the rhythmic shaking increasing in strength. It felt like it was coming closer, like someone...

"Oh fuck!"



Mere moments later the building in front of her exploded in a shower of concrete, dust and debris. She yelped backwards in surprise as everything around her shook while something huge emerged from all the cacophony.



It was a foot, of course, and as it landed, it shook the ground so much that Miranda lost her balance and fell back. For the first time since she had grown, she felt fear again.



No, it wasn't just fear. It was pure terror. As she looked back, she saw a foot that could easily crush her completely underneath. All that previous confidence melted away instantly and she felt the old Miranda take over.





She then looked up, and it was like getting punched in the gut. It was Hannah, and she was so tall that she made her feel like mouse again. She was ready to beg, to submit to this unbelievable goddess that stood in front of her and beg not to hurt her again.

“Where the hell are you, Kate?” Her booming voice came, and Miranda suddenly realized Hannah hadn’t even noticed her.



Just like Mouse, she used the opportunity to crawl away. She was so small and pathetic that Hannah wasn't even aware of her presence. And she dared to call herself big and strong. She was so stupid.

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She almost cried again at the humiliation she was being subjected to. On the run once more, trying to find some hole she could hide from them again. She had been so stupid and pathetic to have believed for even a second that she could match them.

"Kaaaateee!" Hannah voice shook everything again while Miranda hid between buildings, her heart thundering so much that she feared Hannah would notice her just off that.

"Come on Kate, where did you go? I found something interesting I gotta show you."



The ground shook again, and Miranda dared a peak and saw Hannah strolling forward again, wreaking havoc wherever she stepped and making her presence felt as she skipped entire blocks with each one.

“Huh, what is that...” Miranda heard Hannah say as she felt her confidence return just enough for her to step out of the shadows again.



Watching Hannah's confident stride carelessly destroying everything in her path made Miranda feel something else now. Something deep and hot smoldered in her, a rage she couldn't quite smother.

Hannah had just reduced her to her previous pathetic self, forced her to crawl around and hide in the dark corners like a fucking rat. And she had done so without even being aware of Miranda's existence. It was felt so humiliating.

Then and there, Miranda swore she wasn't going to let herself feel what she was feeling at that moment ever again. She promised herself was going to grow as big as them... or even bigger. And then she'd teach them some lessons.



Somewhere else in the city, a military convoy was making their way through the streets full of abandoned cars, carelessly shoving them out of the way as they streamed through. Sergeant Hatfield had strict orders to move as efficiently as possible to his destination.

Their orders were to move to the entry of the East Bridge, help with the evacuation efforts funneling through there, and under no circumstances let anyone through the bridge and back into the city center.





So when he felt the ground shake even through the moving truck beneath him, his blood froze. He looked frantically around for the source until Matson radioed in from the backmarker truck.

“Holy shit Sergeant, she’s behind us!”

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Hatfield stood frozen on the hatch of the truck when he saw her. Her monumental size, her incredible beauty... he didn't know what to think. The convoy slowed to a crawl as each of his men wanted to take a glance.

She was unaware of them at first, but her gaze moved like looking for something. When her eyes finally landed on them, his blood went even colder.

"Oh, hey boys!" Her feminine voice said.



“Shit!” Hatfield exclaimed, his trance broken by her awareness of them. He grabbed his radio, “Everyone move move! Smash the pedal and get us away from here!”

His truck and the troop transports behind him bolted forward, speeding as fast as possible away from the giantess. “Turn right!” He yelled through the radio, his instincts kicking in. They needed to get away from her line of sight as fast as possible.

“Awww,” He heard her voice behind them, “Am I really that scary?” She giggled.



They quickly made their way through the streets, plowing their way one intersection after another as he barked orders on the radio. They moved in a zigzag pattern, trying to put as many buildings as possible between them and that beautiful, monstrously large girl that Hatfield only now realized wasn't the same one as 5 years ago. What the fuck was going on in this city?

"Faster!" He yelled. "Don't worry about the fucking truck, just go faster Donald!"

He'd felt her rhythmic steps behind them at first, following them he presumed. But they grew fainter with each corner they took, slowly raising his confidence that they might have lost her.



Neither he, nor his driver were prepared when she suddenly appeared right in front of them, like a magic trick, sliding from the corner as she laid down on the road, blocking it entirely with her massive body.

“Found you boys!” She giggled while the giant tits right in front of him grew bigger and bigger. He couldn’t fault Donald forgetting to break, he supposed. It was quite a sight.



His truck slammed head on on her lower breast, sending Hatfield flying, smacking onto the soft flesh upside down with his back while the gargantuan breast resisted the pressure and fought back, pushing the whole truck backwards.





“That’s why you should always wear your seatbelt!”
Kate laughed as she watched the little soldiers struggling to get out of the tiny truck in visible pain, groaning and shouting. She was especially amused with the one that landed between her boobs.

Then her gaze shifted to the other soldiers streaming out of the other trucks like ants, shouting and barking orders as each and everyone of them aimed their guns at her. She had hoped she would find some substantial firepower in here, but it seemed like these were just the usual footsoldiers. Their pinpricks would barely be a nuisance to her. Oh well, she wouldn't waste much time with these guys.



They were shouting something about letting their sergeant go, or they would open fire. "What," She looked at the little man trying to get off her boob, "This one here? I think he's making progress all by himself."



She laughed again, and this time the tremors of her laugh jiggled her boob enough to make the little soldier in charge slip and slide, screaming as he fell towards the ground. Kate wondered if a mere fall from her boob would so much as break a man.



He grunted as he slammed on the asphalt, then twisted and rose on his hands and knees, groaning. His helmet and guard pads having offered enough protection it seemed. He moved to take his helmet and facemask off.





Hatfield looked around, confused. His vision swam, he could barely keep himself steady on his feet. One of his men moved for him, he could barely make out what he was saying.

"Cmon, Sarge!" He held a hand towards him, "Get away from her!"



Her? He turned around, and took an instinctive step back. "Oh... shit!"

"Sarge, cmon, please!" The soldier shouted, "She's dangerous!"

He held up a hand "Everyone calm down!" Then she looked at her. "A- and you... you need to stand down. If you remain calm and cooperate, we won't use force, ok?"

The giantess laughed, "Uuu, so scary! Should I hold my hands up?"

"We will take you in, one way or another!" Hatfield shouted, "It's up to you how this turns out!"



The giantess threw her head back for another laugh, "Oh wow, are you going to arrest me, little Seargant?" She said in a mocking tone, and moved her hand towards him, curling it into a fist as he backed away in fear, "Are you going to put some good old handcuffs on me-"

Suddenly all hell broke loose as everyone opened fire on her, tiny bullets peppering her skin in the dozens as the soldiers emptied their magazines on her.

“Fuck!” She held up a hand, shielding her eyes. “Alright I fucking get it, no sudden movements towards you precious little seargant.”

Though the bullets couldn't really hurt her anymore, the pinpricks were certainly annoying, especially from that machine gun on the other truck. And they didn't stop.



"I said I fucking get it!" Kate grew angry and balled a fist, holding it up high. Her aim was obvious as many of the soldiers scrambled to get away from the truck with the machine gun on top of it.



Her fist smashed on top of the truck, obliterating the soldier manning the machine gun and caving the whole truck in, causing its fuel tanks to instantly explode and sending everyone in the vicinity flying.





Kate withdrew her hand, her mood having shifted to annoyance now. "Thought we'd have a little fun, but you little trigger happy idiots remind me that I have better things to do than toy around with you."

Chaos reigned in front of her as many of the little men scrambled to their feet again, shouting at each other, running away in panic and taking sporadic potshots at her. She wanted to end this quickly and move on.

Hatfield flinched as he noticed the shadows all around him shift and crouched in fear when he saw the giantess move behind him, rise like a mountain, threatening to bury them all beneath her gigantic body.





"Not so brave now, are we?" He heard her say as she slammed her hand on the sidewalk, narrowly missing one of his men while the others panicked and already ran.

Just like that, his entire platoon was in the midst of being overrun. He didn't know if he felt angry, afraid, or amazed. Probably all of it at the same time. It made him freeze again, unable to think of the next course of action he needed to perform in order to protect his men.

Her knee slammed on one of the transport trucks, obliterating the cabin and causing another explosion that sent some of his men sprawling, others still running in panic like headless chicken.

Hatfield realized there was nothing he could really do. It was so easy for her. He could end them all if she wished, and he wouldn't be able to do anything other than just helplessly watching it all unfold.





Kate's mood lightened again as she watched the chaos between her legs she had caused. Seeing all these battle-hardened, highly trained soldiers fleeing, panicked by what to her were simple, casual movements, felt so invigorating, reminding her just how much she loved being big, and why she needed to get even bigger.

"Still don't wanna play with me, boys?" She teased, even swaying her boobs at them a little, which for some reason made a few of them respond by shooting back at her boobs.



"Oh, you like them that much, huh?" She giggled at them while they ran and shot back again and again. "Wanna get a closer look? I've always been proud of my girls."

Panicked shouts and more confusion spread through the soldiers' ranks as Kate leaned forward, her hand slamming against a car farther down the road and her torso sprawling over them, engulfing them in her shadow.



She hung her body there for a few moments, allowing the little soldiers to take in the view, stories high above them. They still shouted and shot at her in panic, trying to escape their inevitable fate. Then she abruptly lowered herself down.



The ground exploded underneath her. She could feel things crunch beneath her belly as dust billowed out. And she could see two of them almost having made it, now trapped beneath her boobs.

“No better way to die than by a hot girl’s boobs, no?” Her girlish laughter drowned their screams.



Kate shifted her breasts forward ever so slightly, crunching the tiny men beneath her boobs and ending their agony.

"Well, that was fun after all." She said. Then she thought she heard something from behind her.

"You fucking bitch!"



Then she felt it, the sound of machine gun fire and the spray of bullets between her legs. She yelped at first, but forced herself to remain still a moment later, allowing herself to focus on this curious sensation those bullets were giving her. Strong, pleasant ones.



She then turned around to spot the source, and could see the little Seargant having picked up the unseated machine gun and shooting at her, both with bullets and with explatives.

“You’ll fucking pay for it!” He screamed. “You won’t get away with it! I swear by my-”

"Yes yes, keep firing." Kate said, her tone low and seductive. "Especially right here." She pointed with her fingers towards her pussy between her legs.

Disappointingly though, it lasted for only a few more seconds before he gave up, unable to keep the machine gun fire steady as it slipped out of his grasp.





Kate wanted to berate him, to taunt him into doing it again, but then she had another idea. She bent and picked up another straggling soldier who was trying to get away from her, looked at him, and looked at the others that were still alive.

“Hmmm, how many of you are still left?”

Minutes later, Hatfield and what remained of his men found themselves hundreds of feet in the air, carried on the palm of the giant as she waded through the streets of the city. He could barely make out where she was carrying them, everything turning into a blur while she appeared to be looking for something.





Then she stopped, everything calmed, and moments later her palm turned and both him and his men screamed as gravity disappeared. They thought she was going to let them fall to their deaths, but instead they found themselves on solid ground.

“Perfect.” Hatfield heard her say as he looked around. They were on a rooftop. Why would she place them there?
He ducked out of instinct when her hand came again, but this time for the escape door on the far end of the rooftop and demolished it. Hatfield had a really bad feeling about all of it.





“Exactly the right height.” She exclaimed as she stood tall again.

Hatfield looked at her enormous naked body that produced conflicting emotions inside of him looming over them menacingly. He noted she’d already brushed off the dust and blood stains off her body. The only mark most of his men had left on her, already disappeared.

“What the fuck do you want from us?”



"To have fun, of course." She smiled. "Now, if you would pick up your guns, that would be great."

"What is even the point?" Hatfield's frustration seeped more and more through. "Our guns can't do shit against you." He said it more as a depressing fact to himself than a statement to her.

"Exactly!" She said, "But they do tingle in a nice way!"



"This giant bitch wants us just to tickle her with bullets?" One of Hatfield's men said in a hush.

Hatfield sighed as he knelt and picked up his machine gun while his men argued.

"You heard what she said!" Another one said. "It's not like we have a choice?"

"But we fucking do!" The reply came. "We can just tell her to fuck off."

"And then what? She uses us instead of bullets to have fun?"



“Listen up!” Everyone stopped arguing when Hatfield shouted. “She’s got us trapped, and we’re at her mercy. Maybe there will be help, so we’re going to have to play for time.”

His men nodded at him and slowly picked up their guns, reloading and readying them.



“And I bet she has a fucking weakspot somewhere.” He said as he hoisted the heavy machine gun up, planting it against his torso. “So were going to fucking find it!” He started firing, aiming straight at the giant girl’s pussy.
“Hell yeah!” his men shouted, following suit.



The rooftop erupted in gunfire as all the soldiers started emptying their clips between the giantesses legs.

"Ahhh," She moaned, "This is fucking amazing. How haven't I tried this till now?"

"Yesss!" She said louder. Her hand came between her legs and spread her lips apart. "Shoot at me boys! give it everything you got, and right here!" She leaned her lip ever so gently forward.



For some reason it finally dawned on Hatfield what she was onto. She was simply masturbating, but instead using them and their guns like some kind of vibrator. His and his men's lives were being risked just so this girl could get off. He didn't understand how he could be so blind. He felt a rage like never before.





“You fucking bitch!” He screamed. “I’m not going to give you the satisfaction! Men, shoot at her face instead!”

They followed, aiming higher, shooting towards her head, though it was difficult due to the two massive tits that were obstructing the line of sight.



Hatfield saw that it was effective when the giantess grew annoyed. "Yes! Keep at it men!"
"Hey!" The giantess held a hand in front.
"What are you doing? Don't shoot at my face! That's rude! Stop"



But they still kept at it. It was working. They were going to teach her a lesson, Hatfield thought, and-

Hatfield stumbled when the giantess suddenly moved her leg forward, brushing the side of the building. The whole building shook, and part of it gave way as the giantess simply bent and cracked the concrete, pushing it inwards.



Then she stepped forward with her other leg, bending the building inwards in a similar fashion and placing herself exactly above them, flanked by her thighs and her giant pussy looming over their head.

The foundations of the building groaned and complained, and Hatfield and his men held their breaths, wondering if it would hold.

"See, boys," She said, and they all looked up again, "if you don't do what I ask you to do, I will simply clench my legs, and you will be gone."
She moved her hand between her legs again, spreading her lips once more. "Now, where were we?"



Hatfield's men didn't even look at him for confirmation before they did her bidding again. His anger melted, his machine gun dropped as he looked around distraught while his men opened fire again and that fucking spoiled bitch above moaned in return.





Just how had it come to this? This morning he had woken up with his girlfriend in his arms, had a nice breakfast and left for the base leisurely. Hours later he found himself trapped on a rooftop straddled by a giant brat who was demanding to be fondled with actual fire weapons. The absurdity of all rekindled his anger.

"AAARGH!" He screamed as he hoisted the machine gun again and fired round after round again, wishing for just a single bullet to penetrate that god damn layer of skin, just so he could say he did something, that he left a god damn mark on her while she was getting off.





The giantess' moans filled the air around them and the building shook again.

"Don't you fucking stop!" She said, tipping her head back.

Hatfield hated feeling so powerless, so helpless. He was a man. A soldier. But he was reduced to nothing more than a toy for her.



Her moans grew higher in pitch, and her thighs buckled, clenching, and the concrete gave way, cracking and buckling inwards as it yielded to the might of the giantess.

“Ahhhh!” The giantess moaned again while both him and his men lost their footing and the gunfire mostly stopped, replaced by their own screams instead.



Hatfield didn't want to really believe it, but he knew what was happening. It was not fair, not fair at all. He screamed in rage, in what little defiance was left in him as the entire foundation of the building he was standing on rattled broke apart.



Moments later Kate's powerful thighs clenched in their entirety, crushing everything between them while accompanied by her repeating moans. It was too much for the structure as it broke apart and started collapsing. She wasn't even aware the little sergeant disappeared into the rubble of her own making.



The rest of the soldiers tried to hold on to whatever chunks of concrete seemed stable enough, but a dark hole formed where her thighs had obliterated the rooms and corridors below, growing and swallowing everything in its path. The soldiers disappeared into the dust filled darkness too, their screams silenced by the chaos around them.



"Oh no!" Kate exclaimed as the sensations between her thighs disappeared and she looked down, watching the building collapse from underneath her.
"Fuck, I wanted to play more!" She sighed.
"Should've been more careful..."

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"And I wasn't even done yet." She said to no one in particular as the mighty crash of the collapse produced enormous amounts of dust billowing out around her legs. "Everything's so damn fragile now." Her mind thinking about what she should do next, the soldiers that had just served her already forgotten about.

Then Kate noticed that the sound of stuff crashing wasn't coming just from the destroyed building beneath her, but from somewhere else... in a rhythm. Footsteps.



"I see you've been having some fun without me." Hannah said. Kate turned to look at her, a sting of anger running through her at the sight of her towering body far above her.

"And?" Kate hissed. "I don't need to be doing everything with you all the time." She turned her back towards Hannah.

"Aww cmon Kate, we're besties, aren't we?"

"If you say so."

"And you know what besties do? They bring gifts to one another."

"Gifts?" Kate turned. "What gifts?"

Hannah knelt, bringing herself level with Kate.

"Well, she first produced her left hand."





“On one hand I found what you were looking for.” She said as she produced a tank. “There were more of them, but I only needed this one.”

Kate’s brows perked up, “Wait, so, you have a better gift than that?”

Hannah laughed as she produced the bus on her other hand. Kate looked at, frowning. “A bus?”

“Remember the Volleyball team from Eastview from last semester?” Hannah said. “The ones that kept gloating after they beat us last second?”

“How could I forget that bitch Tiffany.” Kate said, looking at the bus curiously. “Would’ve strangled her if I had the chance back then.”

“Well”, Hannah giggled, “I got her and the entire team in this bus!”

TO BE CONTINUED

Thank you for your support!