S
TILL SOMEWHAT FOGGY, and struggling for breath, Hercules staggered over to the corner. He collapsed against the turnbuckle. He bent forward. His shoulder-length hair, completely soaked with sweat, hung straight down, the ends were tinged with Coleman’s blood. Sweat dripped in a steady stream along the lengthy tresses as the saturated golden mane obscured his face. He didn’t see his opponent struggling to his feet.
Mr. Olympia tried to shake off the detrimental effects of the Boston crab and savage ass-fucking. He arched his back, bending backwards and side to side in the process. When he was satisfied there was no real damage—although intense pain racked his entire body—he lunged toward the Champ.

Just as Hercules straightened up, Coleman’s massively muscled body slammed into him, damn near knocking the Champ off his feet from the force of the impact. Coleman stepped aside. Hercules took a couple of unsteady steps forward, then tumbled face-first to the mat. Mr. Olympia hit him with a powerful leg drop across his monstrously muscled back. The Greek’s entire body jolted up and back down.

Sitting on the mat, Coleman—with both hands—grabbed the Champ’s left arm as he put his boots against his opponent’s side latissimus and shoulder. He began to tug and pull, trying to dislocate the mighty arm.

Hercules’ feet and his right hand pounded the canvas as he howled in pain. His head bobbed up and down. He struggled to escape. “I’ll destroy you for this,” he bellowed at his beefy tormentor.

“Talk is cheap,” mocked Coleman through gritted teeth. “I’ve got the upper hand now.” Mr. Olympia leaned all the way back while he stretched Hercules’ arm almost out of the socket.

Still the Champ had his wits about him. After several feeble attempts he finally managed to struggle to his feet with Coleman still hanging on. Once he was standing tall, the Champ raised his left arm straight up in the air in a phenomenal display of superhuman strength. He lifted Mr. Olympia off the mat. Coleman hung on for dear life. Hercules then slammed the black bodybuilder down to the mat with such force that Coleman saw stars. The hold was broken. The Champ slowly walked around the ring vigorously shaking out his left arm and hand to get the feeling back into them.

Since he had his back turned away from Coleman, he didn’t see Mr. Olympia scramble to his feet. Coleman stealthily snuck up behind him. He leapt onto the Champ’s sprawling back, wrapping his massive legs about his waist. At the same time he slapped on a sleeper hold.
Hercules was stunned by the suddenness of the move. His eyes almost popped from their sockets. His mouth flew wide open. Mr. Olympia’s great arms began to cut off the blood to the IUWF’s Champ’s brain. Hercules staggered about, his arms flailing wildly, vainly trying to catch hold of Coleman’s head to flip him off. But his opponent’s bald head was far too slippery with sweat. He was unable to get a good grip.

The ebony bodybuilder grunted loudly as he continuously applied more and more pressure to his hold, trying to render the Champ unconscious. The effects of the hold began to have a toll. Hercules started to run out of steam. His legs began to buckle. He stumbled about like a blind man, unable to find his way.

Finally, just as his lights were about to go out, the Champ backed up into a corner turnbuckle, slamming Coleman’s back into the steel post. Mr. Olympia shouted out in pain. Hercules darted forward and again rammed his adversary’s back into the ring post. Coleman again cried out. And again and again and again the Champ desperately rammed Coleman’s back into the post—yet he continued to hang on.

One last great slam shook the ring. Something in Coleman’s back cracked. Everyone in the auditorium heard it. Coleman loosened his grip slightly. Hercules stepped forward. He bent forward, viciously whipping Mr. Olympia over his head. Coleman was sent flying halfway across the ring, landing on his back. The breath had been knocked out of him.

Hercules collapsed into the corner, sagging slowly to the mat on his butt. He rested there for a few seconds to regain his senses. When that had been accomplished he turned his attention back to his befuddled opponent who was lying on the mat gasping for air.

The Champ scurried to his feet. “I’m through playing with you, muscle punk!” stormed Hercules as he began to viciously stomp Mr. Olympia’s body with his white-fringe-lined boot. He struck at his opponent’s huge thighs; his calves, his abs, his great chest, and his groin—with such power that Coleman’s extremely beefy body jerked up off the mat with every pounding blow.
When he was through smashing Mr. Olympia’s magnificent physique, Hercules cruelly grabbed his ball sack, forcing the eight-time Mr. Olympia up to his feet. Coleman screamed at the top of his lungs. His eyes watered from the intense, agonizing hold. He felt his nuts beginning to snap in the awesomely powerful grip of the Champ. Although terrified that he would end up emasculated, he still was unable to beg for mercy. Even if he had, there was no mercy to be gained—and he knew it. Hercules’ face was a stonewall of satanic hate.

The Champ put his hand on his opponent’s thick neck, and with his other hand still holding tight to Mr. Olympia’s ball sack, he effortlessly hoisted his massively muscled adversary up over his head in a gorilla press. For a moment he just stood there, like Atlas holding the world aloft. Then he power-bombed Coleman to the mat with a body slam of such tremendous force the entire ring shook. Coleman, on his back, his mighty legs and arms spread-eagle, just lay there, senseless.

With a claw hold on Mr. Olympia’s massive pecs, Hercules again forced his opponent to his feet. He released his hold, only to haul Coleman up over his head once again. As he stood there he began pressing Mr. Olympia’s 350 pounds of bulked-up muscle like he was as light as a bag of features. There was no strain shown by the Champ, nor twitching of muscles on his face.

As he pressed his adversary Hercules took Coleman’s limp, deformed cock into his mouth and began to roughly suck it. Quickly Coleman’s foot-long prick became engorged. Despite its near mutilation, it pulsed with unreleased lust. Mr. Olympia groaned in agony and pleasure as the mighty Greek worked him up into a state of carnal excitement.

Another powerful body-slam knocked the breath out of the champion bodybuilder and rattled his brain even more. More overhead pressing, cock sucking and backbreaking body slams followed … eight in fact. On the ninth one, Hercules power-slammed his semi-comatose opponent down across his knee, damn near splitting Coleman in half.

Mr. Olympia yelled out loudly as Hercules pressed down on his great leg and chest, turning the hold into a debilitating backbreaker.
Before he knew it, Coleman was bent almost in half. The back of his bald head hit the mat while the soles his boots slapped the ring floor. His fabulous abdominal muscles stretched to the point of almost tearing apart. The pain in his spine was intolerable. His face was paralyzed in agony. His arms flailed wildly about. His cries of torment filled the arena. In sheer desperation he tried to kick his legs up to free himself—but he was caught like a rat in a trap.

Hercules snickered in delight over his opponent’s distress. “You’re my bitch, Coleman,” he railed. “And to prove it … I’m going to suck you off. I’m going to siphon all the strength out of your miserable body and make it mine.”

Bent into an agonizing bow, Mr. Olympia felt the hot breath of the Champ envelope his painfully-hard, mangled cock. The thick wet lips of the golden Greek slowly worked their way up and down the great ebony shaft, deliberately arousing all of Coleman’s pent up sexual energies. His bruised balls churned hard and heavy, going into overdrive as Hercules’ tongue started to lick the underside of the shaft, tickling it, kneading it, rubbing it.

For several minutes the Champ worked Mr. Olympia’s sex meat, forcing him to fight for each and every breath, relentlessly pushing the bodybuilder into a frenzied state of hot eroticism. Coleman’s great chest heaved and undulated with every difficult gasp of air. His screams turned into deep moans and groans of unrequited pleasure and pain.

When Hercules started to sadistically bone him, Mr. Olympia breathlessly whimpered, “No … please don’t. No … no more … ahhhh! You’re driving me insane. Ahhhh! Pleazzzzz … Uh! No! …”

Sensing his adversary was near climax, Hercules clamped his teeth directly under the throbbing cockhead—holding it captive—and roughly inserted the tip of his tongue deep inside the slit.

Mr. Olympia was lost. The last of his resistance died instantly. With a mighty bellowing shriek, he erupted gallon after gallon of his high-testosterone cum down the Champ’s throat. Hercules never missed a load. He swallowed every drop. So violent were Coleman’s emissions that his entire body buckled with each shot. His
stomach muscles convulsed. Harrowing screams of pain and pleasure followed hard, one upon another, as the Greek sadistically gnawed, chewed, bit, licked, sucked and tongued Coleman into a state of erotic sexual euphoria and total satiation as he sucked him dry of his strength. And all the time, Hercules continued bending his helpless opponent farther and farther across his mammoth thigh. Coleman’s spine kept cracking, popping and snapping as his tortured, ear-piercing screams, filled the arena.

What seemed to go on forever finally ended with the last few miserable dribbles of jism that seeped out of Mr. Olympia’s deflated cock. The Champ ravenously licked them up with his tongue. He laughed, “Like Maxwell House coffee … good to the last drop.”

With great contempt, Hercules shoved Mr. Olympia off his tree-trunk leg. Coleman hit the mat on his stomach with a heavy dull thud, his massive arms and legs spread out like the carcass of a slaughtered beast. Hercules stood over him, stroking his killer fuckpole and hypnotically looking down at Mr. Olympia’s still-bleeding muscle butt.

With his boot he rolled his opponent over onto his back. Coleman, thoroughly exhausted and depleted of strength, lay motionless. His eyes were wide open but vacant. His mouth was gaped. Saliva drooled out of the corners, onto the canvas. The golden Greek, in his deep baritone voice, ominously threatened, “I’m not through with you yet, Coleman. Not by a long shot.”

He reached down between Mr. Olympia’s mighty legs to apply another claw hold to his balls. He lugged him up off the mat to his feet. Coleman, shrieking and wincing in pain, was held up in the air until the Champ set his feet down on the mat.

No sooner did Coleman feel relief than Hercules’ claw held both his pecs, roughly yanking him up off the mat once more. Coleman’s legs dangled loosely beneath him, his hands desperately clutched the Champ’s massive forearms. Releasing the bolder-sized forearms, he tried to pull Hercules’ steel talon fingers away from his chest muscles—but they were dug in too deep. The Greek looked up and laughed at his helpless prey.
Suspended precariously in the crushing grip of the Champ, Mr. Olympia glared down on his mighty torturer. He could feel the great plates of his chest beginning to rip under the 350 pound dead weight of his hanging bulk. He snorted and seethed with malicious enmity. His furious hatred of Hercules and his deep rooted obsession for revenge, once more took hold of him. Its overpowering grip on his consciousness numbed his immense physical agony.

There was still some fight left in his body. With a great roar of pain and renewed determination he rallied the last of his ebbing energy. With his teeth gritted he quickly pulled his right leg up to knee the Champ square in the balls.

Intense pain exploded throughout Hercules’ body. He released his grip and doubled over, violently gagging. He clutched his groin with both hands. Coleman dropped to the canvas like a ton of bricks. For several seconds he massaged his wounded pecs, while Hercules danced about in agony holding his balls with both hands as he bellowed out in great torment.

Quickly, Mr. Olympia took advantage of the situation. He hauled off with a mighty upper cut to the Champ’s jaw; it lifted the golden Greek off the mat. Hercules flew backwards a few feet before landing on the canvas. While the Champ was catching his breath and rubbing his chin, Coleman staggered to the corner ring post. He began to awkwardly climb the ropes. Still weak from the cock sucking and the torturous beating he’d been taking, Mr. Olympia painfully lumbered up to the top rope of the ring. Clumsily he steadied himself to perform a full body flying press on the downed Champ.

However, he took so long that Hercules was able to get to his feet. When Mr. Olympia finally propelled himself off the corner ropes, Hercules, in another stunning display of raw strength, caught him in mid air in a cradle. Using the momentum of the flying press, he spun around and power-slammed his opponent solidly to the ring floor with a loud smack of flesh on canvas. The impact was so powerful that the breath was driven out of Coleman. His massive back stung with fiery pain. For a few seconds it felt paralyzed. He could not move. His eyes were wide open. His face expressed total disbelief.

Hercules scurried to his feet. He repeatedly attacked his befuddled adversary with numerous flying elbows to the solar plexus and chest, further forcing
more air out of Mr. Olympia’s body. Coleman grimaced, heaved and gagged as he struggled for every breath.

The golden Greek then clutched his opponent’s arm, dragging him up to his feet. The ebony bodybuilder staggered about on buckling legs for a few seconds before the Champ viciously arm-whipped him into the ropes. Instantly he was catapulted back toward Hercules, who clotheslined him, sending Mr. Olympia 180 degrees around his monstrously huge arm.

Coleman hit the canvas hard. Again he was dragged to his feet with a brutal arm pull that nearly tore it from the socket. Like a mammoth snake, Hercules coiled his massive body around the prize-winning bodybuilder, catching him in the vice grip of an abdominal stretch, sometimes referred to as a standing torture rack.

Coleman cried out as his body was extended beyond human endurance. He felt as if he was being pulled apart. His face was scrunched up in physical torment. To add insult to injury, The Greek began to rasp the underside of his beefy imprisoned adversary’s upright fuckpole with his monstrous cock, rubbing it back and forth—as if bowing a stringed instrument. When the Champ began to savagely suck, gnaw and bite his large pec nipple, Coleman howled out a mighty groan of erotic pleasure. Mr. Olympia’s whole body wildly jolted. A massive amount of pre cum flooded up and over his cockhead, dripping in a steady stream down the thick shaft and onto his huge thigh.

Having worked Coleman up to the point of ejaculation, Hercules viciously grabbed his opponent’s throbbing cock. He began to brutally jack him off. Mr. Olympia strained with what little strength he had left to extricate himself by attempting to hip-toss the Champ off of him. It was a miserably futile attempt, doomed to failure. Hercules only ratcheted up his hold by applying more power, stretching Coleman to the breaking point. Without losing a beat he continued to maliciously masturbate him.

When the Champ, still gnawing at Coleman’s nipple, ceased jerking the black sex tool and started to simply squeeze it with great force, Mr. Olympia roared out a horrific scream. He exploded a tsunami of cum that ruptured the lining in his cock. A great quantity of blood, mixed with bright pink cum, blasted up a good three feet into the air followed by more and more pink
jism that grew darker red with each blast. Overcome by total fatigue and pain, Coleman collapsed in Hercules’ mighty arms. His abused stomach muscles convulsed as he coughed up more blood in between his tormented screams.

“You’re pathetic!” snorted the Champ, who, with a clubbing blow to Mr. Olympia’s stomach, sent the physically and sexually abused bodybuilder crashing to the canvas.

Standing triumphantly over his fallen rival, Hercules once more posed his fabulous body—to the raucous delight of the audience. He then reached down to roughly grab the bodybuilder’s traps in another brutal claw hold, damn near tearing them from the shoulders. He dragged the dazed, bewildered Coleman to his feet by shaking him like a rag doll. With little effort, Hercules jerked Mr. Olympia up over his head in a military press. For a few seconds he just stood there proud and victorious while Coleman whimpered in fear above his sweat-soaked golden locks. The Greek took a victory lap around the ring, holding aloft his beaten foe.

The audience applauded and roared their approval. Some yelled out, “Destroy the arrogant bastard!” Others chanted loudly, “Kill him!” “Fuck him to death!” “Rip him apart!” “End his career!” “Finish him off once and for all!” To all of this Hercules merely smiled a satanic grin. “You ain’t seen nothing yet folks,” roared the Champ. “By the time I’m through with him, he’ll curse the day he was born!”

With that the golden Greek atomic-dropped his defenseless opponent down, driving his knee up into Mr. Olympia’s ball sack. The intense pain shot through Coleman’s body. He bent forward, hands cupping his nuts, roaring in agony.

Instantly Hercules was once again upon him, jerking him up over his head by one ass cheek and the back of his neck. A dazed Coleman stared straight up into the overhead ring lights as his legs flailed out wildly. With Mr. Olympia’s legs wide apart and his crotch exposed, the Champ walked over to the ring ropes. Sadistically he tossed his victim down. The top rope smashed into Coleman’s balls as it burrowed itself deep into his butt hole. A look of consternation and horror flooded the ebony bodybuilder’s face. More
ear-shattering screams poured from his mouth as the excruciating shockwaves of pain reverberated throughout his body.

Hercules then roughly grabbed Mr. Olympia around the waist with one arm. He took off, racing down to the far end of the ring, dragging him shrieking all the way. The rope burned away the flesh from his ball sack and already abused ass hole.

Coleman, with both hands desperately clutching the top rope, cried tears of anguish. His face twisted uncontrollably from the pain. Not content with his sadistic handiwork, the Champ began to shake the rope, deliberately bouncing Mr. Olympia up and down like he was riding a bucking bronco.

When he stopped, Coleman—in a state of complete shocked torment—collapsed off the top rope to the mat. He immediately curled up into a fetal position, with both hands cupping his bleeding ball sack. He lay on the canvas, with tears of suffering pouring down his face. He whimpered like a beaten dog as every muscle in his championship body violently convulsed.

Wasting little time, Hercules again demonstrated his phenomenal strength by gingerly picking his ravaged opponent up in another gorilla press and tossing him out of the ring as if he were simply throwing out the garbage. Coleman splattered to the hard arena floor with an audible sound of smacking sweat-soaked flesh on concrete. The back of his head hit with a crack. Blood began to seep out.

Quickly, the Champ jumped over the top ring rope onto the apron, then hopped down to the floor, the great plates of his mammoth chest rippling on impact. He stood over his fallen adversary. He flexed his mighty arms and bellowed out a roar of triumph. His killer cock pulsated with wanton lust for his beefy victim.

“Playtime!” he shouted as he reached down to jerk Coleman up by his arm. Dazed, bewildered and nearly unconscious from the body racking pain, Mr. Olympia had no resistance to offer. His great body was limp. His head hung down. His legs buckled under the tremendous bulk of his physique.

Hercules arm-whipped him into the side of the ring. Mr. Olympia cried out as the small of his back collided with tremendous force against the ring
apron. Involuntarily, he arched his back, only to have the mighty Greek ram his massive shoulder into his gut with a running shoulder block.

Coleman’s legs gave out. But before he could collapse to the arena floor, the modern day Hercules caught him over his shoulder in a fireman’s carry. Repeatedly he rammed the bodybuilder’s back into the steel ring post. Coleman wailed in torment with each crippling slam. After a half-dozen running attacks into the ring post that severely weakened his opponent’s back and spine, Hercules wrapped Coleman’s massive arms up in the ring ropes.

Mr. Olympia looked like a slab of prime beef hanging in the butcher shop window. The Champ menacingly approached the sagging bodybuilder; Coleman’s arms were out stretched like he was being crucified. Herc savagely grabbed Mr. Olympia’s flaccid cock. Viciously the Greek pulled on it, jerking Coleman’s body forward as he started to gut-punch the ebony, cobblestone abs with his left hand, while his right kept hold of Coleman’s sex tool. In rapid succession, the Champ kept up the brutal attack on his opponent’s stomach, never releasing his cock as he pulled him back and forth.

With each devastatingly powerful blow, Coleman’s body tried to sink down—but his captured cock kept him standing upright so his great body would absorb the full force of the pounding. Hercules glowed with sadistic delight at the barbaric punishment he was inflicting. For a moment, the Champ just stood there, holding onto Mr. Olympia’s rock-hard cock as he gazed at his brutalized opponent. He grinned from ear to ear. He flexed his right arm and growled, “And you were going to do what to me?”

Quickly, he returned to punishing Coleman’s abs. Once more the smacking of flesh was heard throughout the arena. Each mighty blow registered on Coleman’s face. He gagged, coughed and cried out in pain. When he started to vomit up blood it was a clear sign that something had ruptured deep inside his guts.

Finally Hercules released Mr. Olympia’s cock, now fully engorged and throbbing with a life of its own. It violently swung up to smack the red, swollen stomach of its master. The Champ continued his sadistically barbarous attack with rapid-firing rights and lefts to his defenseless prey. In
short order Hercules’ brutal hammering blows converted Coleman’s iron-plated stomach to jello. With each pounding strike, Mr. Olympia’s face twisted out of shape with excruciating pain; blood-curdling screams wailed from his mouth.

Unable to resist showboating, Hercules turned his back on his beaten, muscled victim to pose for the thoroughly enthralled audience.

While the golden Greek’s back was turned, a struggling Coleman finally found his feet. He stood up, releasing his arms from the ring ropes. Doubling his fists together over his head, he stepped forward to sledge-hammer the Champ’s massive back. The hit had little effect. Mr. Olympia’s great strength had all but been depleted from his brutalized body. Hercules shrugged off the strike; he turned around to face his opponent. He began to beat Coleman senseless all over again.

Desperately, Coleman tried to use his arms to protect himself from the vicious pummeling his stomach was receiving, but to no avail. Hercules had turned him into a human punching bag. Eventually Mr. Olympia’s stomach swelled up into a beer gut covering over his once incredible six pack abs.

If Coleman’s hands protected his guts, the Champ went to work on his face, bashing his chin, his cheeks, his already-broken-nose, and his forehead. He turned Mr. Olympia’s ebony-chiseled features into a bloody gruel of mush. His eyes had been bashed, swollen shut. The intense pain that ran riot throughout his body sapped what remaining strength he possessed.

Hercules’ bludgeoning strikes, the constant sound of the smacking of flesh, along with deadly, open-hand karate chops and fists to the chest, plus the grotesque gushing of blood, made for a very gruesome sight. Coleman’s prize-winning physique was being physically and systematically demolished.

It got to the point where Mr. Olympia no longer had the strength to even hold his arms up to protect himself. They dropped like lead weights to his sides. A particularly vicious and powerful karate chop to his exposed chest fractured Mr. Olympia’s sternum. He fell forward, clutching his broken chest with both arms as his labored breathing gasped desperately for air.
Before the ebony bodybuilder collapsed to the mat, Hercules sadistically slammed his knee up into his opponent’s chin, driving him upright. The Champ then struck a mighty blow to Mr. Olympia’s chin that damn near took his head off. It literally spun him around. A stream of blood shot out of his mouth in an arc, splattering some of the spectators in the first and second rows. Coleman collapsed to one knee, huffing and puffing to catch his breath, while all the time gagging on his own blood.

A brutal sledgehammering blow to the back of his bleeding head sent Mr. Olympia to the arena floor, where he sprawled out on his abused, bloated stomach. Standing over him, Hercules gloated with sadistic pleasure at his handywork. “And you were going to do WHAT to me!” blasted the Champ once again at his downed opponent.

Coleman gave no reply. He just lay there in a pool of his own blood, groggily moaning in agony.

“Come on Mr. Olympia,” scoffed the Champ contemptuously, “I’m not through with you yet. Show me how much of a real muscleman you are. Show me how much punishment you can take. Don’t be a muscle wimp. Be a real man! The kind of a man you boasted about a while back … that you could take anything I dish out. Or are you really just another pussy boy after all?”

Again Hercules hauled up his brutalized adversary by his arm. He slammed his back against the ring apron. Coleman’s swollen face was a sheer mass of blood. His features were totally unrecognizable. Even the audience gasped in horror at the sight.

Like a cat toying with a nearly dead mouse, Hercules grabbed hold of Mr. Olympia’s hips in his vice grip and began to savagely cock-fuck the daylights out of him. Coleman’s blood-smeared face rolled from side to side; he whimpered in pain as his great sex pole was once again being smashed to pieces.

The Greek kept up the barbaric cock beating, digging his mighty cockhead deep into the under side of Coleman’s hard cock, constantly hammering away until, with a shriek of defeat that erupted from Mr. Olympia’s lips, a geyser of blood-soaked cum blasted straight up from the bodybuilder’s
mutilated fuckpole. Coleman’s whole body shook with each seismic explosion; it went on for several seconds.

Once the last of his jism had been viciously expelled, Coleman’s depleted body collapsed against Hercules, his great arms slung over the Champ’s massive, boulder-sized shoulders, his bloodied face slumped onto the Champ’s upper right pec. In a low, exhausted, groaning voice, Mr. Olympia, his bravado completely fucked out of him, begged, “No more. Please, for Christ sake, no more. I can’t take any more. Please no more …. please!” Each pathetic word was accentuated by spits of blood.

Offended by Coleman’s plea for mercy, Hercules moved forward, pinning the bodybuilder between the ring apron and himself. He grabbed Coleman’s chin, lifting his battered face up to his, and snickered, “And you were going to do WHAT to me? Have you forgotten how you were going to tear me apart, limb from limb and then fuck me to death on your cock? Hah? Well I haven’t! I told you then you weren’t muscleman enough to do it, but I was, and I’m here to prove it. Mercy?! Why Coleman, I haven’t even started with you.” The Champ’s menacing words sent a cold chill of fright throughout Mr. Olympia’s pulverized body.

His smashed body quivered in fear as it was pressed up against his tormentor. The Champ, never one to miss a chance to taunt his foe, coolly, sensually, purred, “You love feeling your naked body pressed up against mine, don’t you Mr. Olympia?”

While he spoke, Herc rubbed his mighty physique up and down over Coleman’s. “Ooh,” he cooed, “ … feel the hot flesh of my body on yours. It turns you on, doesn’t it? You love to feel your prize-winning body meshed up against my even more powerful physique. I can feel your cock getting harder by the second, Coleman. My fabulous body turns you on. You want me to take you, don’t you,” seductively crowed the Champ.

With pathetic whimpers, Coleman whispered, “No …no … no,” as he tried to push himself off of Hercules—but he was far too weak.

Instead, the Greek reached down. He picked Mr. Olympia up in his arms. He pressed him overhead once again and threw him back across the top rope into the ring. Coleman hit the mat with a loud splat. The Champ quickly
slithered under the bottom rope. He jumped to his feet. He glared down on his destroyed prey.

With great ease Hercules threw Mr. Olympia up over both shoulders in a devastating, backbreaking torture rack. Coleman bellowed out in pain. The Champ walked around the ring, bouncing him up and down, while continuously pressing on his victim, bending him in a gut-wrenching bow.

When he heard the snapping of Coleman’s spine, Hercules released him, letting him tumble off his shoulders to the mat with a loud thud. Mr. Olympia cried out as he lay on the canvas, arching his tortured back. Every muscle in his body began to spasm. A look of constricted pain covered his blood-soaked face. “The end is near Mr. Olympia,” gloated the Champ. He reached down to grasp his opponent’s arm. With one ferocious jerk, he hauled Coleman up to a standing position. Mr. Olympia just stood there — almost completely out—on his feet. “I’m going to love ripping your ass apart on my cock … again,” sneered the golden Greek right in the face of his blood-stained adversary.

Instantly he slugged Coleman square in his bruised, swollen gut. Mr. Olympia doubled over, but before he fell to the mat Hercules viciously grabbed him about the waist, lifted him up off his feet, and power-slammed him down to the canvas.

Coleman’s massive legs flew up in the air from the force of the impact—the toes of his boots coming down to rest beside his blood-soaked head, his muscle butt sticking straight up and exposed.

The Champ nestled up to his opponent’s ass using his mammoth thighs to keep Coleman’s legs in place. Taking his own monstrous killer cock in his hand he aimed it right at Mr. Olympia’s exposed butt hole. He squatted down, ramming it all the way in.

Mr. Olympia was shocked into full consciousness. He shrieked out one harrowing scream after another as Hercules kept squatting down and up, driving his massive fuckpole in and out of his rectum. With each brutal penetration, blood shot up and out of Coleman’s muscle butt. On each withdrawal, more blood was pumped up and out—and all the while Mr.
Olympia cried his guts out as his bald head writhed from one side to the other, his smashed bleeding face paralyzed in pure torment.

“Pleeezzz stop,” howled Coleman as he was being savagely hammered into the canvas. “Your cock is too huge for me to take. You’re killing me. I give! I submit! You win! Pleeezzz stop!”

But the Champ didn’t stop. He kept on going like a man possessed. To heap more humiliation on his opponent, the Greek kept flexing his mighty arms in a double biceps pose. He grunted with pure delight at his musclebound victim’s discomfort. Joyously, he mercilessly continued to pound his ass. Sadistically he sighed, “You’re my fuck boy for tonight Coleman. I’m going to tear your hole so wide open a mega tanker could sail through it.”

To increase the physical torture, Hercules savagely grabbed Coleman’s nuts and squeezed hard. More blood-curdling screams wailed from Mr. Olympia’s smashed lips. Some in the audience covered their ears to deafen themselves to Coleman’s constant blood curdling shrieks.

For several minutes Hercules kept up the ass-pounding torture. A maliciously triumphant grin covered his face. When he finally got bored, he reached down, and took hold of Coleman’s hips in his vice grip while all 14 inches of his mighty cock was still buried deep in his butt. He hauled Mr. Olympia up. Once standing, the Champ pushed his blood-drenched opponent off his blood-soaked killer cock.

Coleman fell flat on his back, still screaming his guts out. Hercules menacingly approached. Coleman, through slits in his swollen, blood-smeared eyes raised one arm in cowering defeat. He tried to slide on his side toward the ropes, as if he’d find safety there. Pitifully he crawled and pleaded, “Pleeezzz, in the name of God, no more. I give! You win! I’ve got no more fight left in me. You’ve beaten me. I give! In the name of God, pleeezzz … no more! I can’t take anymore. Pleeezzz … don’t hurt me anymore. I give!!”

But Hercules kept approaching. Flexing both his mammoth arms, he kissed them. Angrily, he snatched Coleman’s raised arm, and with a mighty heave he lifted him up, only to throw Mr. Olympia into the corner turnbuckle with such force that the entire ring shook. Even the skirt around the base of the
ring quivered from the impact. Both Coleman’s arms involuntarily whipped around the top corner ring rope. His legs buckled. He just hung there, dazed and confused.

The Champ reached down to apply another claw hold to his opponent’s pecs. He hauled him back up off his feet. Sadistically Hercules glared in Coleman’s bloody face as he began to violently shake him. Mr. Olympia’s dangling arms and legs flopped to and fro like a rag doll. The ebony bodybuilder howled in pain.

The force of the hold and the power of the shaking began to tear Coleman’s pectoral muscles away from his broken breast plate. Everyone in attendance could hear the tearing, the ripping of muscle, of flesh and tissue. The champion bodybuilder bellowed for all he was worth. The unimaginable pain ran rioted throughout his annihilated body.

When he was satisfied he’d inflicted enough damage to Coleman’s once-mighty chest, the Champ released him by throwing him up against the corner turnbuckle.

Coleman was out on his feet. Hercules put him into a bone-crushing side headlock; he raced forward and bull-dogged him to the canvas. The mighty Greek scrambled to his feet, as Coleman lay prone on his stomach. Mr. Olympia’s face was bleeding profusely all over the mat. Hercules caught hold of his adversary’s legs to apply a torturous standing Boston Crab with one foot pressed into the small of his back. He leaned back until he heard more snapping and popping of the spine. He dropped the hold. Coleman’s legs slammed down as he cried out.

Hercules then got Mr. Olympia in a figure-four leg lock. There was little resistance. As he pulled back down on the bodybuilder’s massive legs, both Coleman’s kneecaps snapped. Again the Champ released his musclebound prey, only to apply a full-body-scissors across the bruised and swollen stomach of the bloody-faced ebony bodybuilder.

Coleman was so out of it by this point, that he really didn’t know what was happening. He had been turned into a bloody toy for the sadistic, satanic, inhuman machinations of the Champ. Hercules’ mammoth legs squeezed the living daylights out of Mr. Olympia’s guts. A fountain of blood shot straight
up out of Coleman’s mouth, signifying more internal injuries. The sight only whetted the Champ’s appetite for even more destruction.

Hercules kept up his relentless demolition of Mr. Olympia’s prize-winning body by dragging him up to his crippled legs. Coleman, unable to move or take a single step, just teetered in place, sobbing at his impending brutalized fate. Tears flooded from his eyes. They fell in a mini torrent, washing away some of the blood from his disfigured face.

The Champ strolled behind his opponent to slap on a full nelson. Coleman’s great arms flew straight up as his neck was compressed forward, his chin driven down to the top of the deep cleavage between his torn pecs. The power of the hold forced Mr. Olympia to bend forward, exposing his butt hole even more. Everyone, including Coleman knew what was coming next.

Hercules inched his tree-trunk-sized legs back slightly, positioning his killer fuckpole as Mr. Olympia violently shook his head. “Pleezzzz don’t!” he cried. “You’re cock is too mammoth! You’ve already torn my ass apart. You’ll fuckin’ kill me. PLEEEEZZZ DON’T!” he screamed. Barbarically, the Champ drilled his beast back up into Coleman’s savagely-destroyed muscle butt.

With each cruel, sadistic pummeling penetration, a menacing sloshing, slurping, and sucking sound resonated over the arena as Hercules mercilessly fucked the bejesus out of Coleman’s bloody ass hole. The champion bodybuilder’s face was frozen with horrific pain. Still, his mangled cock sprang back to life and began to shoot off one thick rope of cum after another, in rhythm with his ass-pounding. All he could do was shriek in torment while tears fell from his wincing eyes. More blood shot out of his muscle butt and spewed in a river down his legs, creating a small pond on the canvas.

Valiantly, he tried to flex his great biceps and press down. But it was a futile attempt to break the devastating hold. He wasn’t strong enough. Hercules’ Biblical strength was just too much to overcome.

The Greek easily forced Coleman’s arms back up; he continued his barbaric rape of his opponent as he cooed in his ear, “It feels sooooo good being up your ass. I just love fucking the daylights out of you big arrogant muscle
boys. You think because you’re so big and muscled up that you’re invincible. I just love proving you’re wrong. There can be only one invincible champion, and I’m it. I’m Hercules and you’re not! You’re just an ass hole for me to fuck aren’t you? Aren’t you just an ass hole for me to fuck?”

Coleman didn’t respond.

His silence angered the Greek. “I SAID YOU’RE JUST AN ASS HOLE FOR ME TO FUCK … AREN’T YOU?” tormented Hercules as he applied more power to his full nelson. The sound of snapping, cracking, neck bones was heard.

Mr. Olympia’s body began to spasm all over. He meekly whimpered, “Yes.”

“YES WHAT?” demanded the mighty Greek as he pressed down on the neck even harder.

“YES … I’M AN ASS HOLE FOR YOU TO FUCK!” came his harrowing reply.

“And you just love being fucked on my cock, don’t you?”

Coleman again didn’t reply. He only cried out in agony.

“DON’T YOU!” shouted Hercules. He viciously drove all 14 inches of his killer sex rod up into his victim. He held all of its massiveness deep inside Mr. Olympia’s butt. The Champ straightened up, taking Coleman off his feet. Mr. Olympia was completely impaled on Hercules’ killer beast. To solicit a reply, the Champ, pressing ever harder on Coleman’s neck, causing more bones to snap, repeated his question by yelling, “I SAID DON’T YOU? DON’T YOU LOVE BEING FUCKED ON MY COCK?”

Mr. Olympia answered through screams of torment “YES!”

“Yes what?” snarled Hercules as he continued to hold his killer cock deep inside the ebony bodybuilder as he viciously shook him by his neck. “YES WHAT, BOY?”
With his face contorted in excruciating pain, Coleman wailed, “YES … I LOVE BEING FUCKED BY YOU!”

“Are you my pussy boy from now on?”

“YES … WHATEVER YOU WANT! I’M YOUR PUSSY BOY,” shrieked Mr. Olympia.

_End of Chapter Five_