WITH THE VERY FIRST CLANG OF THE RINGING BELL, Coleman blasted out of the corner like a guided missile with a nuclear warhead, roaring like a madman shouting, “I’m going to fuckin’ kill you!” His arms swung wildly as he raced forward. Hercules, too, shot out of his corner with a self-confident smirk plastered across his most handsome face. His great, fully-erect cock swung from side to side, slapping loudly against his massive thighs. He could easily see the boiling rage in his opponent’s glaring eyes.
As the Greek charged forward, Coleman—experienced in mixed martial arts—struck with a karate kick to the solar plexus; it instantly halted the Champ right in his tracks. Hercules fell to his knees, gasping for breath as he clutched his abs. Mr. Olympia, with his hands tightly joined together, clobbered the top of the Champ’s head with a powerful sledge-hammer blow that Hercules felt throughout his great body. He shrugged his massive shoulders from the pain. The golden Greek looked up in amazement at his opponent, surprised by his impressive strength.

Standing directly in front of the Champ, Coleman brutally grabbed both Hercules’ anvil-sized traps to apply a bone-crushing double claw hold. Hercules cried out. Mr. Olympia gloated in triumph as he bored down even harder. Through gritted teeth he breathed heavily, spitting out his verbal contempt. “I told you I was going to destroy you once and for all! I’m going to beat you to a bloody pulp and fuck you to death on my cock! You’ll die my fuck bitch before this night is through, you fuckin’ bastard!”

Coleman’s great chest heaved in undulating waves. His nostrils flared wildly. His face contorted from his strenuous effort. Globs of saliva dropped from the corners of his mouth onto the Champ’s mountainous chest. His ebony cock, fully erect, kept sliding up the side of the Greek’s head, burrowing through his golden locks with each applied effort. Within seconds, however, the Champ swung his mighty arms upward, breaking the hold. With his midsection exposed, the Greek head-butted Coleman’s stomach, sending him peddling backwards into the ring ropes, gasping for air.

Hercules sprang to his feet. He shrugged off the attack with a lat spread, then danced his pecs up and down, infuriating Mr. Olympia all the more. To demonstrate there was no lasting affect of the karate kick, Hercules flexed his stomach muscles, making his abs ripple like waves upon the water.

Coleman deliberately bounced against the ropes, catapulting himself at his opponent. He reared back and let loose a mighty karate chop to the still-posing Champ’s massive pectoral region. The force of the blow would have cracked the sternum of a lesser man. Hercules was jolted by the blow. His huge chest was bruised by it. But Mr. Olympia suffered worse. He sprained his hand and cried out from the impact. For a few seconds he danced about the ring holding his hand, his face wincing in pain.
The Champ, likewise a master in mixed martial arts, retaliated with his own mega-powerful karate chop to Coleman’s great chest. It sent the bodybuilder careening off his feet to the canvas. Hercules bent over and struck with a devastating karate punch to his adversary’s gut. The power of the blow jerked Coleman’s upper torso off the mat. He gasped for air as both hands flew up to clutch his stomach. A vicious strike to his chin sent Mr. Olympia back down to the canvas. Instantly the Champ went down on one knee to apply a gut-wrenching claw hold to the stomach. Coleman’s arms and legs furiously hammered and kicked away at the mat. He wailed out in agonizing torment. The steel talon fingers of the golden Greek dug deep into the flesh, making it feel as if he were tearing Mr. Olympia’s abs apart.

Hercules, kneeling over his screaming opponent, smiled sadistically as he kept up the hold, increasing the pressure while Coleman writhed, shrieked and gasped for breath. “Now who’s going to destroy whom, you bastard?” he snarled with malicious delight as he continued to increase the pressure—his nails ripping the flesh causing blood to start flowing.

The ebony bodybuilder shrieked out in misery. At the same time, Hercules began to lift Coleman’s massive torso off the mat with the hold, then slammed him back down. The audience enthusiastically counted; the Champ repeated this maneuver a dozen times—rendering Mr. Olympia nearly comatose from the gut-wrenching pain.

Hercules stood up triumphantly, straddling his muscle-bound opponent—the tips of his fingers covered in his adversary’s blood. Beneath the golden Greek’s tree-trunk legs, Coleman was curled up in the fetal position, his arms desperately hugging his bloody midsection. He cried out in torment. To add insult to injury, the Champ, standing over his downed adversary, triumphantly posed his awesome physique to the appreciative audience.

When Hercules was through, he reached down and grabbed one of Coleman’s massive arms, forcing him up to his feet. With the force of a tornado, he whipped the still groggy Mr. Olympia into the ring ropes. Coleman’s body sprang back at him. Hercules positioned his legs wide apart. The audience gasped in anticipation of the Champ’s deadly finishing hold—his bone-crushing bearhug. Just as the two leviathans of muscle were about
to collide at center ring, Hercules struck with a mighty right hand square to the bridge of Mr. Olympia’s nose. It stopped the bodybuilder dead in his tracks.

A great cracking sound echoed through the arena. Coleman’s nose had been shattered. Blood began to ooze out of both nostrils. Like a felled bull, the bodybuilder instantly dropped to his knees, his eyes wide open but vacant. A look of stunned disbelief covered his face. For a few seconds he just stayed there, before collapsing face-first to the canvas. Mr. Olympia was out cold.

The Champ once again straddled his opponent’s thickly muscled body. He again posed his magnificently massive physique, to the roaring delight of the overflow audience. One pose followed upon another as he worked up the spectators’ enthusiasm to a din of riotous appreciation.

When he was through, Hercules leaned down and began to bitch-slap Coleman’s crescent-shaped muscle butt. With each powerful strike he bellowed, “This ass is mine bitch, anytime I want it!” The raining blows were so powerful, bleeding welts began to form. The intense agony revived Mr. Olympia. His body began to squirm under the assault as he lifted his head off the mat to cry out in pain.

The Champ stepped away from his prone opponent, allowing the still-stunned Coleman to get to his feet.

For a minute or so Mr. Olympia tried to regain his senses. He repeatedly jerked his head from side to side as he shook out his arms—and his whole body—as blood continuously drained from his nose.

“You’re a fuckin’ pussy, Coleman,” chided Hercules. “You’re just another muscle butt asshole for me to fuck, cunt lips.”

In another full-blown rage over Hercules’ numerous scurrilous epithets, Coleman, arrogantly sauntered to center ring where he started to pose his majestic body. In a booming voice, filled with hate, he railed at the Champ, “You think the best part of me went down my father’s leg?! The best part of me is right here! I’m the most massive bodybuilder in the world—and the strongest! You want a piece of me? Are you man enough to want a piece of me? Well, come and get it ‘cause here I am!”
The golden Greek slowly strutted toward his fabulously muscled opponent. “Have you ever seen anyone bigger or more muscled?” Mr. Olympia rhetorically asked as he hit a double-biceps pose.

“Yeah,” responded Hercules with a sneer on his lips as he did the same pose, “… every time I look in a mirror.”

Standing toe-to-toe, body-to-body, and eye-to-eye, there was really no comparison. The Champ was incredibly bigger and even more defined. Two ringside spectators remarked as they gasped at both musclemen:

“My God – just look at them!”

“I am!”

“They’re both fuckin’ huge, but the Champ … there’s no comparison. He IS Hercules come back to life!”

“Just looking at him has stirred some deep erotic primal instinct in me. I’ve got a raging hardon.”

“I’ve already cum in my shorts,” replied his friend as he huffed heavily.

“It’s like some pre-historic manly combat.”

Then a third spectator chimed in. “Herc makes Coleman look like the proverbial 90-pound weakling.”

Mr. Olympia overheard the disparaging comment, which only further inflamed his overwrought ire. To add insult to injury, Hercules smiled broadly as he danced his pecs up and down. His hard, nickel-sized nipples scraped across his opponent’s thickly protruding muscle tits, sending Coleman into a state of shivering, erotic despair.

Mr. Olympia’s flaccid cock quickly sprang to life, shooting straight up between these two great bodies. As the Champ held a double-biceps pose Coleman quickly wrapped both his mighty guns around his opponent’s waist. “Feel the power of my 24s,” he growled as he strained to crush the life
out of the Champ. Hercules’ mammothly-muscled and extremely rock-hardody sensually aroused Coleman as he compressed the Greek up against his
title-winning physique. Mr. Olympia’s great black cock was wedged up right
between their massive anatomies.

The veins in Mr. Olympia’s thick bull neck, as well as the veins on his
forehead and bald head, wanted to pop and burst through his skin, from the
exertion of his mighty effort. His face was etched in contortions of strained
relief. He buried the side of his face in Hercules’ imposing chest as the
Champ’s face grimaced. The Greek grunted out in agony as his arms fell to
his side.

As Mr. Olympia kept up the pressure of his hold, Coleman could feel the
great head of the Champ’s killer beast pressing uncomfortably against the
underside of his mighty rod. As he continuously increased the power of his
hug, Coleman cried out in torment. He felt the steel-hard head of the Greek’s
great sex tool smashing deeper and deeper into the underside of his own
great cock. The intensity of the pain and discomfort was hypnotically erotic.
He wanted to cum in the worse way, but knew he could not shut off his
loads. If he did cum, he’d be drained of his strength and would lose the
match. Mr. Olympia reached deep down inside himself, and girded his loins
to overcome the overwhelming sensation, as he continued to apply more and
more pressure to his deadly hold. “I’m going to grind your bones to dust,” he
growled through clenched teeth.

The tableau of one massively behemoth bodybuilder being physically
-crushed by another monster muscleman was a powerfully erotic sight to
behold. The cruel, primitive barbarity of this gladiatorial combat was
breathtaking. The audience was totally engrossed in all the bloody action.
All eyes were riveted on the ring for fear they’d miss even a single second of
these two gigantic titans of muscle battling it out in this no-holdsbarred
colossal war to annihilate one another.

Hercules, feeling the awesome strength of Mr. Olympia, squirmed in
Coleman’s arms, then fell backwards, his face rend with pain. For a few
agonizing moments the Champ cried out as his upper torso was virtually
horizontal with the ring floor, his monstrous legs resting on top of his mighty
tormentor’s great thighs.
Then suddenly he bolted straight up. His feet fell to the mat. In sheer desperation he began to viciously pound away with savage blows to Coleman’s great chest. Each hammering strike took its toll, staggering the ebony bodybuilder, whose grasp began to weaken.

Fearing he would lose his punishing hold, Coleman raced to the corner, carrying his opponent with him, slamming the Greek’s mammothly-muscled back against the turnbuckle.

The entire ring violently shook.

Coleman released his destructive grip on the Champ and stepped away. Hercules bellowed out in pain. He arched his back from the tremendous impact. He staggered forward only to be caught once more in Mr. Olympia’s deadly embrace.

Again the Champ howled. His reddened face contorted from the torturous, grinding pain. His powerful adversary tightened his grasp about his waist; the Greek’s breathing became more and more constricted. His head rolled about his shoulders. He fought for air. Then his 30-inch arms shot straight up in the air—as if beseeching some higher authority to grant him the power to break his opponent’s devastating hold.

In a phenomenal display of raw might, the Champ’s arms dove straight down. He forcibly shoved his hands in between Mr. Olympia’s crushing arms. With his superhuman strength, Hercules exploded out of the brutalizing hold. Coleman lurched backwards from the force of the move. He stood there for a moment in total disbelief. No one, not even Vic Richards, Kevin Levrone or Flex Wheeler had ever been able to power their way out of his devastating bearhug. It was incredible—inconceivable—impossible!

To show there were no ill affects from Coleman’s usual finishing hold, Hercules pretended to dust himself off—again inflaming his opponent’s boiling anger.

Coleman stepped forward to once-again confront the Champ. “I’ll show you who’s the strongest,” he shouted as he called for a test of strength by putting both his hands up in the air and wiggling his fingers.
The Champ readily accepted the challenge.

Coleman bellowed out from his strenuous effort as their hands locked up, their palms facing one another, their fingers intertwined. His erect cock immediately became even harder from the exertion of his straining against the Greek’s mammoth arms. It danced straight out in front of his groin, bobbing up and down with his every effort to overpower the Champ, as their two hands began to tighten.

The muscles and veins in both their arms began to bulge. They stared intently into each other’s eyes. Their hands gripped even harder. Coleman’s knuckles began to turn white. Their arms started to rise outward. Soon they were spread-eagle. Each muscular gladiator began to press even harder. Their mighty chests collided together, their pecs nipple to nipple, Mr. Olympia’s head rested on the Champ’s massive shoulder. He grunted with increased effort. His eyes winced from the strain. His mouth was agape. He vigorously sucked in air.

Each shifted his legs to gain better traction. Within a few moments, Coleman lifted his head up off of Hercules’ delt. He backed away, as the Greek forced their hands up high above their heads. The Champ sadistically grinned in his opponent’s face. Coleman grimaced with a look of trepidation. Hercules pushed harder. Mr. Olympia’s wrist bent back. He squinted in pain and fought back. For a second, he made some headway in moving the Champ back, but it was only an illusion. Hercules was merely playing with this muscleman, teasing him, breaking down his self-confidence bit by bit.

Eventually Coleman realized Hercules was just too powerful for him. The Champ pushed even harder. His opponent’s wrists bent back farther. Hercules started to drive him to his knees. The Champ deliberately widened the arm spread as Coleman fought, with all his might, to resist. The Champ pushed him down farther. Coleman’s huge legs started to tremble. His thick quad muscles spasmed and bulged. He valiantly struggled in vain to stand tall. The golden Greek grunted and pushed harder, damn-near breaking his opponent’s wrists. “You’re going down Coleman,” snorted the Champ through gritted teeth.
His opponent screamed out in torment, his upper lip twitching violently, his eyes flinching from the physical anguish he was being put through. He pursed his lips and expelled a loud breath. For a few seconds Hercules allowed him to straighten his huge legs, again playing with his ego.

“Fuck you!” bellowed Mr. Olympia as he pushed the Champ off of him just a bit—while he erroneously believed he was gaining the upper hand.

By now Coleman was halfway down to the floor. His feet kept fighting for a stronger position, but no matter where he planted them, the Champ answered with more power, driving Coleman’s self confidence out of him. Hercules jeered reproachfully “I own you bitch.”

Mr. Olympia’s powerful arms began to quiver. He hollered and cursed. He desperately fought back. He moaned. He breathed heavily and grunted with every mighty exertion as sweat poured off his face to coat his body. He panted and fought with everything he had. “Fuckin’ Jesus,” he wailed as his knees finally hit the mat.

Forced to bow down on his knees, Coleman bravely continued the losing struggle. To everyone in the audience, Hercules was easily dominating Mr. Olympia’s prize-winning, muscular body. Coleman’s muscles and legs bulged to their max. Sweat covered his magnificent physique, adding a shimmering luster to his rippling ebony flesh. His whole body began to shake in pain.

The golden Greek pressed harder, pushing his opponent to bend back. His massive barn-door sized lats arched, forcing Coleman back and down. Mr. Olympia’s hamstrings pressed hard against his calves, his mighty glutes crammed into the heels of his boots. Hercules was on top of him—his great fuckpole slapping Coleman in the face as the Champ’s massive legs straddled Mr. Olympia’s narrow waist.

Coleman bent his head back to avoid the mighty sex beast from striking him, as his arms were forced backward. He gazed helplessly up at the Champ. Hercules’ cockhead now pressed tightly against his lips. The Greek sadistically smiled, then pushed his hands harder, again causing the bodybuilder to scream out in pain. “Service me Coleman,” he ordered, “… or I’ll rip you hands off.”
Coleman refused to open his mouth. He loudly whimpered. His face contorted in pure pain. “Fuckin’ shit,” he hissed through pursed lips. He panted and panted, sucking in air as fast as he could, the great plates of his chest heaved with each labored breath.

Eventually Mr. Olympia’s mouth was forced wide open. He had to gasp for air. The Champ took full advantage of the situation. He repeatedly rammed his massive cockhead into his opponent’s wide, gaping mouth—damn near ripping his lips apart in the process.

To accept the great sex tool, Coleman had to vigorously wiggle his head back and forth, working his thick lips around and over the beast. His cheeks bulged outward to the bursting point from the size of the mammoth cockhead. Through deep-throated gags Mr. Olympia had no choice but to suck on the mighty fuckpole invading his mouth.

“Worship my cock, bitch,” demanded the Champ. “That’s the world’s greatest and strongest piece of manhood in your big mouth. If you can suck me off, you can have my ass here and now,” he challenged.

It was humiliating for Mr. Olympia, but he had no choice—no power to resist. Hercules had easily beaten him and he knew it. In the final analysis he hadn’t been much of a challenge. Besides, the mighty Greek was still in total control of his hands, bending them backwards crushing his fingers in the process. So he began to lick the underside of the Champ’s great pole, swirling his thick tongue around and about the massive head, even inserting the tip into the cockhead slit. “You suck cock good!” declared the Champ as he cooed in ecstasy.

To demoralize his opponent even more, Hercules began to viciously face-fuck him with his hips swinging into overdrive. The Champ continuously plowed his monster beast deep into the ebony bodybuilder’s wide mouth, hammering his cock deep into it until the head slammed into the back of Coleman’s throat.

The degradation of being overpowered and forced to suck cock was not lost on Coleman. Through gagging, choking, coughing and spitting up mass quantities of saliva, he constantly struggled to accept the Champ’s fuckpole.
Eventually Coleman realized that if he could get the Champ to ejaculate his cum down his throat, he would considerably weaken him, thereby opening up a great chance for victory. He vigorously worked his head up and down and side to side. His mouth slurped and sucked the great cock. His thick lips, stretched to the breaking point over the enormous head and massively thick shaft, rubbed tightly against the sides of the killer beast. But as hard as he tried, Hercules would not unload.

The Champ scoffed, “You’re not even man enough to make me cum, bitch. You’re pathetic, a miserable excuse for a Mr. Olympia.”

The Champ was quickly getting bored. He backed off, pulling out of Coleman’s mouth with a loud popping sound. He pulled back and lowered his arms, twisting both of their hands out and then down to their sides. Both their forearms were pointing straight down. Then Hercules began to apply the excruciating pressure again.

Coleman’s wrists were again bent back. He was forced to stand up quickly. The agonizing pain in his wrists brought him up fast. The Champ pushed and lifted him up. The pro bodybuilder fell into the Champ’s body, their cocks, abs and chest forced together by the Greek’s downward lock. Mr. Olympia’s cheek rested on Hercules’ right pec. He whimpered in pain.

Sadistically, the Champ only intensified the grip. The mighty Greek grunted just a bit as he started to arm-curl Coleman, easily lifting his 350 pound opponent’s feet off the mat. Mr. Olympia’s whole body writhed and shook. Coleman’s cheek rubbed across the Greek’s mountainous chest up to his colossal shoulder as he was forced upward.

The Champ’s gargantuan biceps bulged. They contracted and curled tighter—the veins in his arms nearly bursting through the skin. After playing with Coleman for a few minutes, scraping his body up and down over his own, he easily worked up both their animal lusts for one another. He even got Mr. Olympia’s ebony cock throbbing uncontrollably.

The Champ abruptly dropped his opponent to his feet and released him. Coleman collapsed to the mat in exhaustion, furiously ringing out his wrists, hands, and arms as he continuously gasped for air. Laying flat on his back
Mr. Olympia gazed up at Hercules with an all-consuming hate radiating from his eyes. Still, undeniably, the Champ’s incredible body turned him on as never before. The lustful sensation galled him to no end, but, like most people, he just couldn’t help himself.

Mr. Olympia was so exhausted; all he could do was lay there, motionless, as he stared up at his mighty tormentor. Hercules, never one to miss an opportunity to inflict some form of gross indignity, straddled the musclebound physique of his opponent. Again he began to pose his own magnificent body. He chortled, “See what a real champion looks like, you fuckin’ loser.”

End of Chapter Two

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