

# ASCENSION

PART THREE

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There were so few in the original blockade left! Diana marveled as she dominated the survivors from her crouching stance. They looked so puny!

She had known that she would defeat the cops from the moment she had set eyes on them, but the insulting ease of it all had been... refreshing. And incredibly encouraging, as well.

The more she found out about her new condition, the more convinced Diana got about how much it entitled her to take over. Not exactly in the way she had expected, but in the end Diana had given herself the power to rule, to stand unopposed.

Not for the first time, Diana reflected about how ironic it was that the source behind her power was entirely physical, based on raw strength, when she had been seeking intellectual superiority her entire life. She did not mind. After all, she had made herself like this, even if she had not exactly plan for it.

As much as she wanted to play and satisfy her seemingly permanent state of arousal, Diana knew that she had some business to take care of first.

She could not leave Richardson at large for long. He was the only one with some remote possibilities to challenge her, and that was unacceptable. She had come all the way to the city for that precise reason, even if the eclipse HQ had not proven as useful as she had expected.

Despite her horniness, her cold mind knew that she had another chance now. Mott had told her that the cops had taken Richardson, so chances were that some of the tiny fuckers right below her could know something useful.

Without further ceremony, Diana reached out and scooped the majority of the survivors. She was satisfied to see five squirming bodies in her palm once she moved it back up. There was even room to spare!



Diana fixed a cold stare at the cops and addressed them as she easily held them close to a hundred feet over the ground.


There was no warmth in her voice.

“One of you may still make it out of this. I need some information. Give it to me and I will set you down.”

She could see that she had got their attention. She suppressed a smile though. She had no interest in looking kind to them.

“You guys took a former colleague of mine from Eclipse Labs with you, back when I grew through the building. His name is William Richardson. I want to find him. The one who tells me where to look for him lives. I’ll enjoy crushing the rest. Any volunteers?”





She had barely finished addressing them when Diana felt something funny in her womanhood. She soon realized what it was: the woman she had picked up to serve as sex toy. She had been inactive for a while, so Diana had almost forgotten about her.

In her current stance, though, the woman had slid all the way back to her lower lips and was now halfway out. She was not moving too much and Diana would not have bet for her health.

She had no further use for her so she just brought her free hand down to her cunt and completed the job, letting her limp body drop fifty feet to the asphalt below.



In the meantime, it was clear that the cops seemed hesitant to cooperate. She decided to give them some incentive.

Bringing her free hand back up, Diana extended a finger and set her fingernail in a police woman's torso. Her screams were noticeable over those of the rest of the cops in her hand.

Even if she kept her fingernails in a reasonably good shape, they were far from sharp. They did not need to be. Driven by the almost limitless strength of her finger, the moment Diana pushed the woman was almost instantly cut in half. This extinguished her screams but made those of the remaining four cops way wilder.

As she removed her fingernail back to inspect the two halves of the woman she had just bisected, Diana could not prevent thinking about the fact that she was actually enjoying these little displays of cruelty quite a lot.



Diana brought her hand with the survivors a bit closer to her, letting her mammoth breasts dwarf them, as she easily pulled the remainders of the cop she had just cut in half out of her palm.

"Anyone has anything to say?" Diana asked in a cold tone. Then, she added: "Believe me, she was the one that got lucky. I will make sure that the rest have a... let's say more horrible death."

She smirked when one of the cops, another woman, got to her knees and raised her hand, trying to catch her attention. The other three immediately reacted, looking at her with a mix of surprise and hatred. Diana could not have cared less. She had what she wanted. Happy with the situation, she reached for the "Volunteer."



She held the miniscule policewoman with two fingers right in front of her cold eyes.

"So, you have any information for me?" She asked in a tone which implied anything but mercy.

The woman hesitated so Diana narrowed her eyes and fixed a stare on her to let her know that she better get to the point soon.

The tiny cop finally gathered enough courage to reply. Diana found her mousy voice amusing, but she prevented a giggle and focused on what the little woman was saying.

"I... I heard that they had brought the survivors of Eclipse to the Mobile HQ," The cops said.

"And where would that be?" Diana inquired.

"The airport," the policewoman said.



The woman had been convincing. Turning to face the tree cops that still remained in her other hand, Diana asked:

“Anyone else has useful information?”

The officers looked in different directions and one even shook his head. Diana was smart enough to notice the looks at the policewoman she held in her fingers. They looked at her as if she were a traitor. It basically confirmed that what she had told her was true.

“Ok! I guess that you guys are good just for one thing, then.” Diana said.

Without further word, she closed her hand and squeezed as hard as she could. She smiled evilly as she felt bones break and bodies burst. Soon, blood and gore was oozing between her tightly closed fingers.

God! She felt so powerful when she disposed of lives with such ease. Up to some point, it was beginning to feel like a drug. Diana was only moderately concerned about it, in any case. After all, even if she got addicted to it, it was not as if she was going to run out of little people, was it?



Diana let the disfigured remainders of the cops she had just mashed into paste drop into the road below and crouched a little farther to set the tiny policewoman on the road. She was even reasonably gentle when doing so.

“A deal is a deal, tiny” Diana said. “I promised that I would set you down, and down you are.”

The officer was startled at first, but got back to her senses soon enough and started to stand up.

"I never said what I would do right after setting you down, though." Diana then said in a mischievous tone.

The policewoman got it quickly enough. Looking back, she saw the massive woman of her tormentor repositioning and filling her entire surroundings. She was so huge that it was hard to grasp where different parts of her anatomy were at a given point.

Her words were scary enough to drive the only possible logical action: get up and start running as fast as she could.

From up above, Diana smirked and let the tiny officer get a few strides. Then, she just brought her fingers together and got ready for the kill.





"Are you in a hurry?" Diana asked in a mocking and still very cruel voice.

The policewoman increased her pace, but that was not going to be of any use. Diana just had to reposition her hand slightly to bring her fingers right behind her. Her reach was vast enough so that she did not need to be concerned about anything the tiny cop could do.

"I can help you if you want." Diana added

Right after saying it, Diana violently flicked the cute little officer. She had expected only half of what happened next. Quite predictably, the tiny woman's body was shot forward, flying for over two blocks before landing on top of an abandoned car in the middle of an intersection. She was pretty sure that she did not die in that moment though. The fact that she could feel her body break in the moment of impact came as a surprise. The trail of blood was unmistakable, though.

There was no feeling of guilt. In the end, it was just another death, and having kind of lied to the tiny woman wasn't an issue at all to Diana's morals.



With the cops now taken care of, it was time to get back on the move. Diana had a target destination again.

The airport was not close by. She vaguely knew that she would have to cross the city to get there. It was a mild inconvenience at most. And part of her was even thankful for the opportunity it would give her to explore the world a bit more at her new size and have some more fun.

Getting back on her feet, Diana was back at walking along the streets soon enough. Deep in Downtown as she now was, the streets got narrower and the buildings got taller. She did not tower over all of them now, which was slightly frustrating. In a way, she felt like walking through a maze of glass and steel.

Any comedown caused by the taller buildings was quickly solved by looking down at the crowds trying to flee just ahead of her. They were a nice reminder of her true size and her real power.

Crowds were getting thinner, an unmistakable signal that her presence in the city was beginning to be well-known.

She soon found out an interesting side effect of the taller buildings. They worked really well to allow her catching people by surprise.

Diana made it a game of randomly making a right or a left in intersections just to experience that. She loved the sight of suddenly awestruck people so much that she soon forgot about any frustration that the taller buildings might have caused.

Making a right into a two-lane street that was barely able to contain her, Diana smirked as she observed the new group of panicky citizens.

"It's amazing how many of you just end up running away from me in a straight line, as if you guys were going to outrun me!" Diana said in a cheerful tone.

Two steps later, her left foot finished the first pedestrians.





Crushing people under her feet was amusing, but had a tendency to quickly become boring. And eventually, the ever thinning crowds got it and started getting into buildings or into side streets.

It was all right with Diana. She knew that she would just need to change her route a little to find some more toys to play with.

For a few blocks she decided to focus on the buildings at eye level, though. Some of them might be taller than she was, but she was eager to show the world that the balance was different when it came to power.

Extending her hand and digging her fingers into the façade of an office high-rise to her left, Diana kept walking, easily breaking glass, steel and plaster as she did, and exposing two entire floors to the outside world.



Time to switch back to the action at street level. Having mostly focused on the buildings for a few blocks, Diana had not realized that she had already almost caught up with the next group of people.

They were a little more than half a block away. Stepping distance, by her new standards. Just when she was beginning to flex her toes to take the necessary stride, a car turned around the corner and noisily braked hard the moment the driver got sight of her.

Looking for a bit of a challenge, Diana decided to test her timing. Her right foot was soon hovering over the ones that would be her first victims.

She stepped down, her foot breaking through the road's surface as usual. She felt a little frustrated that she had only been able to get two out of the three people that she had been originally targeting, the third miraculously surviving after pulling a last minute dash as her foot was coming down.

Of course, it would have been easy enough to take care of him, but Diana's left foot was already in the air and looking for her second objective. The car was beginning to pull backwards, but it was far too late for it and the people inside.





With grim precision, Diana's left foot landed on top of the car, covering it in its entirety under the arch and the heel and flattening it with ease, turning it into a metal pancake.

It had been easy enough to time her movements, looking at the entire scene from up above. For anyone who had been observing her, it would have felt as if she would have been just casually walking.

She loved it.

Diana reached the next intersection soon enough, placing her in the middle of a large avenue.

For the first time in a long while, she had a doubt. Should she make a left or should she make a right?

After her zig-zagging across Downtown she had lost her way a bit, and she was not that familiar with the city to start with. There was nothing bad in getting a little delayed, but she wanted to make sure that she was at least advancing in the right direction to get to the airport.

She did not have a GPS so she decided to solve her doubts in the old-fashioned way. Crouching, she reached out and easily plucked a pole that held both a set of traffic lights and some directional signs. Hopefully they would tell her what she needed to know!



Diana stood up and examined the diminutive directional sign she was holding in her fingers.

She had no issues reading the tiny letters. Diana had long found out that her senses seemed to be much keener than before, starting by her sight. Considering that she had had to wear pretty thick glasses back at normal size, the level of detail she could make out of the tiny world was amazing! And it definitely came in handy.

Being able to read the sign and being able to get any useful information out of it were different matters, though. The only thing she could get out of it were the name of the streets in the intersection and which way North was.

Unfortunately for her, Diana only vaguely knew that the airport was supposed to be to the East. Of course, she could wander in that general direction, but she would have expected something more concrete.

Another of her amplified senses, her hearing, presented her with the faint sound of rotors in the distance. Through the corner of her eye, Diana spied the news helicopter hovering in the distance. So, she had finally made the news! Well, it was to be expected, she guessed. Diana normally was normally keener on getting results through discretion, but considering that she was the size of a building and set on taking over the city first and the rest of the world later, she did not see anything wrong in having the people realize about what she was capable of.





She might actually use the journalists later, Diana reflected. At some point she would need to get her message across to the people, and this was the sort of thing journalists were useful for.

She did not want to waste her time with propaganda just yet. The fixing of her loose ends was already overdue. And for that, she needed to get to the airport.

The screeching sound coming from the road below gave her the answer. The taxi, with its bright yellow color, was easy enough to identify.

Diana had always thought that a cab was the most efficient way to get to the airport. So, despite the change in her circumstances, it was easy enough for her to reach the conclusion that the one below could very well present a solution to her problem.



Of course, the taxi driver tried to get away from her as fast as he could. And of course, he did not get very far.

It only took Diana a couple of steps and a squat to reach out with her left arm and easily set her fingers on the car frame. With the tiniest bit of pressure she managed to stop it on its tracks, making the furious spinning of its wheels screech loudly.

With the grace of someone who had been her size for her entire life, Diana slid her thumb under the car and easily lifted it from the road.



The trip, all the way to the giant woman's cold face, vaguely resembled a ride in a roller coaster, even if it was more violent. Far from the combination of thrill and joy a rollercoaster produced, all the occupants of the taxi could feel was terror. They had never been so scared in their lives.

The deep curiosity of the giant's gray-blue eyes did nothing to make them any calmer. The windows rattled as her thundering voice easily overshadowed their screams.

"You will do nicely." She said.



Her fondest observation about the world around her had always been that it looked like a playground, full of toys for her to play with. The taxi in her hand was no different.

Reaching with two fingers, she pushed the back door on the driver's side, noticeably denting the metal and making enough room for her fingernail to get enough leverage to break the door open. It was then piece of cake to rip it off the car frame in her fingertips. A casual rotation of her wrist moved the car sideways and made the driver slip, falling through her newly created opening and holding for dear life to the steering wheel.



Diana did not want him dead. At least, not yet. Dropping the ripped door, she cupped her hand under the car and shook it lightly, easily beating the driver's efforts and emptying him in her palm.

She gave him a second to make himself comfortable and then she fixed a stare on him, easily freezing him in place just out of sheer intimidation.

"I have a use for you," she announced to the shitless cared taxi driver.



Without waiting for an answer, she started closing her hand around the remainders of the car. She had seen perfectly well that there were still two passengers on it. Far from stopping her, the fact encouraged Diana to make a show out of it.

Glass shattered and metal bent with ease as Diana's fingers swiftly deformed the frame, mocking the manufacturer's claims on passive security. For those inside the vehicle, the world was quickly turning into a living hell, as the room they had to live on continued compressing around them.



“I have no use for them.” Diana said to the man, and then turned to observe with joy her last push on the car.

She knew her cruelty was on the rise, reaching a point where she actively looked for ways to display it and where she was sexually stimulated by it. She did not care. Who was going to tell her what was right and what was not anymore?

Wrapping her fingers around the vehicle as if it were a used tissue, Diana went for the final push. Her lips curled upwards when blood oozed from within its toy.



A casual gesture of her arm sent the twisted car flying for blocks. Diana could not prevent a chuckle when she saw the body of one of the passengers inside split from the car and fly its own path.

It was time to focus back on her objective which was no other than the taxi driver. She might not be able to take a taxi to the airport, but she was perfectly capable to have a taxi driver take her there.



Holding him under his armpits with the ease of a kid holding an action figure, Diana brought the tiny man in front of her face, as close to her right eye as possible. With her enhanced vision she would have not need that, but she enjoyed the implicit intimidation of her gesture.

In deep voice, which she would have only used in the bedroom before, she addressed the tiny taxi driver.

“I’m going to keep you for a while.”

Then, she realized that in all her interactions with the tiny people since she had grown through the lab’s roof there had been a gap, probably driven by the fact that no one she had picked up had survived for long.

“Do you have a name, tiny?” she asked, genuinely curious.

The man babbled.

“Knowing your name would help me feel fonder about you, which, in turn, would make me less inclined to pull your limbs one by one like the wings of a fly.” she threatened in a casual tone.

“Steve!” the man yelled. “My name is Steve.”




“Cool Steve. Nice to meet you.” Diana said in the same conversational attitude. “I’ll be carrying around you for a while, so we need to find some way to keep you without limiting my movements” she said.

She already had a solution in mind, of course. Reaching towards her left shoulder, she set the diminutive man in there, trying to find a spot between her shoulder blades where he would be as secure as possible.

“Try not to fall down. My guess is that the drop would be awfully high for someone your size.” Diana said and chuckled as she finished.

The man fought to get the best possible balance, making Diana giggle with the feeling of him crawling over her sensitive skin.



“Do you have a good view?” Diana asked

The man nodded, which she saw only through the corner of her eye. She was about to tease him some more, but decided to get back to business instead.

“I need directions to the airport. You will get me there as soon as possible. If you serve me right, I’ll spare your live. Sounds like a fair deal?” Diana asked

The man nodded again.

“Cool. We have a deal then. Which way?” she pushed.

Steve hesitated for a second, then he said:

“You can keep down this avenue.”

The skin under him started shaking as the giant woman started moving. He was afraid he would fall at first, but he finally managed to find a pose, lying down, where he was more or less able to stay in place. After a few steps he realized with dismay about what was about to happen.

“There are people down the road.” he said, shocked.

“Doesn’t that make you happy that you are up here, instead of down there?” the giant woman asked.

Then, she completed yet another step, only Steve knew that her foot had now landed on several people.



"This is not right!" Steve caught himself protesting.

He realized about the mistake as soon as the words exited his mouth. He waited for the giant's wrath. Instead, he just got her to crane her neck a bit, to get a better view of him. She was smiling.

"You're so cute." she said in a tone that made his blood freeze.

He was all in. There was no point in trying to save his neck, now. So, he just went ahead:

"You can get to the airport without having to kill people."

The giant woman chuckled once more. Then, describing an arch with her right arm, she removed the entire northwest section of the top three floors of the building to her right.

"You're right. But it's so much fun!"

Steve realized that she was teasing him. More people disappeared under her soles as the giantess slightly deviated from the path he had indicated and stopped right in front of a building that came all the way to her prominent chest.

“See this building for example. It’s so damn tempting!” she said.

“Please, no.” Steve said

“I suggest you hold on tight. I’m doing my best not to drop you, but a bit of cooperation always helps.” she said.

And then, without further word, she punched the building, he first sinking with ease into its structure and turning its top third into a pile of rubble that started raining on the street below.





Diana was enjoying thoroughly. She realized that she should have taken someone with her much sooner. Teasing the tiny man in her shoulder was among the funniest stuff she had done so far.

She turned away from the building she had just punched, facing the avenue and getting ready to keep advancing towards her destination.

Then, she was hit in the stomach. By the feel of it, it could very well have been a professional boxer. As she started falling backwards Diana could only focus on the fact that, for the first time since she had grown, she was feeling pain. She did not even realize that her tiny little passenger had been shot from her shoulder and was flying to his doom.

Her ass hit the ground like a bomb, crushing a number of people and making the entire neighborhood shake as if there had been a mild earthquake.

Diana kept on falling backwards, her back finishing more collateral victims of the attack as her blood started to boil.

Diana was beginning to be vaguely conscious of what had happened: she had been attacked!





She was furious as she sat down and narrowed her eyes, searching for her attacker. She found it soon enough.

The dark, insect-like chopper was hovering not that far away. It looked so small and yet it was so threatening!

For the first time since growing through the roof of the Lab, Diana had been hurt. This was making her blood boil. She was smart enough to realize that the attack, while painful, had not produced any serious harm. She was not injured, which considering that she had just been hit with an anti-tank missile was very remarkable. But most of her mind was taken by the rage she felt at having been attacked by the tiny fuckers!

Feeling stronger and more agile than ever, Diana rushed back to her feet and clenched her fists, facing the chopper, which remained motionless, hovering in the distance.

The realization that the pilot did not feel threatened by her was almost as painful as the missile itself. Over the course of the day Diana had grown used to being a well-deserved source of panic.



*"They think I'm just big," Diana thought. "They think that all they need to do is to stay out of my reach." she added.*

Diana's mind was rushing through ways to prove the pilots wrong. She wanted to make them regret to have ever crossed her path.

She did not have time to think for too long, though. She realized that remaining motionless for such a long time had been too much of an invitation for the pilot. The cloud of smoke that formed under one of the short wings of the attack chopper as a second missile was shot at her proved as much.





Diana felt a moment of uncertainty. Her body tensed, getting ready for a second and painful impact. Then, for an instant, time seemed to slow down.

Diana realized that she did not have to take a second hit. She had not been taken by surprise now, so even if the missile was awfully fast, she had the option to react to it. Processing the alternatives at the speed of light, she finally opted for a gyration of her torso which made her stand sideways with the projectile. Even with her quick reaction she was almost hit, but she finally managed to avoid the impact, feeling the intense heat of the jet engine as the missile passed close under her right tit.



Diana felt very satisfied at having been able to dodge the missile, but with her senses now fully alert, she knew there was no time for complacency.

She could not stay idle again. In the present situation, her mobility was one of her greatest advantages. Quickly scanning her surroundings, Diana suddenly figured the situation out.

The first step was to get away from immediate danger, which she achieved by taking a couple of steps back and ducking into a side street, hiding behind a tall enough building. Of course, her attackers would perfectly know where she was, but they would not be able to hit her right away.



The screams from street level made her look down. Apparently the crowd there had been caught by surprise by her sudden appearance.

Diana could not help but despise them. They were so puny, so powerless next to her. And yet, they were so daring as to attack her!

She realized that they had not yet got it, they had not yet understood that the world had changed and that she was above them now. They thought that they could stop her and make things go back to normal.

She felt disgusted at it.

Without further word, Diana took a step towards the crowd and raised her right foot.

"You fucking worms!" she said as she did.

The shadow casted by her sole soon covered the spot where the crowd was thickest.





She stomped rather than stepping this time, her foot sinking deeper than usual in the asphalt as countless bodies burst under her foot.

Seeing those that had narrowly avoided to be smashed being launched with violence as a result of the shockwave was almost as satisfying. Cracks started forming in the asphalt and advanced towards some of them.

It helped Diana release some tension she had not realized she had been holding.

“They will pay for this!” she thought, and her mind was not only focused on the helicopter that had attacked her. Once she dealt with it, the city would learned what happened when she got pissed off.



There was no time to waste. She did not want to give the pilot of the attack helicopter the chance to regain the initiative. She had her next destination very clear in her mind.

Diana advanced quickly through the side streets, constantly keeping an eye on the chopper. She was partially exposed when doing so, since after all there were not so many buildings that could stand taller than her, but she knew that she was offering the pilot a nearly impossible target.



She reached her destination soon enough. The large skyscraper was perfect for her purposes.

Diana had felt somewhat frustrated when she had first shown up in Downtown and realized that some buildings were taller than her, but now this played perfectly well for her.

Hiding behind its massive structure, Diana stood in an alert position and kept all her senses trained on the distant sound of the helicopter's rotor.



The aircraft showed up soon enough. She had to admit that the pilot was quick. He pulled up the moment he saw her, which almost allowed him to get away. Almost.

Of course, Diana was not going to let him escape. She had to jump to prevent it. In the process she learned that she could jump much higher than what would have been logical, but since it played very well for her purposes, she did not put too much thought into that. She was completely focused on the helicopter that had dared to attack her.

For an instant, she considered swatting it out of the sky. Then she realized that she wanted more. She wanted to get the fucking pilots out of their cockpits and torture them like they deserved. A quick death would be too good for them. Luckily, she had risen high enough to have options. The one she chose was to wrap her fingers around the fuselage and take a good grip on the aircraft as its rotor blades broke against her bare skin.



Diana landed with a massive shake of her surroundings. Her mind was running through ideas, each crueler than the last, on how to deal with the pilots.

All her plans had to be put on hold as soon as she was attacked again. She felt the impacts in her bare skin first and heard the shots later. It hurt way less than the missile had, but it was still annoying, like being repetitively poked with a needle.

Her eyes met the second chopper and its automatic cannon soon enough.

After a first barrage aimed at her chest, which was especially noticeable when it hit her sensitive nipples, Diana realized that they were trying to aim for her face now. She felt a few hits in her cheek and instinctively raised a hand to protect her visage. She did not know what the effect of a hit in her eyes would be but it was better not to try her luck.

With her attention now fully centered on the second attacker, Diana dropped the first chopper and turned as she made plans on how to dispose of it.



She was forced to react quickly once more when the second helicopter shot yet another anti-tank missile at her. She seemed to be getting better at dodging them, though, since this time she could get even more out of the way than the previous one despite the fact that the helicopter was closer.

Having been able to avoid the impact did not make her any less furious with having been attacked, though.



One thing the army had not realized yet was that Diana was much more than just a very big woman. She had not only been physically enlarged, but she had also been physically enhanced. Her strength, agility and endurance were several orders of magnitude higher than what they should have been.

To that, Diana added a privileged mind, in world's top 1%, and a complete lack of prejudice.

In a nutshell, Diana was a woman of close to infinite possibilities and with the brains to use them. So, what some might take as instinctive actions were actually the result of her ability to process everything she could do at amazing speeds.

This allowed her to resolve the issue with the second chopper very quickly. In a graceful movement, Diana crouched down and grabbed the first car she found.



Raising up without giving the pilot time to react, Diana drew her arm and threw the car in the direction of the chopper.

The vehicle, visibly damaged just because she had been holding it without any type of care, shot like a missile of her own and moved towards its objective at amazing speed.



It turned out that her physical enhancement had come together with a considerable improvement of her aim, since the car hit its target right in the middle.

“Bulls eye!” Diana muttered between her clenched teeth as she observed the massive explosion with great satisfaction.

Having been attacked had made her blood boil, but defeating her attackers had probably been the most satisfying experience she had gone through so far.

In the course of a few minutes she had learned that, while they hurt, she was apparently invulnerable to missiles and that no enemy would be safe from her, not even the apparently hard to get helicopters.

The fact that the tiny fuckers had ended up posing less of a threat than what could have been expected did not make Diana any less angry, anyway. Someone was going to have to pay for what had happened.

She found her first victims right around the corner.

“What do we have here?” she asked aloud as she looked at them in a commanding pose.

The effects of her presence amongst the army ranks were almost immediate. Diana savored the panic. She realized that they were probably following her battle with the choppers, waiting for the outcome to act. She bet they had expected it would end in a different way. Now, without their gunships to protect them, they were clearly afraid.

They were right to be, of course.

“You guys are so dead.” she then said, addressing them in a threatening tone.



She closed the distance to them in two quick steps, reaching the first elements of the army unit before they had any time to react.

“Next time you want to pick a fight, make sure you choose someone your own size” she said in a cold tone as she placed her hand back on her hip and raised her foot.

They tried to scatter, but it was to no avail. All Diana had to do was to choose which group of soldiers to crush first.



Angry as she was, she stomped rather than stepping, spectacularly breaking the road and instantly turning a group of soldiers into gore.

The effects of her step did not end there, though, the force of the shockwave sending the rest of the soldiers off their feet and making them even easier targets to finish off.

“You are pathetic!” she spat from up above. There was nothing but contempt in her voice. “And I will crush as many of you as I need to make you realize!” she added, getting ready for her next deadly step.



She did not even need to switch her new position to finish the remaining soldiers. She just stood in place, hand on her hip, slowly moving her foot to pick them up in small groups.

The sound of loud diesel engines made her focus back on the only survivors of the confrontation so far: the two Humvees the soldiers had probably used to get there.

They were trying to get away. This was far from what Diana wanted, to dropping to a knee she reached out and grabbed one vehicle in each hand.

Their light armor made them feel sturdier than anything she had picked up so far. They still looked like toys to her, in any case.





She held the Humvee in her right hand by her hip as she focused on the one on her left. A brave soldier tried to climb to the turret, apparently to take control of the machine gun and shoot her.

Diana prevented it all with a light shaking of her hand, violently sending the soldier backwards and making him hit his head with the structure. She smirked as she saw him collapsing in place, probably unconscious. She knew there were more where he had come from, so she addressed them.

"All your missiles, your guns, your choppers... they are harmless toys to me know. The world is not going to be the same now that I'm here to play. You can't do anything to stop me. I, on the other hand..."

Her fingers started closing on the vehicle, soon digging in its armor and making it collapse. It took her a bit more effort than a standard car, but nothing even near a struggle. It was incredibly satisfying. This was not a car she was crushing, it was a weapon of war, one of the artifacts the little people resorted to in order to protect themselves. And with just a little push of her fingers she was balling it up as if it were a used tissue.

Looking down as she kept on squeezing the Humvee on her left hand to a giant metal ball she spied some soldiers on foot that had managed to make it alive so far.

She was not going to have that, but she did not feel like making an effort either. Without thinking too much, she just squeezed the Humvee on her right hand and then threw it under arm, aiming at the group of fleeing grunts.



Her aim was perfect once more, the mangled armored vehicle landing right behind the soldiers and rolling on itself to crush them in the asphalt.

“You cannot fight me! And you cannot hide from me. You have but one option: obey me!” Diana bellowed from above as her left hand completed the job on the remaining Humvee.





Diana took a couple of steps, following some of the fleeing soldiers, and stopped as she saw the new group waiting for her right around the corner.

Her first instinct was to start thinking on possibilities to finish them. She realized about the new type of vehicle soon enough though. Despite the size difference and the weirdness of looking at it from above, she realized that it was a tank in no time.

Soldiers on foot stood around it, as if to protect it, which was, of course, ridiculous.

The sound of the gears as its turret turned and the barrel of its cannon raised made Diana focused on it and forget about the tiny grunts.



She barely had time to bring the Humvee-holding hand up, to protect her face. She was not hit there, though.

The boom of the shot was noticeable, and so was the impact of the shell in her stomach. It hurt significantly less than the missile that had hit her a while before, but it still stung quite a lot, like the bite of a bee.

Diana contained a small yell of complaint. She was not going to give them this satisfaction.

The fact that tanks and missiles could not seriously harm her was definitely nice, but after her transformation she took feeling pain even worse than before. She was as pissed off as a woman her size could be.

"You tiny fucking shits!" she bellowed, clenching her teeth as she finished and widening her stance in a pose meant to be both commanding and threatening.

She could not understand the fact that they kept on attacking her, when it was perfectly obvious that it was futile. Then, a more analytical part of her mind took over and told her that, in a way, it was logical. Of of humanity's main characteristics was its resilience. It was to be expected that they would try anything to stop her before accepting that she was in charge now.

"I will have to break them!" she thought. A smirk came to her lips.

"I've been too nice to you!" she said while her left hand kept balling the Humvee on it, almost without thinking. They would learn who they were messing with soon enough.

