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The End of an  
Empire

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## The End of an Empire

The Ostrava Empire once spanned hundreds of thousands of miles of land. Nearly the entire continent was under their control. Their banners flew from the Jade Sea all the way to the Sapphire Isles even to the far reaches of the Sweltering Sands, but there was one region where their rule had never reached – a small farming community nestled deep within a forgotten valley.

There was a tale passed from father to son, emperor to emperor which warned against any attempt to conquer the quiet valley. The exact reasons were forgotten to time, but the warning still held. Generation after generation heeded the warnings, but as it always happens, there comes a time when a man takes the throne who has no time for tradition and takes no stock in fairy tales especially ones so vague and cryptic. Such was the case with the crown ruler, Emperor Donovan the Third. He saw the farming

community as a stain on his family's record and a waste of space on the continent. This one small country produced more food each year than the citizens could ever hope to consume in a decade. They produced thousands of bushels of every known fruit each year. They raised and slaughtered enough cows, pigs, and poultry to feed the entire Imperial army three times over each passing year, but they never traded with outsiders. All those resources, all that food was simply kept within the borders presumably to rot. The few travelers who had visited the valley told of all the resources being offered up as tribute to some pagan deity. It was a slap in the face to the Imperial line that all these resources which should rightfully be offered up for the glory of the empire were being squandered in archaic rituals. The food may as well have been given to their imaginary friend. It was the same thing as far as Emperor Donovan was concerned.

“Send a rider to the forgotten valley. Tells the people of Irithyll that their emperor demands they surrender their lands and their bounty.” He ordered the commander of his knights.

The commander of course complied. He gave the message to his swiftest rider who set out across the plains, and then began the waiting game. A week passed, and the rider finally returned with a single, simply message.

“I have spoken with the people of Irithyll.” The rider explained as he stood before the emperor.

The emperor didn't say anything in reply. He merely sneered at the rider and waved his hand to indicate the rider should continue his report. The rider nodded and continued, "They refused to offer their land or their crops. Instead they sent a message with me."

The emperor rolled his eyes. It would have been so much easier had these clueless peasants just yielded when he had asked nicely. Why did they have to make things so difficult? But it was for the best. The troops were getting antsy without any real opposition to wage war against. The emperor doubted this little country which was little larger than a township would provide any real opposition, but a quick little military campaign would at least break the monotony of daily life.

"And what did they have to say?" The emperor asked with a wry sneer.

"They said they will send their best warrior, and they expect us to be prepared." The rider replied.

The emperor was too stunned to reply at first. He just sat there and stared at the messenger. One warrior? He didn't care how good this warrior thought he was. The empire had over a million armed soldier in its employ. What could one man hope to do?

"Pathetic peasants." The emperor scoffed. What could a small settlement hope to do against the might of an empire? They didn't even have a standing army. They had probably never seen an army in their

entire lives. The emperor's lips curled into a twisted smirk. They clearly had no idea what they were up against... and it seemed high time they learned.

"Gather all our forces from the surrounding countryside. Get every man who is trained in the art of war on horseback and headed to the valley. I want them to see firsthand the might that they defy." The emperor commanded. He was practically cackling with sadistic glee.

"But sir... they don't have an army. Why do we need so many troops?" One of his advisers asked.

"With that many troops we could wipe out the entire valley? Is that your aim?" Another chimed in.

"Silence, worms. You clearly don't understand the situation at hand. I'm not sending the troops to raze the place. I want ten riders for every citizen of the valley. I want them to see the full force of the empire on their doorsteps. Once they see that, they will see the futility of their resistance and surrender immediately... and if not..." The emperor shrugged dismissively. "Well. We only need the land. I care not what happens to the people."

And with that the meeting was concluded. Every available warrior was sent into the field. Rows upon rows of soldiers marched on the valley, and the next week when the citizens of the sleepy valley hamlet woke up at the crack of dawn they stared out at the entrance to the valley. The entrance into the valley – a sprawling patch of plains easily a mile wide –

was filled with soldiers marching shoulder to shoulder. There appeared to be more soldiers on the horizon than there were stars in the sky. The citizens of the valley looked at one another, shrugged, and went back about their business.

The troops never reached the lush farmlands of the valley. They never even made it out of the plains. No sooner had they begun to descend upon the lush farmlands than they felt the true might of the valley's protector. With a deafening crash that split the air and shook the earth an entire detachment had vanished. An entire unit marching ten men across and fifteen men deep had been destroyed in an instant. The rest of the army stopped its advance. The soldiers stood and stared at the billowing cloud of wreckage and tried to make sense of what they were seeing. Soon the dust settled, and the entire army was left to gawk at what they saw.

It was a foot! A foot that was the size of a cathedral! The ankle alone was so high off the ground that the notch of bone loomed over the soldiers like the face of a clock tower. Even just the smallest toe on the foot was bigger than the siege engines the army had brought with them.

There was another crash and then another. Again and again entire sections of the army were instantly obliterated by the rampaging giant. Many soldiers who were not crushed by the giant's feet themselves were soon buried under the clumps of fresh soil that fell from the soles of the giant's feet as

he continued his steady march. Clumps of dirt which seemed little larger than pebbles to the determined giant rained down on the army like meteors. Clumps the size of houses crushed siege engines and decimated entire detachments, but the giant didn't pay them any mind. He continued his steady march towards the horizon.

The army quickly dispersed. The ones that could ran as far from the valley as they could. They stumbled and staggered as they ran for their life because every few seconds the entire countryside would shudder from another colossal footfall. The shakes were so powerful that trebuchets toppled over left and right. Horses panicked and bucked their riders clean off, and then they turned and ran for safer plains.

The emperor awoke to the sounds of rumbling crashes reverberating through the city. The entire palace staff was in an uproar. Servants and senators alike were dashing this way and that. Mass panic filled the palace, and the city streets fared no better.

“What is going on here!?” The emperor demanded to know. The maid he asked was too terrified to stop and speak, she merely shouted “Look out the window” and continued her mad dash for the exit. The emperor ran back into his room and leaned out the balcony to see what was happening, and what he saw made his jaw drop and the blood drain from his face.



There was a man striding right for him – a young man at the peak of his years and the prime of health. The man’s sun-bronzed skin glistened in the early morning light. His body was so perfectly proportioned that he looked like he had been lovingly crafted from clay by the classical masters of old, but his slim, slender body and lean, lithe musculature belied the true, terrifying power he possessed. An entire city block vanished under the ball of his foot, and the surrounding sections crumbled from the mere shockwaves caused by the impact of his footfalls. The giant seemed to be moving at a leisurely pace as if he had no place to be nor any interest in getting there, but his strides were so huge that he crossed miles of lands in mere moments. He passed through the old city and over the high walls leading into the imperial court in a just a couple of steps. Soon he was standing directly before the gates of the imperial palace. The gates were designed to withstand siege weapons and attacks from any known enemy, but these gates barely reached the giant’s shin. The giant could effortlessly step over these battlements as easily as your average person stepped over a twig fallen from a nearby tree.

The emperor could do nothing. He could say nothing. All he could do was stare in horror as the giant stood before him. The colossal figure slowly lowered himself down so that he was squatted down right in front of the imperial palace. If he had chosen to sit all the way down, his gigantic, bubbly butt would have crushed the entire senate and capital plaza and much of the surrounding area, but instead he squatted down just low enough that his beautiful booty loomed

over the city. His puffy taint was so close to the ground that it grazed the roof of the capital building causing the spire to snap off like a dried twig. The giant's heavy nut sack rested solidly on the palace gardens. His enormous balls eclipsed the entire palace grounds and then some. The walls which were designed to repel any siege crumbled like sand against the sheer weight of his colossal balls.

The emperor fell onto his back and stared up in horror at the smirking giant. The giant was now hunched over and staring directly down at the emperor the way a sadistic child looks at an ant he is contemplating squishing. The giant was so massive that his mere presence completely overwhelmed the panicked ruler. Everywhere the emperor looked he could see more and more of the titan. There was no escape. If he looked up he saw the face the size of a city staring down at him. If he looked to his sides he saw the giant's two hands poised to crush the entire palace as if the giant was preparing to swat the parapets like a pesky mosquito. If the emperor looked forward all he saw was a thick, rigid cock. The emperor was in the highest room of the tallest tower of the tallest building in the entire country, and still he didn't even reach the midpoint of the giant's enormous cock. The giant's nuts rested atop the courtyard below and still the tip of the pre-dribbling cock loomed up into the morning sky.

The emperor tried to beg. He tried to plead, but his cries fell upon deaf ears. He was far too tiny for the giant to ever hope to hear – not that the giant

would have stopped had he been asked. The devious glint in the titan's eyes and the twisted smirk on the deity's face made it clear he had no intention of stopping.

The entire earth shook as the titan shifted his position. His hands crashed down in the market district – one on the other side of the palace. One knee made landfall in the in the section of town where the sprawling mansions of the senators were situated. All of these mansions were reduced to rubble with one mere motion of the titan's knee. The other knee touched down in the military ward. A dark shadow fell over the entire palace. The giant was poised on all fours like an animal. His belly button loomed over the emperor's bedroom like a malevolent moon in the sky, and his cock was aimed right at the balcony of the emperor's bed chambers.

The emperor could do nothing but stare in awe at the puffy cockhead which stood poised to ram him head on. His terror had drained away and was instead replaced with a sort of serene calm that comes with accepting the inevitability of his own death. He knew there was nothing he could do. There was nowhere he could go. There was no way to reason with the titan who was too massive to even hear his pleas. All the emperor could do was sit there and marvel at the titanic cock which now loomed before him. The puffy head alone was as wide as the entire palace grounds. The slit itself was wider than the moat and was oozing enough pre to fill said moat with each passing minute. The chasm was so wide that the

emperor could have commanded his own personal ship – the prized vessel of the imperial armada – straight down the slit and into the black abyss, but he was not given the option to do that. All too soon the giant was ready. The emperor didn't even have time to scream as the cavernous maw of the demi-god's colossal cock came lunging right at him.

In one clean thrust the imperial palace – a structure that had survived centuries and endured several sieges from foreign nations – was gone, reduced to rubble by a single plowing by a horny deity's titanic cock, but the titan was not done yet. It had been too long since he had had the chance to play like this. He wanted to savor the moment and ensure that no one threatened his home ever again.

He dug his fingers into the earth. City streets crumpled like ash underneath his fingertips. Buildings were reduced to dust against his toes as he dug in and continued thrusting. He ground his cock against the patch of earth where the symbol of man's might once proudly stood. He dug his dick in against the earth and plowed a groove deeper and deeper into the pre-slicked mud. His whole body trembled with carnal delight as he rubbed his dick against the ruins of the once proud capital. The shudders that coursed through his body reverberated in the ground below. The earth rumbled as the titan had his way with the ruins of the capital. The shockwaves spread for miles around, causing widespread ruin across the entire capital city. Even the far reaches of the countryside could feel the tremors. Even the outposts on the edge of the country

of Ostrava – the country which had gone on to conquer the rest of the continent – could see the silhouette of the horny giant grinding his cock against what used to be the capital. The giant's orgasmic moans could be heard even out in the surrounding colonies.

Sweat dripped from the giant's brow. The tiny droplets made landfall with enough force to wash away the wreckage of entire buildings, but that was only the beginning of the flood. The pre oozing from the giant's cock had mixed with the soil below causing the ground around what was once the palace to become slick and muddy. The ground was so saturated already that there was no way it could absorb any more water, and so when the giant finally reached his limit, when he finally gritted his teeth and braced himself for the best climax he had had in centuries, the earth around the ruins of the palace was already on the verge of flooding.

The giant propped himself back up onto his knees and then sat back on his ass. His gigantic bubbly butt made landfall in what was left of the bureaucratic section of the old capital. The impact was felt for miles, but it was by no means the end. The giant moaned and whined in ecstasy as he fervently stroked his colossal cock with both hands. The enormous spire shuddered in his hands and sent flecks of pre crashing down on the ruins of the city for miles around, but that was just the beginning. The giant gritted his teeth. He clenched his eyes shut. He tilted his head back and let out a cry of orgasmic bliss that

echoed through the empire. Cum erupted from his cock like lava from Mount Vesuvius. Even just a single speck of cum was enough to eclipse a house. Each spurt was enough to drown out a neighborhood, but the giant didn't cum only once. He came again and again and again. He hadn't had the chance to cut loose like this in centuries. He hadn't felt this bliss in eons. Spurt after colossal spurt of jizz rained down on the wreckage of the once great city. The streets were buried under a tide of thick, white spunk. The ruins of buildings were washed away under the flood. Soon all that remained of the once sprawling palatial complex was a pile of rubble and a lake of cum.

The giant breathed a sigh of relief, slowly climbed to his feet, and happily trotted back to his home in the forgotten valley. For him it had been a simple jaunt and a bit of fun to be had before lunch, but for the country of Ostrava it had been the end of an empire. It was a day that lived on in legends. The tales of which were passed down from generation to generation, father to son, king to prince, but as legends tend to do, it eventually faded away into obscurity. Other nations rose and fell. Old stories got lost to the ages. New legends took their place... until yet another great power needed to learn not to pick a fight with a giant's homeland.