


ASCENSION

PART FOUR

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Diana had realized that she would have to break the people's will before they would realize that they had no other option but to submit to her. The army's attack had told her so much.

Thankfully, the same army that had opened her eyes regarding this would also be very handy to achieve her purpose.

"I'm going to turn every single one of you into paste." She said in a cold voice.

Her first movement was a given. In a simple step Diana crushed the Humvee just in front of her and everyone on it, the light armor of the vehicle proving to be utterly ineffective against her.



One more step and she was within striking distance of the tank that had hit her in the stomach. And strike she did. Drawing her leg backwards, Diana surprised everyone by kicking rather than crushing the tank. She was really satisfied when the 70-ton tank was set flying like a football, her foot already denting its armored as it hit it.



A building in front of her took the worst of it, once the tank crashed through its façade and brought its top half down. A few steps away, Diana could not prevent a chuckle.

“What a flimsy world.” She said arrogantly.

Forgiveness was not among the list of Diana's virtues, so she did not waste too much time in admiring the results of her kick and turned to face the main group of soldiers. No one was firing at her anymore. They were just trying to retreat. She smiled confidently, knowing that they had no chances at all of succeeding.

"Are you guys trying to outrun me? Seriously?" Diana asked, mockingly.



Her next statement did not come out in words. Instead, she raised her Humvee-holding hand over her head, arched it backwards and too aim.

The light-armored vehicle was shot from her hand like a projectile, hitting its target with deadly accuracy. This target had been no other than the center of the group of fleeing infantrymen, her casual action resulting in half a dozen additional soldiers down.



Her speed of movement got her by the next tank, which was seemingly guarding the rearguard, in no time.

The soldiers around it reacted frantically as the commander of the tank tried to become less vulnerable. Diana ignored them and took another earth-shaking step, her foot sinking in the asphalt a bit more than usual, achieving the effect she had been seeking.





Diana had not seen any reason to rush. She was too much over the tiny fuckers to look as if she were putting an effort to finish them. This had the downside of allowing the tank to take a shot. By now Diana knew she was invulnerable to the heavy shells, so she was not too concerned about her wellbeing. The shots still stung like hell, though, so when she saw the flash coming out of the barrel of the tank she gyrated her body sideways, moving faster than a creature her size should have had the right to do and dodging the shell.

"Fucking assholes!" Diana said as she knelt down and reached for the tank.

The soldiers around it scattered but she did not mind them. She would get them soon enough. The tank was a bit bigger and heavier than the cars and Humvees she had picked up so far, but it still was a piece of cake for Diana to grab it by the front and lift it from the road.





Standing up, Diana firmly held the armored vehicle from below with one hand.

She felt the turret moving and realized that the crew was attempting to take a closer shot at her. It made her mad, but thankfully, she could prevent it very easily.

Reaching out with her free hand, she picked the barrel of the tank's main gun and bent it with ease.



With its main weapon taken care of, it was time to deal with the tank itself. Its commander was somehow trapped in the access shaft and Diana fixed a cold gaze on him as she held the combat chariot by both ends.

Different from any other vehicle she had held until now, the tank's thick armor prevented Diana's fingers from denting it just from the simple act of holding it.

"You guys have been a pain in the ass." Diana said as she started applying pressure to her grip.



She chuckled and then smirked when it worked. She knew the tank she was holding was the zenith of the army's ground power, designed to withstand the worst attacks.

Feeling the thick steel bending as she pushed made her feel even more powerful than she had felt so far. It was obvious that she was huge and she had been happy to learn that she was apparently invulnerable to the army's heaviest weapons. Now she also knew that her strength was not only at par with her stature but was actually more in line with that of a superhuman.



"Mmmm..." Diana moaned as the heavy tank bent as if it had merely been a soda can.

Holding it comfortably, now only with one hand, she admired her handiwork and chuckled when she saw the wriggling body of the commander in the middle of the mangled mess of steel.

"You tiny cockroach." She said cheerfully. "You have more endurance than I would have imagined." She added, trying to think on how to get rid of him in a creative way.

She did not have the time to think much more. The impact on her temple did not harm her, but it stung more than she was used too, and made her head throb with pain for an instant.

Diana turned to see the sniper team in the roof of a distant building, getting ready to take another shot.



“Shit!” the observer said. “Shit, shit, shit!” He said again. They had already seen the giantess getting hit by almost everything and surviving it, but they had hoped that switching from raw force to precision would work. They had bet their success, and also their lives, on the armor piercing round, precisely aimed at her temple. It had not worked.

Now, not only had the giantess had survived, but they had also given their position away.


“Quick! Take another! Aim at the eyes!” The observer hurried him team mate.





"You fucking tiny shits!" Diana muttered between her teeth.

As she finished the sentence, she drew her arm backwards and threw the tank on her hand withal her force. The two members of the sniper team tried to react, getting away from the impact. It was way too late for them.



Diana observed with great satisfaction as the tank hit the spot she had been targeting with precision, finishing her attackers, removing the north-west wing of the top floors of the building and keeping on a straight path, bound to do further damage deeper into the city.

Like every time she could dispose of those who dared to confront her, it made her feel exhilarated.

It also made her reflect on how good her aim seemed to be ever since her growth. She had never been especially good at bowling or playing darts, but in her confrontation with the military she had been able to hit the bull's eye every time she had needed to. As with her apparently increased strength, she was not going to complain about it.



Diana had not forgotten about the rest of the army detail. So, not wasting too long in savoring her most recent victory, she was back at chasing them soon enough. As predicted, it did not take her too long to catch up.

She did not stomp on them this time. Instead, she just got on her hands and knees and proceeded with the pursuit.

She reveled in their fear, in their knowledge that they had pissed her off and there was nothing they could do to flee from her.

Once she was close enough, she closed a fist and got ready for the kill.



Her punch impacted with precision in the spot she had been targeting, turning three soldiers into pulp in just an instant.

It did much more than that. Confirming her newly formed theory about her superior strength, her fist kept going, breaking the surface and buckling the asphalt. Its shockwave was so massive that it sent a larger group of soldiers and one of their Humvees flying.



"Annoying bugs." Diana uttered from above.

For the panicked group of soldiers there was no warning as her other hand came seemingly out of nowhere and swept them across, sending them flying to the opposite side of the street.



Diana's blood was up and she was damn sure that none of the little fuckers that had attacked her was going to make it out of the experience alive. With the street in front of her now clear, she raised her head to spy the closest group of soldiers, barely a block away.

Diana arched an eyebrow when she saw that they had got smarter, even if only barely. Rather than just trying to outrun her down the street, this particular group was trying to hide from her inside a building. She was happy for it. It would make things a bit more interesting, even if for just a short while.



“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” Corporal Garcia shouted as his last man got through the door and tried to take cover behind a wall.

The shakes from outside did not foreshadow anything good and, soon enough, the light getting through the front windows was blocked as their view was replaced by that of the giantess’ face. Her deep and cruel eyes made a shiver run down his spine.

Diana had only had to take a few steps on her hands and knees to get to the building of interest. Crouching a bit lower, she took a look at the lobby and smirked at her soon to be victims. A few were trying to hide from her, while some others were heading towards the stairs.


“So, you think you can hide from me in there?” She said in a matter of fact tone. “Really?”




She could have played dollhouse for a while. As a matter of fact, the idea was appealing. But there were still some elements of the army left, and she did not want to give them too much time to get away.

Standing back up, she faced the building and said:

“Time to go down with the ship!”



Diana's leg plowed effortlessly through the building's façade, just as she had been expecting. Once it was inside, it was a matter of pushing down. After all, one of the things she had learned along the morning was that modern structures did not fare well against her might.

A high-angle, over-the-shoulder shot of Diana Prince, the Amazonian warrior, standing in a city street. She is nude, with her long, dark hair flowing down her back. She is looking towards a large, multi-story building that has been completely destroyed, with a massive pile of rubble and debris in front of it. The street is paved with asphalt and has yellow curb markings. The scene is set in a city with other buildings visible in the background.

Despite being expected, the utter destruction of the building was still exhilarating.

Moving her foot backwards, Diana placed her hands on her hips and admired the results of her work. By now, she felt truly unstoppable.

Ecstatic, Diana raised her voice, addressing the entire city rather than just the people around her, and challenged it:

“Is there anyone that can stop me?”

No one seemed too willing to try, especially after seeing what Diana had done to the ones that already had. The last few of them were actually still trying to flee.

She saw them through the corner of her eye and then turned her head to spy the group of terrified soldiers making a right and trying to escape her attention. Unfortunately for them, with her vantage point of view and her improved eyesight, Diana did not miss too many things.

True to her word, Diana was certain that she was not going to let them get away.




She reached the intersection the soldiers had taken in half a dozen steps and could not prevent a chuckle when she realized that the street they had chosen was actually a cul-de-sac and that they were trapped between a building and herself.

“Hi there.” She said in a mischievous tone as she crouched and got closer to her soon to be victims.

Realizing that they had nowhere to go, the soldiers decided to make a last stand and started firing at Diana at will.

Now used to the impact of missiles and tank shells, the insistent but light barrage of the assault rifles felt like raindrops bouncing harmlessly off her skin. The only thing annoying about them was the thought that the tiny fuckers were attempting to attack her, even if it just was a last desperate move.



A low-angle, close-up shot of a giant woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She is looking down with a serious expression. Her skin is a warm, golden-brown color. She is wearing a dark purple or black strapless top. The background shows a city street with tall buildings. One building has a sign that says "MADE IN NEW YORK". In the distance, several tiny figures of people are visible on the ground, some appearing to be in motion or falling. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

She did not even move to stop them. Taking a deep breath and pushing her lips out, Diana blew at them, sending them flying off their feet with ease.

It felt great, another proof that her power transcended her size.



Picking them up afterwards was a piece of cake. Disarmed and defeated, the infantrymen in her palm looked at her with terror. She was about to make it worse.

“Killing you tiny fuckers is easier than I thought, but it still makes a woman hungry!”

The screams intensified just an instant later. Diana did not mind. She actually enjoyed them.



The soldier that had led the attack against her deserved a special treatment, so she singled him out and placed him between her teeth.

The panic in his comrades was evident. All Diana did was to mutter, "Mmmm."

She barely noticed him as she brought her teeth together, bisecting him and getting her first morsel.



It had been but a starter for the meal to come. Without further ceremony she dropped the remaining men in her waiting mouth and closed it.



“Did you bite more than you could chew?” Diana thought, feeling the mass of humanity inside her mouth.

A couple of movements of her tongue and molars answered the question for her, as she worked on her morsels, making them ready to swallow.

She heard the familiar noise of news helicopters in the distance and realized that they had probably caught the entire scene. It was not the first time she took care of her hunger, but it was probably the first one she was on record eating people. She doubted the population she aspired to rule would be too keen on the scene.

“It’s not as if they can do anything about it, in any case.” She thought, shrugging and forgetting about it.



Diana had never felt happier. Of course, it was because she had never felt more powerful. Now she knew she was unstoppable.

They had thrown an army at her and she had ripped it to pieces without even getting a fingernail scratched! True, some of the shots had stung a bit, but all things considered, being merely annoyed by an anti-tank missile was pretty remarkable.

The cops had been one thing, but this was the army she had defeated with ease. After this latest display, Diana was confident that the people would have no option but to face reality. True, it would take them still some time to bend the knee. People were stubborn, after all. But she was convinced that this had been a turning point. She now knew that there was nothing they could do to stop her and sooner or later people would accept that too. Once that happened, the only logical consequence would be to accept her rule.

In the meantime, she had no problem to keep showing them how worthless their efforts were. Besides being empowering, finishing the tiny bugs was also a source of great fun!





Of course they had seen her approaching in the distance. How not to?

Clark could have never imagined that she would be so fast, though. When Marla lost her footing as a result of the ever increasing shakes the woman was still a couple of blocks away. By the time he had walked back to her and was helping her back on her feet, ignoring the screams of the other guy that had been running with them, the woman's shadow had already dropped on top of them.

The woman's foot raised and Marla screamed like crazy. Carl had dropped to his knees too. In an instant he realized that he was doomed. All that was left to do was to join Marla in her screams while he raised his arms in a worthless attempt to stop her descending sole.



Diana's foot broke through the surface and sank in the ground, as usual. She had grown to love seeing her vaguely contoured footprints on the road as she advanced. It was yet another proof of her power.

This last step came together with a different type of sensation, though, a spongy feeling that she had also grown used to and that she knew was associated to one or multiple bodies bursting as she stepped on them.

"Oh, seems I've caught up with the crowd, then." Diana said from up above, not having realized about how quickly she had cut the distance with the civilian population of the city after her confrontation with the army. She had not been looking where her feet had landed and, sooner or later, this had been prone to happen. Of course, she was not a bit concerned about what had happened.



Having stopped, Diana looked down and then looked up again. This made her more aware of the presence of the single news chopper that had been following her. She had, of course, heard it as it had stressed its engine to keep up with the amazing speed she possessed when she walked uninterrupted, but she had not thought consciously about it until now.

Now that she had, though, an idea came to Diana's head.

Fixing her stare on the chopper, Diana beckoned the journalists with her finger.

"Come closer. I want to address you and the city," she said. Feeling their hesitation, she added: "If you do as I say, I promise I won't hurt you."





Diana waited for the news chopper to hover in position and then started her address. Its rotor was loud, but she had no doubt that her voice would carry her message powerfully over its noise.

“Listen to me, tiny people.” she started, not caring at all about her choice of words when referring to her audience. “I’m Doctor Diana Lane and as you can see I am a giant. If you’ve been following my actions, you’ll have also seen that I’m invulnerable. The cops and the army tried to attack me, and I don’t even have a scratch on me. Needless to say, I destroyed them, as I will destroy anyone who dares try anything against me.”

Diana cleared her voice and went on:

“You only have one option: to accept this new reality and to submit to me. I promise I’ll be fair if you do. Until then, I’ll keep showing you what a woman like me can do.”



Annette and Clara were among the group of people formerly by Diana's feet that were trying to take advantage of her moment of public posturing to get as far away from her as possible.

They were shaking as they tried to climb down the stairs towards the subway while the woman's voice boomed at their back.

"... I have a first command for you. Please me with it and I may give you a break for a while. There is this former colleague of mine who was also my lover, Dr. William Richardson. I want him. Deliver him to me if you know what's best for you."

Annette had no clue what this Dr. Richardson had done to the giant woman, but she was definitely sure that she would not have wanted to be in his spot. Clara fell as they kept going down. She shrieked. Annette's blood froze for an instant. They were too small for the woman to notice, right? A shriek like that... she could not have possibly heard it, could she?



Diana had spied some movement through the corner of her eye while speaking. Now, the noise coming from street level made her turn and see a group of people trying to sneak away from her. It made her blood boil.

She was about to address them when she saw the chopper suddenly moving, apparently taking advantage of her momentary distraction.

Unknown to her, the fight that had erupted inside the news crew when she had commanded them to shoot her while talking had finally broken, with the pilot unilaterally deciding that he would not be risking his life anymore.

“Where the hell do you think you are going, you damn insect?” Diana said.

The chopper was trying get up and away from her as quickly as it could. Diana broke in a sprint behind it.

Three giant leaps later, she was close enough to her target. The only issue was that it had climbed much faster than she had expected. Diana did not give up and just leaped higher. It was spectacular, her body raising much more than she could have expected, proving to her that she was much more than just a giant woman.

For those in the chopper, seeing Diana’s giant form climbing higher and higher and getting closer to them was a dreadful view.





She got high enough to really be able to choose what to do with the chopper. She could have easily swatted it down, but this would have been too quick. The fucking journalists had tried to outsmart her, not keeping their end of the deal, so she would have a better time dealing with them slowly than just getting rid of them in one move.

So, with the ease of a child grabbing a toy, Diana closed her fingers around the aircraft and pulled it down with her.

It was easy to rip the doors and even easier to shake the three occupants of the helicopter in her hand. Soon enough, the reporter, the cameraman and the pilot were lying where so other people had: her spacious palm.



Diana tossed the little aircraft away and focused on the diminutive people on her palm. They were shitless scared. And well, they should be.

"I don't remember having given you permission to leave," she said in a cold tone.

The man in the brown T-shirt knelt and addressed her. It took guts, she realized. She did not care.

"You promised us that you would let us go," he complained.

"And you promised me that you would stay put," Diana said.

"You have no right to do that. You are not keeping your promise!" The man said.

"I can do anything I fucking want," Diana said, her teeth clenched.





"You are a liar!" the man protested.

"Oh, shut the fuck up!" Diana said, the man really unnerving her.

"You have no right..." the man started. He shut up when Diana brought her fingers together right in front of him.

"I told you to shut the fuck up!" Diana said in an upset tone as she moved in for the kill.



The man did not even scream as he was shot towards a billboard in the roof of a near building. Her flick had probably been strong enough to kill him in right away.

His body still crashed against its intended target with a sickening wet crunch, keeping stuck on it for a few seconds before sliding down, painting a wide gory stain on its surface.

"Anyone else has anything to say?" Diana asked to the really terrified occupants of her palm.



Of course, no one said anything.

“Good. You are free to go then.” she said.

They did not know what she was talking about before she picked the other man up and raised him from his palm. He was expecting the worst when Diana just walked towards a nearby building and dropped the man on its roof.

Steve could not believe it at first. When he felt her fingers moving away from him he dared to stand up and look around. Her threatening presence was still too close, but he was free!



His hopes vanished a couple of seconds later when the giant woman turned and her building-sized ass started coming down on him.


"You know which one of the worst issues of being my size is?" the giant woman asked in a joking tone. "There's no decent place to sit down."

Steve screamed and tried to run towards the roof access door. He never got to it before the sky fell down on him.



While Diana has really only intended to crush the little guy she had captured from the chopper, she had also known that her little game would end up with quite some more collateral damage.

She had not expected the building to be so flimsy, though, so by the time she felt it would be going completely down she pushed herself up, to avoid the embarrassment of going down with the ship. Needless to say, this only resulted in the destruction she had brought in with her ass accelerating. She could not have cared less.



"Ooops!" Diana said as the former building became a pile of rubble. To her it had just been a game, but she knew that she had probably finished a few dozen people without having even wanted to do that.

It worked well enough for her, in any case. The sooner people realized about the true extent of her power, the better, and after her little speech she knew that the world's eyes were even more set on her than they had.

She could see the little journalist crawling to the edge of her palm, trying to get a view of the mayhem she had so easily created.



She held her diminutive form between two fingers, right in front of her curious eyes.

The woman surprised her by addressing her first.

“What are you going to do with me?”

“I’ll let you go.” Diana said as she opened her fingers.

Of course, it would not finish so quickly. Diana had carefully chosen the spot where she would release her, that was no other than her soft right breast.

She could not prevent a chuckle when the woman bounced of its surface and then started sliding down, unable to get a hold anywhere despite her frantic attempts.

Of course, it was not going to finish so quickly for her. Diana wanted to play a bit more, so she was ready to intercept her the moment she slid out of her tit.





It was amazing when it did not happen. Finding a remarkable amount of strength from somewhere Diana could not guess the little journalist finally managed to get a hold somewhere: Diana's nipple.

Diana let a loud laugh out, almost making the woman lose her hold. Of course, her nipple had been the only surface uneven enough for the tiny woman to find a handhold, but still the scene was hilarious.

"Look at you! Well done!" Diana said. "Although I have to say it... you look really ridiculous in there. You're almost like a piercing!"



Diana took a couple of steps and was impressed by the woman when she managed to stay in place.

“You are stronger than you look.” Diana said.

The woman could only scream in response.

“Let’s make this a bit more challenging, shall we?” Diana said.

The woman did not know what was coming for her until she felt herself pushed between Diana’s nipple and a hard surface at her back. It was no other than the façade of a building Diana had chosen to deliver her final blow.

She played with her toy a bit first, keeping her in place and pushing her tit a bit, only to move it back right after. Of everything she had done so far, Diana could not think on anything that could be more humiliating for her victim than what she was doing right now, with the possible exception of the executive she had crushed between her ass cheeks.

A side effect of her little game was that it was making her very aroused once more. This, in turn, had the effect of making her nipple swell, pushing the woman even harder.



Not able to hold herself any longer, Diana delivered the final blow. Her chest push did not only produce a quite noticeable crunching feeling from her tiny nipple-rider, but it did actually send her massive tit through the façade with ease. Feeling the supposedly sturdy building breaking so easily when facing the softest part of her anatomy was exhilarating.



Jill and Marshall had thought the situation could not get crazier when watching the giant woman's antics on TV. They were about to be proven wrong when what could only be the woman's chest crashed against her window.

They had only a couple of seconds to recognize a screaming woman trapped between the massive nipple and their window before all hell broke loose.

Quite miraculously, the ceiling did not fall on them. They needed a couple of second to react. When they did, they were shocked to the point of paralysis by the new scenery through their broken window.

On the other side of it, Diana was visibly happier, as she identified the two survivors of her break in through the hole her breast had just created.

Of course, her former nipple-rider was not moving anymore. She did not care. She had found new toys to play with.

“Sorry, was this a bad moment?” Diana punned.





Marshall and Jill did not know too well what to do, except for one thing: they should try to get as far away from the giant woman at their window as possible.

"I'm not done with you yet" Diana said as she sent her hand into the apartment, breaking a bit more of it as she went, the structure and furniture easily being obliterated by her advancing hand.

Of course, the two tinies never stood a chance, as Diana closed her hand around them and completely engulfed them in her fist, for once being careful enough not to crush them. She did not want them dead. At least not yet.

“Gotcha!” she said as she brought her arm outside of the apartment, not caring anymore about how much more of it she broke in the process.



Diana opened her palm to shoot a glance at the two cowering figures on it. Of everything she could do as a giant, holding people on her hand was still the most empowering one. It had a way of reminding her about how much control she had over them.

She was feeling so horny with her latest display of superiority that she could have stuffed them in her cunt right away. She would have probably had to find them some colleagues. She refrained herself from doing so, though. She had other uses in mind for them.

"You seemed to be paying quite a lot of attention to the news" Diana said.

The two tinies looked puzzled at her statement.

"Wanna live?" Diana asked. "Why don't you fill me in about what was being said about me?"

