



# ASCENSION

PART FIVE

WRITTEN BY: PAPAYOYA

ILLUSTRATED BY: LFCFANGTS



Marshall managed to keep his composure enough to do as commanded by the giant woman. Of course he was scared shitless, but he knew he had not any other option if he and his wife were to live.

Jill was looking at him, the terror evident in her face. Marshall moved his eyes away from his wife. Looking at her made things harder.

The giant woman was eager to get some news. She listened carefully as Marshall went through the coverage in the news, ranging from the moment she had appeared, growing through Eclipse's lab building to her confrontation with the cops first and the military later.

"I made some demands. I want Dr. William Richardson!"  
The giant woman said.

Marshall started shaking visibly, which made their captor  
narrow her humongous eyes.

"There was a lot of buzz about it on the news when you said  
it. Authorities claim that he is in an undisclosed location."  
Marshall said.

Judging by the frown on her face, it was obvious that she  
had not liked the question. He would have hoped that she  
would not kill the messenger, but after a careful observation  
of her antics so far, he was not certain at all.

"You better not lie to me!" The woman said in a cold voice.



With no warning, the giant's digit, which was clearly longer than Marshall was tall, curled around his body. Marshall tried to fight it, but it was to no avail.

Diana held the diminutive man in front of her face, enjoying the idea she had had on how to do it. She was far too big to wrap her hand around a person like the 50 foot woman would have, but this was a nice enough substitute. She enjoyed seeing how ridiculously puny a full grown man could look.

"Do you want to reconsider your answer?" she asked, sounding anything but friendly.

"I swear they did not tell. Everyone is asking that question. There's a lot of pressure on the mayor to deliver the scientist to you. No one knows where he is." Marshall said.

Her frown lasted a few more seconds. They were the longest seconds in Marshall's life.





He almost felt thankful for being back at her palm, no matter how ironic the thought was.

"I'll believe you. You'll regret it if I later found out that you lied to me." The thundering voice of the giant said as her hand turned and he felt the motion starting.

Jill and he had to fight to keep their balance as the giant woman sloped her hand and moved it back to their apartment.

Diana realized that it was one of the first times, if not the first, that an interaction between them and the regular-sized people did not end with them dead. She chuckled as she gently dropped them. The fact that she did so next to the corpse of a reporter she had crushed between her nipple and a building's façade made the entire outcome of this last interaction even more unique.



Marshall had never been happier to be back home, even if there was little left of his apartment. The lighting outside abruptly changed and he felt something close to a stab to his heart when the face of the giant woman filled their view outside the broken façade of their building. Marshall dreaded the possibility that she might have had second thoughts about releasing them.

It turned out that she just wanted to say some parting words.

“There’s a reason you two are still three-dimensional.” Diana said. “I want the mayor and the city to hear not just from me. At least, not directly. Call every station. Let them know that I have no problem killing you by the dozens until Dr. Richardson is delivered to me. Ask them if the life of one person is worth that of thousands. And let them know that they should be getting their fucking surrender speech ready.”



Diana was back on the move. Having spent some time with the military first and the news chopper and the building later, the streets were emptier than what she would have liked. There was no possibility to stomp on a dozen at a time.

From her vantage point of view, over twenty stories over the ground, it was still easy enough to find scattered groups every now and then.

Every time that her path crossed that of a small crowd, Diana could not help but wonder how in the hell the little humans could be so slow to react to her. She understood the difference in scale enough to know that she could move way faster than them, but she had always imagined that she would be visible enough for the people to clear her path way before her arrival. After all, it was not as if she was following them intentionally.

The best part of it all was that she barely had to make any adjustment to her regular walking pace when catching up with crowds.





She would, at most, take a little longer step. She also made sure that she stomped just a bit harder. It was not as if this would make any unlucky bastard under her sole any deader, but Diana had grown to enjoy the shockwave that her step produced, and how cars and nearby pedestrians were thrown around.

Not finding distractions at her feet so often, Diana soon shifted her attention to the buildings around her. She was not towering over every single skyscraper in Downtown, but it was still exhilarating to be able to beat a fairly large group of them.

A couple blocks down a boringly empty road, she passed by a tower that kind of rivaled with her. She could have stopped next to it to try to figure out which of the two was taller, the goddess or the buildings. Instead, she just slammed her fist on its narrower top floors, ripping them off the building and putting any doubts to rest.

She did not remember having ever felt happier than in these last hours.



Diana was advancing very quickly, still heading in the general direction of the airport. There was a reason for that: she barely found any distraction. Rationally, she should have been thankful for that, but the truth was that she was eager to play. Not even as a little girl had she felt so playful.

As she kept progressing, the goddess made an exercise to look at both sides of each intersection, almost as if she were crossing a road, not because of any concern for approaching vehicles, but actually looking for something that could amuse her for a while.



Under those circumstances, the elevated tracks were too appealing to let them go.

“What do we have here?” Diana asked aloud, almost cheerfully. She was not addressing anyone in particular, the stretch of road between her and the tracks almost as empty as the neighborhood she had been crossing over the last minutes.

She did not care about the lack of response. Feeling excited about the possibilities, she turned and headed for her new objective.





The tracks barely reached to mid-calf, so Diana had no problems at all to straddle them, vaguely resembling a scaled-up version of the classic movie poster. Her heart filled with glee when she heard a horn in the distance and saw an approaching train turning around a corner and heading towards the arch her legs defined.

Placing her hands on her hips in a commanding pose, Diana observed the incoming convoy with utter excitement.

The train's driver behaved as erratically as someone under the stress he must be suffering could be expected to behave. From her vantage point of view, Diana could see the sparks caused by his sudden braking and felt them disappear an instant later. She wondered what was going on when she realized that the driver was actually trying to speed up.

Was he trying to pass under her? Really?

Feeling somewhat offended, she decided to teach the driver and everyone else in the train a lesson about who was in charge and who was part of a real-scale model set. Raising her right leg from its resting position, she set in on the tracks and pushed down, easily bringing down a section of them and creating an impassable obstacle for the approaching convoy.





There was now no other option for the driver than to brake as hard as he could. Diana crouched to get a better view of the scene, debating on whether to let the train drop through the gap she had just created or stopping it.

The train seemed to advance at snail's pace towards her. And still, it did not look as if it would be able to stop on time. It was so slow that it was both pathetic and somewhat frustrating.

"You guys are helpless." She said as she reached out with her left hand.



Stopping the train with her slender arm was so utterly easy that it was almost unbelievable that the brakes had not been able to do the job.

Of course, Diana was not going to be satisfied merely by her casual display of close to infinite strength. There was only one thing a woman like her could do with a train like that: take a closer look.

She decided that a train car would suffice, by now, so with a dexterity that would have suggested that she had been a giant dealing with miniature cities her entire life, she took a hold of the second car with her left hand and closed the fingers of her right underneath the first one.

After everything she had accomplished so far, she had no doubts that she would have no problems to rip the two cars apart. Still, it was refreshing when her pull managed to break the thick steel bonds between the two sections of the train, producing some sparks in the process.

It was time to focus on her catch. Closing her hand on the train car's roof, Diana pushed the remainders of the convoy back and started to stand up, looking at the vaguely cylindrical object with curiosity. She knew one of those could hold dozens of people, so she felt very powerful handling it with such ease.





Back on her feet, Diana grabbed the train car with one hand on each end and looked at its contents with excitement.

It turned out that the train was not so packed as she would have hoped, but she still had plenty of people to play with.

"You guys are so cute." She said in a tone that was anything but reassuring.



Diana tilted the train car forward to have a better look, not minding the fact that by doing that she was making everyone on the vehicle lose their balance. It was actually amusing to see.

From the little people's perspective, the situation was quite different, though. Having been in the front car of the train, they had been privileged witnesses of the entire scene. Needless to say, every single person on the car was shitless scared.

"You guys cannot really stand a little shaking." Diana said from outside, clearly mocking them. "I wonder what would happen if I things got a little rougher!"



Without further warning, Diana let go her left hand from one of the train car's ends and held the vehicle just with her right hand, fingers closed around the opposite end.

She had no problems to keep the grip or to hold the weight. Of course, a side effect of her move was to have the train car rotate 90 degrees.



It was way too much for the people inside to resist. And to think that to Diana this had been barely a flick of a wrist. Passengers tried to hold for dear life to anything they found, handholds, poles and seats. Some managed to hold for a while. Unavoidably, they all ended up piling up at the bottom end of the now vertical train car.

After a moment of silence, screams and moans of pain filled the metal confines of the commuter vehicle.

It was time to take a closer look at her catch. Diana knew what she had to do. She just needed to replicate what she had done in the past at a somewhat larger scale.

Still, the size of the train car made peeling the roof off feel like opening a can of sardines. Its interior was not nearly that packed, but the image was both empowering and exhilarating.

Spying a woman that was still holding to a handhold for dear life was among the most amusing things Diana had seen the little people do, so far.





Diana observed the train car and its contents as if they were a box of chocolates. What she had just accomplished was yet another proof of just how much above everyone else she now was.

For those inside the train, the scene was significantly less comfortable. Having been abruptly stopped and then violently sent along the train car had left plenty of them badly bruised or, worse, with a few broken limbs.

None of the ones that had gone through the initial experience unscratched was much happier than them, though. Looking through the ripped roof of the car, the massive face of the giant woman that was toying with them was gazing at them with a sneer that did not preclude anything good.

"I so love being a giant." The woman said in a tone that was anything but reassuring.





Diana was then distracted by the now already very familiar sound of rotors. Turning and looking over her shoulder, she quickly identified the newcomer.

Apparently her previous antics with the press had not discouraged some new journalists to try to report on her. It was weird, but it suited her well. After all, the fastest way to take over was for everyone to realize that it was pointless to oppose her.



So, switching her smile off and turning, she eyed the news helicopter and gave it a few seconds to reposition. She wanted to make sure that they would get a good enough shot.

Once she thought they would be ready, she stared in the direction of the reporters and said:

"I told you things wouldn't be nice until you delivered William Richardson to me, but you guys seem to be getting sloppy. I think it's time to remind you what happens when I'm not happy."



Diana started bringing her hands together, twisting the train car like an accordion. Screams from the people inside intensified, but she just ignored them like the bugs they now were to her. She was making a point and she did not give a damn about them.

After her previous experience with the tank, the train car was proving to be a piece of cake. Still, the feeling of messing with a mass transportation vehicle and the multiple lives inside with such ease was incredibly stimulating. Once more, Diana felt herself getting wetter. She wondered if her permanent arousal was yet another consequence of her growth or this was just a natural reaction to wielding so much power.



People inside the train had been scared before, but their panic, once the train car they were in started twisting and bending, pushed by an incomprehensible strength, raised a few notches.

Metal groaned and deformed as the space they were confined in started to shrink.



A few seconds later, a full train car had been turned into a compact ball of mangled steel and oozing gore. Diana held it triumphally in one hand and showed it to the news chopper and, through it, to the entire world.

"Killing you is almost as easy as not doing it, so I suggest you get yourselves together and start fulfilling my commands right now!" she said. "Otherwise, I'm going to start trying some new things!"



Diana forgot about the train car and the choppers and resumed her way. The ever increasing itch between her legs told her that there would be no way she would be able to make it to the airport without relieving herself a bit first.

A couple of empty blocks frustrated her.

“God! Where the hell are men when you need them?” she even said aloud, letting herself go more than she had ever done before.

A couple of intersections later she found what she had been looking for, though. Her expression changed, a smile forming in her lips.



The doomed little people on the car Diana had spied tried their best to flee. Diana did not rush after them. She knew perfectly well that she would catch them sooner rather than later.

Of course, everything got even better when the car she was chasing made a left and had to brake hard, blocked by a tanker that had probably been abandoned by the driver of its matching 18-wheeler when chaos had erupted in the city.

The tinies, three of them to make it better, got out of the car, trying to find a way out. Diana's foot, stepping into the intersection, told them that they had nowhere to go.



Diana had originally been going after the tinies, hoping that a few of them would be enough to calm her needs. As she was crouching to pick them up in one hand, though, she kept eyeing the tanker, mentally sizing it.

"It looks just the right size," she said aloud, a luscious expression forming in her face.

“Still, nothing can replace the good old feeling of a man inside you.” Diana said as she brought the hand containing her captives down and proceeded to slide them into her craving pussy.

“Unless it’s the right size and shape, of course.” she then added.

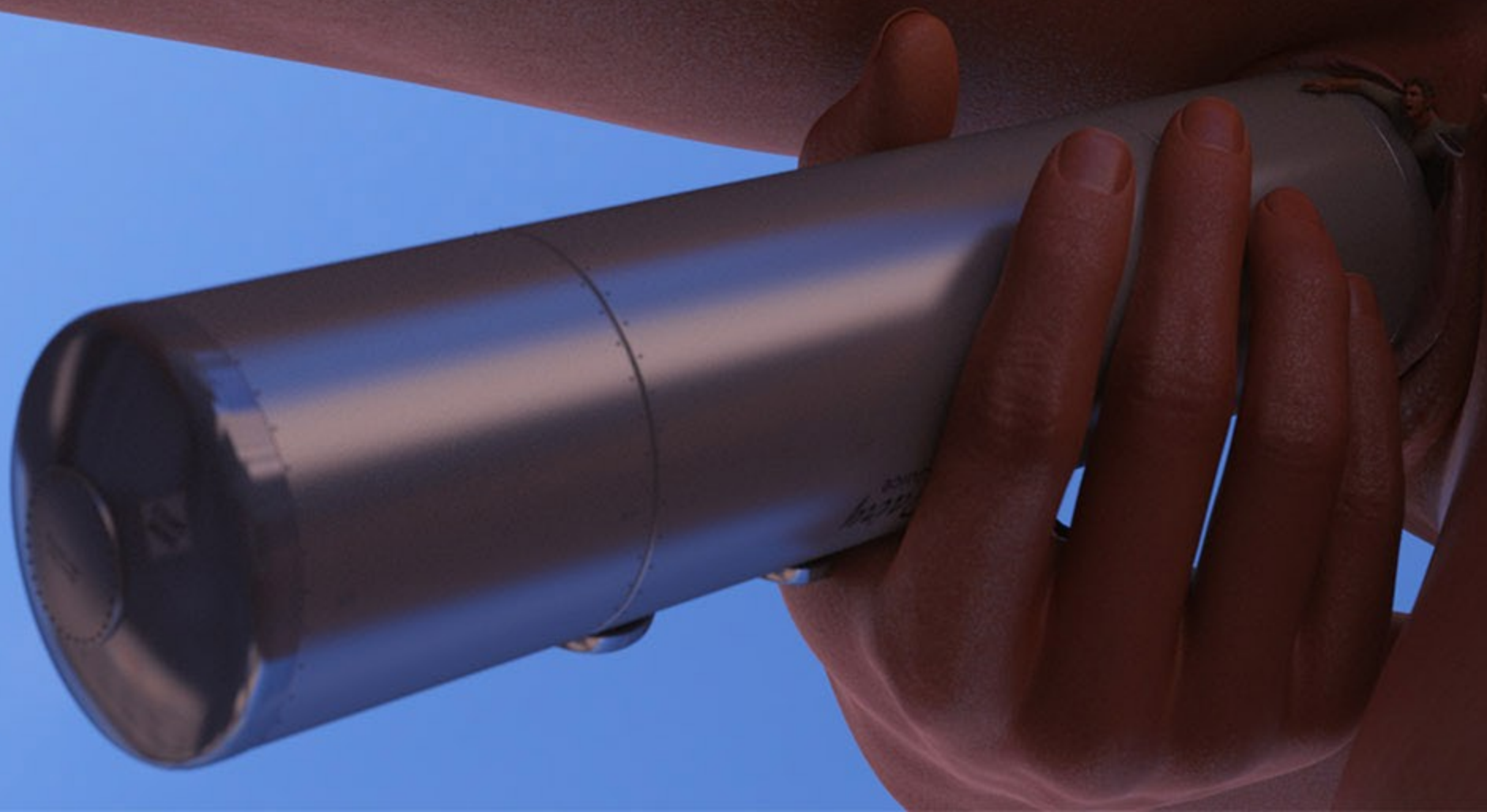




Easily splitting the tank from its base, Diana admired it some more and marveled at just how perfect it was.

*"I'm going to enjoy this!"* She thought.

Eager to test whether her theory was right, Diana wasted no time in bringing her newfound dildo to her waiting cunt. She was so wet that she had no trouble sliding it in, pushing her unwilling lovers with it.





Diana's moans could be heard across the city as she thrust and kept thrusting. None of the attempts she had done so far had been nearly as satisfying. After all, people had been very tiny, so even in group they had not managed to make any meaningful impression.

The tanker was different though. Not caring at all about the show she was putting together by those in the city still brave enough to watch, Diana kept masturbating, feeling a massive orgasm come for the first time in ages.



Her final yell as she reached the climax shattered windows and made a number of people deaf. Having been too focus on her work for too long, Diana hardly remember the last time she had been so satisfied sexually.

Feeling her knees weaken at the ecstasy, she just dropped on her ass and caused a minor earthquake in the neighborhood.

She was still panting when she lifted the tanker to her face and smiled at him.

“You are the best lover I’ve ever had!” She said in a bedroom voice. The blood stains all over it told her that her sex had been more animate than what just a dildo would have provided. It was a good observation. The good news were that she would have no problems to find some more volunteers in the future.



Captain Ellis could not believe that he was driving in the only direction no one else in town wanted to go: that of the giant woman.

He accepted his fate, though. He knew how big of a responsibility lay in his shoulders.



Diana turned to look over her shoulder when she was called by someone at her back.

She was so relaxed after her intense recent experience that she did not alter when she saw the squad car and the cops standing in front of them. It was not as if she was feeling threatened, after all.

“Did you guys want to join?” Diana asked, mocking. “I’m kind of done now, but if you stay around for a bit, I can probably fit you in soon enough.” she said.





“Dr. Lane. I’m Captain Ellis. I’m here to inform you that they Mayor has decided to deliver Dr. Richardson to you.”

Diana’s smile broadened.

“Mmmm... I see you’ve finally decided to start being reasonable. What about yielding the city to me, then?” she asked.

“The Mayor is willing to undertake negotiations if you promise to leave the citizens alone in the meantime.”

Really? Could he be so stupid? Well, she was not going to complain if he was.

“Sure, I have no problem in having a chat with him. I want William first. I guess I don’t have to tell you what will happen if you try to trick me, do I?”



Diana decided to keep her end of the deal, at least momentarily. She followed Ellis as instructed, even if keeping the snail's pace of the squad car was painfully boring. She also gave them a couple of blocks to maneuver when they instructed her to do so.

Once Ellis and his entourage showed up in the roof of the building they had got into and her keen sight identified Dr. William Richardson in the middle of the group, she could not wait anymore.

Feeling more confident than ever, Diana made a point of looking powerful as she advanced towards the roof.



Diana could not believe that she was finally going to get Richardson. Of course, he would die. And with him would die any hopes of the little people to find a way to counter her. This alone should have made her feel better than ever.

There was more that added to her joy, though. Standing in front of the roof, with the diminutive Richardson standing under her breasts, Diana the most powerful she had in the entire day. Being able to finally show William how much she had risen above him, both literally and figuratively was the greatest satisfaction of all.

Needless to say, the situation looked quite different once the perspectives were reversed.

Standing on the roof, looking upwards at the colossal figure of who had been his most brilliant assistant researcher, William Richardson was as scared as he had ever been.

He knew what was going to happen. He swallowed hard and fought to prevent tears to come to his eyes. He did not blame Ellis or his men. He did not blame the mayor. If anyone, he blamed himself for not having stopped Diana when he should have, years before she got enough power to develop and test a drug that had turned her into what she was now.

“Dr. Lane. As agreed, we are delivering you Dr. William Richardson. The city is willing to undertake negotiations with you. In exchange, you are expected to stop any acts of death and destruction and to follow our commands.”



Diana moved so swiftly that no one had any time to react before Captain Ellis was in her fingers.

"Follow your commands?" she asked in a mocking voice as she raised him to her face.

Half a dozen guns cocked at the same time as the cops that had followed Ellis to the roof took aim at her. As if this was going to make her feel threatened.

"I don't think you have understood how things are going to be from now on, Captain Ellis" Diana said.





"I am the most powerful person in the world. I don't follow anyone's orders. I just do anything I fucking please." Diana said, holding Ellis right in front of her cold eyes.

"I'm going to spend some time with my ex-lover here, but by the time I'm done with my plans, everyone will be following my orders." She said. "Well, maybe not you." she added, bringing her fingers together and popping the police captain like a grape.

Half a dozen guns erupted at unison, bullets harmlessly ricocheting of Diana's skin, as so many had before.



"Out of the way, you annoying bugs." The giant said, backhanding the group of cops in the roof and sending them flying for a few blocks.

William reacted an instant later and tried to flee. Of course, it was too late for him. Diana just had to reach, having all the time in the world to decide how she wanted to handle him.



Holding William between her fingers was as good as the orgasm she had had with the tanker truck. It felt like the culmination of her intellectual ascension.

“So, who’s the most brilliant researcher now, William?” She asked at the terrified tiny man.

“You’re crazy Diana!” William replied, defiant.

Diana could not prevent letting a laugh out.

“William, William, William... can you at least have the intellectual honesty to admit defeat? I’ve beaten you, and you never saw it coming. By the end of today I’ll be ruling this city... and you’ll be a blood stain in some sidewalk. By the end of the week, I’ll be ruling the world.”





"You know what always lost you, Diana!" Dr. Richardson spat.

Diana frowned.

"You were always too arrogant." he added.

"Don't you think I have reason to be?" she asked.

"I beat you, Diana." he said.

Diana's frown deepened.

"We just needed to get everything ready at a controlled location and then to have you stay still on it for long enough." William said.

Diana felt the panic running down her spine.

She did not have time to react, though.

The gas hit her almost immediately. She spotted the launchers in hidden corners of the roof almost immediately. She could not understand how she had not been able to see them before.

There was nothing she could do to prevent the back cloud of gas from engulfing her face. She started coughing almost immediately.



Diana did not notice it at first, but when her eyes were level with the roof she had previously been towering over, she had no choice but to associate the weird feeling along her skin with what it really was: she was shrinking!

“Nooooooooooooo!” she screamed, in a shriek that was heard all around the city.





"You fucking bastard!" she yelled, looking at the figure of William Richardson. She now needed a full hand to hold him, his relative size to her having increased from that of a 2-inch bug to the scale of an action figure.

Thousands of thoughts rushed through Diana's head in an instant, each of them making her more anxious.

The loss of the power she had given to herself was heartbreaking, but truth be told, the realization that she had been outsmarted by William was even worse. Not only had he managed to find a way to counter her drug, but he had also tricked her into being exposed to it.

In her hand, Dr. Richardson was quietly waiting for his fate. He knew he would not make it out of this, but knowing that his sacrifice would also make up for his past mistakes was somewhat comforting.



Diana was getting smaller and smaller, feeling as if she were getting closer to the street by the second, even if her feet had never moved.

She found some room for rage amongst all her frustration. When she did, she directed all of it to the man that had taken away all she had earned with her effort. She did not have second thoughts as she closed her fist around William's body, feeling every bone in his fragile body break as blood started oozing through her fingers.

"You have not won yet!" she said as the last shred of life abandoned her ex-lover's body.



Diana dropped the lifeless body of Dr. Richardson and looked around. One of the pros of being in the spot where the cops had set their trap was that there was no one around. Civilians had probably been evacuated in advance, and she had disposed of the officers that had been in the area.

At the current pace of shrinking, she would be back at her original height soon enough. Diana had never been an easy to defeat person, though. She had not even lost her last few feet of height advantage over the rest of the population when a new plan started forming in her head.

*"William is dead... and I'm the only one that knows how the drug works now. I made myself grow once. I can make it again."* She thought.

Of course, that implied remaining at large. Looking around, she quickly identified the fastest escape route.



WARNING! DO NOT ENTER WARNING!  
PRIVATE PROPERTY NO TRESPASSING.

北京水餃 玉石市場  
JADE MARKET

NO PARKING  
ZONE

She had to stop at an alley to rest, now finally at her former stature. Her throat still ached and even if her body looked healthy, the effect of the shrinking had been taxing.

*"I need to stay at large. If I do, I can become a goddess again. I can do it."* She tried to convince herself.



All her illusions seemed to shatter when a squad car pulled up and two cops got out of it, guns in hand.

“Freeze!” they shouted.

Diana coughed and took a couple of steps away from the cops. They never asked again. Diana understood that they were happy to be given an excuse to shoot her.

The shots sounded deafening, much more than they had when she had heard them apparently from a large distance.

The bullets hit her, and stung like hell... but did not kill her. It took her a second to realize. When she did, she tuned, taking more hits.

She charged at the officers. She was hit a couple more times, but now that she was moving fast it was harder for them to take aim.

And then, she just shouldered the cop to his right. She had not been prepared for what had happened. Something had definitely broken in that impact, but nothing belonged to her.

The cop was shot a few feet backwards and never got up. As a matter of fact, he did not even move.





Turning towards his partner, she delivered a roundhouse kick with an agility she had never known she possessed.

It turned out that her strength was also far from average. The second cop was sent flying backwards, hitting the wall of the alley with a sickening wet sound and sliding down, leaving a clearly recognizable blood streak as he did.



Diana looked at what she had done and then looked at her body. She was brilliant enough to realize what had happened soon enough.

*"You did not counter the drug, William, you just masked its effects. Of course this helped you work faster, but it also means that the drug is still inside me. You did not even manage to hide all of the perks of the serum. I'm not done yet. I just need to find out how to get your fucking masking drug from my body. And then, truly, no one will be able to stop me!"*

Journalists packed as the cops tried to keep the perimeter. An entire section of the city had been locked, but as extreme as that might be, it was not the focus of the reporter's attention.

Finally, Captain Hardman walk past the fence and faced the press.

"Today, our great city has been shocked by the worst tragedy in its history. And this tragedy has only one responsible: Dr. Diana Lane. While her threat has now been contained, thanks to the brave efforts of many brave men, Dr. Lane is still at large. This Police Department will not rest until she is brought to Justice, to respond for her atrocious crimes. We are ready to conduct the biggest manhunt in history."

