

**ASCENSION:**

*BULLIES*

**PART SEVENTEEN**



"Come out come ouutt!" Miranda sang, giggling.

"Stay put everyone!" The soldier said, "This chopper is sturdy. We're safer in here than out there."

"Awww, why won't you come out? Do I have to make you?"



The people inside shrieked when the metal tube behind them started screeching and bending inwards, putting any hopes of safety within the chopper out of the question. They were being pushed out like paste being squeezed out of a bottle.



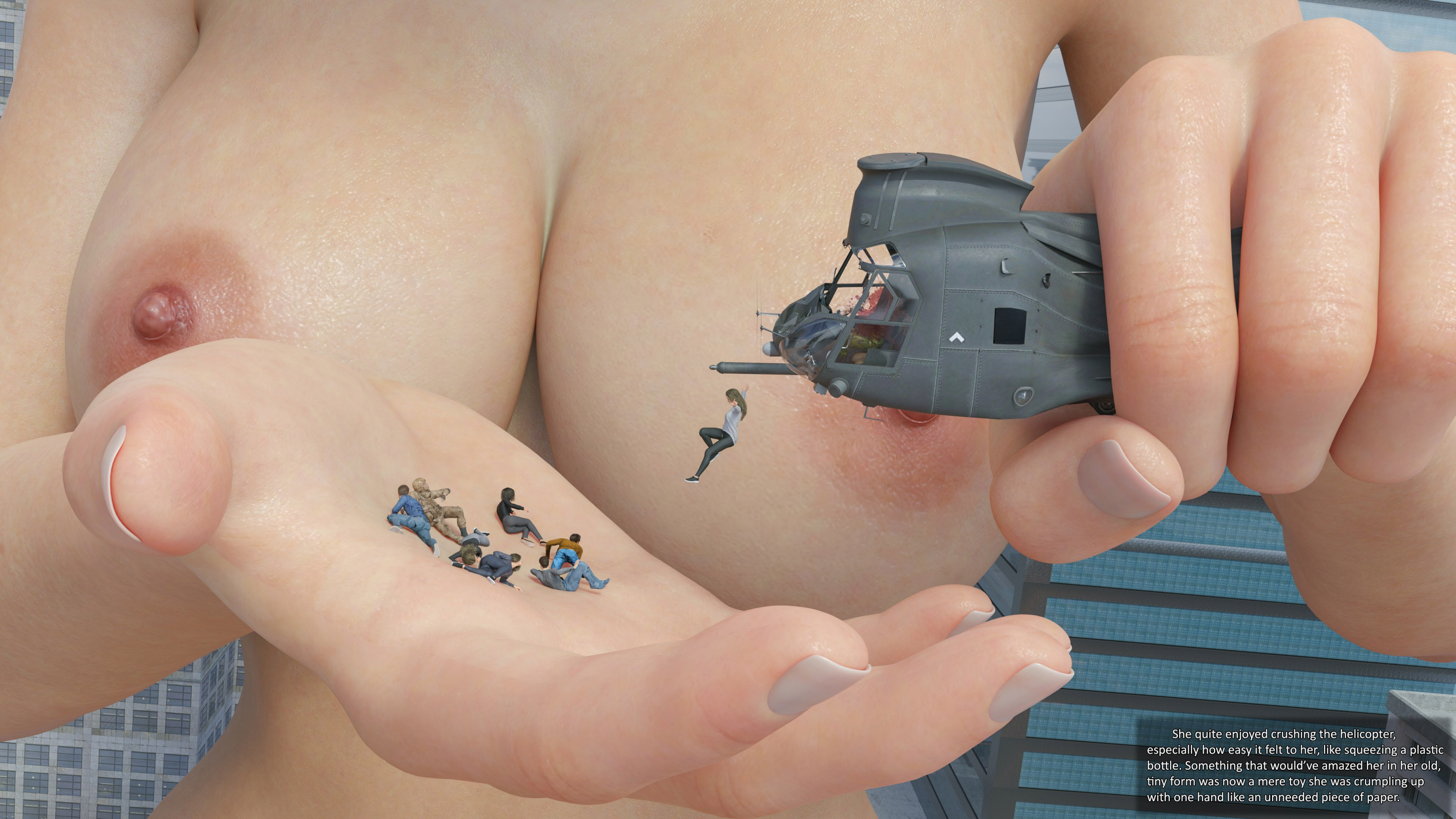
“Ahhh, see? It isn’t so hard, is it?” Miranda smiled as the first people started to emerge out of the broken cockpit.



"Here," She said and brought her other hand close, "Jump onto my palm."

They hesitated at first, and in response she put more force into the metal of the helicopter. They quickly obeyed as they started jumping on her palm one after the other.





She quite enjoyed crushing the helicopter, especially how easy it felt to her, like squeezing a plastic bottle. Something that would've amazed her in her old, tiny form was now a mere toy she was crumpling up with one hand like an unneeded piece of paper.

Her mind quickly forgot about it as her focus fell entirely on the group of people stranded on her palm. Small, defenceless, completely at her mercy. She held literal lives on the palm of her hand. And she could do whatever she wanted with them.

She didn't know why she felt this incredible rush of power that emanated from between her legs, and she didn't even really care. She enjoyed it very much.



But first...

"Alright, all the men on my other palm." She declared as she brought her other hand forward after discarding the ball of metal that had just been a helicopter into the distance.

Once again they hesitated before they obeyed after threatening them by tipping the entire group towards their certain death far below them. The group was almost evenly split between the genders. In fact she was a little disappointed there was one more man than a woman instead.





"I'll be honest, I never cared much for men," She said. They all watched her with utter fear in their tiny expressions, and complete focus. It felt so powerful to command their attention so effortlessly. She was no longer a scrawny, invisible girl. No, the world was going to take notice of her now.



She thought for a few moments on what to do with them, and almost threw them away before an idea occurred to her. Something she had heard the bullies had done.

She brought her hand with the men to her mouth and tipped it over, forcing them inside her mouth one after the other. The ones that still resisted were met with the dexterity of her tongue as they were quickly dragged inside.

She had almost thrown up when she had heard about the absurdity of what the other bitches had done, but now that she was a giantess- no, a goddess, feeling these helpless, panicking men inside her mouth, she completely understood. It felt normal, as if it was the natural order of things. She was a goddess, they were merely human, ready to be consumed.



She laughed, deafening them as she toyed with them inside her mouth. How could she have ever thought that this feeling was absurd? It was the complete opposite, and these men should be honored that they were about to be sent into her depths to become a part of her.



She toyed with the idea of completely shredding their weak little bodies between her molars before sending them to their deserved destiny,, but decided that the idea of sending them down alive and kicking was far more appealing. So she tipped her head back and gathered them all at the back of her throat.



Miranda then swallowed, and their struggles disappeared into the depths of her stomach. She let out a deep sigh as if she had just drunk refreshing cool water after having been stranded her whole life in a desert. This was an awakening for her

“This is incredible,” She held a hand on her belly, faintly feeling their struggles as her stomach began its work on them.



She brought the women close to her stomach, "Can you hear them?" She asked, "I'm sure they're begging, pleading for their pathetic little lives. All they're going to get is a burning hell instead."  
"Please don't eat us!" One of the women shouted at the top of her lungs.



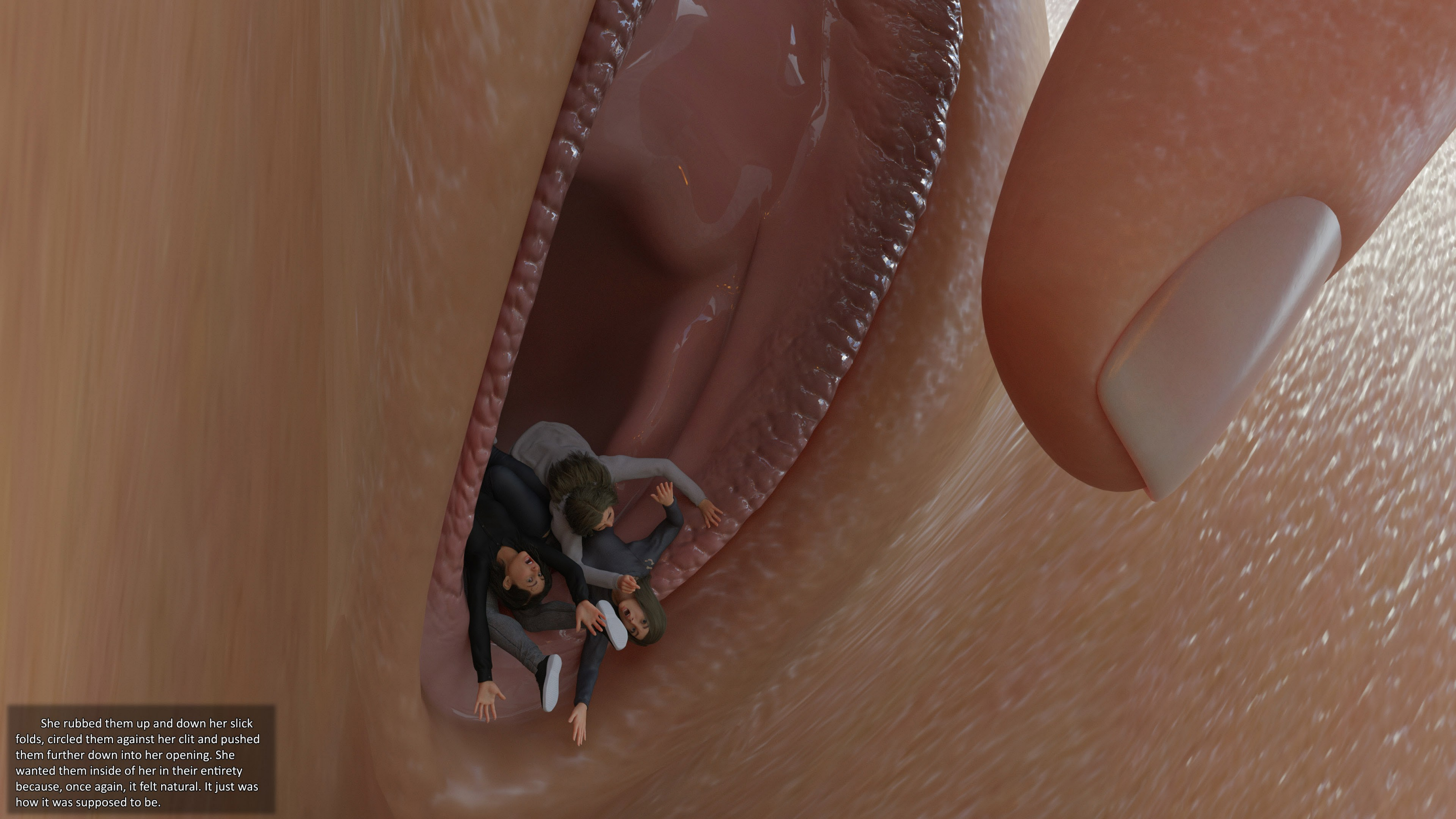


“Oh no, I’m not going to eat you,” Miranda giggled, bringing her hand down, “I have something far more exciting planned for you. As I’ve said, I never cared for men, but women? Oh my, you’ve always made me feel so funny down there.”



They begged and pleaded too, but Miranda didn't care, she only wanted one thing from them now, and she was in full control of their destiny too. Moments later they were all being mashed against the slick folds of her pussy and Miranda felt like she was ascending into a higher plane of existence.

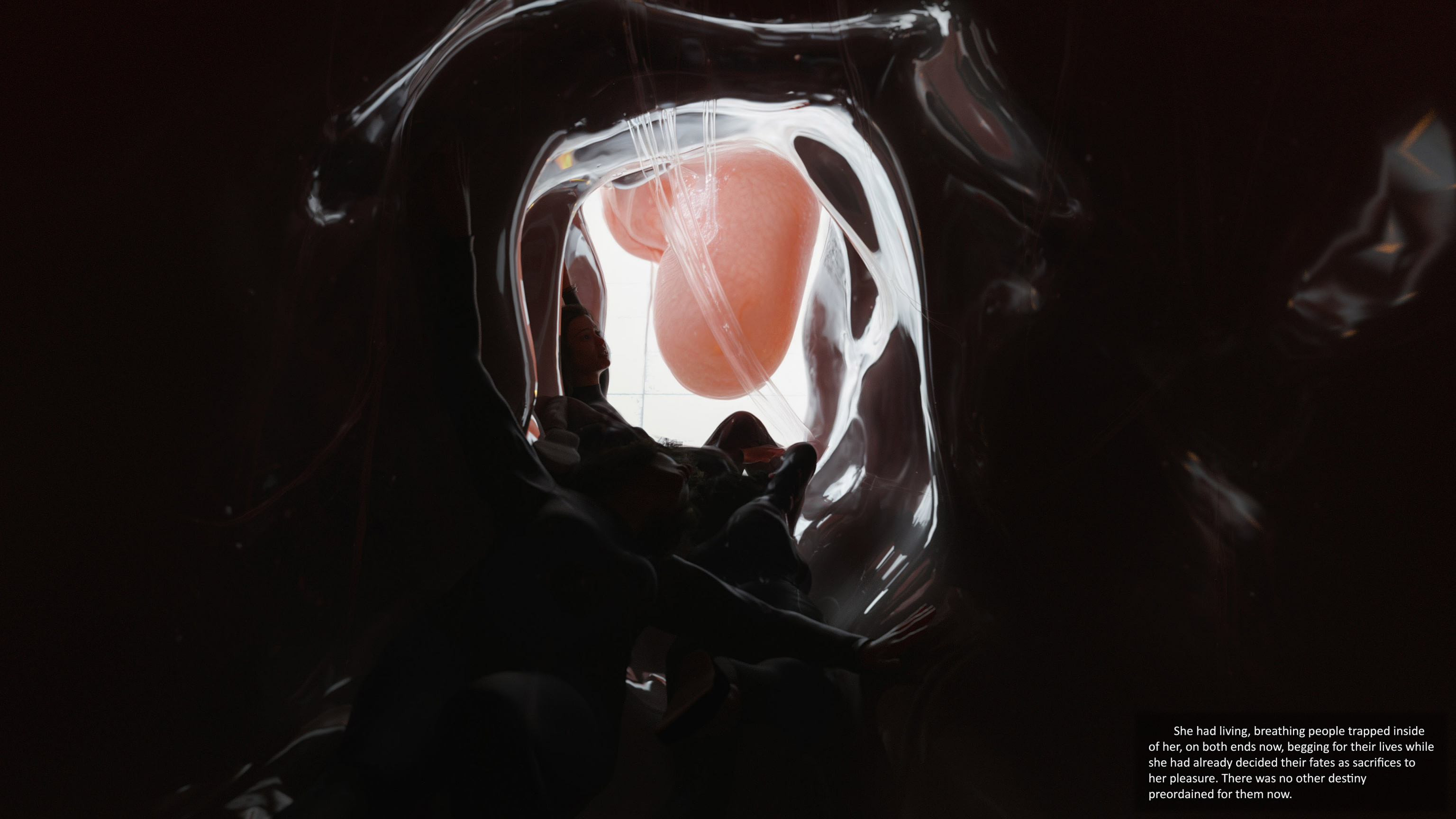
She could do whatever she wanted with them, and they were powerless to resist her. So powerless in fact that she was ready to trade their lives for her own sexual satisfaction. It was a fair trade, in her mind, for she was a goddess after all.

A 3D anatomical illustration of a female vagina. The vaginal canal is shown in a light pinkish-brown color with a moist, glistening texture. The labia minora are visible at the top, and the labia majora are at the bottom. Three small, stylized human figures are positioned inside the vaginal canal. One figure is at the top, another is in the middle, and the third is at the bottom. They appear to be interacting with the vaginal walls. The overall scene is set against a dark, textured background.

She rubbed them up and down her slick folds, circled them against her clit and pushed them further down into her opening. She wanted them inside of her in their entirety because, once again, it felt natural. It just was how it was supposed to be.

She pushed them deep inside of her, feeling them squirm against her finger and her slick walls, and she let out the deepest moan of her life. How could she ever think of sex in the future as anything but this?





She had living, breathing people trapped inside of her, on both ends now, begging for their lives while she had already decided their fates as sacrifices to her pleasure. There was no other destiny preordained for them now.

In fact, Miranda thought as she slowly stood up, four of them wasn't enough. She decided just now that four lives for an orgasm wasn't a fair trade after all. She wanted more, she deserved it. So she was going to hunt around for more, and hunt for the other pretenders too while she was at it.

And damn if it didn't feel good feeling them down there even as she stood up.



Meanwhile across the river on the other side of the city, far removed from the main action of the day, Diana enjoyed her afternoon sitting on a bench and lazily scrolling through social media on her phone which was completely exploding with footage of what the media had dubbed 'a pair of college bullies' after having digged through their private lives.

She had to admit, the girls had proved to have a lot more flair than she had ever expected. And they were doing exactly what she had intended.





As she scrolled down though, she suddenly came across an image of herself too. At first she thought it was just another image of her past rampage, but on closer inspection, no, it was in fact from a couple of hours ago. Some peeping tom had still managed to capture what seemed like a very close shot of her. Oh well, she thought, it wasn't like it was going to derail her plan anyway. It was too late for that now.

And she was rather amused at the fact that she was quite popular with the masses. After the death and destruction she had caused, she would've thought she'd strike fear in the hearts of men and women. But no, instead she was hailed as a queen or a goddess. She let out a soft laugh at that.

And speaking of plans, she thought as she heard the sound of a helicopter approaching, she stood up and watched it come into view and slowly land on top of the building across the street.

“Finally,” Diana said, “Out of your hiding hole you emerge.”



Diana crossed the street, walking confidently along the sidewalk as in the distance the entrance to the building started to get swarmed by police in their overstretched efforts to protect every single person of interest that could help them in their fight against the girls that were terrorizing the city. This one wasn't too high on their list, at least not anymore. They had no idea he should be at the top.

Fortunately the main entrance wasn't the only entrance to the building, and this person of interest was someone Diana was very keen to meet. Again.





“What am I even doing here?” Dr. William Richardson sighed, “Are they really so out of ideas that they’re resorting to a cripple for help?”

“But sir,” Dr. Sinclair, a redheaded assisting researcher said, “You’re the one that developed the gas that shrunk Dr. Lane back then. You’re a hero!”

“And look at the price I paid for it!” Willam shouted, “I can’t walk, I shit in a bag, and the only thing I can barely feel below my neck is a single finger to move this stupid contraption I’m sitting on!”

“Still, sir, you’re a hero, and your genius has always been your mind,” Dr. Sinclair said, “You can still help us search for a solution.”

“Genius,” He scoffed at the word, “The only genius was Diana, always pushing the boundaries... and besides, if the gas didn’t work on the bullies, then there’s nothing I can help you all with. Bringing me here was a waste of time.”

“We still hope that-



Before Dr. Sinclair could finish her sentence, the door to the lab blew open, flying inside the lab preceded by the lone soldier that was guarding the entrance to their lab. The women shrieked at the cacophony, though William remained calm as he watched the scene in front of them unfold.

He was astonished that all of that had seemingly happened at the hands of a woman. A woman that he recognized. A woman that made his blood run cold.



Diana entered the room calmly, scanning it until her eyes fell on William. "Ahh, William. It has been a while."

"D- Diana, is that really you?"

"What?" Dr. Sinclair screamed, "Dr. Diana Lane? Is that really her? What is she doing here? We have to... we have to... oh god!"

Diana ignored Sinclair and approached William, leaning in front of him. "I felt your bones break, William, cracking like twigs as I crushed the life out of you with my bare hand. I was sure I'd left you dead on the pavement. Color me surprised when I later heard that you'd somehow survived that. Barely it seems."

"Fuck you, Diana!" William felt no fear, all he felt was anger. "Look at me! Look what you did to me! You should've... should've made sure. This is worse than death!"

Diana smiled, "You won't believe, William, how glad I am that I didn't."





Dr. Sinclair suddenly tried to make a run for it while Diana and William were speaking, but Diana reacted quickly, grabbing Sinclair by her throat, and to William and the other research assistant's amazement, lifted her up effortlessly.

"What... How?" William gasped.

"Lingering side effects, William," Diana said as Sinclair struggled to breathe in her grasp. "Even after all these years. My wonder drug would've changed the world, William. But you had to fight it. And I'm honestly glad you did, because it's still going to change it. Already is. Just not in the way my naive past self thought it would. It's going to be so much better instead."

"What the hell do you want, Diana?" William spat, "If you've come here to finish the job, then just do it already! I'm not afraid to die. I in fact welcome it! I would've done it a long time ago if I could. What I'm going through is not worth calling a life."

Diana laughed, "Oh no, I have something far more exciting planned for you, William." Diana then turned to the other assistant and said, "If you value your life, get William here and follow me across the hall."



"Ahh, such a familiar sight!" Diana said as she entered a replica of the lab where it all started. "Brings back memories. Very nostalgic I must say."

"If you think I'm gonna help you grow again, you must still be very naive, Diana."

"Growing isn't something I need help with, William."

"Oh sure, because there's no other reason you're bursting here in your normal size!"

Diana smiled and released Dr. Sinclair from her grasp, casually throwing her to the ground as she coughed, still struggling to breathe. Then she produced a scalpel she'd taken from the lab and brought it to her other hand.

"I've always been arrogant in the past, and prideful," Diana said as she started to cut along her palm, drawing out blood, "But the years on the run have been quite humbling as I learned I needed the help of others to survive. To get what I want. I learned that there's always other people that are better at certain other areas of expertise. Such as you, William."

"What?" William was surprised to hear her say that.





William's surprise turned into shock as she watched Diana grow, again, right in front of his eyes. It was like the nightmares he always suffered from come true.

"Oh you have no idea how I love this feeling," Diana said as her body started to swell in mass, shredding her clothes apart as her beautiful naked body emerged out of them. "I will never get tired of this!" Her wound instantly healed, though some of her blood still lingered on her palm.

For a brief moment, William closed his eyes in expectation of Diana's body growing exponentially and crushing him and everyone in this building against her, but he opened his eyes to find her growth stopped about 50% larger than her original size.

"See, I learned to swallow my pride and now recognize what you've always been good at, William," Diana casually continued her speech while she was standing ten feet tall and completely naked in front of him, "Which is your area of expertise, of course: Immunology."

"What?" William was confused. "What do you want from me Diana?"

"Your help, of course."

"Are you crazy? There's nothing you can threaten me with to help you!"



Diana knelt down, "Maybe I am a little crazy, but I'm certainly not stupid. I know I can't threaten you, but what I can do is motivate you instead."

"Motivate me? If you think—" William was cut off as Diana brought her hand, which still had blood from her previous cut and wrapped it around William's head.

"Do you want to see a miracle, William? Then lick it. Lick my blood. Taste it and swallow it. Then you will understand what I'm good at. You will understand my genius in turn."

William looked at Diana and her crazy eyes, thought about this whole crazy situation he suddenly found himself in and the batshit insane thing she was trying to force him to do... and then did it. He didn't know what compelled him to lick and swallow Diana's blood, it certainly wasn't fear, but he did it anyway. Maybe it was because, as she said, she might be a little crazy, but she wasn't stupid. There was a reason to this.



It didn't take long until he understood it as, miraculously, he started to feel the tips of his fingers. And then slowly the numbness from the rest of his hands and arms retreated as feeling returned to his limbs, now aching instead of completely numb.

"What... how?" He put effort into moving his arms, and they responded. For the first time in five years, he could feel his arms!

Diana stood up and patted William's head, "There's a miracle flowing inside of me, William, and I'm willing to share it with you. I'm willing to make you whole again. You could walk again, and even more.

"It's not possible!" William said.

"Oh please, William. Have you seen that redhead on the news? Have you seen the before and the after?"

"That was you?"

"Of course."



Diana strode to the high-tech Pharmagen Reactor William had designed in his glory days and sat on it. "I'm willing to give you so much more than your mobility back, William. Those girls, the redhead specifically, and this small gift of mine just now? It's all just a demonstration."

"And in exchange for that, you want what exactly?"

"Tailor made Immunosuppressants." Diana said. "See, my immune system is constantly fighting against the miracle that is inside my blood, suppressing it instead, holding it back from its full potential. Even inside of you, it will fade away in a day or two as your body realizes there's something inside of you that shouldn't be there. You will lose your arms again."

"Tailor made immunosuppressants. My area of expertise..." William muttered, looking at his arms, knowing that what Diana was asking of him would likely mean the rest of the world suffering at her hands. Was he really ready to risk that just so he could walk and feel young again?





Of course he was, he thought as he steered his electric wheelchair towards a smiling Diana. She knew his weakness, and it has always been his greed.

"Sir! You can't possibly be thinking of doing what she's asking!" Dr. Sinclair protested.

"Shut up!" He yelled back at her. "And get to work! You're going to help!"

"What? No!"

"Are you crazy, you stupid idiots? Look at her! She'll snap your necks before you can even reach the panel to the door!"

"He's right, girls." Diana said calmly, "You should listen to him."

Deep down, William knew it was a mistake, but he didn't care. Either he was going to walk again, or the world was going to burn instead. He was fine with both options.



SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE CITY

“Shoot shoot shoot!” Sergeant Barry shouted and a cacophony of firearms erupted around him.

They stood in the midst of a devastated part of the city that had been just fine a few minutes ago. But just as they were ordered to retreat from the center of the city, they were chanced upon by what he could only describe as goddesses.

One of them, the blonde, upon seeing them immediately started to 'clear' the buildings around Barry just to get a better look at them, and with a final stomp on one Barry's trucks and everything around it made her point about wanting to be listened to too.

As the dust and smoke settled around them, she had only one request: To shoot at her. And that's what they did.





"That's it?" Kate looked down at them with disappointment. "I mean the last time I could at least feel some nice tickling. Shoot harder you little useless shits."

"How are they gonna shoot 'harder'?" Hannah's voice came from somewhere in the distance, laughing, "Machine guns are useless against us now."



“But,” Kate looked down at the miniscule soldiers that were smaller than the toy soldiers she’d seen boys play with as kids, “I thought they had bigger guns or something. These things looked like tanks. I can barely feel them.”

"They're not tanks, Kate," Hannah said as she casually smashed her foot through a twenty-story tall building looking for some toy soldiers of her own, "But I'm sure they know where we can find some."

"What, you want me to ask them?"

"No," Hannah rolled her eyes, "Just demand it or else..."





"I'm not stupid, okay?" Kate said in annoyance, "I just wanted to see if they could do anything first."

"Anyway," She looked down at the soldiers, "That's enough of that now," and swiped a foot through some of the soldiers and whatever these 'tanks' were, sending them flying.



“Hmmm,” Kate knelt down to get a closer look at them, trying to pick out their leader. Her eyes fell upon Sergeant Barry. He looked wide eyed for a moment as Kate’s eyes fell upon him before he dashed for safety. He only made it a few steps before Kate’s fingers pinched him.

Kate brought her little catch to her face, "What's your name, little soldier?"

"B- B- Barry, mam!" He said, almost pissing himself scared.

"Uuu, Mam! I like that!" Kate laughed, almost deafening Barry, "Anyway, Barry, do you know where we can find some tanks of yours around here?"

"T- tanks, mam?"

"Yes. You know, these things on tracks with big guns. Tell me fast and I won't let you fall to the ground. Plenty of other soldiers here to ask."

"Unity Square, Mam!" Barry the little soldier said, "There's an HQ over there! There should be some!"





“Unity Square, huh?” Kate smiled and looked around.  
“Alright, my little Barry, I’m a girl of her word, so I’ll spare you,”  
She said and slowly dropped Barry on top of a tower that  
offered no easy way to get down from.  
“If I find you’ve lied to me though, I’ll be back and we’re  
gonna have a word.”

“As for your friends though, they’re useless to me now.”  
Kate said as she stood up and brought a foot forward,  
hovering it above the panicking soldiers that now ran like  
little ants from Kate who was laughing above them with glee.

Barry begged and pleaded for the lives of his soldiers,  
but Kate could not hear him from he height.





Kate smashed her foot down on top of some of the soldiers, bursting a few into splatters of goo beneath her as her foot sank into the ground, breaking the tarmac around it.

“God I love being big,” Kate said, “Everything’s so mushy now!”



Kate's other foot came down on top of one of the not-tanks, pushing down on it with her toes. The rear hatch burst open and a few soldiers came crawling out of it, Kate saw

"Ha, it's like kicking a bee's nest or something. Except these bees barely sting."



Kate pushed down harder, the metal body yielding easily to her weight and power, "It's like pressing down on a tin can- no, tin cans are harder than this. This is more like a ball of tinfoil."

As she pressed further down, the pressure from Kate's relentless grinding caused the fuel tanks to explode, shooting out fire on both sides of her foot.

“Pretty!” Kate said from above, “But damn it I can’t even feel the fire all that much. What do I need to do to grow more?”

“More fire perhaps?” Hannah’s voice said from a distance.

Kate looked down, spotting some soldiers shooting pinprick bullets at her again, “Let’s see...”



Kate's foot came rolling forward like a bulldozer, catching and grinding one of the overturned not-tanks forward as well as engulfing some of the soldiers beneath her foot's shadow. They begged and pleaded again, though their voices would never be heard from Kate as she put her full weight on her foot.





Kate's weight was unstoppable as it crushed the vehicle beneath as well as catching the unlucky soldiers, compressing a couple of them into nothingness against the tarmac below as it once again yielded to Kate's weight. And once again the fuel tanks exploded, engulfing the area surrounding Kate's foot in flames.



“Still nothing,” Kate said, trying to feel some pain from the fire she was causing to no avail. “Maybe more?” She eyed another group of fleeing soldiers winding their way between the vehicles, though her eyes were focused on the vehicles themselves more as she took another step.

She stepped down hard, catching a truck, a not-tank and some cars in a single step and caused a mighty explosion that billowed out into a great fireball that sent smoke, debris and soldiers flying outward.



“Aww damn it, still nothing!” Kate looked disappointed as she waited for something to happen. “How can I stand in the middle of a fire like this and feel almost no pain?”

“We’re too big.” Hannah said. “Miranda’s explosion was far bigger.”

“How did that bitch even do it, ugh...”

Meanwhile Barry watched from his vantage point in absolute bewilderment as this blonde monster casually decimated his soldiers and caused so much havoc and destruction with her mere steps.





Through the smoke, Barry spotted a lone man having made it through all that and rooting for at least one of his men to get out of the hell hole he was witnessing, but he could see his man was looking back, trying to avoid the blonde when...

“No no no! Look ahead you idiot!”



It was too late though as the brunette spotted him just and he saw her gargantuan form in front too and she casually moved a foot towards him.

Barry expected him to get crushed beneath the gigantic foot immediately, but instead the brunette caught him between her toes. He was perplexed at the sight, trying to understand what she was doing as she lifted his man from the ground. He fought and resisted, his efforts growing wild until...

The soldier burst between her toes, splitting into two gory halves as the brunette casually crushed his abdomen into a gory mess between her toes.

"Gosh, they're so pathetically soft now," Hannah remarked from above.

Barry threw up from what he had just witnessed.





“Anyway, I think Unity Square is...” Hannah twisted around, looking at her surroundings before her eyes drifted in the distance, “There. It should be there.”

“Wow, you just know?” Kate was surprised, “Just like that? Without google maps or something?”

Hanna rolled her eyes once again, “Come on now Kate. Let’s find some tanks.”

Meanwhile Barry screamed at the top of his lungs, asking the giantesses how they could be so cruel and twisted, but his voice was far too weak and he’d already been forgotten by them as they strode through the city, leaving devastation in their wakes.

“What the fuck do you mean they’re coming straight for us?”

Colonel burst out of OP center in Unity Square, dread filling his veins.

“I’m sorry sir,” The voice on his radio said, “I thought I could save my men, I thought... oh god! You have to evacuate sir, please!”

“Soldier,” Sanders answered calmly, “Tell me exactly what you said and-”



The ground shook. It was low at first, but it was the distinct pattern of someone- no, of two people walking. Except that walk was making the whole area shake. Commotion erupted around him, soldiers bursting into life, shouting, most of them pointing somewhere towards the east. Reality felt like an ice-cold bath to Sanders.

“Get the chopper ready for take off!” He yelled at a nearby pilot as he ran to get a better view.



At first there was just the shaking ground and nothing else. They were hidden among the tall buildings around them, like ants in a grassfield. Then a giant leg appeared in the distance, the sound of her footfall carrying like a distant explosion.

Sanders was stunned. It had been just a few hours since the last time he had an encounter with them, and he'd been monitoring them in those hours since too through drone views and other surveillance methods. But seeing them now, at this since, in person, was just something else.

"Sir, your orders sir?" A nearby soldier said, but he was transfixed on her.





A deep part of him hoped that the brunette, the one his report said was a first year college student named Hannah McKay, would just pass by as nonchalantly as they usually did strolling through the city. But she was looking around, and he knew what she was looking around for of course. She smiled just as her eyes fell on them.

"Ahh, there it is! And they've got Tanks!" Her voice carried so blatantly over through the avenue.

"What?" Sanders thought, but his training kicked in and he raised his radio, changing it to the board channel frequency everyone would hear, "Listen to me! It's Colonel Sanders, do NOT engage. I repeat, DO NOT ENGAGE. Grab your gear and evacuate. Disperse in all directions as fast as you can!"



The chopper he'd ordered to get ready suddenly rose, catching Sanders' attention. "What the fuck!" He changed the channel to hail the pilot directly, "What the hell are you doing? Get back down here!"

But obviously the pilot wasn't going to listen. Despite their training, panic kicked in and he seems to be bolting it. Just like that, Sanders lost control of the situation already.



Sanders started running, away from where the brunette was coming from when a shadow above him captured his attention. He looked up and stopped on his tracks, his blood running ice cold.

“Oh wow, there’s so many of them!” The blonde said, appearing like a giant menacing monster between buildings dozens of stories high. The sight of such a huge being, moving so much weight so effortlessly... the human mind just wasn’t capable of comprehending it. Sanders’ mind too began to waver, despite his training, and panic began creeping in the back of his mind.

Before the panic could take hold of his mind completely though, he was thrown back by a shockwave coming from a cataclysmic stomp behind him that shook and broke the ground, making fuel tanks explode and sending even tanks in the air.



Sanders' ears rang, his mind was dazed and he needed a few moments to clear his head as he looked up to another stomp on the opposite side of the square decimating his soldiers and equipment like they were toys.



“What do we have here?” One of them said and Sanders couldn’t help but look up. There he saw the blonde, Katherine Pierce, casually toying with the helicopter he was supposed to be in.

“Maybe this’ll do?” She said,

“How?” Hannah said, “It’s just a heli.”

“I don’t know,” Kate said, “Maybe it has like rockets or whatever.”



Sanders shook his head at the thought of his life being at the mercy of these girls as he brought up his radio, "HQ, this is Sanders, they are at Unity Square. I repeat, they are at Unity Square. They're decimating our ranks, we need back up! We need some kind of diversion so that we can evacuate safely!"



Up above, Sanders heard an explosion as he looked up just in time to see Kate squeezing the helicopter, flames bursting out of its shell.

“Eh, I guess not.” She said, “But I do love how squishy these things are. I could play with soldier stuff all day to be honest.”

“Cmon, Kate,” Hannah said, “She’s still around somewhere, you know. We need to get on with it.”





“Let’s get out of here!” Sanders yelled at his men around him while trying to avoid the falling debris from the chopper above. Too much was happening at once and the only thing he could really do right now was to get as many of his men to safety.



"Sir? Sir!"

Sanders turned around just to see his operators, Jake and Beth, running for their lives as more explosions rang around him.

"Come on! Faster!" He yelled. "This way!"



“Between the buildings! Run!” He gestured at the only escape route available for them, urging everyone around him to evacuate as quickly as they could while trying to keep an eye on the movements of the giant girls at the same time.

Then a shadow moved above them and he yelled, “Stop! Stop!” But it was too late.

The stomp obliterated his operators, cracked and broke the ground, sending him and hundreds of pieces of debris flying from the impact site. Once again, it should've been him, but he got lucky.



“Let me grab a couple of them,” Hannah said just as Sanders opened his eyes to see the girls staring directly at his soul.

“Nah,” Kate said, as she crouched down slowly, “We can do this down at their level. No need to stare at our feet all the time.”





“What do you say, boys?” Kate said, seemingly aiming her rear at his men, “Wouldn’t you want to stare at my gigantic beautiful ass before you die? You should be honored.”

Sanders watched helplessly as she positioned her rear just above a group of his men who were either screaming or firing uselessly back, and dropped down.




Sanders barely recovered from the last impact before yet another one hit him, this time as hard as a truck. Kate's ass caused an earthquake so strong it sent everything in the immediate vicinity flying. Soldiers, equipment, tanks, nothing could withstand the meteoric impact of her ass.

Sanders lost consciousness as he impacted the ground, the world around him spinning into darkness.



He was jolted back to the land of the living by guns firing behind him.

“What...” He looked around, confused. Somehow he was still alive. And what was that? Were his men fighting back? He looked back at the tanks that were firing, and their target.



"It stings!" Kate said, annoyed, "But I don't feel anything changing. Damn it! Fire harder you little useless shits!"

Sanders watched as the blonde kept encouraging the tanks to fire at her. He saw the armor piercing shells pierce her skin, sending small flakes of blood flying before her skin somehow warped and healed.

"What the..."



"Yeah," Hannah said, "Seems like these things are useless to us now."

Sanders turned around to see Hannah casually lift a 70-ton tank and play around with it, smothering its armor like it was dough, likely crushing the operators within to paste.

"Fucking cunts!" He yelled, and as he did, his mind cleared enough to realize that they were trying to grow, and that it wasn't working anymore. Were they actually free to fight back now?



He couldn't let this opportunity pass. He quickly grabbed his backup radio, slowly backing into a corner because he was pretty much an invisible ant to the giant bitches, and hailed HQ.

"HQ, Listen to me, this is Colonel Sanders. The girls seem to have reached some kind of limit to their growth. They're trying to hurt themselves, but it's not working. Not even AP rounds from the M1's working on them. I think we can do it now. I think we can pummel these gigantic entitled cunts. Send everything you have in the vicinity. NOW!"

Sanders made his way through the rubble and to safety before he could be swiped off the face of the earth by a casual movement of one of their feet, all the while relaying specifics of what he wanted against the girls. The ground shook again, and he looked back, but the girls didn't seem to have moved, chatting between them instead.

"What..." He looked around, confused, and then he saw her, "Oh, fuck me."



**TO BE CONTINUED**

**Thank you for your support!**