AGAIN HERCULES POSED HIS magnificent physique. Lying on his back, Mr. Olympia stared up at the Champ. Once more his primal animal lust became aroused. His mangled cock started to painfully engorge. He cried out as it grew harder. He again cupped both hands over his crotch and curled up in the fetal position to stifle the pain. He was still exhausted and weak from Hercules smashing his manmeat between his muscle butt cheeks. His explosion of cum had severely drained his strength like nothing else had ever done before. A feeling of intense helplessness,
fatigue and vulnerability swept over him. Nervous perspiration dripped from his forehead.

The Champ took a few steps away from his opponent, abruptly turned, and with his massive arms akimbo stated, “You just lie there and rest now. Take as long as you need to recoup your strength. You’re not going to cheat me out of my righteous victory. I want you at your best before I destroy you once and for all.” That said, he arrogantly sauntered to a neutral corner to lean lazily against the turnbuckle.

Coleman could not help but be seriously offended and humiliated by the Champ’s condescending attitude. His nearly decade-long thirst for revenge flooded back. He convinced himself that he might be down, but he was hardly out of the match. He tried to make his way to his feet, only to tumble back down. Chagrined, coupled with disgrace, he waved for his two muscular attendants to come and help him.

The beefy naked page boys rushed to his aid. They carefully helped to lift him up. They guided him to his corner. A metal folding chair was provided. Coleman sat down. One attendant wiped him off with a towel while the other provided a high protein liquid drink. Coleman ravenously downed two bottles. As he sat there, he glowered across the ring at his formidable foe, who was engaged in an impromptu posing routine—to the ultimate pleasure and rapturous delight of the audience.

“I have no idea how long it will take pussy boy over there to recover,” Hercules shouted at the spectators. “So to kill some time; enjoy my body.” Again Coleman felt denigrated beyond words, which only fed more fuel to the fires of his insatiable rage for revenge.

One of Coleman’s attendants stealthily made his way over to the Champ with a dry towel in his hand. He offered to clean him up. The Greek’s massive lats and butt cheeks were corroded with Mr. Olympia’s cum. With a look of adoring worship the page began to wipe the world’s most monstrously muscled physique clean. He grew so excited when holding the strongest cock in the world in his hand that he lost control of himself. Involuntarily he jetted out a steady stream of cum all over himself, not to mention Hercules’ ball sack and legs, much to the delight of the Champ, who took it as a compliment.
Embarrassed, the beefy attendant knelt down to clean his mess off the Champ’s lower extremities. When he was through he quickly departed with his head bowed low in shame. When he got back to Coleman’s corner, his boss angrily motioned for him to leave the ring. Within a few seconds the other attendant did the same.

It took Mr. Olympia a few minutes to recover from the degradation of his defeat, but once he felt strong enough he again stood up, angrily tossing the folding chair out of the ring. Arrogantly he strutted towards the Champ, calling for him to come to center ring. The modern-day Hercules obliged. Standing directly across from one another—their massive, naked bodies muscled to the max—they each perused the other’s formidable physique.

“I’m glade you’re no worse for wear,” stated the golden Greek. “I want you fit for the beating I’m about to give you.”

“We’ll just see who beats whom!” retorted Mr. Olympia. Coleman added as he began to pose, “Does this body look like it can be beaten?”

Hercules stood back and watched the 8 times Mr. Olympia winner go through his patented routine. The crowd of spectators enthusiastically encouraged the performance with their unrestrained applause and cheers.

Coleman became so absorbed in his posing that he never noticed his opponent walking around in back of him. Hercules’ huge killer cock wedged itself up between Mr. Olympia’s mammothly-muscled butt cheeks as he pulled the startled black bodybuilder close to his body by his hips. Coleman started to squirm away but the Champ’s powerful hands were violently thrust under his great arms. The mighty Greek began to squeeze the phenomenally thick, heavy slabs of Coleman’s pecs, halting any attempt to escape.

Mr. Olympia’s big stud nipples rasped against thick, heavy palms as the Champ spread his fingers to cup the solid heavy muscle tits. Squeezing firmly, Hercules chuckled, “Not bad, bitch. Not bad at all. I’m going to enjoy destroying them.”

Coleman remained silent. His only response was to slowly bounce both his humongous pectoral muscles up and down in the Champ’s firm grip, at the
same time leaning his massive lats back against his opponent’s mountainous chest.

Hercules’ own pecs and large nipples pressed firm and hard into the ebony muscleman’s panoramic back as he adjusted his stance. Spreading his thickly-veined tree trunk quads, Hercules prepared to apply a full nelson on his opponent.

The Champ raised his mighty forearms, his monstrous biceps setting directly under Mr. Olympia’s shaved armpits. He interlaced his fingers behind Coleman’s bull neck to lock in the hold. Then he began to dry surf his prey. “I could so easily fuck you into neverland right now, bitch. But I’m going to toy with you first, like the mighty king of beast does to its prey before killing it.”

“NEVER!” snorted Coleman defiantly as he ferociously squirmed to get away.

Immediately, Hercules powered on the full nelson, forcing Mr. Olympia’s giant arms to shoot vertically up, as he drove his opponent’s chin down on to his chest.

Coleman grimaced in pain. He cried out. His mighty chest heaved. His steel-hard abdominal muscles contracted into six solid bricks. Mr. Olympia clenched his fists as he slowly started to power his monstrously-thick, veined arms down.

Hercules grunted at the effort. He gritted his teeth to power back—his awesome strength on full display. He forced Coleman’s gigantic arms back up, almost hydraulically. Again Mr. Olympia doubled up his fists, his biceps, like boulders, quivered, his face grimaced in determination. He attempted to flex his arms back down.

“No way Jose,” snorted the Greek as he powered back, driving Coleman’s colossal arms up toward the arena ceiling, jamming his hulking muscle tits deep into his opponent’s rippling back. “YEAHRGGHH!” snorted the Champ. “FEEL THE OLYMPIAN MIGHT OF HERCULES’, MUSCLES, BITCH!”
Mr. Olympia responded with a growl of excruciating pain. His chin was digging deep into his great chest from the might of his adversary’s strength on his abused neck muscles. He once again clenched his fists to power up his arms. He strained as hard as he could to break the neck-destroying vice grip of the Champ. He strained so hard that perspiration coated his face, contorted in agony, as his feet rose up off the canvas. For a moment he simply dangled there like a piece of wet wash hung out to dry on the line.

Hercules’ biceps veins exploded like cables as his superhuman strength held all 350 pounds of Mr. Olympia aloft. He began to shake Coleman like a rag doll, easily swinging him from side to side.

Unceremoniously Hercules gingerly tossed his heavily-muscled opponent across the ring, like throwing out a bag of trash.

Coleman landed with a crash on his muscle butt. A look of consternation, of disbelief registered on his face. He could not believe he was unable to break free from the devastating hold. No man had ever been able to contain him in a full nelson, no man that is except Hercules. He had even been able to break the supposedly unbreakable Master Lock applied by the WWE’s Chris Master in an exhibition of strength earlier that year, before a wrestling audience on Monday Night Raw.

The eight-time Olympian winner rubbed his sprained neck, trying to get the circulation flowing again. He sat up in the corner, his back resting against the ring post. Once accomplished he got to his feet. Defiantly he marched back to confront the Champ. Standing face-to-face Coleman flexed his mighty pecs. By this time his great ebony sex tool had engorged to its full hardness, slapping straight up against his most impressive abs.

Hercules responded by flexing back with a double biceps pose. His great 30-inch cannons dwarfed his opponent’s arms. His monster cock, which always seemed to have a throbbing hard-on, continued to jut straight out from below his eye-popping eight pack abs. The golden Greek thrust his hips forward, slamming the monstrous head of his killer beast against the underside of Coleman’s 12-inch cock.

As both musclemen clasped their hands behind their necks, a test of cock strength began between their two-mega phallus’s. As Hercules pushed...
forward, his enormous cockhead buried itself into the vulnerable underside flesh of Mr. Olympia’s sex pole, driving it deep into Coleman’s lower abdominal muscles.

The black muscleman countered by humping his hips, which in turn, forced his cock to rub up and down across the Champ’s cockhead. Both bodybuilders groaned as they sent erotically-charged electrical shockwaves rampaging throughout each other’s bodies. Their faces were paralyzed in uncontrollable lustful stupors. Their eyes were wide open, almost bulging out of their sockets with steely determination to make the other shoot off first.

Coleman, feeling he was about to lose the cockfight, took a step back. He took hold of his ebony boner. He aimed it forward, ramming it right into Hercules’ swollen ball sack. The Champ let out a fierce yell as his opponent’s mighty penis hit right between his two tennis-ball-size nuts. Mr. Olympia, sensing an opening, harshly grabbed Hercules by his hips. He pulled him close. He continued hammering away at his opponent’s ball sack with ferocious pummeling blows.

The golden Greek grunted loudly in erotic pain with each strike. He stood very still taking the punishment like a man, flexing his muscles, doing first a lat spread, then a double biceps pose, to incite his opponent to shoot off his built up loads. When that failed, his arms dropped to his side and dangled there as he moaned in the overpowering torpor of erotic lust. For a moment he simply leaned back in his tormentor’s hands. His face showed distinct signs of being hopelessly lost in a licentious haze.

Sensing victory at last, Coleman wrapped his opponent up in a bone-crunching bearhug. “Let’s see who’ll shoot first, pussy boy” scoffed the Olympian champion. His opponent’s great cock became helplessly wedged straight up between their two magnificently unsurpassed bodies. Now it was Coleman’s turn to batter away at the underside of the Champ’s mighty beast.

Mr. Olympia kept up the viciously fierce cock/bearhug attack until the Champ raised up his arms in a double biceps pose. He glowered into the face of his black muscled assailant. “And you thought you had me. You’re not muscleman enough to force me to cum, bitch.” laughed the Champ. Then he added sarcastically, “I just love playing with your head. You’re so blinded by
your ego that you can’t see beyond your own shadow. You’re so fuckin’ stupid!” Then, as before, he drove his hands in between Coleman’s massively tensed arms.

The ebony bodybuilder strained with all his might. He grunted between clinched teeth, “I’ll make you cum first you bastard and then smash your ribs to pieces.”

Not injured by Mr. Olympia’s cock/bearhug attack, Hercules again blasted out of the hold, sending Coleman staggering backwards in shocked amazement. Mr. Olympia’s sex tool flopped straight up against his lower abs. Before he knew what had happened, Hercules charged at him, wrapping him up in his deadly bearhug, while pinning Coleman’s cock up against his own belly. The black tool pulsated as it was brutally compressed into its master’s flesh.

Mr. Olympia desperately tried to muscle his way out of the Champ’s devastating power hug. His face strained with the duel torturous agony of being savagely cock fucked and bear-hugged. Yet for all his might and muscle, Coleman was caught hard and fast. There was no avenue of escape. Each futile attempt not only failed miserably, but it sapped his strength even more.

Hercules growled with glee at his opponent’s distress. “I told you before, bitch, you’re mine whenever I want you!” chuckled the Champ as he intensified his hug and dug even harder and deeper into Coleman’s smashed manhood. The Greek’s hips were like two atomic-powered pile drivers, constantly pounding his cockhead into the underside of his opponent’s great sex tool.

With every mighty blow, Coleman’s face winced as he cried out in erotic agony. Out of desperation Mr. Olympia slammed his forearm into Hercules’ face. It momentarily stunned the Champ. Seeing it had an effect, Coleman repeatedly struck the Champ’s face, staggering him. But still the hold held. Coleman, in a last resort effort viciously head-butted the Champ. The Greek reeled on his feet before tottering backwards. He released his hug.

Coleman, too, fell backwards, doubling over as he wrapped his arms around his bruised ribs while gasping for air. But his release was only temporary.
Before he knew it, Hercules had once again corralled him in his deadly bearhug, this time pinning Coleman’s mighty arms hard against his sides. Escape seemed hopeless. As the Champ turned up the pressure of his hug, his mighty hips returned to powering his killer beast and its brutal humping of Mr. Olympia’s cock. The black pro bodybuilder’s head jolted back with each bashing strike. His face winced. He bellowed out from the pain and pleasure of having his sex tool brutalized.

The head of Mr. Olympia’s fuckpole started to release a steady flow of pre-cum. It dripped over the thick shaft of the attacking cock. “Ah!” laughed the Champ, “I feel your pathetic wiener is about to explode.” Hercules applied even more pressure to his hug and his powerful drilling ramrod.

Gathering all his remaining strength, Coleman struggled, violently twisting his body in the bone-crushing embrace of his mighty aggressor, until he was able to free his own arms. Instantly Mr. Olympia wrapped his mammoth arms around his powerful attacker’s massive shoulders in an attempt to crush his opponent into submission. Hercules flinched in pain as he applied even more tension to his spine-crushing hug.

Like two mighty pythons coiled around each other in a duel death struggle, they both tried to pulverize one other’s pricks and ribs. It wound up being far too much for Mr. Olympia to bear. He started to squirm. His face contorted into pure agony. Hercules’ gut-wrenching bearhug and the brutally barbaric barrage of his cock attack began to overwhelm him.

Through gritted teeth the Champ jeered contemptuously in Coleman’s pain-riddled face, “How dare you think you could defeat the world’s mightiest cock or the world’s mightiest arms!”

Mr. Olympia shrieked his guts out as he realized his inevitable fall into another sexual release. With a deafening roar, his body violently convulsed, an enormous geyser of heavy laden testosterone man juice blasted up between their two massively muscled bodies. Coleman, completely overcome, his body shaking uncontrollably, arched his back. His great arms collapsed to his sides. His eyes withdrew to the back of his head.

Hercules thrust his face forward, his mouth wide open to capture and drink Mr. Olympia’s thick white man-seed, while infusing his body with the others...
gushing strength. The mighty Greek roared out a victory yell. Coleman whimpered in abject pain and pleasure.

To increase the agonizing torment on his quickly weakening adversary, Hercules leaned back, taking Mr. Olympia off his feet. The torturous pain was too much for the ebony muscleman. He passed out cold. Coleman’s massively muscled body collapsed in the Champ’s gigantic arms. His once proud and mighty cock shriveled back into its foreskin, battered, beaten and abused.

The audience went completely berserk. The din of cheers and applause tore the roof off the arena. Confident he had drained Mr. Olympia dry, Hercules released his debilitating bearhug. Coleman instantly dropped like a ton of bricks to the mat canvas in a smashed heap of muscle. The Champ looked down at his defeated adversary. Coleman’s sex tool had been mutilated into a misshapen form. His great and mighty chest was covered with red welts. Black and blue bruises covered his rib cage. And everywhere Herc looked, an ocean of cum covered Coleman’s torso and legs in a thick white blanket.

Straddling the unconscious remains of Mr. Olympia, Hercules, with his arms akimbo and one foot on top of Coleman’s slime-covered abs, his mighty, conquering killer phallus covered with his opponent’s jizm from its oversized head, all the way down the inordinately thick shaft, presented a picture of a victorious gladiator. Overcome by his victory, the Champ thumped his chest with both fists as he blasted out one ear splitting victory howl after another, like a jungle gorilla gone berserk with victory after a kill.

Once the audience’s raucous adulation subsided, the Champ put one hand on his chin, as if in thoughtful contemplation as to what to do next.

The audience called out in one loud, clear voice, “FUCK HIM! FUCK HIM! FUCK HIM!” All around the arena the chant was picked up in a voice wave. “FUCK HIM! FUCK HIM! FUCK HIM! FUCK HIM! FUCK HIM!…”

Hercules looked about the auditorium as he nodded approvingly. He reached down to flip the still unconscious bodybuilder over onto his stomach. He straightened out Coleman’s crumpled legs and sat down on his massive thighs. His great killer beast lay across Mr. Olympia’s two mountainous, crescent-shaped buttocks. With his powerful fingers he squeezed those two
beefy slabs of rock hard muscle, then penetrated into the deep canyon between them with his middle finger, looking for the well of erotic pleasure that was hiding somewhere at the bottom.

With each probe Hercules’ breath grew coarse and heavy with wanton lust. Finally he spread those gigantic black cheeks far enough apart to spot the red rose of Coleman’s sphincter muscle. He spat a wad of saliva onto the target. He reared up on his haunches. He directed his steel ramrod toward the hole, then plunged straight down, shredding Mr. Olympia’s butt lips apart, ripping the asshole open beyond its limits. A squirt of blood gushed up, splattering onto Hercules’ lower abs.

Coleman unconsciously grunted in pain. The Champ then leaned forward, resting his marble-hard eight-pack abs on the small of Coleman’s back. His bulging pecs pressed solidly against the plains and deep ridges of Mr. Olympia’s extra wide lats. Using his powerful mega thighs like a hydraulic pile driver, he plowed his mammoth 14 inches down into his opponent’s rectum as he commenced to violently penetrate the tight steel ring of Mr. Olympia’s butt hole. With homicidal intensity, accompanied by growls of erotic lust, Hercules’ killer-lance bored deeper and deeper into Coleman’s muscle butt.

Awakened by the excruciating sharp pain rampaging in his ass and throughout his body, Mr. Olympia began to gradually come around. At first he was unable comprehend what was happening. Why was he lying prone on the canvas with his mouth and broken nose buried in the mat? But soon the terrifying reality of his situation set in. Coleman struggled to lift his head off the mat. He desperately gasped for air. A deep moan of pain came out of his mouth as tears of torment rushed from his eyes.

Hercules was nailing him deep into the mat with his great and powerful cock. Only once before had he lost such a match. Only once before had he been humiliated in such a painful, degrading manner. Only once before had he been sexually defiled and turned into a fuck bitch. Only once before, and to the same monster of muscle and might that was now raping him senseless, with those rapid jack-hammering blows up his bleeding, burning butt hole.
Revenge again seized his mind, body, soul, and heart—and rallied his sagging spirit. He repeatedly clenched his fist to pump up his biceps. There was still a chance to turn the tables back on his overpowering adversary. There was still fight left in him—a lot of fight and determination. Before this night was over he would show the world the greatest comeback in wrestling history. He could still be the conqueror of the mighty Hercules.

Through tears of excruciating agony, Mr. Olympia started to feel a resurgence of his strength flowing back into his muscles. He tried to move his body.

But Hercules had already noticed his musclebound opponent stirring beneath him. With his massive fuckpole firmly planted deep into Coleman’s ass, the Champ sat up. He reached over and slapped Mr. Olympia’s gigantic arms over his mammoth thighs. Then he grabbed his chin and hauled Coleman’s torso up off the mat into a devastating camel clutch. The black muscleman screamed out as sweat enveloped his bald head, face and body.

Mr. Olympia desperately wanted to beg for release. The extraordinary intensity of the pain was quickly driving him to the point of submission. His ass was being demolished, his rectum torn to bloody shreds, his guts were being destroyed by the Champ’s killer beast constantly burrowing up inside him. The gut-wrenching, agonizing torture was more than any human could bear.

Slowly, ever so slowly, the debilitating pain was overwhelming Mr. Olympia. His head bobbed up and down with each savage penetration. His face was petrified in agony. Tears fell from his eyes in a steady stream. But his monumental ego overruled his better judgment. It would not allow him to give up or give in.

Consumed by the torturous pain of being barbarically fucked, as well as having his spine bent out of shape, Mr. Olympia struggled to cry out, through clenched teeth, his defiant, tearful, gasping voice cried out, “AAAAAHHHH! I can … take anything … you give me … asshole! I’m man enough … to take … your … cock. I’m more … than man enough … you fuckin’ bastard. O-U-C-H!!! It hurts … but I … can take … it! JESUS … CHRIST … YOU’RE … RIPPING … MY … ASS … TO SHREDS!! AAAAAHHH! CHRIST!! OOOOOWWWWW! I’m more … than man
enough … for you! I’m MR. OLYMPIA … 8 TIMES MR. OLYMPIA! OOOOWWWW! FUCKIN’ CHRIST!! I CAN TAKE IT! I CAN TAKE IT!! YOU … YOU CAN FUCK ME TO DEATH … BUT … I’LL NEVER … SUBMIT … N-E-V-E-R!! You can … conquer my body … but NEVER my soul! OOOOWWWW! FUCKIN’ CHRIST! OUCH! OUCH! OUCH! OOOOWWWW! ...” Coleman’s brazen resistance was as much bravado, goaded on by his massive ego, as it was foolheardy.

Deaf to Coleman’s shrieking, blustering, defiance, Hercules continued to barbarically hump his ass, occasionally swiveling his hips to grind his cock ever deeper up into Mr. Olympia’s bleeding muscle butt, thereby doing more damage to his opponent’s guts. At the same time he kept bending farther back, dragging Coleman’s torso with him in his spine-busting camel clutch.

He had made a pledge to himself, that before this night was through, he’d make Coleman submit and call him master. Reluctantly he admired his opponent’s steadfast resistance because it only whetted his own appetite and determination to break his will. To increase the torture and body wreckage, the Champ rocked back and forth viciously jerking Coleman’s torso up and down. Mr. Olympia wailed and cried as his hands flapped wildly, like a wounded bird’s wings, at the sides of the Champ’s humongous thighs.

Not content with the damage already inflicted, Hercules leaned far back, almost resting his massive lats on Coleman’s gigantic calves. A sound of popping was heard. Mr. Olympia bellowed for all he was worth as he continued to blast out his defiance.

Finally the Greek let go of Coleman’s chin. Coleman’s torso slammed to the mat with the sound of wet flesh hitting canvas. Hercules stood triumphantly up. His killer fuck pole pulled out of Mr. Olympia’s butt hole with a loud suction pop. It was smeared with dripping blood.

Beneath his mammoth tree trunk legs lay the crying, whimpering eight-time Mr. Olympia. Sadistically Hercules hollered, “I told you I’d tear you apart, bitch, and I’m a man of my word. I’ve just started with you. Prepare to be physically massacred. No more titles for you … EVER!”
“NO! NO!” pleaded Coleman in gasping breathes. “Please no! You can’t do this to me. I’m Mr. Olympia. I’m the greatest, the biggest, the strongest, the best bodybuilder in the whole world. You can’t do this to me!”

Realizing he finally had Coleman right where he wanted him, Hercules scoffed contemptuously, “You’re not muscleman enough to stop me.”

Coleman rolled over on his back. He was grinning from ear to ear. He quickly sat up, driving his fist into Hercules’ balls. The Champ instantly doubled over, screaming. He collapsed to his knees between Mr. Olympia’s massive legs. Without hesitation Coleman wrapped them around the Greek’s thick bull-neck and hauled him down to the mat, locking his heels tightly together. He began to choke the life out of the Champ.

As Hercules’ alabaster face turned a scarlet red, Coleman chuckled, “I took a leaf out of your play book, chump. I faked you out this time. Now it’s my turn to beat you senseless. I’m going to choke your lights out, then rape you into submission to my will, like you tried to do to me. I’m going to tear your muscle ass apart on my mighty cock—and love every minute of it. Prepare to be devirginized, muscle bitch. You’re going down. Now you’ll be my fuck slut,” growled Mr. Olympia jubilantly.

Hercules struggled for air as his hands clutched desperately at Mr. Olympia’s giant ebony calves, trying to tear them apart.

“All resistance is futile. Take your fucking like a real man, like I did mine,” howled Coleman as he twisted his legs and applied all his might to render his prey unconscious.

The Champ hammered away at the massive legs that held him prisoner; his face grew redder with every passing second. He twisted and jerked his mammoth body with all his might. Saliva dribbled from his mouth. He coughed, gagged and gasped for every bit of breath he could muster. He felt his strength fading fast. He began to feel groggy and lightheaded. Without enough air to fuel his mighty lungs he would be lost.

 Summoning his last reserve of strength, he forced himself to his feet, dragging Coleman up with him. Even though he was upside down, resting on his bald head, Mr. Olympia kept his strangling leg-lock around Hercules’
neck. As the pro bodybuilder was tightening his leg grip, the Greek stepped forward, putting his legs on either side of his opponent’s body. He then dropped down to the mat, snapping Coleman’s legs apart. Mr. Olympia roared out in pain.

Hercules’ wasted no time. He jumped to his feet, caught hold of Coleman’s legs to apply a torturous standing Boston crab with his knee firmly placed in the small of Mr. Olympia’s back. He leaned far back until he heard a snapping of his opponent’s spine. He dropped the hold as Coleman lay prostrate, howling in gut-wrenching agony as he desperately clutched his back.

*End of Chapter Four*