

La Belle Époque

by Pandoza

Prologue

The ecstasy was agonising. Candice's head had bumped the ceiling, but before she could even realise what was happening she had forced her way through it, and then on up, her body filling every room of every floor, head thrusting upwards faster and faster. As she breached the roof, her arms and legs exploded outwards from the structure, and she was now on her backside, still growing, debris piled on her prone body. Even as she grew, she pushed herself up onto her elbows, marvelling as the world around her diminished before her very eyes.

Even propped up on her elbows her eyeline now matched many of the city's tallest structures, and her body rolled over city blocks of offices, apartments, houses, and shops. Her growth slowed and the world seemed to settle again. Slowly, and with the grace of a dancer, she rose to her feet.

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Candice breathed in deeply, fresh air filling her lungs and eddies of air goose bumping her skin. Looking down at the city at her feet she could see that an area of devastation extended away from her like a beach towel. Her growth had been destructive for the delicate buildings. Ahead of her the downtown area with tall skyscrapers remained intact, and here and there where the streets were visible she could see chaotic jams of cars and people as they tried to flee.

Wanting to be closer she dropped to her knees and ran her fingers roughly through her hair, getting it out of her eyes and brushing away any of the last debris. Running her hands up her body she cupped her breasts and gave her nipples a playful squeeze, biting her lip at the pleasure to come.

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Scanning the streets for suitable toys she almost missed the tiny news chopper that had strayed far too close to her boob. Smirking, she announced in her dreamy french accent, "Attention. I will be taking some of you as little toys. For your safety I suggest you give some space."

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Spying a tiny sports car out in the open, Candice leaned down to pick it up delicately between thumb and forefinger. As she did her huge tits swung and clipped the chopper as it tried to bank away. She barely felt it as it explode mid-air, debris raining down into the street below.

Securing the car, she rolled back and spread her legs, carefully placing it between the fold of her labia. "Sortez! Get out. Climb the hill." Nobody saw the minuscule driver pull themselves out of the doomed vehicle and climb up onto Candice's clit. It dwarfed them, the smooth flesh seeming to rise below them. The ground shook as Candice felt them climb, shivering at the lightest touch. "Mon Dieu." she whispered as she plunged her fingers into her pussy, pushing the car far inside her.

Epilogue

Candice pumped her fingers in and out, trying to be slow to extend the pleasure, building to a massive orgasm. She reached around her to find more people, more cars, buses, and trucks to rub against her breasts and clit, to push inside her. As she came she kicked out a leg, obliterating one of the skyscrapers, which exploded with the force of the blow.

Panting in the afterglow of the most intense orgasm of her life, Candice looked up at the clear blue sky and tried to clear her fuzzy head. What had she done? How had she grown this large and why had she decided to exercise her power this way? All the people she had killed so far, all for her momentary pleasure... What if this was a dream? - no harm done... But what if this was real? What if she was now a giant among the population of the world who had exercised her physical

dominance over all the other humans, who were now ants at her feet. With sentience yes, but who lived on a different plane of existence.

The answer came into focus clearly. If this is what life was, then this was what life was. She must live in the moment. There was no thinking of tomorrow, only how to live now. How to display her power and how to have pleasure like that again. She gently stroked her pussy before pulling out the debris with her finger. Raising her head she could see that beyond her legs most of the city remained intact. There would be more pleasure from this city, more pleasure from other cities. She sighed gratefully at the thought of that.