TEMPORARILY SATISFIED WITH his humiliation of the great bodybuilder, Hercules released his destructive hold. He contemptuously pushed Coleman off his cock. Mr. Olympia immediately tumbled forward, landing on the mat face first. His cries of agony only whetted the Champ’s appetite to inflict more physical torture on his erstwhile challenger.
Majestically he lowered himself to his knees while posing his magnificent physique, coming to rest between Coleman’s spread legs. He roughly snatched Mr. Olympia by the hips, forcing his maimed muscle butt up in the air, supported on his dislocated knees. Coleman placed his forehead on his doubled up fists. He stared through slit, swollen eyes at the canvas only inches away from his mangled, bloodied face, resigned to his fate. His ass, posed at a steep angle above his torso, was primed for more destructive violation.

Holding Mr. Olympia by his hips, Hercules wasted little time in ramming his killer beast back up into Coleman’s butt. A horrific howl erupted from the champion bodybuilder, followed by loud sobs mixed with tears, as his pulverized, pain-riddled body involuntarily shuddered with each savage pounding of his ass.

The golden Greek got so into his superhuman butt fucking that he released his victim’s hips to flex his gigantic arms. He roared out his erotic triumph. So fiercely barbaric was Coleman being fucked that his continuous agonized bellowing screams filled the arena to the rafters. Many in the audience covered their ears to deafen themselves to his howling shrieks. A few disgusted people got up to walked out, no longer able to bear witness to the inhuman carnage taking place in the ring. They had had enough.

When Mr. Olympia finally lifted his head off his clenched fists, those enthralled rowdy hardcore spectators who were unable to leave their seats or tear their eyes away from the ring action, let out a rambling, collective gasp. Coleman’s bashed, blood-stained, swollen, misshapen face was far more hideous than that of Victor Hugo’s physically deformed hunchback, Quasimodo. As tears cascaded freely across his fractured cheeks and chin, Mr. Olympia pathetically pleaded for help. “He’s fuckin’ killing me! He’s fuckin’ me to death! It feels like a blowtorch up my ass! HELP! Somebody help me before he kills me! HELP! HELP ME! HELP!”

While he continued his vicious victory fuck, with his massive arms flexed and a triumphant smirk plastered across his face, Hercules menacingly asked, “Hey, Coleman, you bitch, who’s your master?”

There was no reply, only more low groans of pain.
Infuriated by the lack of response, he again shouted, “WHO’S YOUR MASTER, BITCH?”

Still no answer.

Now even angrier, the Champ again stormed, “WHO’S YOUR FUCKIN’ MASTER, BITCH?” as he brutally drove all 14 inches of his killer beast up to the hilt into Mr. Olympia’s bleeding butt and held it there.

Wearily, Coleman begged in a low moaning voice, “Pleeezzz don’t! Pleeezzz! Leave me some dignity, pleeezzz!”

“I said, who’s your master?” resounded Hercules, hitting a double biceps pose. To emphasize his question he sadistically flexed his mammoth cock deep inside Coleman’s ass, bouncing Mr. Olympia’s butt up and down. “WHO?”

“Pleeezzz …” wailed the destroyed ebony bodybuilder.

“I told you I was going to take your pride, your honor, your self respect and leave you with nothing! Now who’s your master, muscle fuck? WHO?”

After a moment of hesitation Coleman resigned himself to the inevitable. He meekly stammered, “You …”

“I’m what boy?”

“You’re my master.”

“Say it so everyone can hear.”

“YOU’RE MY MASTER!” screamed Coleman with the last of his ebbing strength.

“And what are you?”

“I’m your fuck bitch.”

“And what else?”
“Your fuck slave.”

Hercules, pinching his nipples as he kept up his ravenous ass pounding, gloated, ”And you were going to fuck me to death! Where’s your pride now, Coleman? Where’s your arrogance?” Putting his hands on his hips the Greek did a lat spread, then returned to a double biceps pose. He continued his bloody destruction of his opponent’s once-mighty muscle butt.

Coleman could only cry out in torment as his head bobbed up and down with the rhythm of his ass-pounding, until the searing pain completely overwhelmed him. He slumped forward to the mat. His blood-soaked head hit the canvas between his clenched hands. A loud sigh of total defeat escaped from his busted lips.

Satisfied he’d broken Mr. Olympia’s will and humbled his pride—that he’d conquered not only his body, but his mind, soul and spirit—Hercules reached down, grabbed Coleman’s leg off the mat, and threw it completely over his shoulder, flipping Mr. Olympia over onto his back while his killer cock remained crammed deep inside him.

To add the coup de grâce to Coleman’s humiliation, Hercules posed his fabulously-muscled body right in his mutilated opponent’s face. “And you thought you were muscleman enough to take me on!” he scoffed.

Coleman, constantly spitting up mass quantities of blood, turned his face away as his stomach convulsed, his whole body spasmed, and more of his blood leaked from his torn rectum, across the Champ’s great cock to spill out onto the mat.

“You were born to die on my cock, bitch,” crowed Hercules. He hit one pose after another. “You’re just another muscle ass for me to fuck. You’re a pathetic excuse of a muscleman, Coleman, as well as being a miserable excuse for a Mr. Olympia.”

Then he boastfully added, “The bigger you guys are, the more muscular and stronger you are, the greater my victory.” He hit a single biceps pose. Then the golden Greek captured Mr. Olympia’s limp sex tool and began to brutally jack him off once more. Through whimpering cries of pain Coleman once
again was driven to full erection. In short order he shot off the last few miserable trickles of cum left in his once-magnificent body.

Once Coleman had been completely drained of all his essence and strength, the Champ reached down, took his conquest by his waist, and stood him up, hauling the winningest bodybuilder of all time up into a standing bearhug. “Prepare to die!” threatened Hercules as he applied the deadly might of his colossal arms.

Mr. Olympia, almost completely out of it, his body, physically wrecked and weakened by the great loss of blood and cum, and overwhelmed beyond the point of exhaustion by pain, slumped forward in the arms of his conqueror. His arms and legs drooped, lifeless at his sides, while his feet dragged on the mat. His blood stained-head slouched across Hercules’ boulder size shoulder. Bloody drool seeped from his mouth down across the Champ’s mountainous pecs. His butchered, flaccid cock was compressed between their two great bodies. Coleman had no more fight left in him; it had been beaten and barbarically fucked out of him. And all the while, he was still impaled on that monstrous killer beast that was continuously ripping his insides to shreds.

As Hercules began to grind the life out of his opponent in his hug, his mammoth thighs turned again into two atomic pile drivers, slamming his killer cock up and down Coleman’s completely devastated rectum. More blood was squeezed out on the pummeling drive in as well as suctioned out on the drive back, and all the while Mr. Olympia, his face permanently constricted in unimaginable pain, could only whimper in agony.

“Now feel the might of Hercules,” declared the Champ menacingly as he powered up his hug. One by one, Coleman’s ribs began to snap. With each cracking of bone the champion bodybuilder pathetically cried out. His once great body violently writhed in the deadly vice grip of the Greek. His blood-soaked head bobbed back and forth, and side to side, giving the appearance that his neck was disjointed from his shoulders. His legs buckled and his arms flailed.

His blood curdling screams tore at the heartstrings of everyone in the audience. Here was the greatest bodybuilder of all time being sadistically annihilated and crushed to death before their eyes. It was what they had paid
to see—one massive bodybuilder physically destroying another. Yet there was no denying the primitive barbaric eroticism of what they were witnessing. These two mammoth gladiators in this life-and-death struggle for domination struck a deep crude savage primal chord in all of them. It fed some ancient hunger, dating back from the dawn of the human race. There wasn’t a dry pair of underwear in the audience as they watched, their mouths gaped wide open, their eyes bugging out from their sockets, all in a state of an erotic hypnotic trance.

With one Herculean hug after another, Coleman’s upper torso finally collapsed backwards in the Greek’s pulverizing arms. His ass was continuously being crucified on the strongest cock in the world. The Champ glowered at his helpless, beefy prey.

Hercules began to shoot a massive tidal wave of hot cum up into his once mighty opponent. He flipped Coleman’s demolished body back up, compressing their two physiques together in a bone-crushing embrace. Tauntingly, Hercules boasted, “Feel the power of my cum up your ass you fuckin’ bastard, and know that a far superior muscleman beat you to a bloody pulp … that you’re nothing but fuck bait for me … now and forever!”

Hercules reached under his defeated adversary’s arms to grab his traps from behind, in a brutalizing claw hold, slamming Mr. Olympia totally down onto his killer cock as he ratcheted up his fucking and continued to power-pack his man seed deep into Coleman’s guts.

Coleman weakly lifted his head up. The expression on his bloody face was a latex mask of horrendous pain like in Munch’s famous painting, The Scream. A last great, sorrowful, roaring cry escaped from Mr. Olympia’s busted lips. His once great body, now thoroughly mutilated, finally gave up. He went completely limp in the mighty bone crushing arms of the Champ. His blooddrenched head collapsed forward, coming to rest on Hercules’ mammoth right shoulder, smearing it red. The excruciating horror of pain that had corroded his face faded. His once magnificent arms hung lifeless at his sides.
Showing no mercy to his defeated foe, Hercules bellowed out a victory yell. He violently shook Coleman like a rag doll as he continued to barbarically crucify him on his killer cock.

Coleman’s head flopped back and forth like a bobblehead doll. His arms and legs flailed wildly about.

When the last of his semen had finally been poured into Mr. Olympia, the Champ opened up his arms to release him. For a moment the greatest bodybuilder in the world, still impaled on that monster sex beast, hung motionless before crumbling backwards to the canvas.

Coleman’s completely decimated body lay on the mat, drenched in his own blood. A pool of blood steadily seeped from his torn, shredded ass hole. His maimed, disfigured cock lay across his left thigh, flaccid and shriveled up, a mangled piece of meat. More pellets of blood dripped from its slit. Comatose, his breathing shallow, Mr. Olympia resembled a slaughtered bull.

Most in the audience thought him dead—their gasping and sighs a testament to their stunned belief. But when the Champ stood over the defeated ebony bodybuilder, straddling him, and posing his magnificent blood smeared body, the spectators, en masse, overcame their fears, and began to cheer and applaud thunderously, giving him a standing ovation that shook the very rafters of the arena.

Playing to the audience’s clamoring ovation, Hercules reached down and picked up the unconscious Coleman, lifting him high over his head with one hand on the back of his neck, the other on the back of his butt. Mr. Olympia’s arms and legs dangled in the air as he faced upwards toward the ceiling and the lights overhead. Like a hunter coming home with his daily kill, the golden Greek paraded around the ring to the tumultuous ovation of the overflow crowd.

When he power-slammed Coleman’s body, sending it careening back down to the mat with a dull, lifeless thud, the Champ placed one foot on Mr. Olympia’s pulverized chest. He again started to pose his super fantastic body.
The audience went hysterical. As they stood en masse and cheered themselves hoarse. They beat their hands raw with applause.

From the darkened recesses of the auditorium, a massive figure—dressed in blue gym sweats and white sneakers—came bolting down the aisle. He threw himself under the bottom ring rope, then slithered on his stomach before jumping to his feet. In the glare of the arena floodlights everyone instantly recognized Jay Cutler—Coleman’s chief rival for the Mr. Olympia title.

Quickly, the blond bodybuilder raced toward the surprised Champ. He grabbed Hercules’ hand to shake it vigorously, congratulating him on his great victory. Standing next to the Champ, Cutler, at five-feet-nine-inches tall, looked like a muscled-up midget. He stood over Coleman, bent down, and began to bitch-slap Mr. Olympia’s face, while yelling at the top of his voice: “You got what you deserved, you fuckin’ arrogant bastard. Hercules bet you senseless tonight and in October I’ll beat you for your title. He stripped you of your pride, dignity, your soul, and your arrogance—and I’ll finish the job by stripping you of your title, leaving you with nothing, you fuckin’ piece of two-legged shit!”

As he stood up, Cutler tore off his top, revealing his bulked-up massive, prize-winning upper torso. He flexed his 22-and-a-half-inch arms, then did a lat spread, flaring them out like giant wings of flesh from his 59-inch chest. A most muscular pose followed that, displaying the massive muscular bulk of his off-season 310 pounds. Having pumped his muscles to the max with the veins and striations of his body bursting just under the skin, he dramatically stripped off his sweatpants, exposing his near-naked physique. Wearing only a tight jock that left nothing to the imagination, he gyrated his hips in an obvious erotic fashion as he contemptuously stared down on his fallen adversary.

While he was posing and oscillating his body over Coleman, Hercules stood, with his arms folded across his mountainous chest, watching Cutler’s brash performance, occasionally shaking his head in disbelief. He looked out at the audience as if to say, ‘What the fuck is this all about?’

Cutler stood up straight, and posed one hand on his hip, while with the other he dramatically stripped his jock off, unveiling his violently pulsating 5-inch steroid cock that was nearly as thick as it was long—with an oversized head.
He dropped to his knees, coming to rest on Coleman’s thighs. He leaned forward, placing his hands on either side of Mr. Olympia’s head. He lowered his hips until his cockhead pressed into the ebony bodybuilder’s mangled sex tool. Sadistically he began to hump his rival, smacking his cock into Coleman’s with obvious delight.

For several minutes he callously cockfucked the unconscious bodybuilder, plowing him in the most inhuman manner before getting to his feet. He reached down to flip Coleman’s legs over, turning him onto his stomach. Again he dropped to his knees just below Mr. Olympia’s battered and bloody muscle butt. Once more he leaned forward, placing his hands on either side of Coleman’s destroyed face. He dropped his hips until his cockhead slid into his rival’s battered and bloodied muscle butt.

Because of its small size, Cutler’s manmeat never was able to fully penetrate Coleman’s hole, no matter how hard he squeezed himself down into the abused ass. Frustrated, the blond bodybuilder hopped to his feet. He stepped to one side of Mr. Olympia’s body. He took his fuckpole in one hand and began to piss on him.

This was too much for the Champ. How dare the brash Mr. Olympia contend take advantage of HIS victory. If anyone was going to give Coleman a golden shower, it would be him—not this opportunistic upstart. Besides, Coleman had fought a fair fight. He only submitted at the end, when there was no hope in hell of victory. Hercules begrudgingly admired that. No, Coleman didn’t deserve to be pissed on. He fought a gallant fight with everything he had. His was a glorious defeat and nothing to be ashamed of.

The Champ grabbed Cutler by the shoulder. He furiously spun him around, only to be pissed on as well. Now incensed and irate, the golden Greek gave out a mighty roar. He started to power-punch his fist square into Cutler’s stomach, lifting him up off his feet and doubling him over.

Cutler came crashing down on his knees, clutching his abs and screaming in pain. He was still pissing, this time all over himself. When he looked up he saw the great fist of Hercules coming directly at his face. The mighty blow hit his jaw, instantly fracturing it. Another fist broke his nose, and still
another tore open a gigantic gash in his forehead; it bled profusely, covering his face in warm red goo.

Near senseless, Cutler swooned on his knees—but before he crumbled to the canvas, Hercules savagely grabbed him by the pecs, lifting him up off his feet. Dangling in mid air and shrieking for all he was worth, the Mr. Olympia contender was ferociously shaken until both his huge pecs began to tear away from his breastplate. Cutler’s wailing cries filled the arena as the audience looked on in total amazement at what they were witnessing.

The Champ set the blond bodybuilder on his feet, only to arm-whip him into a corner turnbuckle. Cutler’s massive back hit with such force that his arms whipped around the top ropes. He hung there, stunned, like a prize piece of beef in a shop window.

Instantly Hercules was on the attack. Cutler’s exposed abs were an easy target. The Champ started to hit them with one mega powerful punch after another. With each devastating blow, Cutler wretched and screamed as his bloodied face contorted in frightful anguish. The strikes were so forceful that the Champ’s fists almost reached through to his spine.

After repeated blows, Cutler’s stomach ruptured. He began to heave up mass quantities of blood as his body spasmed with each strike. In no time, Hercules had broken down the hard muscle wall of his abs into an extended bowl of gelatinous, quivering jello. Cutler could offer no defense, resistance or counter-attack. He was just outmatched, outmuscled and completely overpowered by the Champ’s phenomenal strength.

Taking Cutler by his hair, Hercules pulled him from the corner, only to turn him around, ramming his chest into the turnbuckle. Again, with his arms hanging over the top ropes, bloody drool seeped from his mouth to cover the top of the turnbuckle. He was an easy target for his mighty attacker. Hercules opened up on Cutler’s back with a barrage of blows to his kidneys, spine and lats. Cutler’s great legs buckled and folded up under him. He dropped backwards to the mat.

The Champ reached down to pick him up. He military-pressed him over his head, only to body-slam him down across his knee in a debilitating backbreaker. Repeatedly, he picked him up only to crash him back down
across his knee. With sadistic brutality the mighty Greek deliberately bent him into an excruciating arch in an attempt to split him in half.

A half dozen times Cutler was smashed across Hercules’ knee, and each time he felt his spine and back muscles being destroyed. Each time, ravaging pain exploded throughout his body—pain like nothing he had ever experienced before. The pain was so great that it virtually began to paralyze his entire anatomy.

On the sixth backbreaker the Champ tried to take Cutler’s tiny cock in his mouth but its small size made it impossible. So, Hercules again picked him up—this time in a cradle—and lifted him up to his face, taking Cutler’s engorged sex meat into his mouth.

Maliciously, he power-sucked the bodybuilder’s small tool, licking it, viciously boning it, gnawing on it. Cutler whimpered moan after moan of pain and pleasure. When the Champ clamped his teeth under the oversized red, bulbous, swollen head, and pressed the tip of his tongue into the slit, Cutler let loose a great yowl. He began to violently gush his cum down his massively-muscled tormentor’s throat.

Because of the small size of his cock, Hercules was able to suck his ball sack into his mouth as well. The twin sensation of being barbarically sucked off and having his nuts tongue-massaged and chewed, caused Cutler to ejaculate as never before, sending one torrent of cum after another down the throat of the Champ. With each mega eruption the bodybuilder’s huge muscled frame shuddered as he felt himself being severely drained of all his strength. The world started to swirl about his head. He was being overcome by erotic fatigue.

Once Cutler had been thoroughly siphoned of all his might, Hercules easily hoisted him up high over his head in a gorilla press, before violently slamming him to the canvas. So ferociously powerful was the slam that the bodybuilder was left senseless and dazed. The Champ kicked Cutler’s legs far apart before sinking to his knees. He grabbed Cutler’s mighty legs. He threw them forward, exposing his rosy red virgin sphincter muscle. Practically unconscious, the Mr. Olympia contender just lay there, with his feet touching the floor on either side of his head. He was so out of it that he was unaware of what was about to happen.
With a gleam in his eye and Cutler’s cum smeared across his lips, Hercules rose up on his haunches. He pressed his hips forward, plunging all 14 inches of his sex beast deep into Cutler’s muscled ass, instantly splitting his sphincter apart. Blood began to flow freely from the torn rectum as muscle and tissue were shredded.

The intense pain roused the stupefied blond bodybuilder. He let out a horrific shriek that pierced the ears of everyone in attendance. As the Champ continued to maliciously plow his great cock deep up into Cutler’s butt, his victim bellowed out one wailing scream after another, while his head rocked feverously from side to side. His face became distorted into a rubbery mask of unspeakable horror. Valiantly, the Olympian contender tried to power his waning strength into his legs to push his overpowering attacker off of him—but he could not. The realization that he was lost overwhelmed him.

He pathetically begged for mercy. “Pleezzzzeee stop! You’re ripping my guts out. You’re too big for me. You’re tearing my ass to pieces. YOU’RE KILLING ME! Have mercy, PLEEZZEEE!!”

But there was no mercy. Hercules leaned even farther forward, pressing Cutler’s knees deeper into his own chest, cutting off his ability to breathe properly. In short, sharp, gasping breaths, he whimpered and cried out as tears ran down his bloody, anguish-riddled face.

The horror and torment plastered cross Cutler’s face only whetted the Champ’s appetite for more punishment. He scooped up the hysterical and senseless bodybuilder in his mighty arms and stood up. Completely impaled on Hercules’ killer fuckpole, his feet dangling far off the mat, Cutler found himself in the deadly, bone-crushing bearhug of the Champ.

With a sadistic grin on his face, the golden Greek viciously squeezed his muscutorily bulked-up victim. Cutler violently squirmed, trying to extricate himself. He pushed against the Champ’s humongous chest, and when that didn’t work, he clubbed away at it, at his traps, and his boulder size delts. When he started to attack Hercules’ face with weak, ineffective punches, the Champ only squeezed harder. Cutler’s’ once-mighty arms immediately fell to his sides. He collapsed backwards in the Greek’s mighty arms. Cutler shrieked out in mind-boggling torment.
Taking advantage of the situation, Hercules, holding Cutler with only one arm, reached down between their two cemented bodies. He got hold of the bodybuilder’s cock and began to savagely jack him off, almost tearing Cutler’s puny manhood from his body. So brutal was the masturbation that Cutler easily shot off the last of his loads. His body furiously convulsed with each and every blast.

Once his victim had been thoroughly drained, the Champ squeezed the Olympian contender’s cock—hard—until its extremely hard head began to pop with one fissure after another cracking through the flesh, leaving it torn to shreds. Pleased with the results, the mighty Greek returned to his deadly two-hand hug, squeezing ever harder.

Cutler, completely depleted of any remaining strength, readily succumbed to Hercules’ overwhelming might. He felt his ribs cracking and his spine snapping. His head bobbed from side to side. His tormented cries of sexual and physical torture constantly bellowed from his blood-drenched mouth.

The end was at hand when the Champ began to discharge one volcanic eruption of molten hot cum after another up into the blond bodybuilder’s guts. Cutler choked and gagged. His body spasmed on each explosion deep inside him. With one great squeeze, a symphony of cracking ribs filled the arena. One last great scream fell like a death knell from Cutler’s bloodied lips. His eyes rolled to the back of his head. His massive body fell backwards in Hercules’ mighty arms. He was out cold, dead to the world.

Satisfied with his handiwork, the Champ released the blond bodybuilder. Cutler dropped like a sack of bricks to the canvas.

Standing between Coleman and Cutler in all his magnificent might and muscle, Hercules could not help but roar out a great victory yell. He flexed his gigantic arms and posed his phenomenal body. The audience went insane with their uproarious cheers and deafening applause. Their standing ovation brought the house down. They had received all that they had paid for and more. Two of the greatest and most powerful bodybuilders of all time lay crumpled at the feet of the mighty modern day Hercules.
Succumbing to the din of appreciation tearing the roof off the arena, the Champ had one more stunt to perform in front of this worshipful audience. He first picked up Coleman’s body and threw it over his right shoulder in a backbreaker. Next he did the same with Cutler, throwing him over his left shoulder. Then he proceeded to parade around the ring.

The ovation tore the roof off the place. This was a never-to-be-forgotten sight for those in attendance. Here was Hercules, the living embodiment of his legendary namesake, the mightiest, most muscular and powerful of all mortals, his massively-muscled body covered in the blood of his opponents, his mighty cock still throbbing straight out in front of him dripping with their blood, hauling their blood-stained bodies around the ring like they were nothing. Many hands in the audience bled from the ferocity of their applause. Many voices would suffer laryngitis the next day from shouting themselves hoarse.

Hercules, smiling broadly, basked in the total idol worship of the audience. He completed two full circuits of the ring before dumping the two musclemens’ bodies to the canvas. As he departed the ring he waved in acknowledgment to the audience’s clamorous appreciation.

Once the Champ had vacated the squared circle, a bevy of paramedics rushed in to attend to Coleman and Cutler. Immediately a defibrillator was called for and applied to Coleman. It took three full shocks to return his heartbeat to normal. Both musclemen were placed on gurneys and rushed to a nearby hospital.

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**Epilogue**

Ronnie Coleman, the eight-time Mr. Olympia, was in critical condition. He suffered from a severe loss of blood that threatened his life. He also had a massive concussion, bleeding in the brain, a broken jaw, both cheeks were fractured, a broken nose, both lips split, numerous facial cuts and bruises, with bloody lacerations all over his body. Both his pectoral muscles were torn, both arms dislocated, as were both hips. Both legs suffered fractures and he had one torn calf muscle. Twenty of his 24 ribs were broken. His
abdominal muscles were severely bruised. His stomach had been ruptured, as were his spleen and kidneys. Even his urethra tube had been ruptured.

Along with these injuries he had other numerous internal injuries which included a fractured sternum. His cock had been mutilated so badly that splints had to be surgically implanted to give it a more normal shape. His spine was not only cracked but it had been dislocated, and several discs were ruptured as well, placing Coleman in traction for many months along with painful spinal decompression treatments. His sphincter muscle had to be sown back together and a tube inserted up his rectum to aid in the healing of its torn tissues. It would take two months of intense hospitalization followed by four months of out patient treatments and rehabilitation before Coleman was able to resume his daily exercise routine.

Jay Cutler fared better than his bodybuilding rival. He suffered a fractured jaw; two split lips, two broken cheekbones and a broken nose, numerous facial cuts and bruises. His loss of blood was extensive, but not as great as Coleman’s. He also sustained two torn pecs, the rupture of his stomach lining, a ruptured spleen and bruised kidneys. Seventeen of his 24 ribs were broken, along with dislocated and ruptured discs in his spine and a severely sprained back. His rectum, too, had to be surgically put back together. However, Cutler was out of hospital in less than eight weeks and resumed his daily bodybuilding routine.

Because of the extensive nature of his injuries, Coleman had less than three months to properly prepare to defend his Mr. Olympia title. When he showed up for his 2006 title defense he was not in the best shape of his life. He was overweight; he carried too much water, making him look far too bloated. His movements were sluggish and uneven as he performed. Despite his ego and obvious overconfidence that year, he lost to Jay Cutler.

This defeat shocked, humiliated and haunted Coleman. It goaded him to train even harder to recapture the Olympian title the next year. But his injuries continued to plague him, slowing his training and progress. In 2007 he not only lost again to Cutler, but came in fourth overall. Humiliated, he quit bodybuilding altogether, angrily stating he’d never again perform or compete.
These two back-to-back losses served as an unwelcome ego adjustment for the proud eight-time Mr. Olympia winner. Nevertheless Coleman’s ego proved to be too well entrenched, and in short order he looked for—and found—a scapegoat to soothe his wounded pride. His deeply-felt mortification was replaced by a surge of venomous retribution toward the one person he held completely responsible for his title losses, the IUWF World Heavyweight Wrestling Champion, Hercules.

Coleman vowed to dedicate the rest of his life to making the Champ pay—and pay dearly—for his downfall in the sport of bodybuilding. “Only by washing my hands in his blood will I be satisfied and vindicated,” he pronounced.

Within days of his last title defeat he was back in the gym, training harder than before, promising to bulk up his muscles to beyond anything the world had ever seen before. He also intensified his strength training, trying to match that of the golden Greek’s, all to fulfill his pledge of reeking total revenge on the Champ. Within a year he had bulked up to 365 pounds of monstrous muscle, using 500-pound, 600-pound, and 700-poundweights as part of his daily routine. Throughout 2008 and 2009 he repeatedly petitioned the IUWF for a death match with the Champ. Such matches are only sanctioned in a very few countries, Brazil being one.

“If it takes my last breath, Hercules will pay with his life for what he did to me. I’ll destroy him with my bare hands,” he boasted. “I’ll smash every part of his body. I’ll tear him in half on my cock. I’ll rip his tool off. I’ll eat the head right in front of him. Then I’ll fuck him like the bitch he is, in his new cunt hole, as I crush him to death in my bearhug, grinding his bones to dust. Hercules is a dead man. I promise you! He’s a dead man and I’m his executioner!”

So far the IUWF has not agreed to Coleman’s demands for a death match with Hercules.

*The End*

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