

Reign of the Rex

By Adam0800



Art by: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/castle027/>

Thanks for the great commission!

In the deep amazonian jungle, mankind was beginning to prosper and develop as they lived in harmony. The jungle was a wonderful vivid green colour from the regular rainstorms and the 40 degree heat waves that would so often nourish the forest. Residents of the forest would scurry around and scavenge for food and shelter alike as men began deforesting the jungle for more wood to burn and build with. As the forest was vast and stretched beyond the eye, a large part of it was already deforested and various temples and monuments were built. Thousands of humans prayed at stone monuments that were dedicated to an anthropomorphic tyrannosaurus rex. While their god was away, the crowds gathered and prayed to the statues for his return. With the rex playing both king and god, his return echoed from miles away. Each step the rex took would crunch various trees and animals alike as dust clouds erupted past the enormous toes which were idly pushing entire trees down without an inch of effort. Deeply entrenched pawprints covered the most ancient and respected ritual grounds as the print sunk several meters into the ground and terraformed the wet mud beneath it. Three thick toes decimated any object that found it's way beneath them, tens of footprints displayed the untouched remains of hundreds of men who could not escape the shadow of the padded sole of the rex. The weight immeasurable and unthinkable as even entire Mayan monuments were crushed beneath a toe if the god was not pleased. Many insubordinate Mayans found themselves in sacrificial torture devices; One of which stood out. A large stone crater that was several feet deep and was built using the toughest stone, to the rex's delight it was shaped and crafted to the perfect size of his feet. The three toes could nicely sit into the print as Typhek could relax and let his weight crush hundreds at a time. It was wonderful for Typhek the dark green rex peered down past his muscular barreled pectorals as he grinned at the hundreds of men being fed into the paw shaped crater device.

The rex enforced a calm, casual demeanour as he smugly smiled. With the crater being perfect for stomping, the micros would pamper his sole naturally as the reptile allowed the humans to massage his sole with their lives. His faithful servants thrust spears feintly to push in the daily sacrifice, with a hundred or two Mayans already crushed. Typhek was feeling rather horny and malevolent from his darkest desires becoming true. He watched as more Mayans were forced into the meters deep print as it was packed to the brim. The ground was completely obscured by all of the men who sat inside squirming and crying out for help. "Now this is the life!" Rumbled Typhek, his yellow eyes peered down past his black snout as his foot was brought high into the air. The casting shadow of his blackpadded rex foot swallowed the jungle for miles, forest critters fled as his faithful servants knelt down and bowed. Each of the toes wiggled delightfully as the fat of the toe rolled and contorted while the leathery padded began slowly lowering. The screams of men echoed out into the jungle as Typhek began inserted his paw slowly into the pit, to the rex's surprise it sat perfectly as he teased, "Now Now. I won't kill you right away. I'm going to teach you a lesson about why you belong beneath my foot". With skilled finesse, the rex gently began kneading the crowd as he felt his blackpads deform from the hundreds of human who were unwillingly forced to the ground. Typhek leant forward and pressed more weight as he felt the breath of the men wash over his worn sole, grinding his teeth together as he grunted. "Now lick it clean." For a

few moments the crowd went silent, before Typhek encouragingly pressed his sole down where some bodies popped like grapes. Immediately after, Typhek felt the tongues wash and taste his foot as the cries and pleas of men aroused the rex. The large rex swayed his spiky tail as his servants from the side watched his worn sole plunge into the pit and deform it even more as the earth molded to the rex's will. As the rex lifted his sole for inspection, various men laid plastered onto his sole as several men were trampled and laid lifeless. The rex felt the humans squirm and cry out for help. "Pathetic little men." Snorted the rex, enjoying every moment of their pleas and begging as he watched them for a few more moments. The enormous tyrannosaurus then gently planted his heel into the crater, crushing tens of men beneath its weight as the rex gradually lowered the rest of his sole. The devastation and massacre beneath his foot greatly pleased the rex, watching with a devilish grin as men shielded themselves helplessly with their arms as they all got squashed beneath his weight. "Where do you think your going?" Sniggered the rex arrogantly, watching as a few men attempted to climb out of the pit from the toecraters. Each toe wiggled excitedly as the thick, reptilian toes came down one at a time; The cries muffled as the gargantuan toes each came down, with the last ten men being skewered onto the toenail of the rex.

"Ah..these humans can be useful after all." muttered Typhek, stomping the last humans out of existence as his worn sole was nicely massaged with the lives of hundreds. The rex lifted his foot and turned it to him, inspecting the various humans flattened all over it as many more were lifeless in the crater.

Typhek Took pleasure in enslaving the early ages of humanity in this region. Still in his youth, the muscular anthropomorphic rex looked around as the king sat back down on his throne. His eyes peering across his vast empire as temples and monuments were built in his honour as the rex reigned over the existence of these humans. Typhek, the giant god sat comfortably on his almighty throne that took many years and lives to construct, the humans were pitifully puny and pathetic before the gods might, yet, these humans in particular saw him as a salvation to the rest of the earth and a god to unite the people under one rule.

An hour or two had passed by since the daily sacrifice was made. The hot amazon heat reflecting from Typhek's dark green scales as his grey scaly chest reflected the sun's heat rays and displayed a sense of majesty to the giant monster. As the Mayans gathered food, tributes and sacrifices for their god. Typhek sat there in his throne, watching over his kingdom as his arms rested on the armrests of his throne as the tens of thousands gathered and stood at his toes, an sea of them vanishing into the horizon as he peered down. "What is this?" He demanded, the Mayans presented a new flipflop for the rex, his other ones tore apart from his previous endeavours of crushing another civilisation beneath his feet. The rex would never overtly engage his victims, but mostly ignore them as he crushed many unaware and never averted his gaze from those monuments those civilisations held dear to them. Typhek watched as the crowd lifted his enormous flipflops, it took thousands to lift the enormous weight of the foam along as the rex grinned down, "It better fit. Otherwise you'll end up like the rest..." as the rex gestured to the stomp device with a gentle nod of his head." His lips peeled sinisterly as the black leathery soft pads of the rex reached out over

the crowd, hovering above them as thousands felt the cold shadow of his paws and many more closer to them felt the masculinity of his soles. The pads began smearing a few humans as the the crowd formed. Before he knew it, the rex stretched his three meaty toes apart, the rex smiled warmly as he rested his large head on a clenched fist. The gargantuan allowed the humans to place the footwear nicely onto his paws, the fabric of the foam strap sat nicely between his toes. His thick toe pads nicely plumping down onto the foam of the flipflop as the humans dexterously placed the new flipflop onto their gods feet.

"That's good..." Typhek snarled. Feeling the flipflop securely placed onto his godly paws after minutes of monumental effort from the loyal slaves. The crowd huffed and heaved, backing away from the enormous paws that were like temples themselves, each toe capable of squishing monuments and temples with no effort or care. "Lets have some fun shall we?" The maleficent tyrannosaur grinned, the crowd backed away, and almost instantly, the rex began scooping up thousands into his flipflops, the crowds screamed and attempted to run away as they shrieked with fear. The deity lifted up his enormous toes and let the slaves tumble like a stream into the fresh foam of his flipflop. "Where are you all going?" he calmly teased, the crowds slowly turned and before they knew it. His flipflop came back down flat onto the crowd as hundreds were flattened with each stomp. The royal steps of their king flattening many as others watched helplessly. The rex leaned out of his throne and peered down over his muscular legs and stared at his flipflops, his toes flexed and wiggled as he formed giant craters and imprinted his pads onto the foam itself. The micros neatly fell into each pad print as the rex would grin down from between his toes and begin to gently knead and trample the pathetic humans in place. The tyrant licked his lips and felt his bulge press against his loin cloth as the screams of the humans were interrupted with his humid, worn soles. Growling lustfully, Typhek rubbed, grinded and smothered the humans with his pads. Flattening them nicely between the thick wall of soft, sensual rexsole and crushing many bones as the rex felt a few of them pop like grapes underneath their god.

By now, the midday heat was wearing down onto all those who inhabited South America, Typhek felt his thick black toepads rub and gently grind thousands underneath as the humans suffocated and wiggled frantically into the foam of the flipflop. Their bodies being swallowed by the reptiles footwear as the rex engaged in some sensual footplay. His feet was already dusty and covered with a light layer of dirt from the jungle. The rex leant over to the side of his Mayan throne and clenched his spear. Standing up from his throne, the rex felt his body relax as his calm demeanour haunted his slaves. The atmosphere dimmed and darkened as all noticed his growing bulge, Typhek deviously gave a vicious grin down at the micros and wiggledhis paws into position as he looked down at his empire. The weight of his entire body flattened the humans nicely as some fortunate slaves witnessed the moment they saw their family and friends crushed, vanishing beneath the thick black pads as their cries of agony aroused the rex. "Now it is time to have some fun..." Typhek smiled. Without a trace of care, the rex began stepping into the sea of slaves as he began rampaging. Each step created a choir of crackles and cries as they ran amongst each other confused and powerless before the reptile. In his lustful rage the rex crushed every single man, woman and child beneath his brown flipflop. The rex did not care for whom they were, his attention was to enjoying the moment and merely taking a idle stride around the crowds. The micros

inside of his flipflop were thrown around helplessly as they slowly pulverised into lifeless corpses. Most were embedded, to squirm and slowly pop one by one as the rex crushed thousands with each flipflop that fell down into his city. The humans would happily die for their god and his lust, a willing sacrifice made to the tyrannosaur even if it was sudden and abrupt. The rex would grin down, lift his toes high into the air, wiggling them teasingly as many more were swept in between the thick pads of the rex and into the now stained, damp insole of the flipflops.

"It is an honour to be crushed by 'my' soles!" rumbled the rex, giving a toothy grin as a helpless family cradled together and were crushed beneath a toepad. While women were crushed by the rex's toenails. The giant monster felt more and more humans devoured into his insole as they squished nicely, the dampness of the foam and their lifeless bodies mixed nicely to give the rex's worn pads a nice tantalizing feeling of comfort. His slaves were thrown in without a care as the rex felt his erection grow more and more. It was not long before the last of the humans were crushed, entire monuments were flattened beneath a toe. The massacre showed remains of his former slaves with their bodies embedded on his sole, the insole of the flip flop and various flipflop prints that had massive amounts of humans littering the print nicely. Standing in place and taking a nice deep breathe, the rex sighed as he relaxed and admired all those thousands of bodies that squirmed beneath his pads. The last few thousands of servants weakly served, many had survived his rampage and returned by his side to the throne. While the last survivors of his flipflops were weakly mumbling as they groaned from pain. Bones broken and will shattered, the last of his slaves begged for their lives as their king would show no such mercy. Typhek listened intently for a moment, groping his bulge greedily and fondling with it as he suddenly lowered his sole and placed his full weight onto both flipflops. Grinning widely and gritting his fangs together, the hundred strong remnant were crushed and decimated like the insects they were. The rex groped his bulge as he took off his flipflops, giving his worn paw pads some fresh air as he made his way back to his throne. Without noticing, Typhek crushed hundreds of stragglers as they vanished from plain sight and were buried into a fresh pawprint near the kings throne, the enormous rex pleased with his servants as he unknowingly decimated the last of them beneath his barepaws. They were either squished right into the dirty jungle floor or embedded deeply into the bare black soft pad and stuck to it. The rex sat back down nice and comfortably as the previous crowd of more obedient servants had already returned to worship him. Unafraid or worshipping the godly reptile as the rex pointed down to his bare paws and commanded. "I want my feet licked."

The rex wiggled his toes and leant his pawpads over the crowd, his plump toes pulling them into the pads. Typhek brought the first insole of the flipflop to his nostrils, stroking it along from the heel all the way to the tips of the toes, inhaling it with one breathe as he admired the masculine, potent and dominant scent of his sole. The rex even closed his eyes and sighed as his long slender tongue licked the deep embedded prints of his thick heavy trex pads as the flipflop formed to the rex's Will. The rex entirely forget about the now small crowds beneath his pawpads. The rex dug his nostrils deeply into the toecrotches that was nicely smeared on both flipflops and sniffed, the crowd cries muffled as they faded into obscurity. The rex twisting and turning his pawpad on the spot as he opened his eyes,

grinning and huffing evilly as he lifted up his toes to notice the strands of human remains that were stuck to his thick black toepads.

With the short rampage over, Typhek knew it would not be long before the next civilisation begin to worship him again, but for now, the large deity would rejoice and sit nicely with his wellworn flip flops, the sea of crushed corpses and families that were calmly and casually crushed under the god's rule would be a reminder to those who do not worship the god.

Typhek gave a cruel grin as his mind flooded with the powerful taint of the flipflops and the echoes of those families screaming; As they were thrown and tumbled around his flipflop as they would become nothing more than souvenirs from flattening Mayan civilization. The last of the humans began embedded into the foam of the flipflop. Forgotten in time as they merely served the rex's lust for an hour or two. With the rampage arousing his lust, the enormous anthropomorphic rex wiggled his toes and sat back down admiring the sight of his flattened servants.

The End