

DAVE'S DREAM

A.K.A.
DAVID VS. HERCULES

(M/M GRAPHIC SEX/VIOLENCE) DATE: 2007

BY CORKY ZOAR



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FORWARD

by Sean Reid Scott

I was privileged to become acquainted with Corky many years ago. I never actually met him face-to-face, but our email relationship meant a lot to me.

Sadly, Corky Zoar passed away a few years ago. Yet, I feel like I was able to get to know him in the short time we corresponded.

Corky Zoar lived in upstate New York, and he often spoke of his love for the beautiful countryside there. He also frequently mentioned his family, with affection.

Corky Zoar was an incredible author. He penned many muscle stories. He was obviously a man who “suffered” from sthenolagnia, as do I. I consider him a kindred spirit.



Corky said he took his pen name from the old format that gays are assumed to use to make up their stage names: Use the name of your first pet (Corky), and then use the name of the street where you grew up as your last name (Zoar).

So there you have it.

And there we have it. We are fortunate to have so many of Corky's words. His stories deserved to be enjoyed.

I hope you enjoy this, one of his prime works, "Dave's Dream", also known as "David vs. Hercules."

—Sean Reid Scott, Portland
October, 2018

*Disclaimer: The following story is a work of gay fiction.
It contains sexual acts between men as well as scenes of graphic violence.
If you are offended by gay activities classified as BDSM or you are a minor,
DO NOT READ. You have been warned.*



CHAPTER ONE

Late Afternoon at the Santa Monica Men's Club

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON at the Santa Monica Men's Club. The sun had begun to set and cast a long glow of golden rays through the front windows. Today had been busy. The gym had been constantly filled with studs, professional athletes, bodybuilders and a host of wannabes getting in a last minute workout before the gym closed the following day for the Fourth of July holiday. The air was super charged with the heavy, almost suffocating atmosphere of testosterone mixed with the pungent sweat of pumped up muscle.

The audible sounds of grunts and groans of maximum exertion mixed easily with sighs of relief as muscles were strained to their limits. David had finished his workout and showered, but he was upset that someone had been in his locker. He wanted to complain to someone about it. He headed toward the juice bar dressed in those thin, stretchy little hot pants he usually wore which barely cover his ass. He laughingly referred to them as his Daisy Dukes. His tank top, several sizes too small, barely covered his chest and reached only to his midriff. As he crossed the gym he looked around at all the recent improvements. He chuckled to himself.

When he first joined the club it was a glorified bathhouse for the Beverly Hills crowd, made up to look like an old English manor... inside at least. There were still the hot tubs, two indoor pools and an outdoor pool, the gym, now state of the art, the notorious "reading room" just off the locker room all paneled in dark wood with thick over stuffed chairs and couches where the wealthy cliental could relax as they smoked their cigars and drank aged cognac while they watch the well built young men undressed and shower.

Originally the club was a front for the rich old queens who could come to pick up a trick without feeling like they were cruising back alleys. All the best built local guys, like David, were given discount memberships to be eye candy for the rich and famous who wanted to remain anonymous. Many of the young musclemen saw an opportunity to earn some extra bucks turning tricks and eagerly joined.

But things had recently changed... somewhat. It was no longer the exclusive haunt for the rich older gays. It had become the premier health club in the greater Los Angeles area and memberships were at a premium. Dave shook his head at all the changes. "Nothing succeeds like success," he muttered to

himself. As he saunters toward the juice bar he noticed his archrival Brad was behind the counter. He hadn't seen him for quite some time. The guy had gotten bigger, much bigger to Dave's astonishment. He must have packed on another twenty pounds of solid muscle he surmised. Brad had been the king of the gym before David joined. All eyes had been on him. Now he was relegated to a has-been whenever Dave was around, and he hated it with every breath he took.

Must be ole Brad is trying to out do me and be the dominant muscleman at the gym, Dave thought to himself. He's sure a lot bigger than before, may be as big as me ... may be a little bigger. That thought made a cold chill run up his spine. It frightened him just a little. David knew all too well that his reputation was built on the fact that he was the biggest, the strongest bodybuilder around. It did not please him one bit that his nemesis, Brad, just might usurp his place of dominance. Dave watched as two young studs advanced toward the bar. Brad gave a leering smile as they approached. He raised one eyebrow to them and said, "Hey."

They smiled back.

Oh yeah, Brad thought, they want me. He could practically hear their cocks sliding up the front of their tight latex leotards. "How ya doing," he said. "Name's Brad, what's your pleasure?" He arched his back slightly so his pecs rose up as he stood upright and spread his shoulders and lats slightly. The two studs gulped in amazement as they silently idol worshipped over his magnificent body. They nervously stammered their drink order. Brad started to talk shop with them as he fixed their drinks. They obviously had been working out for a while but they were still newbies at the muscle game.

Before Dave appeared on the scene, nobody was bigger than Brad and everybody wanted him. This was like the good old days and Brad relished and lapped up the studs' attentions.

David, having seen enough of the studs' fawning over his rival and Brad playing them for all he was worth, approached the juice bar. Instantly there was a chorus of gasps from the two studs. In a split second they drifted toward him leaving Brad alone with his mouth agape. Oh yeah, I still got it, Dave said to himself. The studs' undivided attention lessened his concern over Brad's recent muscle growth. His rival turned to watch. It was disgusting to Brad - even humiliating to watch what was going on.

Giggling like schoolgirls with oohs and ahhs, the studs marveled at Dave's massive physique. They asked to feel his biceps. He obliged. He could see Brad steaming with envy. David was huge, he was good looking, he had the total package: awesome size and height, perfect proportions and that face. Brad seethed. When Dave was around no one looked at him. The worse part was that Dave had the same effect on him but he just wouldn't show it.

Whenever Dave was near, Brad went through the same routine: anger, envy and then pure lust. He wanted him. He wanted him in the worse way. He wanted to be the one to deflower that big, handsome farm-boy from Texas.

Brad was aware of the rumor that David didn't let anything other than a worshipful tongue up his ass. Guys would stand in lines for hours at the gym and the local bars just to get close to him in hopes he would take them home for a night of pure unadulterated muscle sex. He was a godlike fucker, but never the fuckee. He could wiggle that muscle butt of his right in their face, but they knew they'd never get to stick their cock into those plump, muscle cheeks and fuck the living daylights out of him.

But, oh how Brad wanted to. How he fantasized about it. How he promised himself that someday, somehow he'd succeed and make Dave's ass his.

David broke away from the two admiring studs. Brad saw him slowly striding toward the bar. As usual two things happened: He got hard, very hard and he got nervous. He didn't mind getting hard in public, thought it added to his muscleman mystique ... but he hated getting nervous. He wanted to be the one to make people nervous, he wanted to dominate but when Dave was around he felt like those two studs. He wanted to giggle. He wanted to feel his biceps. He wanted to grab that ass. He wanted to twist those nipples and suck on Dave's monster meat, bringing him to his knees and reducing him to a pile of whimpering moans. That's how David made him feel without even trying. Brad pretended not to see him approach and nonchalantly thumbed through the book he had been reading.

"What ya reading, Brad?"

"Oh it's just a book on the history of wrestling. Having been a college champ and a pro wrestler I'm naturally interested in such things."

"Yeah, what's so interesting about it?"

"Well, take for instance this chapter I'm rereading on the ancient Greek sport of pancratium wrestling."

"Isn't wrestling just wrestling?"

"Naw! In ancient Greece they wrestled naked and the object was to beat down your opponent in order to get him in a hold in which you could suck him off and drink his cum."

"Ya don't say."

"Yeah, they believed cum was the essence of all life, which, of course, it is. Therefore cum was the source of a man's



strength. You suck your opponent off ... you're sucking the strength from his body ... you make him weaker. The more you suck him off, the weaker he becomes. You gain the advantage and ultimate victory. Also by drinking

his strength, you add it to your own ... becoming stronger. It was like a natural steroid back in those days."

"Sounds like fun," replied Dave with a glint in his eyes.

"Oh yeah, and there's a lot of other tricks to pancratium wrestling. You're constantly trying to get him in holds that you dominate so you can feel him up, jerk him off if you can't suck him off, using your cock to fuck his rod until he cums and the loser gets fucked into total and complete submission, which is the ultimate humiliation ... disgrace for these wrestlers. This insured that every man would try his best to win. It was the truest of all manly sports in ancient Greece."

"Still sounds like fun. I think I'd like to have been one of those wrestlers."

"Pancratium wrestling was the most popular sport in ancient Greece. The WWE of its day. Tens of thousands packed the arenas. Champion wrestlers made a fortune and were idolized, worshipped as living gods."

"And you learned all this from that book?"

"Yeah."

"Let me borrow it when you're done."

"You can take it now if you want. I've already read it twice."

"Thanks, I will." Dave tucked the book into his gym bag.

AS USUAL, BECAUSE OF HIS SIX foot-six inch height, David's cock and balls were right at the level of the juice bar's counter. It was uncomfortable for him to have the counter's edge pressing against his private parts. So he backed away a couple of inches, tilted his hips up and rested the whole couple of pounds of his sex meat and balls on top of the counter and all the while he had a look on his face, like he didn't know what he was doing, as though it was an inadvertent, unavoidable, not his fault, as though there was nothing he could do about it. It was maddening for Brad.

Gym policy stated employees were not suppose to notice or stare at a member's groin. But there was that package, that monster pole and those nuts jetting out, barely clothed. Brad knew Dave rarely wore a jock, which made the situation even worse for him. There was just that thin fabric that separated the actual view of his flesh from Brad's eyes, but every curve of the huge beast between his legs was there for anyone to see. Brad understood that David knew what he was doing. He was deliberately being a prick tease, taunting him, sadistically playing with his lustful emotions, and he hated his rival for it. He tried his best to act like he didn't care, but David knew all too well Brad wanted him really bad. It was easy for anyone who could see over the counter that Brad had a hardon, a pulsating, throbbing hardon.

"So Brad, you've been working out more? You look like you've put on twenty pounds of muscle since the last time I saw you."

"Yeah, well I've been in training even harder than usual. I've been working the late shift 'til closing so I could have the gym all to myself after hours."

"Any special reason?"

"Well, yeah. I have a special goal in mind. I need all the extra muscle I can pack on to achieve it."

"Is it a secret?"

"Sort of."

"Aaah, come on, you can tell me. I won't tell a soul. You can trust me."

"Naw."

"Please Brad ... pretty please with honey cum on top ...," he said coquettishly. Oh how David loved to tease him.

Brad couldn't resist the bait. "Okay, there's this guy I'm trying to impress. He's the bane of my existence. He constantly flaunts how big he is. He's conceited. He thinks the sun rises and sets just for him. He's so arrogant he can't see beyond his own shadow. So I'm going to show this son-of-a-bitch he's not the cock of the walk anymore. And the day will soon come when I'll take that bastard and fuck the arrogant shit out of him ... humiliate him ... destroy him on my cock and his reign as the biggest and best ..."

"Easy Bradley. Calm down. You're going to overheat and bust a blood vessel."

How Brad hated to be called Bradley and Dave knew it.

"Anyone I know?" David asked slyly, as if he didn't know. "Anyone here at the gym?"

"I'm not saying anymore." Brad knew that Dave understood he was talking about him. For a few moments there was an awkward silence as both musclemen glared intently at one another. Brad finally broke the tension by asking, "So, what's new with you ... Dave?"

"Not much, but I do have a complaint to make."

"What's that?"

"I think somebody has been in my locker."

"Anything missing?"

"That's just it, no ... nothing."

"Then how do you know someone's been messing about in your locker?"

"Things aren't the way I left em. My wallet has been moved. My car keys, house keys aren't where I left em."

"Well, if nothing is missing, maybe you just forgot how you had things arranged."

"Naw! I still think someone's been mucking about in my locker."

"There's a form at the front desk you can fill out and management will look into it."

"Ah, the official corporate brush off."

Both titans politely chuckled.

"So what do you want to drink," asked Brad?

"What's today's special?"

"Actually I've this protein drink I created. It's quite popular. It sells out quickly but I have some left if you care to try it."

"What's in it?"

"Just the juices of several tropical fruits, protein power and a secret ingredient. It refreshes, stimulates, and even acts like an aphrodisiac."

"You mean it'll make me horny?"

"Let's just say in your case ... hornier."

They laughed.

David leaned forward. His pecs practically spilled out of his tank top. He scratched his chest, he scratched his head, just to make his biceps bulge. He watched Brad trying not to notice. Dave loved being a sadistic prick tease to poor Brad. He was deliberately playing with him, like a cat toying with a helpless mouse. He drilled his eyes into Brad who could not take the stare for more than a few seconds. That stare was pure animalistic and could strip any one of every inhibition. His eyes spoke volumes to Brad. I know you want me, they said, let's do it right here, right now ... sex! David liked tormenting Brad's sexual desires. It was a deliberate attempt to assert control, to dominate and Brad knew it and hated it.

"Okay," Dave finally said, "give me a shot of your concoction."

When Brad asked him what size drink he wanted, David paused and flashed a predatory grin and replied, "Large ..."

That one word reduced Brad to a trembling, throbbing, fumbling fool. It took a few seconds to refresh the drink in the blender. As he was mixing it up Brad sheepishly mentioned, "TBS is having a July Fourth Hercules movie marathon starting tonight at 8:00 pm and lasting until tomorrow night at 8:00 pm when

they switch to the Capitol in Washington for their annual July Fourth concert. I thought ... maybe ... if you had nothing better to do ... nothing planned that is ... if you'd like to ... you could come over to my place and watch the movies with me."

Well aware that Brad probably had ulterior motives ...he'd get him over there ... they'd have a few drinks ... maybe get a little drunk and frisky ... they'd get hot and horny watching Hercules muscle his way through one adventure after another ... they'd begin to tussle, wrestle, clothes would get torn off and someone would get fucked ... perhaps that extra twenty pounds of muscle would give Brad the edge and it would be him who'd get fucked by Brad's monster meat throbbing behind the bar. David politely declined, making an obvious feeble excuse about being too tired and wanting to just stay home for the holiday to relax.

Brad placed the drink in front of him. "Taste it and let me know how you like it."

David took a big swallow. "It's great, excellent. Great job Brad. Congratulations!"

"You really like it?"

"Yeah. I just may have another."

This pleased Brad who offered him a free half gallon of his home brew to take with him. David gleefully accepted and put the sealed container in his gym bag.

"Well, I've got to scram," he said as he reached over the counter, grabbed the back of Brad's neck, forced his head forward and planted a big, wet, juicy kiss on the lips of his startled rival. "Thanks for the book and the elixir." Dave turned around, took a few steps and stopped. He stood, as though surveying his domain, legs spread apart, hips tilted so that one of his muscular ass cheeks was slightly higher than the other, and then, just to

plague Brad, in a move that made Brad want to bang his head against the counter top, he slowly shifted his weight to the other foot, and those meaty spheres of his rose and fell. With all his might Brad wanted to leap over the bar, grab the waist band of David's Daisy Duke shorts and in one movement rip them off and shove his throbbing cock up his ass and power fuck him right there in front of everybody. How Brad wanted that ass! He wanted it in the worse way. He'd do anything to feel Dave's muscle butt cheeks enfold his own mighty cock. Such intense sexual thoughts made Brad lose control. He loaded his jock up to overflowing with his hot cum, soaking the front of his shorts. He could hear the excess dripping in a steady stream onto the floor. He muttered to himself ... Okay big boy, your ass is mine ... I promise you that ... Your ass is Mine! We'll see who torments who ... I'm going to rape you senseless ... I'm going to own you ... even if it's only for one night ... I'm going to reduce you to a quivering, crying, submissive sex slave ... my personal sex slave and I'm going to leave you a spent, whimpering mass of used muscle, groveling at my feet, begging for your life ... and I'll show you no mercy. Payback is a bitch ... bitch! You're ass will be mine!!!!



CHAPTER TWO

Later That Same Evening in David's Living Room

DAVID LIVED IN A QUIET HILLSIDE residential neighborhood in Culver City, almost halfway between Santa Monica, where he worked as a lifeguard and where his gym was located, and the University of Southern California, where he continued his post graduate studies in psychology. His apartment was also not far from Beverly Hills and Westwood, the center of gay life in the Los Angeles area. He didn't want to live smack dab in the heart of the gay ghetto because, he realized, he'd be constantly mobbed ... his life wouldn't be his own. Besides he never had any trouble attracting attention whenever he wanted it, regardless where he was. Even in this neighborhood he was something of a curiosity to his neighbors. He liked where he lived in this small community of apartment buildings, all of which were two stories tall, stucco exteriors with red barrel tiled roofs and iron grill work on the windows and doors. The Spanish motif pleased him. His one bedroom duplex apartment was home to

him now. It was comfortable and cozy. He had his undisturbed privacy. He could even sunbathe on his terrace surrounded by a lush garden, high walls and a pergola for added privacy. His home had everything he wanted, a good size galley kitchen, large living room with an adobe fireplace and French doors that led out to the terrace, a small alcove dining room for intimate dinners and down a short hallway and up the stairs a very large bedroom where his huge solid oak king size bed dominated the room and off the bedroom his bathroom. David like his home, especially the solitude where at night he could sit out on his terrace and hear the crickets singing. It reminded him of home, back on his father's Texas ranch. It gave him a feeling of security and peace after a hectic day of city life.

As that evening wore on Dave was laying on his couch, naked as usual, reading the chapter in Brad's book on pancratium wrestling. Each passage, each graphic description, each detailed drawing made his cock pulsate with carnal desire. He read:

Ancient pancratium wrestling was a form of battle renowned for its savage brutality, unlike anything known today. The rules were quite simple, no castration or eye gouging and victory was secured through knockout, submission or death. The historical record of the early pancratium is shrouded and mixed with Greek mythology and it is not known whether these accounts of championship bouts and great feats of strength of the champions were myths or actual accounts. What is known is that just like the boxers and wrestlers of the Olympic games the pancratium competitors refined their skills through hundreds of years and became extremely proficient at all elements of their sport including ground fighting and submission holds to standing fighting with all types of punches and blows. Many of the holds, throws and punch techniques can be seen on the pottery, statues and drawings of those times.

The origins of pancratium wrestling date back to early Egyptian civilization (2600 BC) and can be seen displayed on the walls of the tombs of many pharaohs. How and when it arrived in Greece is unclear although the sport is believed to have traveled along the trade routes from the Middle East to Europe. The first recorded pancratium wrestling match in Greece occurred around 648 BC and quickly became the most popular sports competition. By Greek law no other sports activity could be held on the same day as a pancratium wrestling match. The word 'pancratium' is composed of two Greek words: "Pan" meaning "and" and "Kratos" meaning "strength" which is translated as "Everything is allowed in strength", or "All power". Although the term employed is pejorative because in addition to the strength and force, good wrestling techniques were above all necessary, weight categories were nonexistent. The custom was so named because it called for all the powers of the fighters into action. In this contest the naked combatants fought against each other in a personal conflict for domination: physically, mentally and spiritually until one of them was vanquished and forcibly made to submit to the will of the victor. The loser would then be taken sexually to demonstrate the victor's dominance over his fallen rival. However, as long as the combatants could stand their main concern was to strike terrible blows or get their opponent into a painful hold, the more painful the better as pain sapped strength and weakened the rival. On the other hand, once the fighters hit the ground, the nature of the combat intensified, becoming bitter hand to hand fighting, rolling on the ground, the opponents grappled ceaselessly, striking violent blows and applying painful holds; each fighter trying to reduce the other to helplessness and to force him to submit to the victor. The fights between the wrestlers sometime ended in the death of one of the fighters because he refused to submit. Death was preferable to admitting defeat, even so, the deceased's body would still be sexually taken

by the victor to prove his complete and total domination over his vanquished opponent. The extreme violence of pancratium wrestling where everything went, except eye gouging, castration, carrying a weapon or having the hands covered with gauntlets, made this discipline the most dangerous contest of which the outcome could sometimes be fatal. Indeed, it was not rare to have a wrestler dying of his wounds after several days of agony.

The phallus played a most important roll in the fight. A fighter could use his phallus to punch, beat, batter, pummel or rake his opponent's phallus or balls helping to force the opponent into climax and discharging his sperm (strength), thereby becoming weaker. The phallus was also used as a weapon to weaken the combatant's phallus so he could be sucked off and made weaker, again, to give his opponent the advantage of victory. The ancient Greeks believed that human sperm was the source of all life and strength therefore by drinking your opponent's sperm you sapped his strength while adding to your own, making you stronger and victorious.

One of the lesser-known aspects of pancratium wrestling was lactating your adversary. By massaging, sucking, stroking, pinching, kneading the nipples the dormant male mammary glands could be activated and the pectoral muscles would begin to secrete man milk. This was considered the ultimate humiliation for any wrestler, to be milked like a woman. It was considered a complete loss of his manhood, a total disgrace, the greatest insult that could befall a wrestler. It was used very rarely, only in the most extreme cases, when revenge was called for to avenge a similar dishonor.

The training of a pancratium wrestler was hard and long. It generally took place in a gymnasium called a "Palaestra" overshadowed by a statue of Dionysus. It included the study and training in all forms of wrestling and boxing. But the training was

not solely limited to the martial forms. It also included the hardening of the body through weight training, swimming, gymnastics like running, the long jump, the discus and the javelin and body flagellation, which made them complete athletes. One of the unusual aspects of training was the constant exercising of the wrestler's phallus. Since the phallus was an essential weapon in the wrestler's arsenal weight training was necessary to make it harder and stronger by lifting lead weights hanging from a chain attached to a strap of leather tied around the wrestler's phallus. By flexing his phallus up and down and lifting the weight the wrestler increased the destructive power of his phallus making it a formidable weapon against his opponent.

In David's mind he fantasized what it would be like to be one of those champion wrestlers - huge muscles - mighty strength - monster cock - crushing your opponent in a powerful bearhug as your fuckpole rammed into his - hearing him shriek in sexual torment, begging for mercy as you rape him into submission ... to have any man you wanted and to be the desire of all men David thought to himself, "And what do you do for a living, Mr. McAllister? I fuck musclemen ... because I can!" He laughed at the thought. He grinned from ear to ear at the thought. Pre cum flooded the top of his cock. How sexually entrancing all this was for him. The brutality of pancratium wrestling only wetted his desire all the more.

DAVID GLANCED OVER TO A WALL CLOCK. It was almost 8:00 pm, the time for the Hercules film festival was to start. David put the book away and fumbled for the remote control only to upset a huge pile of 8 x 10 glossy photos of beefy gay porn stars, bodybuilders and wrestlers that he secretly wanted to have sex with. Pictures of Zeb Atlas, Bruce Patterson, Eddie Robinson, Billy

Herrington, Ty Fox, Mathew Rush, Jake Gianilli, Chris Wade, Carlo Masi, Skye Woods, Tom Katts, Aaron Baker and a host of other muscular stars fell to the floor. In one topsy turvy pile laid scattered his wrestling favorites, Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson at 6'4" and 272 pounds who's shoulders and upper arms were heavily tattooed with Samoan designs, Bill Goldberg at 6'3" and 282 pounds, Bret "The Hitman" Hart at 5'11" and 235 pounds. Marcus "Buff" Bagwell standing 6'1" tall and weighing 247 pounds, The Ultimate Warrior at 6'3" and 280 pounds, John Cena standing 6'1" and weighing 240 pounds, and the gorilla of wrestling, Batista, at 6'5" and 290 pounds. He was the closest in height and weight to David. He also was the one who David wanted to wrestle and fuck the most. His tattooed biceps, a star burst tattoo around his navel, his short cropped hair and a thin strip of beard jetting down from the center of his lower lip to his chin, gave a menacing, dangerous appearance that stimulated David's libido. But only a picture of Gauge was left on the top of the oak coffee table. David stared at the photo. The smug expression of invincibility on Gauge's face, as if he was saying, you think you're man enough to take me, only wetted David's sexual appetite. The roaring lion's head tattoo on his upper left pec added to Gauge's over all bad boy mystique. "Someday," David muttered to himself, "I'll wipe that churlish expression off your face and you'll be mine." With the remote in hand he turned on the television and reclined back on his couch ... his back propped up by a massively large Persian pillow. He stroked his massively thick cock a couple of times. It felt good. Perhaps if there was a good muscle scene or wrestling match in one of the Herc flicks he might just jerk off. Yeah, fuck Hercules ... the ultimate muscleman fuck of all time. The thought captivated him. He reached for the container of Brad's home brew resting on the solid oak coffee table. A little aphrodisiac just about now would do me good, he thought.

THE FILM FESTIVAL BEGAN. "Welcome to TBS July Fourth Hercules Movie Marathon." David settled in with drink in hand. "First up is Kirk Morris in Hercules, Samson, and Ulysses, featuring Richard Lloyd as Samson." Dave watched the movie intently waiting for the inevitable match between the two legendary strongmen. When it finally occurred he periodically stroked his fuckpole, sometimes real hard as the intensity of the scene grew. Hercules threw Samson around. Samson tossed Hercules around. "Strip 'em you fucker," hooted Dave that the screen. "Suck em off ... fuck em!" He wanted to see someone getting their ass plowed and he didn't care which one it was. As they fought pillars tumbled over as they crashed into them, as did massive stone walls. Each threw boulders at one another ... body slammed each other ... Hercules got caught in Samson's bearhug. "Fuck em Samson. Fuck his cock. Make him shoot his load. Hell if this was a Colt film somebody would be getting fuck hard and fast." David stroked himself harder and harder but no ejaculation, no cum, only an abiding deep hunger to cum. Eventually Hercules muscled his way free to Dave's disappointment. Some aphrodisiac Brad, he thought. I've got a wicked hardon and nothing. That Brad is full of shit. He yawned uncontrollably. He drank more of Brad's concoction. He had to admit it tasted great ... but that one promised effect was lacking. He yawned again.

The second film was Mark Forest in Lions of Thebes. David reached for the container and finished off Brad's drink. That Mark Forest needs about twenty pounds more of muscle, he surmised and he'd be the best film Hercules there ever was. He also thought his face was beautiful, sensual, really sexy. Dave couldn't stop yawning. "Fuckin' shit," he said, "I'm so tired. I can't keep my eyes open. They're getting too heavy. I'm just soooo tireeee..."



CHAPTER THREE

The Early Morning Sun Illuminates a Pasture

THE SOUND OF CHIRPING BIRDS slowly roused David from his slumber. He felt the warmth of a refreshing early morning breeze brush over his body. With his eyes still shut he stretched out his massive arms, yawned, shook his head and scratched his chest. As he did he instinctively sensed someone watching him. He also felt the rough bark of a tree pressing against his back. He first opens one eye and then the other to find a musclebound young man standing over his out stretched legs. Wearing a short tunic tied at the waist by a thick studded leather belt, the young man had a most angelic face framed by a pencil thin mustache and beard. (The face of Mark Forest) David was instantly captivated. His body had been bronzed by the sun. Glistening jet black hair cascaded in ringlets down his thick neck and across his massive shoulders to the top of his pecs. Perfectly round nipples protruded from his finely chiseled chest - an eight pack girdled his waist. His thighs exploded from under his tunic and his calves

were barely contained by the straps of his sandals. His feet were small but perfectly shaped. Dave never before thought he had a foot fetish but all he wanted to do at that moment was to wash those beautiful feet with his tongue as he lick between the toes. The young man's arms were more than impressive, they were magnificent.

"Good morning," the young beefy hunk said with a voice that was mellow and deep. A welcoming smile caressed his full sensual lips.

"Morn'," replied David still unsure what was happening. As he rose to his feet he realized he too was wearing a Greek tunic, sandals and belt, much like the young man. He was also standing in a pasture, nearby was a running stream. "Where the fuck am I?" he asked.

"Where do you think you are?" inquired the youth good naturally.

"Well, I'm sure in hell ain't in Kansas anymore Toto."

Kansas? Toto? What's a Kansas and a Toto?"

David motioned with his hand that it was insignificant where a Kansas was or who Toto was. He found himself standing taller than the handsome stranger whom he figured was no more than six foot. The young muscleman was superb, sensual and oh so sexually desirable. Dave felt himself getting hard with erotic lust. He could feel himself becoming exposed. His tunic barely covered his private parts. In fact his cockhead was fully visible. The young man too was clearly taken by him. He had a very noticeable protruding bulge in the front of his tunic. David broke the silence by saying, "I've got to tell you ... you're magnificent looking."

The young man blushed. "Thank you. You're body is more than great ... it's the biggest, most muscular physique I've ever seen. You're Hercules, aren't you?"

The question somewhat startled Dave. He was flattered by it. It played to his overpowering ego. He saw the growing admiration in the young man's eyes. "No, I'm sorry to disappoint you but I'm not Hercules," he replied reluctantly. "But people have called me that before."

"But you've got to be," insisted the youth. "No one in all the world is as big as you. You've just got to be."

"Sorry, names David."

A disappointed look flooded over the handsome stranger's face. "But then you've come to participate in the pancratium wrestling championship matches ... right?"

Dave was taken aback by the question.

"That's why I'm here," the young man stated. "I went last year but only as a spectator. I wasn't ready to compete with the big boys yet. In the year since I've trained very hard and now I'm ready." That said he flexed his arms and posed his massively muscled body. "I'm going to wrestle my way through the competition. Hopefully I'll met Hercules in the finals."

"You certainly look fit enough," David nodded. "And your name is ...?"

"Machiste of Thebes."

Dave extended his hand. The youth was bewildered by the gesture. "It's customary where I come from to shake hands as a sign of greeting and friendship," he explained.

"Oh what a nice custom," said Machiste and readily extended his hand.

The two shook hands. Dave felt the powerful grip of the Theban's strength and thought, he's trying to psyche me out the little sweetie. He squeezed back even harder. I'll show him who's stronger.

Machiste jerked his hand away. "By the balls of Zeus you're strong. You're sure you're not Hercules?"

Dave beamed satisfaction. Control was everything to him. He had to be the one in control of every situation and of the people around him. That was the reason he so enjoyed plaguing Brad at the gym. He was the one in control ... he dominate the scene. "So where's this competition you're talking about?"

"In Athens of course, just over those hills."

"Oh ... Athens ..."

"You're going to enter aren't you? No one would be able to defeat you. Hercules himself would have great difficulty I'm sure."

That thought intrigued David. All that he had read and fantasized about pancratium wrestling sexually stimulated him. "Sure, why not," he said. "It could be great fun."

"And rewarding," added Machiste. "The winner gets a lot of prize money, free housing, slaves to service his every whim, and above all, the undying respect of all Greece and the known world. He's worshipped as a living god. His services are sought after to defend the poor, the downtrodden. Kings and generals seek out his counsel. He fights to right injustice wherever he's needed. And for this statues are erected in his honor, poems are written about his exploits, songs praise his glory. He becomes the greatest of the great."

"All that for wrestling, sucking and fucking?"

"But it's more than that. Only the biggest, most muscular and strongest men from all over the known world compete. The best of the best. To be the champion means no one is better than you. You ARE the best! The pride of knowing that is worth everything, every sacrifice to be THE one and only." Machiste sighed.

"Yeah, I know what you mean. I'm like that back home. I own my world."

"I too know that feeling. I've been the Theban champion for the last few years. No one is more powerful or has a better body than me. Out of respect they all bow down to me whenever I pass by. It's a great feeling. Where are you from? What city I mean?"

"Well, I live in Culver City but workout in Santa Monica."

"I've never heard of those places. How far away are they from here?"

"They're far ... very far away ... across a great sea on the other side of the world."

"Well, then, since you've traveled such a great distance to wrestle, we better be off to the tournament. Come, let us be on our way to Athens."

As they crossed the pasture David asked his new friend to explain how this tournament operated.

"There's three sets of competition. The first is in the late morning when all the competitors wrestle until only two are left standing and undefeated. In the afternoon the semifinal take place with the two winners from the morning meet to determine who will challenge Hercules. The winner of this match goes on to the final combat later that evening to meet the current champion

- Hercules - in a winner takes all, no holds barred - loser gets fucked to submission match."

"It sound grueling."

"It's suppose to be," replied Machiste. "Only the biggest, strongest, the best deserve to make it to the championship round to challenge Hercules."

Machiste went on to explain the religious significant of the competition and give his new friend some pointers. "First, the tournament is dedicated to Dionysus, the god of fertility and male sexual power. That's why our phallus is the central most important part of the competition. You use it as a weapon against your opponent's to prove you're more masculine, superior in strength than him. Phallus fucking is integral to the match - who has the strongest phallus. You use your manmeat to bash, pound, pummel away at theirs, pressing into their phallus to make them shoot their might - to prove your phallus is stronger than theirs and that you're more of a man than he is. And as the final proof of your masculine superiority ... you fuck him with your phallus, forcing your opponent to submit to your might over their weakness. Your phallus IS your most important weapon. It is THE symbol of your masculinity ... your strength. That's why we constantly exercise our phallus along with all the other parts of our bodies ... to make it stronger ... invincible. To suck off your opponent's phallus, to drink his strength is to show your complete domination over him and to fuck him is the ultimate symbol of total domination and humiliation for the loser.

"Before the competition commences, all the competitors assemble at the Temple of Dionysus to dedicate themselves to the worship of the phallus as the ultimate symbol of male power and to wrestle in that spirit with unrestrained, uninhibited sexual abandonment. To give your whole body, all your might in the

pursuit of victory. It's quite an inspiring ceremony and at the end we all go up and kiss the phallus of Dionysus.

"The secret to pancratium wrestling is inflicting as much pain on your opponent as possible. There is just so much pain and physical punishment any body can take before its strength is sapped and it collapses. That's why we want to inflict the maximum amount of pain to make your opponent give up, pass out, succumb to your might and power. You have to pummel their bodies with punches, get them in painful, excruciating holds, like a crushing bearhug, to wear them down until they can't resist anymore. Then you go in for the kill. You either suck them off, or jerk them off and then fuck them into submission. You keep fucking them until they scream out that they submit. Everyone in the arena must hear their submission so there is no dispute who the winner is."

"It sounds barbaric, unnecessarily cruel."

"The sport isn't for the faint of heart, David," retorted Machiste somewhat perturbed. "It's for the biggest, the strongest to see who is in fact the mightiest, the best of the best, who's actually worthy to challenge Hercules for the ultimate championship. To wrestle him, with the opportunity to defeat him, you have to fight all challengers, work your way up to the top, using all your strength, skills and all your body. You have to do whatever you have to do to get to the top, to prove your worthiness. To be the best is THE greatest honor of all and is worth every sacrifice, every ounce of pain you suffer and whatever you have to do to achieve victory. There are no half way measures ... after all your ass is literally on the line ... your ass, your pride, self respect and the respect of all. Only the strongest, the biggest, the best deserve to be the champion. If you're not willing to give your all ... you don't deserve to be the Champion of all Champions."

“Okay ... I understand. To be the best you have to beat the best. It’s the same where I come from. I guess it’s pretty much the same everywhere.”





CHAPTER FOUR

Tales of Hercules

"SO, WHAT'S HE LIKE... Hercules, I mean? Tell me about him," inquired David.

"He's the son of Zeus and Alcmena, the most beautiful mortal woman in the world. Her beauty and charms captivated Zeus and that's why he had to have her. As a result Hercules was created and born. Hera, Zeus' wife, hated the beauty of Alcmena and she hated Hercules even more because he was his father's favorite. Her hostility was so great that she sent two serpents to destroy him as he lay in his cradle, but the infant Hercules strangled them with his own hands. From infancy he's had the strength of the Olympian gods."

"Tell me more."

"There's so much one can say ... There's his legendary victory over Antaeus, the son of the Earth goddess, Terra. He was the mightiest of all wrestlers and the first pancratium

champion. His strength was invincible so long as he remained in contact with his mother Earth. He compelled all who challenged him to fight him on his terms."

"Which were ...?"

"If he conquered them (which he always did), he'd suck the strength from their bodies and fuck them to death. If they won, they could do the same to him. Those were his rules. When Hercules challenged him for the championship in the great arena in Athens he found out very quickly that it was to no avail to throw Antaeus, for as soon as he hit the ground Terra reinvigorated her son and he rose with renewed strength. Realizing this, Hercules lifted Antaeus up over his head and suck him off, drinking in all his might, leaving Antaeus weak and helpless. He then carried Antaeus to the center of the arena and chained him to the two Pillars of Woe, making sure that Antaeus' feet did not touch the ground. Then Hercules fucked him to death and that's how he became the Champion of all Champions."

"Is there more?"

"Yes, lots more."

"Well?"

"Terra, the Earth goddess wanted revenge for the death of her son. She wanted to destroy Hercules and get back at Zeus for giving his son such great strength. So she gave birth to a new monstrous set of gods, the Giants who were fathered by the Sky. The Giants were the tallest men in the world and so strong as to be unbeatable. They were also frightening to look at. They had shaggy hair that drooped from their heads and chins, and they had dragon scales on their feet. The mightiest Giants were Prophyryon and Alkyoneus. Alkyoneus could remain immortal as long as he fought in the land of his birth, Pallene, in the region of Thrace. A bold troublemaker, he dared to steal some cows owned

by Helios (the Sun god), who complained bitterly to Zeus. To pass the time, he and his brother Giants tossed house-sized boulders and burning oak trees at Mount Olympus to annoy the gods, especially Zeus. It was just a prelude to an all out attack.

"Long ago Zeus had received an oracle who predicted the future. She declared that the gods could kill the Giants only if they had help from a mortal. This mortal was Hercules. Terra, the mother of the Giants, learned this too and tried to prevent Hercules from going to help his father. She sent four of the Giants to capture Hercules and chain him to a mountain where they could have their way with him and fuck him to death. But Zeus had a plan of his own. First he prohibited Helios (the Sun god) from shinning, then Luna (the Moon goddess) and finally Eos (the Dawn goddess). Before the Giants could find Hercules in the dark, Zeus sent Athena with her chariot to bring Hercules up to Mount Olympus. Terra was furious and sent the Giants to attack the gods. Alkyoneus led his brothers in climbing up Mount Olympus. Hercules came to the cliff where he could see the monstrous Giants approaching. He drew his bow and shot Alkyoneus with an arrow that sank deep into the giant's shoulder. The giant lost his grip and fell unconscious back down to the ground with an enormous crash. Soon Alkyoneus began to revive. But before he completely woke up, Athena told Hercules that the giant would not die unless he was outside of his birthplace in Thrace. So Hercules dragged Alkyoneus far away and there he suck the strength from his body and fucked him to death.

"Meanwhile, Porphyron had reached the top of Olympus. He had Hera cornered between the rocks and the sheer cliff. When Porphyron began to attack the goddess, Hera called for help. Zeus cast his thunderbolt at Porphyron, leaving him dazed, and Hercules, who had just rejoined the battle, attacked the giant, hammering him with mighty blows, rendering him unconscious.

He then lifted Porphyron up over his head, sucked the strength from his body and fucked him to death. Now all the gods and Giants entered the fight. Apollo shot one of the Giants in the right eye, and Hercules shot him with an arrow in the left eye. Dionysus killed one by whacking him with his staff. Hecate set another Giant on fire with torches. Hephaistos eliminated one by pelting him with white-hot metal. Two of the Giants turned to run away. Athena caught the first one and imprisoned him under the Island of Sicily; Poseidon broke off a piece of the Island of Cos and threw it at the other. Hermes wore Hades' helmet and slew a Giant as he ran away, and Artemis killed another. Even the Fates killed a couple of Giants, fighting with clubs made of bronze. Zeus struck down the rest of the giants with his thunderbolts, and Hercules finished them off where they laid by sucking and fucking them to death.'

"Tell me you're finished?" scoffed David contemptuously.

"Hades, no," replied Machiste with delight. He saw how his stories rankled his friend. The Theban took an impish joy in plaguing Dave with Hercules' feats of super human strength.

"Well ... go on then," David said with exasperation, "... but just one more."

"There's the tale of Achelous, the river god. He and Hercules were rivals for the hand of Dejanira, the daughter of the Oeneus, King of Calydon. She was the fairest maiden in all the land."

"Yeah ... Yeah, Get on with it."

"They pleaded their case before the King. Hercules cited his decent from Zeus, his famous labors and his many victories in the arena. 'Be assured,' he said to the King, 'Dejanira will always be safe and secure. No man can cause her harm. I will always protect her with my great and invincible strength.' Then it was

Achelous' turn to state his case. 'Behold me, Your Majesty, the god of the waters that flow through your realm. I am no stranger from a foreign shore, like Hercules, but belong to your country, a part of your kingdom. Zeus owes me nothing nor I him. He does not punish me with heavy labors as he does with some. As for this man, who boasts himself the son of Zeus, it is at best an arrogant claim and at worse the product of his mother's shame for he IS a bastard.' Hercules scowled at his rival and with great difficulty restrained his rage. 'My hands will answer better than my tongue,' yelled Hercules. 'I yield to you, Achelous this victory in words, but trust my cause in combat.' With that he stripped off his tunic and advanced toward Achelous, who tore off his tunic and presented himself for the struggle. Hercules tried to throw Achelous, first attacking his head, then his body. But Achelous's massive muscular bulk was his protection and Hercules assailed him in vain. The fight went back and forth, each gaining a momentary advantage, the other powering out of it until both were exhausted. For a time they stopped, then returned to the conflict. Each was determine not to yield to the other. They stood there foot to foot, Achelous bending over his rival, clenching Hercules' hand in his, his forehead touching Hercules'. Three times Hercules tried to throw Achelous and on the fourth he succeeded, tossing the river god to the ground and himself straddling his back. Achelous struggled to get his arms free, panting and reeking with perspiration from the effort. Hercules gave him no chance to recover. Hercules picked him up in his arms and cradled him, taking Achelous phallus in his mouth. He sucked the river god's might from his body leaving Achelous depleted and weak. When he was through he hurled him to the ground with contempt saying, 'And that's for my mother. Now I'm going to fuck you senseless.' He forced Achelous' face into the ground as he mounted his back, ready to fuck his rival into submission and win the hand of Dejanira ..."

"What happened then?" David asked eagerly not realizing how caught up in the story he was. "Don't stop."

"Realizing he was about to be fucked and lose the match, Achelous resorted to his powers to change his physical appearance. He turned himself into a serpent and slithered free. He coiled his body around Hercules and hissed at him with his forked tongue. Hercules smiled scornfully saying, 'It was the labor of my infancy to vanquish snakes.' So saying he broke free from the crushing might of Achelous and clasped his neck in both hands. Hercules began to squeeze the life out of Achelous. His rival choked and hissed and choked some more as he tried to free his neck but to no avail. Hercules' grip was too strong. Vanquished in this form, Achelous transformed himself into a one horned bull. Not dismayed, Hercules wrapped his mighty arms around the bull's neck dragging him to the ground, throwing him over on his back. He reached down and ruthlessly tore the bull's horn from the center of his forehead, which immediately transformed the bull back into Achelous. Hercules pounced upon his rival's stomach, forcibly spreading his legs far apart. Immediately he shoved his phallus up between Achelous massive thighs to power fuck him into submission. Only when Achelous begged for mercy did Hercules let him up. The river god admitted defeat and left, leaving Hercules to be Dejanira's only suitor. As a present for her Hercules hollowed out the bull's horn and filled it with flowers and fruit, presenting it to Dejanira. He called it a cornucopia."

"Well what happened then? Did they get married?"

"No. After all that Dejanira rejected him. Hercules was so angry that in a fit of rage he torn the King's palace down with his bare hands, leaving no stone unturned and walked away.

"And that my friend is our Champion of Champions. Needless to say he's the biggest, the mightiest, the absolute

best. He takes no prisoners. He believes in total domination ... in total body destruction. He likes his competition to be rough ... as rough as possible."

"Rough can be fun, especially in fucking. It can really turn a guy on ... stimulate him. I know. I like it rough sometimes too."



"Well, his rough is brutal. The rougher the better. It challenges his might and skill as a wrestler. It makes his victory all the more satisfying to overcome his opponent's brutality, conquer him, then savagely rape him into submission.

The audience loves it too ... seeing Hercules beat his challengers to a pulp ... fucking them senseless. He has destroyed all opponents. He's even crushed to death in his mighty arms several challengers because they refused to submit. No one has ever sucked the strength from his body. No one has even come close. No one can match his wrestling skills or strength. After all, he IS the son of Zeus, a living demi-god. He's also arrogant, cocky, self centered because he knows he's the best ... that he's unbeatable, that he can destroy any and all who dare challenge him. He's done it for years."

"Aren't you afraid that, if given a chance, Hercules would fuck you to death?"

"So what if he does. Death is a part of pancratium wrestling. When you enter the arena, you're putting your life on the line ... you fight for your life ... your very existence is at stake every time. If you win, that's great ... but if you're beaten, you freely accept your fate, your destiny ... after all, of your own free will you've chosen to be a pancratium wrestler. No one forced you. It's your choice. And since you've chosen this life you freely

accept its rules and all that it entails ... even facing the prospect of your own death in the arena. Being fucked to death as your life is being crushed out of your body in the mighty arms of Hercules, or someone else, is all part of that acceptance of the life you've freely chosen as a pancratium wrestler. Understand?"

David nodded his head but said nothing.

"Besides, being fucked to death by Hercules would be the greatest sensation you could ever experience. Sexually, you'd be totally fulfilled as a real man. Spiritually, your soul would be released to join the universe for all time ... to become one of the stars in the heavenly sky. It would be both a physical and sacred experience all in one. Your life would be complete. Nothing else would matter."

"It all sounds a bit too existential to me," stated David. "But if Hercules is so invincible, why bother to fight him? Why lose to him if it's a forgone conclusion? Why put yourself through the agony, the torture of being physically abused knowing he'll end up fucking the life out of you?"

"There's always a chance. Don't forget he's only half a god, the rest is pure mortal. He feels pain just like you and me. Anybody, no matter how powerfully built he may be, like you or Hercules, can be worn down through physical exertion and punishment. Achelous wore him down and you can too. Just imagine being able to suck his massive strength, the might of the Olympian gods, out of his body and making it your own. Then fucking him into submission. Why, your name would become immortal."

Machiste, pondering over what he had just said stated reflectively, "It's rather sad, really. All the challengers can lose to him over and over and over again, but Hercules can lose only once and then he's through ... forever. His curse is he has to keep winning. His reputation is built on winning, of being

invincible. Once that's gone ... he has nothing left. Nothing to live for really. That's why his ego will not permit him to lose and face the humiliation of defeat at the hands of a mere mortal, and that makes him most dangerous in the arena."

"After all that you've said, you still honestly think I have a chance to defeat Hercules?"

"As I said before, you the biggest man I've ever seen and I've seen and fought some gigantic men. I swear by Zeus, you're as big and as powerful as Hercules. If anyone can take him to the limits of his endurance, wear him down and defeat him, suck him off, conquer his ass and fuck him into submission ... it's you David ... no question about it. Yes, he's broken the will of the mightiest men in the known world! But just think, if you're able to turn the tables on him and make Hercules submit ... why your name will go down in history for all times."

The Theban's encouraging words pleased and flattered David. He'd be known as the Conqueror of the Mighty Hercules. He savored that thought. He relished that thought. He could taste it, sense it to the very marrow of his bones. Drool slowly dribbled from the corners of his mouth as he fantasized about power fucking Hercules' ass with his monster cock, of feeling those massive muscle buns wrapped tightly around his fuckpole as he devirginized the invincible, mighty Hercules into submission. Dave convinced himself he could do it ... that he would do it. His steady stride became a very pronounced swagger of self confidence as his chest swelled with pride.

Machiste continued to ramble on about Hercules, but David had actually stopped listening to his friend who was walking a few paces ahead. He was much more interested in watching the perfectly round glutes of the Theban's ass as they pulsated up and down as he walked. The most gorgeous butt I've ever see he thought. Just beautiful. Machiste realized Dave's attention was

elsewhere. He decided to teach him a friendly lesson. “If you want my ass ... you have to win it!”



CHAPTER FIVE

In a Field On The Way To Athens David and Machiste Wrestle

WITHOUT WARNING, MACHISTE REACHED down and lifted David high over his head - holding him there - then pressing him up and down playfully before body slamming him to the ground. Dave was startled. He had the wind knocked out of him. The Theban quickly stripped him naked as well as himself, exposing his eight inch long, five inch thick cock. Instantly he pounced on top of David, who felt Machiste's fist size cockhead pressing up against the underside of his twelve inch long fuckpole, forcing it back against his own stomach. It hurt so good that David sighed and winced simultaneously. With mighty thrust he rammed Dave's cock as he forcibly held his shoulders to the ground. The sensation of rubbing, jabbing cocks felt so good that David wanted to shoot his load. It took all his will power not to. He moaned in ecstasy. His body squirmed as Machiste's cock dug deeper into his, plowing his cock farther into his own flesh. It took all his strength he roll the Theban off of him just in the nick

of time. A second more and he would have shot load after load. Both men scrambled to their feet. Dave was impressed, even entranced by Machiste. He's unbelievable, David thought. Every time he moves, some muscle flexes or ripples.

They squared off. The two magnificent bodies flailed away at one another, first playfully and later with more seriousness. The match become an ass slapping, ball grabbing, nipple pinching spectacular with their virginal asses on the line. The match went back and forth ...the action fast and furious as each beefy combatant traded punishing hold after hold. Both enjoyed feeling their naked muscular bodies rubbing against one another.

At first Dave was surprisingly timid to use his full might. He senses he'd be victorious and suspected Machiste knew it too. He easily could dominate but he allowed the Theban a great deal of maneuvering room. Consequently Machiste got his share of licks in, reversing a behind the shoulder hammer lock, inflicting a standing clothesline that sent David reeling to the ground. Playfully Machiste put his foot on Dave's prone chest and flexed his biceps. David reached over and took him by the ankles and flipped the Theban onto his back. He caught Machiste in a leg scissors. As his massive thighs squeezed the life out of his new friend he reached over and grabbed Machiste's cock and started to stroke him with a slow, firm pumping action. The Theban groaned in pleasure and fought not to cum. A mighty forearm to Dave's obliques broke the hold and both scrambled to their feet. Machiste caught David in an over the hip torture rack. With one arm holding him in a bent position over his massive thigh, Machiste used his free hand to masturbate his musclebound friend's cock . David cried out in ecstasy as his body uncontrollably shook. Machiste then pummeled Dave's back with his knee sending him to the ground. He followed it up with flying elbows to the small of the back as well as powerful leg drops. He forced David to his feet and applied a punishing bearhug, even

taking Dave off his feet. Both men grunted and groaned in erotic pain and pleasure. David had never felt so sexually aroused. He felt Machiste's fuckpole between his thighs fucking his balls with thrust after thrust. With a mighty effort he muscled his way out of the hold. Quickly Dave got around Machiste to apply a full nelson. He easily lifted him off his feet and shoved his cock between the Theban's thighs. With tender ramming thrust he poked the back of Machiste's cock and balls. Machiste squirmed to free himself but to no avail - he was caught firmly in David's vice grip. Dave easily maneuvered his muscle meat to the Theban's ass. He dried surfed his crack playfully. Both giggled as Machiste continued to wiggle and twist his body in a futile attempt to escape. Finally with a giant backward kick to Dave's balls, Machiste freed himself. He turned around ... David was doubled over in pain. Machiste grabbed hold of him and flipped him up over his shoulder in a backbreaker. In a show of pure cockiness, the Theban walked around with Dave firmly held over his shoulder. With his free arm he flexed his bicep and let out a roar of domination. When he stopped showboating, Machiste turned the backbreaker into a piledriver and dropped to his knees driving Dave's head into the ground. David saw stars as the earth twirled around his head. He felt Machiste on top of him sucking his cock as he massaged his balls. The Theban's private parts cover his face. He moaned as his body quivered. He wanted to shoot load after creamy load into the Theban's mouth. He felt delirious as if in some kind of drug induced stupor. He shook his head violently to regain some sort of consciousness. He had had enough. He pushed Machiste off of him and jumped to his feet. He grabbed Machiste and power lifted him over his head. He repeatedly pressed him up and down as he sucked his cock and licked his balls. Then he slammed the young man down across his knee in a backbreaker. He sucked on his love muscle, using his tongue to lick Machiste's fuckpole like a

lollipop. He played with his cockhead ramming the tip of his tongue into its slit, clamping his teeth at the base of the cockhead and washing it in his saliva. He took all of Machiste's cock into his mouth and boned it with his teeth - gently scrapping it as he slowly moved up and down the shaft. Machiste grunted in ecstasy. David felt the Theban's body quivering. He lifted his mouth off and took the cock in his hand and rapidly began to stroke the young man. Machiste's grunts turn into rapid peels of moans and groans as he was brought to the point of explosion. Dave had the upper hand. He gloated as he stroked Machiste, "You're ass is mine, pretty boy,"

"Never!" groaned the helpless Theban.

"We'll see about that!!"

Dave stood up cradling Machiste in his arms. He continued to suck on his cock as he licked the pre cum off with his tongue and played with the slit. Machiste could no longer resist and started to shoot. David drank his load and sucked harder to make the Theban shoot even more cum. He rapidly boned his cock which forced Machiste to violently erupt filling Dave's mouth with an ocean of hot, creamy cum. Slowly Dave let Machiste's body slide down his. The Theban felt the erotic sensation of his cock scrapping over Dave's hairy chest as he continued to shoot load after load. Dave wrapped Machiste up in a bearhug, lifted him off his feet and cock fucked the Theban who was unable to stop shooting his loads. He shot his cum all over both of them. The sexually erotic sensation of feeling David's massive horsecock powerfully pressing into his, the crushing pressure of the bearhug, rendered Machiste into exhaustion. His head fell onto Dave's chest, his arms and legs dangled lifeless at his side. His groans of pain turn into moans of pure sexual pleasure as Dave's cock drained his dry. David released the spent Machiste, who collapsed at his feet. The feeling of victory was too much for

Dave to resist. He put one foot on the Theban's chest and posed his body - flexing his biceps, triceps, a lat spread and most muscular pose.

The tension was broken when Machiste looked up at the victor and chortled, "Why don't you pick on somebody your own size." They laughed as David dropped down to the ground beside his friend.

"I didn't hurt you much did I?"

"No, just my pride ... but I'll get over it."

"I know what will make you feel better." Dave leaned over and began to lick the cum off Machiste's body, concentrating on his cock and balls. The Theban did the same to him.

Once they had washed each other with their tongues and given each other a hardon, Machiste surprised David by saying, "You've won the prize of my ass fair and square. Take me. Fuck Me! Fuck me as hard as you can."

"But I don't want to hurt you," protested Dave.

"You don't understand. I need you to fuck me, rape me, hurt me as hard as you can. If I make it to the finals, if I get to face Hercules, I have to know before hand if I can take the full might of his phallus up into me. You're as big as he is ... as powerful. If I can take your phallus, then I know I can take his and I won't disgrace myself in the arena. Please, you won my ass fair and square. Fuck me ... give me confidence and I'll be able to fight free of all worry."

They both stood up facing one another. David could see the need in Machiste's dark sensitive eyes. He just couldn't refuse. He didn't want to refuse. "I ... I've wanted you from the first moment I saw you standing over me."

For now Machiste just wanted to stare into David's glistening eyes. He couldn't believe how ruggedly handsome he was, or how big and powerful. He had always been the biggest and the strongest but now he felt puny and insignificant next to this musclebound behemoth. The anticipation of the moment left him panting and nervous.

David reached over and gently grabbed him by the upper arms and drew him closer. Machiste felt so virginal, as though all the hot muscle sex he'd ever had was just a prelude to this moment in time. There was a split second when he realized that their cocks were going to press together. The anticipation lasted a heartbeat, but it was time enough for him to moan. Then Dave drew him close and their love muscles compressed against each other. Their lips met. They kissed in passions embrace. Machiste closed his eyes, his head fell back, his mouth fell open as he moaned in pleasure. David caressed his neck and throat ... then his lips again so gently, so softly. He lowered his head under Machiste's chin and kissed and licked his neck while all the time pressing their cocks together.

Emotions ran riot throughout the Theban's body and mind. He was overcome by the awesome feeling of a big guy like himself being caught in the grip of this horny, powerfully built muscleman. David's chest hair brushed against his nipples. Machiste shuddered. For an instant he lost his courage. He wanted to break away ... even tried but Dave wouldn't let him go. "You're my victory prize," he whispered softly as he pressed even harder against the Theban's love muscle.

Machiste saw the lustful determination in his eyes. The Theban knew he was going to have his request granted. He was going to be power fucked and there was nothing he could do to prevent it. David was just making it very clear he was in charge, that for now he was going to be Dave's sex slave. Machiste

gulped hard in resignation of his impending fate. He never thought he'd hear himself whimper, but he did as Dave tasted his neck and ear, as his chest hair scrapped against his pecs and as their fully erect cocks meshed together, back to back against each others and against their stomachs. It all sent massive waves of tremors running across the Theban's whole body. Machiste's arms were pinned to his sides. His courage failed him again and he tried to strike out at David, but he could barely touch his own waist. His whole body was seething in erotic pain from their bodies being crushed together. Oh how he wanted to break free and run away - but he couldn't. His honor wouldn't let him. Sexual fantasies raced through the Theban's mind. It should be him toying with David's body. He should have won the match. He should be the one dominating ... in control. He always had in the past. This role reversal plagued him. Oh how he wanted to break free and sexually ravage his conqueror. How he wanted to sink his teeth into those plump, round buttocks. How he wanted to grab those pecs, pinch those nipples, suck on those nipples and bring the muscleman to his knees. How he wanted to hold that big hot phallus and crush it with both hands. How he wanted to fuck Dave senseless to the point of begging for mercy. But he was the one being held captive, tortured by every move of David's magnificent body pressed up against his and Dave's wondering mouth.

Unexpectedly Machiste was released. The reprieve gave him time to gather up his courage. In the final analysis he had to know if he was man enough to take such a phallus up his ass. It became a matter of honor. Machiste reached down to enfold David's rigid meat in his hand. He began sexually tormenting him with long, slow strokes and with his other hand he massaged Dave's balls and then play with his nipples. David's body shook with uncontrolled anticipation as he fought off cumming with all his will power. The Theban could tell Dave was getting close to

shooting his load. The whimpering look in his eyes told him that. David grabbed Machiste's shoulders for support. He was trembling. His legs began to buckle. He looked desperate. Machiste sadistically smiled at him. He was now the one in control and Dave was at the point of ejaculation. He let the big guy's phallus loose and it reared up, an amazing foot long pole of arcing muscle. Looking down at it Machiste said, "I want it." David gave no reply. He fought to catch his breath. His whole body shuddered.

Unknowingly David roughly pushed Machiste down on the ground and forced him on to his stomach. The Theban felt Dave's phallus slide between his thighs and his chest brush against his back. The moment of truth had arrived. David grinned with delight. That most beautiful ass, the best he'd ever seen, was his for the taking. Machiste felt the slick, slippery kiss of his cockhead pressing against his ass lips. For the Theban it was the longest, slowest fuck he ever could have imagined. He was amazed at Dave's self control and the part that made it truly a first time experience, was the mass of David, on top of him and inside of him. Massive thighs holding his big thighs down. Massive arms next to his, glistening and rippling with the effort of holding him down and that huge hairy chest moving across his back. Dave was well aware what it did to Machiste because several times he stopped pumping the Theban's ass and waited until Machiste held his breath in anticipation and then David would arch his back and he'd scrap his chest up and down the Theban's back as he forced himself up into Machiste's love tunnel.

"Oh F ... FUCK!!" Machiste finally screamed. His body shivered in shock waves. There was nowhere for him to go, encompassed by those arms and those thighs and impaled on that thick, hard fuckpole. Then David added to Machiste's crazed sexual insanity. He began licking the Theban's neck and ear. He held his ear tenderly between his teeth so Machiste couldn't twist

and turn his body, and then he'd brush his chest up and down the Theban's back again and again. Machiste cried out as Dave held his body and head perfectly still. Throughout all this, that hot piece of meat sank slowly into Machiste, the throbbing veins of its surface teasing his ass lips. When he had it all the way in up to the hilt, Machiste could feel a moment of moist warmth. It was David's pre cum saturating his hole. Then he felt Dave's fuck meat begin the long, slow withdrawal. The length of that monster phallus made each thrust and slide out seem endless. David would then tilt his hips back until his cockhead was still in the Theban, gripped by Machiste's quivering ass lips. Then he'd pause, letting Machiste experience fully the desperate longing, the fear that he was going to pull out completely - and the long, endless slide back in began again. Dave growled with sexual delight like a wild beast. Machiste was to the breaking point. He tried to push his butt into Dave to make him cum and end the ordeal.

"P ... Please ... I'm begging you please stop!"

"I haven't even begun."

"No, please. I'm going crazy. I can't take the pain ... the pleasure anymore."

"You're the one who wanted to be fucked ... raped ... fucked with all my might. So get ready. I'm going to hurt you so good! I'm going to fuck you hard. I'm going to rip you wide open." That said, David began to powerfuck Machiste.

"OW!! Ohhhh!" shrieked the Theban.

"I'm going to show you what my thighs can really do." Dave forcefully held the squirming Theban down and repeatedly rammed his cock into him with all his might. Machiste's legs flew up in back with each thrust as his arms flailed wildly out of control. "Please, I beg you," screamed Machiste.

"Take this and this and this and this and this and this and this"

"F-U-C-K!!!!" wailed Machiste at the top of his voice. "By the gods of Olympus I'm being fucked alive. Help! Somebody help me. Get off of me. Ow! Ow! Ow!" Then Machiste said something he never thought he'd hear himself say: "Okay ... I submit. I submit. In the name of Zeus ... I SUBMIT!!!"

Dave let go his load and packed Machiste's ass full to overflowing with his hot steamy cum. When he was through the Theban laid unconscious, his body involuntarily twisting, jerking with uncontrolled spasms. David climbed off completely exhausted to the point of hyperventilating. It was the greatest fuck he ever had. He had thrown everything he had into it and for the first time in his life felt almost totally satiated as he lay next to Machiste's body.

Slowly David recovered. He leaned over to kiss Machiste's stilled lips out of gratitude and appreciation ... and, to his surprise, affection. With great care he lifted Machiste limp body up in his arms, cradling him like an infant and took him to the nearby stream where he lovingly bathed his Theban back to consciousness. Machiste too felt the strong urge of affection toward his conqueror. The two hugged and kissed and cuddled one another as they lay in the soothing, reinvigorating waters. Gentle sleep over took them. It was only the noise of the crowds on the road heading toward Athens that woke them. They hurriedly dressed and joined the throng headed for the pancratium wrestling tournament.



CHAPTER SIX

The Gymnasium

THE MORNING SUN SHOWN BRIGHT on Athens. A clear blue sky sparkled over head as David and Machiste sauntered into the sports complex. Nearby the Acropolis and the Parthenon loomed over the festivities from their lofty escarpment. The complex was a beehive of activity with people scurrying about, bumping into one another, pushing and shoving as they hurried on their way. There was, however, an unmistakable circus atmosphere about the place ... everywhere were jugglers, acrobats, tumblers, fire eaters, sword swallows, a trained bear, archery contests, chariot and horse races, a foot race was in progress and magicians. Multitudes of eager men (women were not allowed) had already begun to queue up to buy their tickets for the day long matches. Vendors strolled about hawking their wares. Off to one side betting tents had been set up and odds on individual wrestlers were posted on giant sheets of papyrus that hung on a wooden poles at their entrance. The den of voices seemed

almost deafening to David. Machiste suggested they hurry to the gymnasium to register for the competition. As they passed through the pushing, shoving throng of humanity they were stared at, admired, gawked at, oohs and ahhs were heard and men pointed them out to one another and marveled at their magnificent physiques. Occasionally some well wisher shouted "Good luck in the competition." The adoring masses pleased both musclemen. Boys ran up to them and asked to feel their muscles. Both beefy titans obliged, flexing their biceps, triceps, their chest, their eight pack stomachs to the joyous reverence of their young admirers - who squealed and giggled with excitement. "That's what it's all about," Machiste said happily. "The respect and adulation of the people, young and old. It makes me feel ... invincible ... infallible."

The two walked into the sprawling marble gymnasium and registered for the competition. When asked what city he represented, David thought hard and answered, "Santa Monica." He thought it sounded better than Culver City. They were given a number and assigned a tent to eat and rest in between matches. More than two dozen beefy men from all over the known world had entered and some were scattered throughout the gymnasium. "Lets look for them," suggested the Theban, "and scope out what the competition looks like."

They entered the indoor pool area. Surrounded by a marble colonnade on all four sides, with a giant statue of a naked musclebound slave pouring water into the pool from a large amphora, the gigantic pool was a hub of activity. Many lusty musclemen were swimming about in the crystal clear azure water. Several more lounged naked on pillows at poolside, while a few were being massaged on tables in nearby alcoves by scantily clad attendants, who themselves were built and could easily compete in the days combat. As they passed through the colonnade Machiste began to point out some of their competitors.

"That beefy guy over there at poolside with the short hair exercising his monstrously thick phallus with those weights is Ursis of Corinth. I don't care who you are ... he sticks that ten inch long, eight inch round fat fuck of his in you ... your ass is shredded to bits ... you're done."

"Wait a minute," shouted a surprised David, "I think I know him ...or at least I've seen him before. That lion head tattoo on his left pec is a dead give away."

"Perhaps you've seen him wrestle before ... someplace. He's been on the circuit for a while now. He travels all over the known world."

"May be, but I know I've seen him before. I never forget a tattoo," he said as his cock throbbed with wanton desire.

"Well just the same, if you have to wrestle him, be careful of his killer phallus. He's done in many an opponent with it, tearing them to shreds and bleeding their asshole. He's even crippled many for life on it."

They proceeded along poolside. "Oh, over here, getting a massage is Hector of Troy," cited Machiste. "He's one of the strongest competitors." David marveled at his beautiful body. A thin gold headband kept the shoulder length platinum hair of the Trojan off his perfectly handsome face. From large golden wristbands Hector's forearms exploded ... only to be followed by his mammoth upper arms. "Oh yeah, these two guys swimming in the pool are Achilles and Patroclus of Sparta. They're lovers and often fight as a tag team. Today, of course, in individual competition. Achilles is the mightiest warrior the Spartans have. If you get to fight either of them - be careful. They're dirty wrestlers. They'll bit your phallus hard, punch you balls with all their might if given a chance. They'll also knee you in the balls and grab and squeeze them for all their worth."

"Let's see who else is here. Oh yes, of course, the beautiful Nubian with the long braided hair doing calisthenics by the pool with the foot long phallus is Bruta. He's very powerful, as you can plainly see by his physique. But it's his phallus you have to be constantly aware of at all times. He can slip that monster meat up into you with such skill and agility that before you know it, you're being skewered into submission. And be aware of his hair, those tightly curled braids sting like a thousand bees if he slaps you with them."

All of a sudden, as they were strolling poolside, Machiste stopped short. "What's the matter?" asked David.

"See that giant of a man at the end of the pool, standing beside the water statue? The one with the heavily tattooed upper arms?"

"Yeah. He looks familiar too."

"That's Battista, the Beats of Utica. Hercules, Atlas and him are the three strongest men on earth. I've had nightmares about fighting him. He's got a killer phallus, some eleven inches long and seven inches round and he'll use it to destroy any opponent. He's so massively built he has the power to back it up," stated the Theban with a touch of nervous apprehension in his voice.

"I know I've seen him before as well," said David knowingly. "His face, those tattoos are familiar to me from somewhere," he said as he again left his manmeat pulsating beneath his tunic with uncontrolled lust.

"What's with you and tattoos? You've got a fetish for them or something?"

David made no reply. They moved on.

As David and Machiste passed by the pool area they were readily noticed by everyone. All talking stopped, all activity

ceased. Men laying on pillows sat up, swimmers stopped swimming, all gazed in astonished wonderment at the two titans among them. They particularly stared at David ... marveling at his massive body. Outside of Hercules, they'd never seen anyone so big.

The two friends continued their progress. As they reached the far end of the pool area Dave heard an all too familiar sound of the banging and clanging of iron weights. The weight room was full of musclemen, some naked, some in very short tunics, others in leather thongs, all pumping primitive iron weights. The moment David entered the room everyone stopped exercising. The biggest man in there menacingly approached. "Be careful of him," warned Machiste. "He's Maximus of Thrace. He's a known bully and extremely powerful." Maximus got right up into David's face. His burly, hair covered muscular physique was off set by a great barrel chest. His tight leather thong was unable to conceal his throbbing massive meat. As he stood in front of Dave he tried to intimidate him by pulsating his huge pecs up and down. Not to be out done, David responded in kind with his even bigger pecs. Maximus grew angry. He ripped off this thong, exposing his large, straight as an arrow, as thick as a salami cock. He pointed it right at Dave's crotch. "Are you man enough to see who has the strongest phallus?" challenges the Thracian. Without hesitation David stripped off his tunic handing it to Machiste. "Be careful, David. He's a master of phallus fucking," whispered the Theban. The two challengers stood naked before one another. Dave's monster meat dwarfed the Thracian's. "The bigger they are, the easier to fuck em," snarled Maximus as he stepped forward. Their cockheads met. They were slit to slit as both began to press into one another. The weight room crowd circled around to watch intently as these two musclebound behemoths pressed their fuckpoles together to see who had the strongest cock, who would break first, who would cum first and go limp.

To add to the stimulation, both started to pose their bodies as both moaned and groaned in the erotic sensual pleasure and pain of the combat. Maximus did a lat spread as did David. Then the Thracian did a most muscular pose clasping his hands behind his neck as he shoved his cock harder into Dave's. David followed suit and the two battered their cocks against each others with great force, clubbing and bashing for all they were worth. Maximus flexed his biceps. David out shined him by flexing his even bigger arms. Maximus went berserk. He grabbed Dave by the waist as he rammed his cock into his opponent's forcing it up and back against David's own stomach. The crowd nodded knowingly. They'd seen this move before. Dave was about to be cock fucked by the Thracian. Any second now he'd start shooting off his load. Maximus wrapped his arms around David in a powerful bearhug. As he squeezed with all his might his cock kept pummeling the underside of Dave's meat. Maximus grunted and strained with exertion as he squeezed David with all his might. Dave groaned in excruciating pain. It hurt but it also felt so good, so erotic, so primal, almost animalistic, bestial. He wanted to shoot his load but he knew better. He summoned all his will power and physical strength to muscle his way out of the hold. Still wincing in pain David was nevertheless able to slide his hands between the Thracian's arms and reverse the hold. With his powerful arms wrapped around Maximus' waist he was able to maneuver his fuckpole under his opponent's and started to crush his cock into submission. Maximus screamed out in torturous agony as Dave repeatedly thrust his cock into the Thracian's. David leaned back and with one mighty thrust lifted Maximus off his feet and held him there. The pain was just too great for the Thracian. Maximus began to shoot his load all over both of them. A fountain of cum gushed up between the two musclemen as David kept the pressure on and Maximus off his feet and impaled on his cock. The Thracian squirming ceased as

his loads became more and more violent - until his body gave out from the strain and pressure and went limp. David had crushed him into unconsciousness and made him expel all the strength from his body. He released his hold. Maximus' body crumbled to the floor before him.

The weight room was in complete silence as all gapping eyes stared in disbelief at David. His quick victory over Maximus, one of the biggest and mightiest of all men, stunned them. Machiste grabbed a towel and began to wipe the Thracian's cum off his friend's torso and legs. "We better leave," he advised. Word quickly spread throughout the gymnasium and sports complex of David's easy victory over Maximus. There was a new and mightier guy in town - a very, very big and impressive new guy. Dave's name went up on all the betting sheets and odds were given. Instantly he was rated to be one of the favorites to win the preliminary round.

David and Machiste proceeded to walk around the gymnasium. Farther down the corridor they passed several rooms where some wrestlers were getting in last minute training. At the first door they stopped to watch a match in progress. "That's Hephaiston of Macedonia wrestling Glaucus of Attica," Machiste stated. It was plain to see that the Macedonian was in control of the match and it wasn't long before he flipped Glaucus over on to his stomach and shoved his cock up into his opponent's ass. Glaucus cried out in pain as Hephaiston rode him into submission.

At the second door the pair watched the end of a tag team match. Two Mongolian twins, with stupendously muscled bodies, moon shape faces, long thin trailing mustaches, bald heads but for a waist length braided pig tail, were in the process of fucking a defenseless opponent who was caught between the two. The Mongolians had him off his feet, holding on to his arms ... draped

over one of their shoulders, their other hand under his knees spreading his legs far apart, so they could jointly fuck his ass. Their two cocks were rammed up into him. He was being crucified on their fuckpoles as quantities of cum came pouring out of the man's ass, flowing down the stems of the Mongolian's cocks, covering their balls and dripping onto the floor making a large pool of white. The Mongolian's other opponent was already laying face down on the floor not far away. He was out cold. Cum bubbled up from his ass covering his glutes. Dave and Machiste looked at one another, shrugged their shoulders and moved on.

At the third door a handicapped match was in progress. Three men were wrestling one giant of a musclebound monster. "I wondered where he was," stated Machiste. "It's the Philistine - Goliath. He's the tallest - over seven feet in height and nearly five hundred pounds of pure muscle meanness and hate. He's out for revenge. Last year he made it to the finals easy enough, but then met Hercules. The match was a vicious bloodbath with mostly Goliath's blood being spilled. It lasted for over one grueling hour. In the end, however, Hercules wore him down and raped him senseless. It was humiliating for him. He'd never lost before and he vowed he'd return this year to right that wrong and win. He wants to kill Hercules on his giant phallus."

"He certainly looks big enough and strong enough."

Goliath had already dispatched one wrestler who was lying unconscious on the floor. A second wrestler was caught in his vice grip. The Philistine had his huge hand around his neck and had lifted him up into the air with one hand. The wrestler's cock was in the giant's mouth and he was being sucked off. Cum flowed freely down the victim's leg and across Goliath's mountainous chest. The third wrestler was on his knees before the Philistine, sucking for all he was worth on Goliath's monstrous

cock which he was barely able to wrap his lips around. It seemed to have no effect on the giant. Once Goliath had sucked the wrestler dry he tossed him like a rag doll against a wall and watched, with glee, as his victim bounced off and crumbled to the floor, a spent mass of muscle. Turning to the final wrestler sucking on his meat, Goliath grabbed him by the hair and forced him to his feet. A couple of open handed slaps about the head rendered him near senseless. Putting his hands around the muscleman's waist, he effortlessly lifted him up. The wrestler tried in vain to struggle free but could not. Goliath tipped him backwards until his body was horizontal to the floor and rammed his monster fuckpole up his ass. The wrestler's arms and legs flailed wildly at his side as Goliath kept shoving him up and down his cock. The wrestler's shrieks and screams of agony slowly turned to pathetic whimpering groans and then silence. The Philistine pulled him off his fuckpole and contemptuously threw his limp body down to the floor.

David and Machiste moved on. The Theban suggested they bathe and wash away the dust of their journey and refresh themselves. They took a private room with a bath and proceeded to wash each other, even playfully giving each other an erection. When David suggested they masturbate one another, to release the sexual tension. Machiste advised against it. "From now on we need all our strength. You've seen our competition. No one's a pushover. No, we need to keep our strength intact." Then with a glint in his eyes he added as he toyed with Dave's nipples, "There's always tonight in my tent or yours - when one of us will be the new Champion of all Champions - the conqueror of Hercules." He leaned forward and passionately kissed David full on the lips. Dave gently enfolded him in his arms. Their naked bodies meshed together, their cocks sliding up and down each others. Machiste pulled away before they both shot a load. He

put one finger to Dave's lips and promised in a soft tender voice,
"Tonight."





CHAPTER SEVEN

Hercules' Arrival

OUTSIDE THE GYMNASIUM, Dave and Machiste were crossing the road to the colorful tent village. Each tent was numbered to correspond with the contestant's registration. Machiste's was number twenty-five and Dave's was number twenty-six. Each tent contained a table and stool, eating utensils, cups and dishes, several amphorae of various wines, a large basin for water, a large wooden bathing tub, towels, a bucket to draw water from a central well, a bowl of fresh fruit on the table, also a ceramic jar with a lid that contained a creamy white salve with a pungent mint order to rub on wounds, bruises and cuts after matches, and on the carpeted floor a bed made up of large overstuffed multicolored pillows.

In the center of the village was a manmade hill. On top a much larger circular tent of white trimmed in gold. Jutting out on opposite sides were rectangle additions. One was a plush bedroom, the other a dining area with a large table and chairs.

"That's Hercules' pavilion," explained Machiste. "That center, circular area is where he holds court - his audience chamber. It's also where the men he chooses to have sex with eagerly gather to wait to be ushered into his bedroom. His sexual appetite is prodigious. He's been known to plow through dozens of men a night. In the morning you can see their unconscious bodies being hauled out on stretchers."

"It's good to be the champ. Sounds like a guy after my own heart," Dave quipped.

"Last year he had an orgy after his victory over Goliath. His pavilion was packed with the best bodies, someone counted over one hundred. In the morning Hercules was the only one left standing. Unconscious, drained and dissipated bodies were everywhere, some stacked like cord wood - cum seeping from every ass."

"Still sounds like a guy after my own heart."

"No one can resist him. His appeal is absolute. He has the best body. He fears no man. His magnificently muscled body is enough defense against any who would dare challenge him. He's massive and sexy and handsome and the ultimate desire of every man. Every wrestler fantasizes about him. They want to feel his naked body pressed up against theirs. They want to hold his monster phallus in both hands. They want to masturbate it, suck on it, rub their cocks all over it. They dream of making him their sex slave. Ironically the more chains you'd put on him, the sexier and more desirable he becomes. That's why when I first saw you this morning, I could have sworn you were Hercules. You both have the same mystique, similar bodies."

"I've got to meet this guy. I've got a hardon just thinking about him." Dave stroked his crotch and moaned, "I can practically feel myself up in him now."

His words were hardly out of his mouth when a loud clattering of racing hooves was heard. Both men looked simultaneously behind them as four thundering pure white horses in golden traces, pulling a red chariot piped in gold, came roaring up the road scattering everyone to the wind. Hercules had arrived. With one hand he controlled his team of fiery horses while the other was posed dramatically on his hip. A golden breastplate covered his upper body and blindingly reflected the sun's rays that bounced off it. A golden helmet with a thick white plume covered his head. He looked like an Olympian god come to earth. "Zeus, himself, couldn't make a more awe inspiring entrance." Machiste stated. "He does this to intimidate everyone ... and it works."

Hercules drove his team right up to the front of his pavilion. He jumped down off his chariot and stood with his gigantic legs far apart, hands on his hips, surveying the site. He removed his helmet. He had thick, dark curly hair that draped over his colossal shoulder. A finely trimmed mustache caressed his upper lip while a thin strip of beard extended from just below his lower lip down across his chin. He possessed a handsomely chiseled face. Hanging from the bottom of his golden breastplate were wide straps of studded leather that reached to the tops of his knees .. his massive thighs unable to be contained by them ... their naked flesh exposed. He wore strapless sandals as no straps would be able to cover his monstrous calves. The most enormous arms Dave ever saw, even bigger than his, exploded from the sides of the breastplate. For once in his life David was thoroughly thunder struck ... impressed. He found himself unable to take his eyes away from Hercules' heavily muscled body. For a split second, and only for a split second, he thought that Machiste might have been overly optimistic about his chances against this demi-god. But what a victory it would be. A true clash of musclebound titans. Dave's cock became so hard at the

thought of fucking Hercules, it pained him ... it was as if his cockhead was about to explode into a million pieces.

"That my friend ... is our champion ... Hercules," said the Theban.

"I can see why he IS the champion. He out classes everyone," replied Dave with a hint of envy in his voice. He was beginning to understand how Brad felt about him.

No sooner had the dust settled from Hercules arrival when a deep reverberating bass voice was heard shouting from the front steps of the gymnasium. "Hercules - I'm calling you out! Fight me now. Prove to all the world that your victory last year was no fluke, that you didn't cheat or steal it. Fight me now - here - or show yourself to be a gutless coward - a woman in a man's body - a pussy." Goliath's challenge froze everyone in place. All activity in the sports complex came to a screeching halt. Even the birds ceased flying or chirping. The Philistine walked up the road toward the champion - constantly berating him. "What do you have between your legs - a cunt! What are you afraid of? Can't prove your manhood ..." Tournament officials tried to intercede but Goliath brushed them aside. A squadron of soldiers hurriedly surrounded him barring his way. He reached down to pick up a length of chain laying in the road and whirled it over his head forcing the soldiers to back away. He continued his approach. At the base of pavilion hill he stopped his advance and stripped himself naked. "See pussy. I'm not afraid to show how much of a man I am." He stroked his mammoth cock with his right hand and flexed his left arm. David's jaw dropped. His eyes bugged out. He had never seen anything that huge before. He was agast at the monstrous size of the Philistine's manmeat. Yet at the same time he was erotically drawn to it finding himself getting a massive hardon just thinking about it and the damage it could so easily do to some victim's asshole. His eyes watered.

His mouth watered. It had to be twenty inches long and fifteen inches thick with a head on it the size of David's fist. "I've got a better body than you - pussy." The giant continued his ranting. "I'm stronger than you - my phallus is bigger and mightier than yours - if you still got one. Afraid to meet me one on one ... here ... now! Not champion enough to meet a real man." He turned his back on Hercules to address the assembled throng. "And this is your champion ... this sniveling coward who hasn't the guts of a dead dog to face me, one on one, here and now ..." He turned back. "You have no pride, no honor ... you're a coward and you bring disgrace upon yourself, your championship. You're a false champion, Hercules. Your cowardly action discredits you and shames these good people who believe in you. You've destroyed all their respect for you and your title. From now on they'll look the other way in shame as you pass by."

"No one impugns the honor of Hercules," shouted the champion. With one mighty pull of his hand he stripped the breastplate off exposing his naked magnificent body. Collectively the crowd grasped in wonderment. "He's bigger than last year," stated an obviously impressed Machiste. Hercules kicked his sandals off and tore down the hill tackling the giant at the knees. Goliath reeled backward from the blow and fell to the ground. The champion jumped to his feet. He turned the Philistine over onto his stomach. He grabbed the giant's legs under each arm and sat down on Goliath's back. He had him in a torturous crab hold. The champion's gargantuan fourteen inch, ten inch round cock laid over the giant's ass crack. The length and thickness of it astounded Dave. The sheer volume of it had to weight several pounds he surmised. Goliath groaned out in pain as his fist pounded the ground in front of him. When he tried to raise himself up with his arms, Hercules bounced up and down on his back, lifting his legs up even higher to exert more pressure and

pain. "I could fuck you into submission right now," he growled at the Philistine.

He released the hold. The giant lay prostrate before the champion clutching the small of his back. A couple of punishing hammer blows across Goliath's back left the giant stunned. With his foot Hercules arrogantly rolled the Philistine over onto his back. In a flash the champion was on top of Goliath shoving his massive cock under the Philistine's forcing it back against the giant's own stomach. With his hands holding Goliath's shoulders to the ground he began to hump the giant's fuckpole forcing it to be buried deeper and deeper into the Philistine's flesh. The giant howled out in agonizing torment. With thrust after mighty thrust Hercules bludgeoned the giant's cock with his own monster meat. Looking down he saw Goliath's face writhing in pain. "You can never defeat me," he snorted with disdain. "I carried you through last years match to give the people their money's worth. You were never a threat to me or my championship." With all of his strength Hercules rammed his cock harder then even into Goliath's and held it there. The giant thought his cock would be ripped to shreds. He couldn't resist the blow or the pain and shot off load after load. With each volcanic eruption the Philistine screamed at the top of his lungs as he felt Hercules' cock raping his apart. He felt his strength ebbing until there was nothing left. He just lay there senseless, whipped and drained of all strength.

Hercules stood up. His massive chest and stomach were covered in the thick dripping cum of the giant. He reached down, took the Philistine's limp cock in both hands and lifted his torso off the ground. Goliath shrieked out in excruciating pain. "I should rip your cock off and shove it up your ass," he threatened. "It would give a new meaning to the phrase - go fuck yourself." The champion released the hold. The giant rolled over into a fetal position holding his battered cock. Hercules grabbed a hunk of

his hair and forced the Philistine to his feet. Goliath staggered about barely able to stand. The champion gut punched him with such a mighty blow the giant was lifted off his feet. The sound of smacking flesh reverberated over the area. Goliath doubled over but Hercules wouldn't let him fall. He held him upright and gut punched again with the same result. Again and again the giant was gut punched for a total of six time. After the last he collapsed to the ground a whimpering mass of muscle as vomit spewed from his mouth. Hercules picked the nearly unconscious giant up. He pressed him high over his head. To demonstrate his total dominance, the champion walked around in a wide circle continuously pressing Goliath. Then he slammed the giant down over his knee in a crushing backbreaker. The giant's arms and legs sprawled out on the ground. With one arm laid across the Philistine's chest to hold him in place, Hercules started to work on Goliath's cock and balls. With his free hand he massaged the giant's large balls, then he started to masturbate his cock, working it back up to a full erection. He put Goliath's cockhead in his mouth. His lips were almost unable to wrap themselves around the monster head. He began to suck. Slowly he forced more of the giant's cock down his throat massaging it with his throat muscles. As he withdrew the monster meat he licked it up and down. He played with the piss slit. Repeatedly Hercules was able to cram a lot of his tongue deep into the slit and wiggle the tip around inside. Goliath moaned loudly. He made several feeble attempts to sit up but Hercules' mighty arm kept him locked in the backbreaker. When the champion started to bone the giant's cock Goliath couldn't resist anymore. He began to erupt in Hercules hot mouth. Load after load filled the champion's mouth to overflowing. Cum poured out from the corners of his mouth as he swallowed all he could of each tremendous and violent ejaculation. Never once did the champion come up for air. He just kept sucking and swallowing,

sucking and swallowing, sucking and swallowing. With each swallow he felt his own incredible strength grow. Even after Goliath ceased to cum Hercules kept sucking to make sure nothing was left, that he had siphoned all of the giant's might from his body. Then contemptuously he shoved the giant off his knee and stood up straddling the limp body of Goliath. The champion flexed both of his arms and roared like a wild beast. He thumped his mountainous chest and roared again.

With his foot he spread the giant's legs far apart and went down between the Philistine's mammoth thighs. He threw the giant's legs over his shoulders and pressed forward, lifting the Philistine's ass off the ground. With a mighty thrust of his thighs he rammed his fuckpole deep into Goliath's ass, ripping past the giant's ass lips. The Philistine was being powerfucked. With rapid pummeling blows of his cock Hercules raped Goliath's ass as the giant shrieked out in agony. For a change of pace Hercules let one leg drop from his shoulder as he lifted the other leg up even higher and began to side fuck the helpless giant. To his amazement Hercules saw the Philistine had popped another erection as cum involuntarily began to spurt from its cockhead. When Goliath stopped cumming Hercules dropped the other leg. Still deep inside the defeated giant he grabbed the Philistine up in a bearhug. Hercules scrambled to his feet. Goliath's body lean backwards as his arms drooped at his sides ... while his feet dragged across the ground. Hercules rammed his fuckpole deep into Goliath as he continuously applied the full might of his bearhug. The sound of cracking bones was clearly heard by all. What little struggling the giant attempted stopped all together. His curdling screams ceased. His head collapsed backwards ... his mouth wide open ... his eyes were open but vacant. With on ferocious crushing squeeze Hercules roared a deafening howl and released the giant. Goliath fell off the champion's muscle meat to the ground. Hercules cock bounded up and down once free of the

Philistine's ass. The champion stood over the lifeless body of his foe. With great arrogance he wiped the sweat from his brow only to flicked it down on the giant. He turned and walked up the hill to his pavilion and went inside.

Dead silence reigned throughout the site. It took six attendants to drag the corpse away. Even then no one moved or spoke. They all knew they had witnessed a super human demonstration of pure might. Hercules' total and complete dominance of Goliath left no doubt, not even to Dave, why he was the Champion of all Champions - the mightiest man alive.

Slowly the crowd began to disperse. Dave and Machiste walked silently to their neighboring tents, each going inside their own. Dave sat down on the stool, put his elbows on the table and sank his face into his hands. He was still in a quandary. He'd never seen such a feat of strength as he had just witnessed. He was speechless. He just sat there, head in hand, silently wondering what would happen later on that day.



CHAPTER EIGHT

The Lineup

AS THE TIME FOR THE PRELIMINARY round grew near David was still cloistered in the tent, reliving the fight he had witnessed between Hercules and Goliath. He envied the Champions monumental size and phenomenal strength ... but how could he match it. Yes, he was strong, very strong, exceptionally strong but Hercules was supernaturally powerful. Still ... what would it be like ... feel like to go one on one with him .. to feel their magnificent bodies colliding together, their cocks pressed up against each others, to have that mightiest of all cocks in his mouth with the chance to suck it off, siphon the Olympian strength out of Hercules and make it his own ... and then to feel his mighty meat rip into the Champion's virgin ass, impaling Hercules on his fuckpole and rape him mercilessly into submission ... turning this demi-god into his own private worshipful sex slave ... bound in chains ... his for the taking whenever he wanted. The thought tantalized him. His cock grew hard and pre cum

flooded over its head. With all his might he wanted it to be true. It had to come true. No other outcome was possible to his mind. Such thoughts reinvigorated his spirit, his ego and his sense of determination. He would ... he could do it!

The sound of trumpets heralded the opening of the competition. Machiste bounded into David's tent. "It's time to go to the temple and dedicate ourselves to Dionysus," he gleefully announced. " Then it's on to the matches. Let's go suck some phallus and fuck some ass!"

The Temple of Dionysus was lined inside and out with double rows of columns. A steep flight of stairs led to the interior where massive bronze urns burned incense and giant bronze torches lined the walls, casting their light into every corner. At the far end was a raised alter reached by a short flight of stairs. On top was a larger than life marble phallus. On both sides of its stem were bronze handles. Just behind the alter and looming over it was an enormous statue of the god Dionysus draped only on a single marble sheet over one shoulder, his groin fully exposed. His gargantuan phallus fully erect. The marble statue stood on a high round pedestal with stairs that circled around it leading up to the statue's phallus.

Led by Hercules, the competitors gathered to witness the colorful procession and ceremony. First in were four young muscular boys dress as Pan, playing flutes and prancing around in circles as they marched. Next came a priest, in a white linen robe, carrying in both hands a white marble phallus. His one dozen assistants were young, well built men in skintight white thongs, their erections plainly visible. Some carried golden staffs with large plumes on top - each a different color, some carried staffs with fans, while others carried staffs mounted with a phallus. Some swung golden pots of incense on chains. Between them twelve young muscular boys danced and gyrated their

bodies in sexual positions to the sound of lutes, lyres and finger cymbals. Six naked well built virgin boys, in single file, trailed in at the end of the procession. They climbed up the alter stairs to surround the phallus.

As the priest chanted incantations, as the air inside the temple became heavy with the intoxicating, mesmerizing scent of incense, the virgin boys went into a trance like state. One by one they mounted the phallus using the handles on the side to lower themselves up and down on its cockhead. They were a human sacrifice to Dionysus to insure the success of the wrestling games. They impaled themselves on the phallus, moaning, groaning and screaming in ecstasy, until they involuntarily shot off their load. When all six had completed their sacrificial duties they laid down on the alter in a submissive, demur position before the statue.

The priest turned to face the congregates. He exhorted them to faithfully fulfill their duty to Dionysus - to wrestle with all their might - with no inhibition - no restraint - to give their all - to make themselves worthy of the blessing of Dionysus to ensure their ultimate victory. As a symbol of their pledge to do so, he called on them to come, one by one, to climb the stairs of the pillar and honor the phallus of the god. Hercules was the first to do so, mounting the stairs he kissed the phallus as he silently prayed for the strength to endure and once again be victorious. He was followed by the rest of the competitors. David felt foolish when it came his turn but keeping with the spirit of the occasion he dutifully walked up the stairs to kiss the phallus. When the ceremony was completed, the procession of competitors filed out of the temple and headed for the arena.

Machiste and David walked side by side to the open air arena. Backstage they lined up. The Master of Ceremonies and promoter, dressed as Dionysus with tightly curled graying hair

and beard wore a flowing diaphanous robe that revealed his tight mature muscular body. In a loud voice he gave the competitors their final instructions. "Remember, these matches are for the glory of the gods, for the honor of your cities and Greece, and for your pride and self respect. These matches are to be one on one only, no double teaming. Violators will be instantly disqualified. Strangling, striking with the hands, knees and elbows, twisting and dislocation of limbs, breaking of fingers, toes, necks, backs, arms and legs are all acceptable. Use your phallus to bash, batter, rake and pummel your opponent's phallus and balls. You can use your hands to stroke and masturbate your opponent off. The only things that are prohibited are castration of your opponent and eye gouging. Otherwise, everything is fair game. You will now all undress and work yourselves up to a full erection. If you have trouble, one of these fine, well built attendants will assist you. That's part of their job. You will then line up according to your number. When you hear your name called, step forward into the arena. Once you're all in the arena the trumpets will blare, the drums will start beating. At the sound of the gong the match will start and will continue until only two of you are left standing and undefeated. Those of you who lose a match, please leave the arena immediately. If you are unable to, attendants will come out and assist you. If you're unconscious - or dead - they will remove your body. A physician's tent has been set up outside the arena to tend to all your wounds, broken bones.

"Wrestlers, you are the finest specimen of manhood. You are the most muscular, mightiest men alive, a credit to your cities, champions one and all. This day you will test yourselves to the limits of human endurance. You will put all you have to the ultimate challenge ... body against body ... muscle against muscle ... strength against strength ... phallus against phallus. Fight like the true champions you are and may the best man win."

The Master of Ceremonies walked through a marble arch into the arena. The overflow audience could be heard. David glanced at Machiste. They nervously smiled at one another as they stroked themselves. Some wrestlers had attendants on their knees before them sucking and stroking their meat to get hard. The level of testosterone was heavily oppressive with all the naked, musclebound Hercules wannabes, showing off their



massive fuckpoles and their muscle butts. Some were so overcome by the overpowering atmosphere that pre cum covered their cockheads - a few were unable to control themselves and shot off their loads to the amazed enjoyment of some and to the scorn of others. "We certainly know who the boys are around here," scoffed one of the biggest musclemen who was bald except for a thick swatch of hair straight down the middle of his head. Wearing wide black leather studded straps which

strained to cross his imposing shoulders and curled under his impressive lats, were tied off on a large silver ring at the center of his massive chest. On his wrists he wore wide black leather bands also studded. The overall impression was menacing.

Some wrestlers looked about at their competition. Noticeably absent were Goliath and Maximus of Thrace. Some of the wrestlers tried to psyche one another out by posing their

magnificent bodies. Battista of Utica flexed and posed his body directly at the Mohawk hair cut muscleman. They both got into it. Their massive physiques bulged with muscle upon muscle. All eyes eventually fell on David - clearly the biggest among them. The Mohawk haircut wrestler, and by far the most threatening, broke off his posing duel with the Beast of Utica to sauntered over to him. He stopped right in front, his great throbbing cock was almost as big as Dave's. He menacingly stepped forward. Their cockheads met. "I'm going to crush your cock and rip your ass wide open," he boasted. "I'm the better man here. Just ask Battista. Last year I fucked him into submission. I'll do the same this year and then I'll come for you and destroy you on my mighty phallus. I'm better than you no matter how big you are." He pressed his cockhead into David's making the big man wince. "That's just a sample of what I'm going to do to you out there in the arena. I'm the only true champion here. The rest of you are only assholes for me to fuck." With a malicious grin he thrust his meat hard into Dave's cockhead. David groaned. Then suddenly the wrestler backed up and walked away.

"Who was that? Dave asked Machiste.

"Atlas of Hellas," replied the Theban. "Next to you and Hercules, he's the strongest man in the competition."

David stroked himself. "He certainly has a powerful cock."

"Be careful of him," warned Machiste. "He's the most brutal wrestler there is. He too has killed men in the arena and laughed about it. He loves nothing more than breaking bones and crushing the life out of his opponents."

Back in line Atlas could not help but notice the close friendship between David and the Theban. He smiled sadistically.

A fanfare of trumpets herald the beginning of the days competition. "May I have your attention," shouted the Master of

Ceremonies. "Quiet, please." A hush fell over the throng. "Gentlemen and boys, may I present today's champion competitors who will fight for the right to challenge the Champion of all Champion Pancratium Wrestler ... HERCULES!" The crowd went wild with unrestrained cheers and applause as Hercules strolled into the arena from a separate entrance to take his seat in the front row. Once the thunderous ovation died down the Master of Ceremonies continued. "First is Battista, the Beast of Utica.." The audience cheered as he walked out from backstage and stood before them, his cock fully erected and flexed his biceps. The masses roared their approval. "Next, Patraclus of Sparta." He stepped forward into the arena, posed his great body as he stroked his thick meaty cock. Again the crowd cheered. "Achilles, also of Sparta." He entered, posed and stroked to approving cheers. As each competitor was announced he posed his magnificently muscular body and showed off his manmeat to the crowds delight. When Atlas of Hellas entered he walked right up to the front of the arena where Hercules was seated, flexed his mighty arms and stroked his massive fuckpole. "This cock is going to rule your ass before today is over," he shouted at the champion. Hercules dismissed him with a wave of his hand. Such disdain infuriated Atlas who had to be forcibly pushed back and restrained by several attendants.

Ursis of Corinth was announced followed by Hector of Troy, Hephaiston of Macedonia, Bruta of Nubia, Atreus of Mycenae. Backstage Machiste confessed to David, "I'm nervous. My heart is beating up in my throat."

"Don't be. You'll do just fine. You're a match for any of them ... just as good ... even better then all of them put together. You're a real champion," encouraged Dave.

"Aren't you nervous?"

"Naw! This is my destiny. I know it. I can feel it throughout my body. This is what I'm meant to be ... the Champion of all Champions ... to defeat Hercules and make him submit ... then I'll be the biggest, greatest and strongest of them all. Nothing can stop me or prevent the fulfillment of my destiny! This is meant to be."

Before he could react to his friends bravado Machiste heard his name called. "Machiste of Thebes." He strolled confidently into the arena. As with the others who had proceeded him he flexed his massive arms, posed his beautiful body and stroked his mighty cock to the roaring approval of the audience. "David of Santa Monica." And David sauntered into the arena full of himself. He stood there with his hands on his hips as the crowd went wild. They had rarely seen so massive a body. He didn't have to do anything ... just stand there and let the crowd admire him ... but he did. He flexed, posed and flexed some more. He put one hand behind his neck, flexed his bicep, as he slowly, methodically stroked his horsecock, working the audience up into a frenzy. He glanced over to Hercules as he stroked himself. How he could feel his cock up in the champion's ass. He smiled knowingly at him as if to say - I'm going to fuck you into submission and there's nothing you can do to stop me ... your ass is mine. The champion gave no reaction to this musclebound hunk's brazen arrogance. He only stared. David stepped back and took his place in line. He looked around. The arena was mammoth. Rows upon rows of seats rose up in an endless circle from the arena floor. Tens of thousands had packed the place ... all seats were filled as hundreds more stood clogging the aisles. Unlighted torches ringed the entire complex. In the center of the compact dirt floor stood the two Pillars of Woe a few feet apart from which Antaeus has been fuck to death and doubtless others. David noticed iron wrist and ankle chains ominously suspended from them, waiting for their next victim. The thought

sent shivers up his spine. He looked toward Machiste for a sign of reassurance but his friend was busy trying to intimidate Petraclus of Sparta by quietly posing his body and glaring at him. As he look about he realized that most eyes were focused on him. He especially noticed Ursis of Corinthe glowering in his direction and licking his lips. His intense gaze seemed to say - you and me big boy - you and me. Dave again wondered to himself where he had seen him before. That lion head tattoo was very familiar. He looked away only to have his eyes fall upon the Beast of Utica who was eyeing Atlas. Revenge seemed to cover his face. Probably for last years defeat at his hands, thought David. "Jeeze, he looks so familiar to me," he muttered softly to himself. All around him he saw the wrestlers eyeing one another - each trying to intimidate and psych out each other by posing their bodies, flexing their arms - each searching for the weakest among them to wrestle first - to suck them off in order to build up their own strength and go on to the next.

Suddenly the trumpets blared out an anthem ... then the drums began to beat, slowly at first, mournfully slow, then a bit faster and faster and faster picking up in intensity and rhythm, working the competitors and audience into a fever pitch - then a thunderous silence. The gong was struck - the battle royal was on.



CHAPTER NINE

The Preliminary Matches

THE ONE CONCERN THAT KEPT PLAGUING David was that he didn't want to have to fight Machiste if both men made it to the semifinal round. The Theban meant too much to him. He had been told the early betting line had Atlas, himself, Machiste and the Nubian, Bruta, as the four finishers - with himself and Atlas as the two finalist. Dave hoped this would be the case.

At the sound of the gong the wrestlers abandoned all inhibitions and ferociously attacked one another, slugging, kicking, tossing each other all over the arena to the unrestrained cheers of the audience. David was instantly spun around by an arm bar and wound up in the crushing bearhug of the mighty Ursis of Corinthe. Being shorter than David, Ursis had him by the waist, his head buried into Dave's hairy, massive chest, straining for all he was worth to grind the life out of him. Dave winced in pain. He could feel Ursis' massively thick cock rubbing between his thighs just below his ball sack. Putting both hands under the

Corinthian's chin and pushing up, he forced Ursis to break the hold and to stumble backward. Without hesitation David wrapped his arms around his opponent and caught him in his bearhug. Ursis cried out. Dave lifted him off his feet. His fuckpole rammed into the Corinthian's. Dave thrust his hips forward and skewered Ursis' long fat cock back against his stomach to the unmistakable sound of snapping. Ursis shrieked out in agony as his cock was smashed and broken on David's monster fuckpole. It went limp. Ursis squirmed with all his might to free himself but he was caught hard and fast. Repeated knees to the groin however forced Dave to break the hold. Ursis was dropped to the arena floor where he groveled in pain holding onto his pulverized, bent cock. David approached only to receive an upward blow to his balls that doubled him over. Ursis staggered to his feet, grabbed Dave by his hair, lifted his head up and punched him hard in the face. The blow sent him spinning around and down to one knee. The Corinthian got behind him and applied a full nelson that forced his beefy opponent to both knees. Growling like a mad bull Ursis shook him wildly as he applied the full force of his might. David was being mercilessly manhandled. He had had enough. Summoning his strength he struggled to his feet. Ursis, still applying the full nelson was lifted off his feet and dangled like a rag doll across Dave's expansive back. David violently jerked forward throwing the Corinthian over his head to the ground. He reached down, grabbed Ursis by his limp cock and balls and with one hand hoisted him up in the air over his head. Ursis howled in agony. Then Dave power slammed him to the ground. The Corinthian was senseless. David picked him up and slammed him down across his knee in a backbreaker and began to suck on Ursis' limp, broken cock, making it harder and harder until it was fully erect. Ursis cried out. The pain of an erection was unbearable with a broken cock. His breathing became rapid with short gasps of piercing groans. He tried to escape but failed.

When Dave placed the tip of his tongue in his cock slit all resistance became futile, the Corinthians began to shoot load after load. As David swallowed the steady stream of cum he felt the invigorating flow of rejuvenating strength surging throughout his body. It felt good ... very good. After having sucked the strength out of the Corinthian, Dave picked him up in his arms, stood up and let Ursis' body slowly slide down over his torso until his balls came to rest on top of his mighty cock. With one swift maneuver Dave thrust his fuckpole up into the Corinthian's ass and began to power fuck him. Ursis' hands flew up into the air as he shrieked out. His beefy, husky body shook violently. With one mighty thrust after another David plowed the Corinthians until Ursis, out of complete desperation screamed out "I submit! I submit! I submit!" - but it was too late. The agony of Dave's massive manmeat ripping his ass to shreds was too much for his body to take. He passed out. Dave released his hold. Ursis collapsed in a heap of spent muscle before him. Triumphant David gazed down on the fallen warrior. That lion head tattoo still bothered him. Where had he seen it before? Instantly two attendants rushed forward to drag the body away.

David quickly got into the spirit of the no holds barred competition. The rougher you were the better - for only the strongest, toughest wrestlers had a fighting chance to survive - take no prisoners. Sentiment played no role. All around he saw these musclemen, the strongest of the strong, rip, tear, punch, kick, bludgeon, annihilate one another. Bones were broken, some pummeled almost to the point of death, others fucked into unconsciousness. Machiste had told him of the savage brutality. Now he believed it, and for all its primitive, animalistic, barbaric ferociousness, it spoke to some primordial longing deep inside him, to prove himself to be as mighty as any legendary strongman ... to be the best of the best no matter what it would take.

David turned to witness Achilles savagely fucking Herctor of Troy who was caught in the Spartan's crushing bearhug. The Trojan shriek out in total agony as his body was unmercifully squeezed by the mighty arms of his opponent ... his ass being ripped open by one power fuck after another ... blood pouring freely from his muscled butt. Through gritted teeth Achilles shouted "Die you Trojan dog. Die on my phallus. Take this! And this! And this! ..." With each mighty thrust of his cock up into the Trojan, Hectors screams grew fainter until they stopped all together. His head fell backwards. He was unconscious. Contemptuously Achilles power slammed the Trojan's limp body to the arena floor. He stood over him flexing his arms and playing to the audience with one victory pose after another. In a show of pure disdain the Spartan wiped the remaining blood stained cum off his cockhead and flicked it down onto Hector's face before walking away.

David spotted Machiste fighting Patroclus of Sparta. The Theban had gotten behind his opponent, lifting him off his feet. He held him with his right arm around the waist and the other under the Spartan's left knee, spreading his legs apart and exposing his ass. Dave watched as Machiste's cock rammed up into the screaming Spartan, while Patroclus' cock involuntarily spurted out his strength. The Theban was power packing his cum up into the Spartan's hole, its overflow streaming down his shaft, spewing over Machiste's balls down onto the arena floor. Patroclus' cries grew fainter and fainter with each thrust of Machiste's fuckpole until they ceased all together. The Spartan's head fell back onto the Theban's shoulder. He was out cold.

As he watched his friend's victory David felt an arm between his thighs ... then a powerful upward thrust, smashing into his balls. He doubled over in pain only to feel a hand grab his cock from behind and squeeze - then another upward thrust lifted him off his feet throwing him to the ground on his back. Instantly

Achilles, fresh from his victory over Hector, was on top of him digging his massive man meat into Dave's balls, ramming them for all he was worth. David cried out. "I'm going to fuck you big boy, like I did that Trojan dog," exclaimed the Spartan. He sat up on Dave's thighs, reached down and grabbed his cock with both hands and squeezed. Again David cried out in pain as he saw his cockhead turn from a rosy red to dark red to purple, then almost black from the pressure of Achilles' mighty grip. To inflict more pain the Spartan worked his knee in between Dave's thighs and began to bash his balls with one thunderous blow after another. With his body writhing in agony David summoned his strength. He rocked his body from side to side, building up momentum, until he rolled completely over, tossing the Spartan off of him. Gasping for breath he staggered to his feet only to be met by Achilles who got him into a standing torture wreck. With one arm covering Dave's chest Achilles bent him over his hip as he punched away at his cock and balls. Physical weakness began to over take him. The Spartan again grabbed his cock and started to stroke it hard while rubbing his own powerful manmeat across its base, occasionally jabbing away at it with his own cockhead while his tongue and teeth nibbled away on Dave's nipples. David was reaching climax very quickly as his breathing became labored and his body shook uncontrollably as if hit by bolts of lightning. The Spartan gloated, "You're going to cum ... then I'm going to fuck you and there is nothing you can do about it big boy."

"Oh Yeah?" roared Dave defiantly. Summoning his might he kicked his one free leg backwards right into Achilles' ball sack. The hold was broken. David grabbed the Spartan, flipped him over his shoulder in a standing backbreaker and bounced him up and down increasing the pain and pressure on the small of the back. Achilles cried out. Dave turned the hold into a piledriver, dropped to his knees driving the Spartan's head into the ground. He reached down, grabbed his opponent by his long hair, forced

Achilles to his feet and repeatedly pummeled away at his cock and balls, not letting the Spartan fall or double over. Achilles shrieked out in excruciating agony. "Payback is a bitch ... isn't it!" snorted David.

The Spartan was near unconsciousness when David lifted him up over his head and body slammed him over his knee. He took Achilles cock in his mouth and began to suck on it, licking it, stroking it with his tongue, using his tongue tip to play with the slit and boning it brutally hard with his teeth. Achilles had no strength left to resist. He violently shot his load into Dave's hot mouth until his might had been totally depleted. David pushed him off his knee, stood up and growled victoriously. He grabbed the Spartan again by the hair - forced him to his feet. He put his hands under the Spartan's shoulders, lifted him up and slammed him down hard on his cock. Achilles shrieked as David sadistically power fucked him senseless in a crushing bearhug - shooting mass quantities of his cum up into the Spartan's quivering ass - rendering him unconscious. He released the Spartan whose body drooped to the ground before him. He put one foot on his stomach, thumped his chest with both fists like a wild gorilla and roared out with all his might. The audience went wild with jubilation. David gloried in their cheers. He was in his element.



CHAPTER TEN

The Preliminary Matches Continue

BEFORE DAVID HAD TIME TO fully appreciate his victory and the crowd's acclaim, a massive arm had him in a crushing headlock. Battista, the Beast of Utica had attacked. The Utican ground out his hold, grunting from the strain. He tried to force Dave to the arena floor but was unable to. Working one arm under his opponent's neck David muscled his way out and came back with a powerful forearm that smashed into the Battista's' chest, sending him to the ground. Dave followed up with several flying elbows across his chest leaving the Beast gasping for breath. He reached down and pulled him up by his short cropped dark hair. Then Dave power lifted him over his head, pressing him up and down to the amused appreciation of the crowd. The Utican was then power slammed to the arena floor. Dazed, Battista felt David's massive thighs on both sides of his face, those legs pinning his shoulders to the ground, that great muscle butt in his face. Next he felt the hot breath of his opponent on

his cockhead as Dave took him in his mouth and began to suck. The Beast let out a moan of pleasure as David sucked his manmeat, using his tongue to play with the cockhead and slit, as one hand massaged his balls. It took all his will power not to cum. Battista twisted and turned his body until he was finally able to throw his beefy opponent off. The two hurriedly scrambled to their feet. They circled one another waiting for an opening. They came together in a collar and elbow tie-up, pressing for all they were worth on each other's shoulders. David's strength forced the Utican down to one knee.

Both men grunted and groaned from the strain. Dave put a painful arm bar on Battista who winced. To break the hold he slugged David in the balls - which sent him reeling backwards as he doubled over in agony.

Now it was Battista's turn to lift his opponent over his head and power slammed him down across his knee in a backbreaker. David's massive cock was in the mouth of the Beast and he was being boned and licked into moans of pleasure. But Dave was much too strong to be held in the position for long. He repeatedly clubbed away at the Utican's back until the hold was broken. Both men got to their feet. Battista called for a test of strength. They locked up and began to apply all their might. The Beast felt himself being forced to one knee, then to the other as David's overpowering strength proved too much for him to withstand. There he was, on his knees with Dave's monster cock in his face. He broke free from his opponent's grip - grabbed a hunk of Dave's buttocks and pulled him forward. David's cock slid into his mouth. He began to suck as David moaned from the pleasure of the forced oral sex. Battista felt Dave's glutes tighten as his breathing grew more and more rapid with each suck and lick of his tongue. David fought not to shoot his load. With one mighty blow to Battista's forehead he escaped - just in the nick of time. The Utican fell to the ground as David staggered

backwards. Regaining his senses he picked Battista up in his arms - carried him over to the Pillars of Woe and began to slam his back against one. Over and over he slammed Battista's massive back into the pillar causing the Beast to cry out. One last time he slammed the Utican's back into the pillar and then forced his back and legs to be wrapped around it on a torturous backbreaker. The Beast shrieked out in agony - his cock throbbing in front of David's face. To add pleasure to the pain Dave took Battista's massive cock into his mouth. His tongue twirled over the cockhead and played with the slit - then Dave started to pump his mouth up and down - taking all of the Utican's manmeat. When he started to bone it Battista had no chance - he began to shoot load after load.

As before, with each swallow of his opponent's cum David felt the surge of renewed vitality throughout his body. Once he had sucked the strength from the Beast, he released him and watched as Battista crumbled to the floor. He dragged him by his leg away from the pillar, turned him over onto his stomach, spread his legs apart and mounted his back. David's fuckpole rested on Battista's ass crack. For a few playful seconds he dry surfed the Utican, psyching him out for what was to come. The crowd chanted, "Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him!" David looked up with a smile - nodded his head and plowed his cock deep into Battista's ass. The Beast shrieked as he felt himself being skewed on Dave's monstrous fuck meat. With one mighty thrust of his thighs after another he rammed his cock deep into Battista - nailing him to the arena floor. He then flipped the Utican over onto his back with his fuckpole still deep inside him and continued raping his hole. He reached down and took the Beast's limp cock in his hand and started to masturbate him - getting him hard. Battista's head rolled back and forth - his face contorted in pain as he gasped for breath and groaned out loud. Finally he could resist no more and erupted more loads, completely covering his

tormentor's hand. Battista's body convulsed wildly. David started to load him up with his cum and power packed his butt. The Beast kept getting weaker and weaker with each ass ripping penetration. Finally he could take no more and let out one final blood curdling scream before passing out.

David withdrew his mighty cock from the defeated Utican's muscle butt and stood up. He looked around to see who was left as he tried to catch his breath. The attendants were busy dragging body after body from the arena. Machiste was in the process of fucking into submission one of the Mongolian twins in his bearhug. Atlas was polishing off the other twin. Standing behind him Atlas had the Mongolian off his feet and firmly impaled on his cock. With only one hand around his waist - he flexed his other arm as his opponent pleaded for mercy. Atlas gave none and deliberately fucked him unconscious. After the Mongolian had passed out Atlas continued to rape his muscle butt - growling like an insane wild beast and pointing to Hercules. "In a few hours Hercules - this will be you!," he shouted at the Champion. He then unceremoniously pushed the Mongolian's limp body off his cock. His cum soaked fuckpole bobbed up and down as he walked triumphantly away. Bruta the Nubian released the Macedonian, Hephaiston from his reverse bearhug fuck. Standing over his unconscious massive body, he put one foot on the Macedonian - flexed his mighty arms and roared out a victory yell. Hephaiston's ass bled cum.

Now there were only four left standing - Atlas, Machiste, Bruta and David. The two friends glanced at one another and smiled. This tender moment did not go unnoticed by Atlas. He arrogantly strolled up and deliberately stood right in front of Machiste - blocking his view of David. "I'm going to rip you wide open boy!" he bellowed for all to hear. The Theban had no time to respond. Atlas had him in a grinding bearhug - his cock slamming into Machiste's with such violence the Theban was near

climax before he knew it. He screamed out in agonizing pain. Only repeated blows to Atlas' forehead forced the deadly hold to be broken.

David had no time to watch his friends match, the Nubian knocked him over with a standing drop kick. As he lay on his back Bruta hit him with one mighty leg drop after another - followed by flying elbows across his chest and stomach. Dave rolled out of the way as the Nubian came down to hit only dirt. David got Bruta in a crushing leg scissors - using his massive thighs to squeeze the Nubian who cried out. One quick fist to Dave's balls broke the hold. Both musclemen scrambled to their feet. The Nubian called for a test of strength - David readily obliged - they locked up and both applied the full force of their might.

Both groaned and grimaced in pain as each one tried to overpower the other. For a moment Bruta got the upper hand - driving David to one knee but he powered back up. Then it was the Nubian's turn to be forced to both his knees. To break the hold Bruta head butted Dave's stomach - doubling him over onto Bruta's shoulders.

The Nubian wrapped his massive arms around David's waist - stood up with his opponent caught in his gut wrenching bearhug - taking him off his feet. He squeezed so hard that David thought his ribs would break. He howled in agony as the Nubian crushed the breath out of him. A couple of karate chops to the traps and delts released Dave who slid down over Bruta's magnificent body - the Nubian's cock riding up between his legs and thighs - poking Dave's balls and the base of his cock. He landed on his feet. They stood there virtually cock to cock. Each understood the other as they clasped their hands behind their neck and began to press their cockheads together. Harder and harder they pressed - each groaning and wincing in pain. The crowd fell silent

as they watched this test of cock strength. David felt his cock gain the advantage as he pressed forward - the Nubian stepped backwards. He grabbed Bruta by the waist to stop his retreat and rammed his cock hard onto the Nubian's. Brute roared out as he felt his cock being smashed back up into his groin. He shook his head violently - his dreadlocks smacking Dave in the face. The Nubian escaped his mighty opponent's clutches. David - for a second - was dazed which gave Bruta time to get behind him and catch him in a full nelson. Dave grimaced as the Nubian applied the full force of his strength. He could feel that monster fuckpole riding up and down his ass crack, slipping deeper into his buttocks until he felt Bruta's cockhead press up against his ass lips. The Nubian grunted with delight. Just one powerful thrust he'd be up into his adversary's ass.

Bruta played with David's ass lips by pressing forward and withdrawing - forward and withdrawing. The sensation played havoc with Dave. By far Bruta had been the strongest opponent he had had that morning - no question - but he was not prepared to be fucked by any man. He clinched his glutes just as Bruta was about to break through to his virgin butt. The Nubian shrieked out. With all his might David held the clinch. The Nubian beat against his massive back trying to extricate himself but David wouldn't let him go. He continued to smash the Nubian's cock with his butt muscles. Bruta's body writhed and convulsed in pain. Out of sheer desperation he started to shake his head - smacking the back of Dave's head with his braids. He was allowed to pull out. Bruta stumbled backwards with both hands clutching onto to his fuck meat ... tears of pain rolled down his face.

David lifted him up and pressed him high over head before body slamming him to the ground. He picked the Nubian up by his dreadlocks and got him into a step over torture rack. He placed Bruta's right arm over his shoulder as he bent him back

over his hip holding him firm with one arm and with his free hand he stroked the Nubian's massive black cock. Bruta's breathing grew fast and deep as David brought him closer and closer to climax. Faster and faster he stroked - pre cum flooded Bruta's cockhead as his body shook uncontrollably. With all his might the Nubian resisted cumming as he moaned and groaned. Finally he was able to maneuver the arm that was draped over Dave's shoulder so he could get his hand under his opponent's chin. Using his thumb he struck at his throat. David - gasping for air - released the hold.

Bruta scrambled free.

Dave's hands flew to his throat as he coughed and gasped. He doubled over and fell to one knee. The Nubian clubbed away at his back with doubled fists - hammering away with all his might. David reached around and with one tremendous blow gut punched Bruta - who fell backwards holding onto his stomach. Both musclebound titans slowly got to their feet coughing and gasping for air. They circled one another. Bruta went low and tackled David's legs, sending him to the ground. Holding onto his ankles he flipped him over onto his stomach. Bruta lifted his legs up as he stepped over Dave's thighs to increase the pain. David pounded the ground in front of him and groaned under the pressure. He tried to reach behind him to catch the Nubian's leg but he couldn't reach that far. With one powerful turn of his body he broke the hold by rolling over onto his back - in the process kicking free. David rolled over onto his stomach so he could get to his knees to stand up. But before he could, Bruta mounted his thighs and started to pummel the small of his back with hard, sharp blows of his fists. Each blow sent Dave's arms flailing out to the side. The Nubian, sensing victory, stood up and triumphantly reached down grabbing his opponent by the hair forcing him up. Dave staggered about, arching his back to relieve the pain. Bruta caught him in a

bearhug, working his cock up under David's - forcing it back against his adversary's own stomach. As he squeezed his beefy opponent to him he pressed his fuckpole into Dave's - pressing hard and deep one second - bashing into it the next. David's face contorted in agony with each thrust. He was nearing climax. He tried to fight it but the constant pressure of the Nubian's grinding bearhug and the pain of feeling Bruta's mighty fuckpole repeatedly jabbing his cock was almost more than he could bear, especially when the Nubian's cockhead pounded away at the base of his.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

David vs. Bruta Continues

DAVID HAD TO BREAK THE NUBIAN'S pulverizing bearhug someway ... somehow ... and now before it was too late. He was being crushed in two. His breathing was severely restricted. His strength was being squeezed out of him. He began to pound away furiously at Bruta's shoulders, but it was only when he karate chopped his traps that the hold was broken. Dave staggered backwards, his chest and cock in great pain. The Nubian grabbed him, hoisted him up over his shoulders in a torture rack. He was bent almost in two like a bow. With a show of pure bravado Bruta walked around the arena, showing off his groaning prize.

The audience shouted and applauded enthusiastically, with many yelling, "Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him!"

Bruta smiled in appreciation. He brought David down with a mighty body slam across his knee. He had him in a backbreaker

and was sucking his fuckpole for all he was worth. David moaned and groaned and kicked and struggled like a caged animal until he was able to kick Bruta in the head with his leg. Dave scrambled to his feet - gut punched Bruta - doubled him over - threw him up over his shoulder in a backbreaker and violently bounced him up and down to inflict more pain and punishment to his lower back. Bruta cried out. A piledriver followed which stunned the Nubian.

David picked him up and power slammed him four times to the arena floor. On the fifth he body slammed him across his knee - another backbreaker - and began to suck the Nubian's beautiful cock. David took it all in his mouth - licking the shaft as his mouth went down on it. He withdrew only to the cockhead - clamped his teeth around the base and swirled his tongue over the head - prodding and pocking the slit with the tip. Pre cum seeped out and David lapped it up.

Bruta moaned and tried to struggle free but to no avail. Dave had him and he knew it. When he felt David boning his manmeat it was all over - his body shook as he erupted in his opponent's mouth. He shot so much the excess oozed out the corners of Dave's mouth.

Occasionally David had to come up for air as he just couldn't swallow all the cum. When he did take a momentary breather he masturbated the Nubian who constantly shot load upon load into the air. Then David went back down and sucked and swallowed all he could until Bruta stopped erupting. The Nubian was sucked dry - drained of all his strength. His body laid limp across Dave's knees - exhausted - depleted - his arms lifeless at his side. David slid Bruta's body off his knee. He stood up flexing his mighty arms in triumphant. He wiped the cum off his chin and from the corners of his mouth with two fingers - licking the cum off slowly and deliberately to the roaring approval of the crowd. He pushed

the Nubian's legs apart with his foot and sank majestically down between them. He reached over and took Bruta's limp cock in one hand and his balls in the other - stroking his manmeat and massaging his balls - working the Nubian back up to an erection. Then he flung Bruta's right leg over his left shoulder and the left leg over his right shoulder. Putting his hands on the Nubian's waist he drew him in close - slowly forcing his cockhead up into Bruta's muscle butt.

The Nubian grunted loudly.

For a few teasing seconds David played with Bruta's ass lips - pushing his cockhead in but not penetrating. It felt good to be in control, thought David - to have this massively muscled body at his disposal - to do with it whatever he wanted. Slowly he began to press through Bruta's puckering ass lips. He felt the virgin ass burst over his cockhead. It felt so tight - so good. Before he was through, he thought, I'm going to loosen him up considerably. Slowly he shoved his mighty fuckpole down the Nubian's love tunnel until all twelve inches of his muscle cock was in. The long slow pull out was just as pleasing - in - out - in - out and all the time Bruta roared out in tortuous pain, whimpering, crying, screaming, shrieking the faster and harder David rammed his meat into him. To heighten the pleasure along with the pain for the Nubian even more Dave started to masturbate him. Bruta couldn't resist and shot the last of his strength into the air - covering David's hand and forearm. Brute no longer had the strength to even lift his head off the arena floor. The audience cheered and howled their approval as Dave continued to ravage the Nubian's quivering body.

In what had become his patented finishing hold, as he stood, David scooped Bruta up into a fucking bearhug and power raped him into unconsciousness, filling his muscle butt to overflowing with his cum. The beautiful black musclebound body

of Bruta slumped over Dave's, his legs dangling lifeless at his side - his massive arms slung lifeless over David's shoulders - his head resting on top of the victor's massive chest. Dave pulled his body off his cock and lifted his defeated opponent up over his head. He held him there as he walked about the arena in a victory stroll. The audience went wild - thunderous cheers, hoots and applause filled the arena. Such adulation played on David's ego and pleased him immensely. In a show of pure cockiness he sauntered right up to Hercules. He pressed the Nubian's body up and down several times, then flung it over his right shoulder. He flexed his left arm until the veins popped in his bicep. Then he reached down and stroked his cock - licking his lips as if to say - I'm going to impale you on my fuck meat and rape you senseless. Hercules responded by lifting his tunic, exposing himself - flexed his massive muscle meat up and down - stroked it and shot the cocky beefy upstart a smile of pure confidence. Then with his lips he blew David a mocking kiss. Dave turned away and gently deposited the Nubian's body with the attendants.



CHAPTER TWELVE

Machiste vs. Atlas

FOLLOWING HIS VICTORY OVER THE NUBIAN, David left the arena floor. He had made it to the semi-final round with the chance of meeting Hercules in the championship match. He was elated at that prospect. His heart raced at the thought of battling Hercules, of winning, of sucking the champion off - and the final victory of fucking Hercules into submission. But who would be his opponent in the semi-finals? He prayed it wouldn't be Machiste.

At the rear of the arena, in the archway leading to the backstage area he stopped and turned to watch Atlas and Machiste wrestling. What he saw horrified him ... sending cold shivers throughout his body. Machiste was caught in a vertical suplex - Atlas holding onto the Theban's cock like a handle. He held him up in the air for a long time letting the blood rush to his head before slamming Machiste's body to the ground with all his might. Machiste was stunned senseless.

Atlas attacked with brutal blows of his fist, clubbing away at his prone opponent, pummeling his face, chest and stomach. Machiste raised one arm to try to block the repeated blows but it was a futile effort. The Theban cried out with each blow. The bludgeoning continued unabated until Machiste was nearly unconscious. Blood seeped from a wound on his forehead and at the corner of his mouth. Atlas took the heel of his foot and ground it into Machiste's cock and balls sending shock waves throughout the Theban's quivering body. He forced Machiste to his feet by pulling him up by his long jet black tresses - held him upright and slapped his face repeatedly.

A mighty forearm smashed into the Theban's chest sent him reeling backwards. Atlas grabbed him by the arm and flipped him up on his shoulders in a backbreaker. He strutted about the arena constantly pressing down on Machiste's body - smiling at his cries. He released the hold letting the Theban's body drop to the ground. Machiste staggered to his feet. He swung wildly into the air ... nearly falling over from the force of his attempt. Atlas grabbed the Theban's cock and squeezed.

Machiste grabbed his wrist with both hands trying to break the hold. It failed. Atlas lifted him up off his feet as Machiste shrieked in torment. He turned the hold into a one handed power press over his head. Machiste's body collapsed over his hand. When Atlas spotted David watching the match he grinned - then lowered Machiste into a cradle holding him right in front of his face so he could suck on his cock.

The Theban's arms flailed wildly but there was no power to his blows. Atlas continued sucking. Machiste let out a scream, strained with what little might he had left not to cum and shot his load into Atlas' mouth. To prove he was sucking the strength out of Machiste, Atlas lifted his mouth off the squirting cock so everyone could see the Theban cumming. He returned the cock

to his mouth and continued siphoning Machiste's strength until he had drained him. He tossed the Theban to the ground like a bag of garbage and stood over him posing his musclebound body. Machiste made a gallant attempt to come back. He crawled out from under his legs and tried to pull himself up by holding onto Atlas' legs until he was on his knees before the muscleman. Weakly he grabbed Atlas' manmeat in his hand and wrapped his mouth around it and started to suck.

Atlas just stood there posing his body as Machiste sucked away on his fuckpole. Atlas, looking down at his helpless victim, grinned sadistically as he flexed his biceps. When he was through posing he grabbed Machiste's head in both hands and began to face fuck him with his cock - ramming it all down the Theban's throat - holding Machiste's face buried into his groin. The Theban coughed and choked as his arms gesticulated wildly. He tried to push away but was held fast. His face was buried so deep in Atlas' crotch he was being suffocated. When Atlas finally released him Machiste fell backwards gagging uncontrollably and clutching his throat.

The Theban coughed and gasped for air as he rolled about the arena floor. Atlas forced him back to his feet with another hair pull. He spun him around and get him in a full nelson. He toyed with the Theban's ass crack by dry surfing it first, then maneuvering his cockhead into the crack and plowing his fuckpole all the way in as Machiste shrieked for all he was worth. As he began to power fuck the Theban he released the full nelson and held Machiste in place with a single arm around his waist - with the other he pushed his head down and forward bending Machiste at the waist. The Theban constantly cried out in agony as he was being power raped. Atlas let him back up. He leaned slightly back to lift the Theban off his feet. Machiste slumped against Atlas' massive chest, his legs dangling over his torturer's huge thighs.

With the weight of his body pressing down on Atlas' monster cock and Atlas' mighty thrust up into him - all of it was buried up in Machiste's ass. Atlas released the Theban's waist and walked about the arena floor to show the incredible strength of his manmeat. Machiste was being supported only by the might of Atlas' cock. He was impaled on it hard and fast.

Stopping in front of Hercules, Atlas flexed both his arms as he pulsed his cock up and down - to make Machiste's body bounce up and down. "You're next," he bellowed at the Champion. Then he pushed the Theban off his cock - his fuckpole bobbing up and down from the release. He reached down, grabbed the Theban's leg and dragged him back to the center of the arena floor to the frenzied cheers and applause of the crowd.

Standing over Machiste's body he marveled that there was any life still left in the Theban as Machiste attempted to crawl away. He managed to crawl only a few feet when Atlas caught him by the hair again and pulled him up to his feet. Machiste just stood there on buckling legs. He fell against Atlas who pushed him away but caught him before he tumbled over. He put his hands on Machiste's waist and started to toy with his limp cock by poking and prodding it with his own monster fuckpole. Machiste moaned and weakly struggled to get away. He failed. Atlas' grip was too strong. He felt Atlas' cock get under his forcing it up against his own stomach. Atlas pressed his cockhead into the underside of the Theban's. He pushed forward driving Machiste's cock deep into his own flesh - crushing it. The Theban screamed and begged for mercy but there was none. Atlas kept pressing and pressing harder and harder and Machiste kept screaming and pleading.

With clinched fists that bulged his biceps and triceps to their maximum size and with hate radiating in his eyes David watched the sadistic sexual torture of his beloved friend. The Theban's

pleas for mercy cut like a knife at his heart. When Machiste looked in his direction his eyes were silently begging for help. Dave started out into the arena but was stopped by an attendant. "You can't go out there," he stated. "If you do you'll be disqualified. It would be considered double teaming. You can't go out there. You're in the semi-final match. You'll meet Atlas there. That will be the right time for revenge - not now!" The attendant's words rang true.

Atlas continued pummeling Machiste's cock - thoroughly enjoying the Theban's pathetic pleas for mercy. They only wetted his sadistic appetite. A few small loads of cum spurted from Machiste's smashed cock - the absolute last of his strength. Atlas pulled away. Machiste fell to his knees before him. The Theban's body leaned against his tormentor's legs. Atlas grabbed Machiste by the neck and lifted him up to his feet. He turned him around - reached down and lifted him up with his right arm under Machiste's right knee and his left arm under his left knee. He spread the Theban's legs apart exposing his ass. Atlas rammed his muscle meat up into Machiste's hole and began to power fuck him senseless. Cradled in Atlas' arms, with no strength left to fight, Machiste's will was broken. He whimpered, "I submit! I submit! I submit!" Atlas paid no attention and kept raping him. His fucking was so violent ... so sadistic ...so merciless that the crowd's sympathies were all for Machiste. They booed, hissed and catcalled at Atlas who paid no heed to them as he continued to rape the helpless Theban.

Atlas shot his load into Machiste with such violent force that it rendered the Theban unconscious. He packed Machiste's muscle butt with mass quantities of cum. With load after load and thrust after thrust he pounded the full length of his cock up into his beefy victim. It seemed as if gallon upon gallon of cum came pouring out of Machiste's ass, down the shaft of Atlas's cock, flowing like a white waterfall over his balls to the ground

below where it formed a large puddle below the victor's feet. Even after he stopped cumming Atlas kept the ass attack going until he was finally satiated. He lifted Machiste off his meat and tossed his limp unconscious body to the ground. He pointed at Hercules. "You're time is coming!" And walked away. As he passed an incensed David he smiled. "I'm going to do the same to you this afternoon ... so prepare to die on my cock. You're ass is mine because I'm better than you in every way!" He deliberately brushed up against Dave as he passed by violently pushing him up against the wall of the archway.

Pure hate boiled up inside David. He had never known such virulent hate before. He wanted to kill Atlas with his bare hands then and there and even started after him ... but was again stopped by the attendant. "In the arena, this afternoon. But don't let your anger get the better of you. Anger makes mistakes and mistakes get you fucked on Atlas' cock. That's what he wants. I've seen it a hundred times. He stays cool and calm after he gets you all worked up 'cause he knows your anger will force you to make mistakes in the arena and he'll capitalize on them. Remember anger equals mistakes equals his cock up your ass. Is that what you want?"

Dave shook his head.

"Then go back to your tent, rest, calm yourself and this afternoon meet Atlas in the arena. Be methodical - win the match. Strip him of all human dignity. Humiliate him before the crowd - fuck him into submission before them and your revenge will be complete."

Such sage advice from such a beautiful young hunk helped to calm David down. He thanked the attendant and then asked a favor. He requested that Machiste be brought to his tent where he would nurse him himself. The attendant agreed. Dave departed the arena complex.

THE ATTENDANTS BROUGHT THE UNCONSCIOUS body of the Theban to David's tent, where he tenderly lifted Machiste up off the litter and laid him down on his bed. He thanked the attendants as they departed. With great care he began to wash his friend's body with a wet towel - dipping it and rinsing it in a large wooden bucket of water. Once he had cleaned the fallen wrestler, he began to apply the medicated suave from the ceramic jar on the table - rubbing it ever so gently into the many wounds, cuts and bruises.

Atlas happened by to witness this most tender scene. He stopped and thrust his Mohawk-shaved head into the tent. As he stroked his cock he snickered, "I hope he'll take as good care of you, after I destroy you and bust you wide open, as you're taking care of him now. I'm going to enjoy ripping you apart on my mighty phallus - like I did him!" Sadistically he laughed and moved on.

David could only glower at the intruder as primal hate ravaged his soul and heart. He had never before despised anyone so much as he hated Atlas. Machiste's moans brought him back to his senses. Slowly the Theban began to regain consciousness. His pain was excruciating. He felt ripped up inside and cried out in agony. "It's all right," reassured Dave. "You're going to be fine."

"I'm so weak ... no strength left ..." Machiste's pleading eyes looked up at his loving friend. "I'm not going to make it. I've no strength left. I can't move ..."

"You'll be all right."

"Nothing left ... I feel myself failing ... I'm going ... He ripped my guts to shreds. I'm bleeding inside."

"Don't talk like that. All you need is some nourishment and rest. You'll be fine."

With his ebbing strength Machiste weakly grabbed David's arm. "Be careful of Atlas. He's the dirtiest wrestler of them all - punching, kicking your balls and phallus, cock biting, ball crushing, brutal phallus pulling ..."

"Calm yourself Machiste."

"Promise me you'll be careful ... promise ..."

"I promise - now be still - rest - I'm going to take care of you - rest now."

"I'm not going to make it. He took all my strength - I've nothing left - I've nothing to fight with ... no strength to survive ..."

David's concern for Machiste's survival was acute. Before his eyes he saw the Theban slipping away. He knew what he had to do. "You're going to survive. After all didn't you promise me tonight - that tonight we'd be together and make love. You can't go back on your promise. Remember tonight - you and me - together."

"I'm not going to make it, David. I love you. I love you - but I've nothing left - no strength. I'm not going to make it ..."

"Yes, you are. I have strength enough for both of us. Here ... open your mouth and take my strength and make it your own."

"No," pleaded Machiste weakly. "You need all your might to defeat Atlas. I can't weaken you and deprive you of victory."

"I have more than enough to defeat that musclebound piece of garbage. Besides, what good will my victory be if you're not there to share it with me. Here, take my strength, open your mouth—do it for both of us - I love you too."

DAVID CAREFULLY POSITIONED HIMSELF on all fours over Machiste's face and lowered his cock to rest on the Theban's lips. With great reluctance Machiste took his cock into his mouth and weakly began to suck. As he sucked David slowly ran his cock in and out of the Theban's mouth, sliding it gently over his tongue - working himself up to the point of climax. He began to shoot his might. With great physical control he measured out the amount of cum he released so it was just the right amount for Machiste to swallow without choking. As he drank Dave's cum Machiste felt renewed strength surging throughout his depleted body. He was able to move his tongue around the shaft, licking Dave's cockhead and even putting the tip into the slit - which made David lose control. He began to shoot massive quantities. He couldn't help it. He couldn't stop. He tried but he couldn't and all the while Machiste kept swallowing as much of each load as he could - the excess flowing freely out the corners of his mouth, over his lips and down his chin. Yet with each swallow his strength increased and he felt rejuvenated. When it was over David felt drained, exhausted, sapped and tired. He curled up next to Machiste, enfolding him in his arms. They fell asleep with the Theban's head resting comfortably on David's massive chest.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN - A

Dave vs. Atlas

THE SEMIFINAL MATCH PACKED THE ARENA to more than overflowing - no seat - no standing room - no empty space was left unoccupied. The anticipation of seeing Atlas fight the powerful, beefy newcomer, David, two of the biggest and mightiest of the wrestlers, had swelled their eager numbers way past the morning attendance. Precisely at three on the sundial the Master of Ceremonies stepped forward to the center of the arena floor and called for silence. Instantly a hush fell over the immense throng. As in the morning, Hercules was called out first to a standing thunderous ovation. He took his usual seat in the front row. Then the combatants were called out one at a time. "Atlas of Hellas!" - came confidently strolling in. He posed his massively muscular body. His brute force obvious to everyone - his virility unquestioned. He appeared completely invincible to the cheering, clapping audience. Then "David of Santa Monica!" was called forward and all eyes fell on him as he started to pose

his muscular and powerful physique. The crowd responded in kind, giving him an even more rapturous ovation than his opponent. He appeared even bigger than Atlas - definitely more defined. Atlas just glowered as he muttered to himself how he was going to destroy him on his phallus.

The Master of Ceremonies called both wrestlers to the center of the arena where they stood virtually cockhead to cockhead. Atlas had a confident smirk on his face. "I'm going to rape you to death on my phallus and there's nothing you can do about it. Your ass is mine!" He menacingly flexed his arms to show he had the might to fulfill his boast. David responded by flexing his even bigger arms and grinned. Atlas was furious at being upstaged in front of this massive audience.

The trumpets blared and the drums began to beat slowly at first - then faster and faster. Dave had a chance to glance toward the rear of the arena, to the archway where Machiste was standing. He gave the Theban a confident smile. He had a score to settle



with Atlas and nothing was going to stop him. He was determined to fuck the arrogance out of him - strip him of any pride and leave him a pathetic mass of whimpering muscle begging for his life. Revenge would give David the added strength he needed to destroy Atlas. He would do to him what Atlas had done to Machiste.

The drums stopped - silence - the gong was struck ... the match was underway. Atlas, grinning ear to ear, stepped forward calling for a test of their cocks strength ... a bold move calculated to take Dave out at the very beginning. Atlas would crush his opponent's cock, make him shoot his strength ... then fuck him into submission ... or death. This would prove his complete domination, his mighty strength and invincibility and give Hercules pause to reflect on his own vulnerability. This bold move was to intimidate the Champion and give Atlas the upper hand in the championship match. "I'm going to fuck you senseless," he snarled as his cockhead pressed hard into David's. Not to be outdone, Dave stepped forward increasing the pressure and pain in both their cockheads. Both combatants flexed their arms and posed their bodies - seeking an advantage - to psyche the other out - to make him cum and shoot his strength. Constantly pressing forward both stared menacingly into each other's eyes as the pressure intensified. The crowd sat in total silence, their mouths agape in stunned awe as they witnessed these two musclebound behemoths cock fight one another. As David increased the pressure Atlas' confident smile gave way to an expression of concern - then he began to wince. His breathing became more rapid with shorter and sharper gasps. Concern gave way to groans of desperation as Atlas' face contorted in pain. David - stone faced - showing no sign of pain - stared directly into Atlas' face. His calm, determine demeanor unsettled him but Atlas' ego refused to let him back away, admitting before everyone his cock wasn't as strong as his opponents - that he wasn't man enough to withstand the punishment David was inflicting on him. To increase the sexual agony Dave grabbed Atlas by the waist and pulled him in digging his cockhead farther into his. The torturous pain was beyond endurance. Atlas, feeling his cock being forced back up into him, finally cried out. He tried to push himself away but Dave caught him in a crushing

bearhug as he slid his cock under Atlas' and rammed it up against his opponent's own stomach. Atlas twisted and squirmed to free himself as David sadistically smiled at him - pummeling, smashing, ripping his monstrous cock into Atlas'. With each mighty thrust the torment intensified. Atlas felt himself wanting to shoot his load - he grimaced and cried out- "No! I'm better than you. I'm the better man ..."

David retorted, "Thought you were tough, huh? Give it up, pussy before I crush the life out of you!" He arched backwards, lifting Atlas off his feet as he dug his cock farther into the base of Atlas' manmeat. He held him in that torturous position as he applied all his might to his bearhug. Atlas screamed out in sheer terror and pain. He could no longer hold back. Mass quantities of cum came exploding as a torrent out of his smashed cock. Like a geyser his cum erupted up between the two combatants. Dave leaned forward returning Atlas to his feet - but his opponents legs buckled and David was forced to hold him upright with his bearhug. Atlas' head fell backwards, his mouth wide open, his arms and legs involuntarily flailing at his sides with each pulverizing thrust of Dave's cock into his own. When he finally ceased shooting both men were covered in his warm white frothy foam. David released Atlas who crumpled to the ground before him. With his hands Dave wiped Atlas's cum off his face and torso, licking his hands clean as he went along. The audience sat in shocked silence and disbelief. It was so unreal - that Atlas had been so easily cock fucked - dominated - destroyed.

The sense of total victory was almost overwhelming for David. A surging feeling of absolute invincibility and massive strength overtook him as he licked Atlas's cum off his hands. He knew he had won but he wasn't through with Atlas ... not by a long shot. He had to be made to pay for his sadistic sexual torture of Machiste. He intended to break Atlas and he was just getting started. He reached down forcing a writhing Atlas to his

feet. With one mighty move he hoisted him high over his head and pressed him up and down. The crowd regained their senses and started to hoot and howler their approval. Dave sucked on Atlas' cock as he continuously pressed him over head, sliding the cock in and out of his mouth. A body slam to the ground was followed by several flying elbows across Atlas' chest and stomach. A few leg drops and a body scissors came next. As David crushed Atlas between his thighs, he played with his opponent's cock and balls, as Atlas cried out "No! No! No! I'm better than you ...". He pathetically repeated the same phrase - his voice getting weaker with each utterance. Dave scrambled to his feet. He forced Atlas up by pulling on his Mohawk haircut. Holding him upright David gut punched him, lifting him off his feet with each strike. The smack of flesh was heard throughout the arena. Atlas, groggy, disorientated stumbled about on shaky legs, his arms swinging wildly as he pathetically struck out at the air, never landing a blow on his opponent. Dave scooped him up ... body slammed him across his knee. He began to suck hard and fast on Atlas' cock. After toying with the cockhead and slit with his tongue, after licking the shaft and balls, David began to roughly bone his opponent's once mighty manmeat. It was a deliberate attempt to create as much pain and pleasure to force the last bit of strength out of Atlas ... and it worked. Unable to resist Atlas shot off the last remnants of his strength into Dave's hot and welcoming mouth. As he sucked and swallowed David felt the massive power of Atlas's strength coursing throughout his body. With such power added to his - he would be able to defeat Hercules and win his place in the annals of history forever. He would be the Conqueror of the Mighty Hercules. Dave sucked hard and long on Atlas' cock until he was satisfied there was no more strength left in his opponent. He rolled Atlas off his knee and stood up. He thumped his mighty chest in victory to the abandoned cheers of the crowd. This wild, unrestrained ovation

fed his ego as he stood over his victim's massive, dissipated body. He stroked his cock as he flexed one arm. Atlas looked up to see the monster cock that was about to rip him apart. He tried to squirm away but had no strength left to even move. The realization that he was totally doomed crushed him. He could only whimper, "No! No! Please no!"

David sank down between Atlas' legs - tossing them over his shoulders as he positioned his cockhead in the crack of Atlas' glutes, he pressed forward lifting Atlas' ass off the ground and then thrust himself deep into his opponent's ass hole. Atlas shrieks filled the arena as David deliberately, sadistically power fucked him with one mighty thrust after another. To increased the torment and humiliation, he began to masturbate Atlas, whose pathetic pleas for mercy went unheeded. Through gritting teeth as David continued to rape his opponent's ass he snarled, "Payback is a bitch - isn't it bitch!" The unrestrained cheers of the audience almost drowned him out. As he continued to power rape and masturbate Atlas, David felt Atlas' cock shudder and erupt with dry heaves that added more brutal agony to his opponent's screams, shrieks, pleas for mercy and suffering.

Dave scooped Atlas up in a pulverizing bearhug as he kept power fucking his butt. Atlas was near unconsciousness - his torso bent backwards in David's mighty arms - his head reeling from side to side - tears of agony flowing freely down his face. "Who's your master?" growled Dave. He got no reply. "Who's your master?" Still no reply. David increased the power thrust of his mighty cock ramming all twelve inches up into Atlas. "Who's your fuckin' master," he demanded as he crushed Atlas with all his might.

"...You are ...," Atlas finally whimpered.

"I'm what?"

"You're my master."

"Say it loud enough for everyone to hear!" growled Dave

Summoning what little endurance he had left Atlas yelled, "You're my master!"

With that David dropped Atlas off his throbbing fuckpole. With one foot on his opponent's chest, he flexed both his arms and posed his body. The crowd responded with deafening cheers. The brutal, sadistic Atlas had, at last, been tamed to their great delight and satisfaction.

Still David was not finished. He again forced his helpless opponent to his feet - stepped behind Atlas - lifted him up with his right arm under Atlas's right leg and his left arm under Atlas' left leg. Forcefully Dave spread his opponent's legs apart exposing his asshole. This was the finishing hold Atlas had used on Machiste. David methodically rammed his cock under Atlas' ball sack, poking at it, reaming it. Then his cockhead felt its way to Atlas' ass crack. For a moment his cockhead rested at the point of entry. Then slowly, ever so slowly he pressed it in - passing the quivering ass lips and down Atlas' love tunnel until the full length was up inside his defeated opponent. Atlas breathing was labored and shallow - he has no more strength to even scream. His face told the whole story. It was constricted in agony. David slowly withdrew his cock but not all the way - then slowly slid it back in - again slowly out - in - out - in - out. Atlas' body, caught up in Dave's mighty arms, convulsed uncontrollably with each thrust in and out. The humiliation of being turned into a helpless fuck toy, coupled with the excruciating pain of being crucified on David's mighty cock was more than Atlas could bear. As Dave's thrusting and fucking up into him intensified in severity and violence - Atlas left out one last desperate shriek. His last sensation before passing out was feeling David erupt with full force deep within his ass. The pain pushed Atlas over the edge -

his body went limp - his head fell back against Dave's shoulder - he was unconscious.

David continued to pack to overflowing Atlas' butt with his cum - the residue oozing out - flowing in a steady stream across his balls, down Dave's shaft, and onto the arena floor where a great puddle formed between his legs. He lifted Atlas' lifeless musclebound body off his monster fuckpole and hoisted it heavenward with one hand on the back of Atlas' shoulder and one on the back of his leg. Atlas was facing upward toward the sky. Dave bellowed a victory yell that shattered everyone's ears. The crowd lost all control. Cheers, applause and stomping feet echoed throughout the arena. Everyone, including Hercules, knew they had just witnessed a super human display of total domination and incredible strength rarely seen before. The match between Hercules and David later that day would be the greatest match of all times. The anticipation was palpable. The ovation for Dave was thunderous and he basked in it. The sense of victory - total victory - domination victory went to his head. In an act of pure bravado, he slung Atlas's unconscious body over his right shoulder in a fireman's carry - strutted up to Hercules with a confident smile plastered on his face - tossed Atlas's body down at the Champion's feet. David then flexed his biceps, posed his magnificent body right in Hercules' face. Such arrogance and disrespect for the Champ - pleased the throng. They cheered even harder. Dave turned and sauntered away, flexing his glutes with each step. The crowd lost all control. A near riot broke out - soldiers were hastily called in to restore order. Hercules left muttering to himself that he would teach respect to this cocky musclebound upstart.

Backstage Machiste greeted David with hugs and passionate kisses covering the victor's face. Dave had revenged the Theban's loss to Atlas. Together, hand in hand, they walked back to Dave's tent leaving behind the den of noise in the arena. As

they walked the crowds outside parted for them. They pointed at David, cheered, applauded and congratulated him. Some overly appreciative fans even speculated out loud he'd be the next champ ... "Hercules hasn't a chance!" Such sentiments only bolstered Dave's already overblown ego.

Back at his tent David was ecstatic. The emotional high he was on made him believe he couldn't be defeated ... that Hercules was his for the taking. Machiste knew better. "He's no pushover, David. He's not Hercules for nothing ... the mightiest and most powerfully built man alive, with the strongest phallus in the world."

"And what has he done today? Very little. He fought, sucked off and raped Goliath, that's all ...while I've sucked and fucked Ursis, Telamachus, Achilles, Bruta and Atlas. I've drained them of all their strength and made it mine. Plus I've drank the might of all those they defeated - in all some thirty of the most powerful men in the world. My strength is prodigious ... unbeatable. Hercules hasn't a chance with the might of thirty musclemen inside me. I'll crush him ... suck him off and fuck the life out of him. He'll beg for mercy on my cock as I rape him into total submission, and tonight we'll take turns raping his ass all night long. He'll be our sex slave. Just think of it, the Mighty Hercules as our sex toy, doing our bidding ... anything and everything we want."

Machiste could only shake his head in disbelief. "All right ... have it your way, but remember Hercules IS a demi-god. He has supernatural strength and he knows how to use it."

"All his Olympian might can't match the strength of thirty of the biggest, most powerful men in the world ... and I have that strength inside of me! Besides it's my destiny to conquer Hercules. It's what I was born to do. It's written in the stars and

neither he nor Zeus can prevent me from fulfilling my destiny. If I have to, I'll fuck them both!"

Such sacrilegious comments made Machiste shudder and fear for his friends well being. The Theban gave no reply. Yes, he could say that all Hercules' challengers had the same ratio of victories that David had ... that they all lost and were brutally fucked into submission ... some chained to the arena's pillars and turned into the Champion's sex slaves before a most appreciative audience. But Machiste knew there was nothing he could really say to detour David from falling victim to his own ego and over confidence. Besides, he thought, he'd needed all the confidence he could muster if he was going to have a realistic chance to defeat Hercules. The two sat down at the table to feast on a banquet of food prepared for them. With several hours before the epic main event both musclemen rested and David dreamed about his impending victory over Hercules and all the rewards that were to come to him.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN - B

Battle of the Titans

THE SUN WAS JUST SETTING when Machiste rolled over to wake David for the main event. "Hurry!" he said eagerly. "It must be near the time. We've got to get over to the arena ... to prepare for the match."

David yawned, wiped the sleep from his eyes and stretched out his mighty arms, flexed both his massive biceps as he smiled broadly at the Theban. "Oh that was a great dream. I beat the living shit out of Hercules and fucked him into complete and total submission."

"Sounds like a good omen for what's to come," replied Machiste smilingly.

"Give us a good luck kiss," Dave laughingly said. They embraced passionately. As Machiste started to pull away, David forcibly drew him back to continue the embrace.

"No! Enough!" protested the Theban in a muffled voice while their lips were still pressed together. He broke away. "You've got to get ready for the match. You have to prepare yourself ... get into the right frame of mind ... start concentrating of Hercules and the match."

"Why! It's in the bag," stated the beefy challenger arrogantly. He flexed one arm, kissed the bicep. "Hercules can't beat my power. I have the strength of thirty of the mightiest men in the world inside me." Then he grabbed his erect, throbbing cock in one hand. "And he can't escape the destructive power of my cock or the humiliating ass ripping I'm going to inflict on him. I'll bleed him bloody raw before I'm through. I'll rip his prostate wide open. Your demi-god strongman is about to meet his lord and master. And tonight we'll celebrate my victory as the Champion of all Champion ... the conqueror of the once mighty Hercules. I promise you that."

Such brazen bravado was beyond the Theban's comprehension. He made no attempt to reply. Still he admired courage and David had that in an overflowing abundance. He gave no last minute advice or encouragement as they scrambled out of bed, put on their tunics and departed.

As they left the tent, the last golden rays of the sun could be seen fading away into darkness. Hurriedly they made their way through the cheering, applauding boisterous throng to the arena, where they were greeted warmly by the Master of Ceremony. "Good, you're here," he said somewhat nervously. "I'm always a bit apprehensive about the main event, thinking that something will go wrong. And it always does." He smiled sheepishly. "Now, I'll call you out first. Challengers always go first."

"Why?" inquired David.

"Out of respect for the current champion, naturally" he replied somewhat annoyed. He continued, "You'll come forward

through that portal to the center of the arena and stand next to me. The spectators will applaud and cheer. If you wish, you can do a little posing ... to work them up all the more. Once the acclamation dies down I'll introduce the champion, who'll enter from the opposite side of the arena. He'll take his place on the other side of me. He'll also do some posing. Once the audience calms down the triumphant will sound and I'll depart. The drums will begin to beat and you two will face one another. When the gong is struck that is the signal for both of you to remove your tunics and start the match. Any questions?"

David looked at Machiste to see if he had anything to say. He didn't. He looked back at the Master of Ceremony saying, "I just want to make sure that the winner does get to suck off and fuck the loser, like this morning and afternoon?"

"Most certainly. The one who loses must be made compliant to the will of the victor and submit to him in all ways, so he and the audience know unquestionably who the winner is ... who the Champion of all Champions is."

"Great! Then prepare to crown a new champion tonight. Hercules' ass is mine!"

The Master of Ceremony's eyes popped wide open with shocked surprise at such a blatant haughty display of pretension. "I wish you well," he was finally able to stammered. "May the god Dionysus grant you strength, endurance and victory. Fight well and bring honor to your house and city." As he departed for the opposite side of the arena he glanced backwards with a quizzical look at this upstart cocky muscleman from Santa Monica. He shook his head in disbelief at David's unconcealed sense of hubris and superiority.

It seemed like an interminable period of time to David that he and Machiste were just standing around backstage, waiting for the introductions to start. Although consumed by self confidence

he was impatient for the match to begin so he could fulfill his destiny and defeat Hercules by beating him down, sucking him off, and sadistically fucking him into a humiliating submission. "Can't they hurry things up," he shouted hotly. "What's the hold up?"

"Patience," advised Machiste calmly. "Be patient. There's always some last minute glitch." Just then a beefy attendant raced by. "What's the delay?" asked the Theban.

"Hercules just arrived with his entourage and is causing a great scene," came the breathless reply. "Things should start momentarily now," he stated as he raced on.

"That musclebound bastard is trying to psyche me out by being late," stormed David. "He's showing me total contempt. He thinks I'm unworthy of him, not good enough. He's not taking my challenge seriously. Well, I'll show him I'm more than worthy. I'm the greatest opponent he's ever had. I'm better than him. I'm going to destroy this arrogant bastard, degrade him before all the world and strip his title away and his manhood. When I'm through with him he won't be able to show his face anywhere in Greece or in the whole wide world for that matter."

Before Machiste could reply the triumphant sounded a fanfare. The Master of Ceremony stepped to the center of the arena floor and called for silence. A hush fell over the immense sell out crowd of rowdy spectators who had come to witness this epic battle of muscle and sheer might. On hearing his name called, David, holding Machiste's hand, drew him in close and kissed his full lips. "Tonight remember ... you promised tonight," he sighed as he gazed longingly into the Theban's eyes. "And we'll have a lot to celebrate." He turned, took a deep breath, exhaled and as he strolled confidently through the archway he sighed, "I now go to fulfill my destiny."

As soon as David appeared the audience went wild with applause, cheers, hoots, howlers and stomping of feet. Their boisterous ovation fell on him like a waterfall of adoration. He basked in their enthusiastic acclamation. Still a few dissenting voices could plainly be heard, especially coming from the first few rows. Boos, hisses, men pointing with their thumbs down, or holding their noses were audible yelling "You're just fuck meat for Hercules, big boy," or "He'll eat you alive." Some snickered, "Hercules won't even work up a sweat," while others derided in a growing chant, "You're fucked! You're fucked! You're fucked!" David paid them no heed. As he went into his posing routine he muttered sarcastically to himself, "We'll just see who fucks who before tonight is through." The spectators response to his posing was thunderous. Deliberately he prolonged his routine, bringing the audience to their feet in wild jubilation, to irk the Champion who he could see peering at him through an archway on the far side of the arena. He could plainly see it was having a disturbing effect on him. "Make me wait will ya," Dave scoffed to himself. "We'll see who waits for whom." Once he was through, David took his place next to a noticeably impatient Master of Ceremony as the unrestrained ovation washed over him. He was in his element and he loved it.

When calm was eventually restored the Master of Ceremony went through a lengthy and gushy introduction of the Champion, recounting in glowing words his great arena victories and feats of unimaginable strength. David could easily tell who he was routing for, but it didn't bother him much. He was determined to prove to them all that he was the best of the best, the true Champion of all Champions. With the mere mention of Hercules' name the arena went berserk. The raucous, out of control adulation dwarfed Dave's reception. "How fickle these spectators are," he thought to himself. He was perturbed by their reaction. One moment they were in total rapture with him. Now he was all

but forgotten. Disconnectedly he thought, "This must be how Brad feels when I'm around the gym." But for the moment all he could do was simply stand there, bide his time and endure this degrading slight. "I'll show them. I'll show them all," he seethed.

Hercules slowly, methodically, arrogantly sauntered to the center of the arena. Standing next to the Master of Ceremony he glowered at this beefy pretentious challenger. With his eyes menacingly fixed on David he started posing his magnificent body. The arena erupted in a deafening din of spontaneous worship. It was as if they were deifying a living god. Hercules worked the crowd up to a fever pitch. No man or boy was unaffected by the massive musclebound physique of their greatest hero. They shouted themselves hoarse. They beat their hands bloody raw in their unprecedented display of Greek pride, respect and blind admiration for the greatest of all champions. It made David almost sick to his stomach. Such idol worship should be his. Yet, even in his contempt for Hercules, he realized just how turned on he was by this phenomenon of muscle and pure might. His cock bulged, throbbed uncontrollably under his tunic. He could so easily shoot off his load just watching the Champ pose before him. If he let himself he could, without difficulty, be psyched out by that body. That revelation startled him. That's what Hercules was trying to do ... deliberately intimidate him, dominate him, control him. He wasn't going to stand idly by and be put down or shown up like this. Without waiting for the triumphant, drums or gong to sound, he stepped forward, tore off his tunic with one mighty jerk and began posing along side Hercules in a duel of muscle. Not to be out classed, the Champ also ripped off his tunic and the posing war went on. Wisely the Master of Ceremony stepped out of the way and stealthily disappeared backstage, as the two mammothly muscled behemoths battled it out for supremacy.

Like two untamed bulls of beef they circled one another flexing every cautious step of the way. Both titan's massive cocks pulsed with unbridle anticipation of dominating, destroying their muscular adversary, of smashing their cock to smithereens, destroying their manhood, and ripping their muscle butt to pieces. Slowly they stalked each other, posing, flexing, driving themselves and the spectators into a wanton, wild masculine testosterone frenzy of primitive animalistic lust. Many in the audience had their cocks in their hands unable not to masturbate themselves to relieve the pressure of this erotically stimulating posedown. Finally the two muscle giants stopped their incessant circling and stood facing one another, their cockheads smothered in thick pre cum. Simultaneously, slowly they closed in until their massive fuckpoles touched head to head. With a lecherous grin on his lips, Hercules began to swirl his monster cock around and around David's. The sensation of cock flesh rubbing in a circular motion, around his cock flesh, drove Dave into a state of erotic exhalation. How he wanted to shoot off his load. He moaned, groaned in pure pleasure. At the last second before climax he was reprieved. Hercules halted his sexual torment placing his cockhead slit to slit with his challenger's. The Champ scowled contemptuously at this beefy upstart who dared to challenge his might and superiority. "I am Hercules, the one and only!" he bellowed boastfully. "I am invincible! I have the strength of the Olympian gods! You have no hope of victory!" To emphasize his boast he pressed his cock forward into the head of his opponent jerking David's head backward as he winced and groaned at the power of the strongest cock in all the world, but he would not back down. He, too, stepped forward driving his manmeat into the Champ's cockhead. Hercules growled in pain. "I have the might of thirty of the strongest men in all the world," replied a determined contender. "You and all your Olympian gods can't

match that.” He pressed in even harder. Both musclemen’s faces contorted in agony.

With their cockheads saturated with pre cum it wasn’t difficult for Dave to slip his cock under Hercules’. He was attempting to do to the Champ what he had done that afternoon to Atlas ... to take the big guy out at the very beginning, to show his superior dominance and might, to prove undoubtedly that he was the true Champion of all Champions. Since Atlas was reputedly the second strongest man in the world and he fell easily to his power, Hercules could also fall prey to his strength. Without much difficulty David forced the strongest cock in all the world up and back against the Champ’s stomach. Viciously the hunky challenger drove his cockhead into it burying it deep into Greek’s flesh. The Champ roared out in excruciating torment as he felt his mighty fuckpole being smashed, pulverized, crushed. David grabbed him by the hips as his powerful thighs kept ramming his manmeat unmercifully into the legendary strongman. He could tell he was bringing the Champ to climax, just as he had done to Atlas, by the look of concern and puzzled frustration in the great man’s eyes. If Hercules had thought he was going to be a pushover, he now knew differently. He was a real threat to his title and reputation. The Champ’s breathing grew increasingly more labored as the pain increased. His face grimaced in torturous agony. David turned his hold into a brutalizing bearhug, pinning Hercules’ mighty arms against the Champ’s sides as he crushed the Greek’s massive body against his, severely constricting his breathing. The intense erotic torture all but paralyzed Hercules’ as he moaned out loudly in sexual torment. His face constricted in fear, distress and painful anguish as David kept up the pressure using his powerful cock like a battering ram, crushing, smashing into the underside of the world’s strongest cock. Hercules had never been this easily dominated before and the audience knew it. They were stunned

and furious that this beefy foreigner was savagely grinding the life out of their Champion as he demolish Hercules' manmeat with his own mighty cock. They screamed for their hero to break free.

To save himself from being totally degraded, Hercules head butted his beefy tormentor. The humiliating hold was broken as David staggered backwards. The spectators cheered for all they were worth. Gasping for breath, as he held onto his battered phallus, the Champ snarled, "Now to take you apart. I'm going to



destroy you." He called for a test of strength. Both warriors hooked up in mortal combat to see who was, in fact, the strongest. Every muscle in their bodies strained to the limit as they exerted all their might. Their massive chests collide together as

both musclemen powered for dominance. They groaned under the strain. Their faces girdled in pain. David felt his arms weakening under the constant onslaught of Hercules' Olympian power. His legs began to buckle. He went down on one knee, then the other as his hands were forced backwards. He cried out. As he held his challenger down, Hercules swung his hips back and forth smacking Dave in the face with his mighty fuckpole, humiliating his opponent before the overflow crowd in the arena. David couldn't escape the beating as the audience roared their wholehearted approval.

As rage took hold of him, David felt a resurgence of strength coursing throughout his body. Steadily, inexorably he began to power his way back up grimacing in excruciating pain until he was standing toe to toe with the Champ. All the spectators were in shocked disbelief at the might of the challenger. No one before had ever been able to endure, let alone, muscle his way back up from Hercules' test of strength. Now the tables were turned as David drove the mighty Greek to both his knees. In retribution for the Champ's degrading facial cock beating, the challenger returned the favor by smacking his face repeatedly with his mighty fuckpole. Both musclebound combatants heard the audience mutter astonishingly in hushed tones, "No! No! This can't be!" as their greatest hero was powerless to prevent this humiliating act. The Champ growled in disgust as he tried to power out of the hold but to no avail. He could not avoid the shameful face beating being inflicted upon him. With no option left open to him he broke off the test of strength and rolled out of the way of his challenger's mighty cock. He jumped to his feet. As he stormed toward his brazen opponent, David punched his chest hard sending Hercules reeling backwards. The beefy hunk grabbed the Champ's cock to force him back. Then he began to pelt Hercules with a right cross to the chin, then a left and finally a mighty gut punch that lifted the Champ off his feet. Doubled over in pain Hercules dropped to one knee. Slowly he got to his feet only to be head butted in his solar plexus. His back smashed up against one of the Pillars of Woe causing him to cry out. To retaliate Hercules punched David in the face staggering him backwards. He caught his challenger by his pecs and squeezed both of them with all his strength. To David it felt as if his pectoral muscles were being barbarically ripped from his chest. The Champ's grip was so strong that David's nipples turned from beat red to blue. Yet the pain was sexually arousing. He felt a strange sensation coursing throughout his mammoth chest. He

want to lactate, shoot off his man milk. He realized that Hercules was deliberately trying to inflict the greatest humiliation on him by milking him like a woman. All he would have to do was start sucking his nipples and David had no doubt that he'd shoot out his man milk. Fear momentarily gripped his mind. Yet it was all too erotically confusing for him. He felt his brain was about to blow a fuse. In a desperate attempt to relieve some of the torment David began to run in place as he roared out in agony. He tried to force Hercules' hands away. He failed. The erotic torment only ended when the mighty Greek caught his hunky adversary in a crushing side headlock. To David it felt as his head was being squashed to bits as Hercules dragged him around the arena to the ecstatic cheers of the crowd. It took all his strength to power out. Everyone, including the Champ, was dumbfounded by his strength. Instantly the hunky contender flipped the astonished Champ up over his massive shoulders and began to spin him around and around and around. Then a mighty body slam that knocked the breath out of Hercules. Majestically standing over the prone Champ, David arrogantly posed his magnificent physique, flexing and kissing one bicep at a time, then flexing both together, a lat spread followed by a one arm flex with the other hand cupped behind his head, which in turn was followed up by the challenger, still flexing one bicep, stroking his massive manmeat with his free hand.

Stunned by these unseen turn of events, with their champion laying flat on his back before this mighty upstart challenger, the audience began to slowly chant their approval. The musclebound contender pulled the dazed Champ up by his hair. He gathered Hercules up in a brutal, pulverizing bearhug, slamming his cock into the underside of the Greek's, forcing Hercules' cock deep into the Champ's own flesh. Hercules bellowed out in agony, his mighty arms flailing helplessly as his killer phallus was again being smashed to pieces and the breath

of life was being systematically crushed out of his body. The Champ's face contorted in sexual torment as he felt himself about to unleash his load. Desperately he twisted his body, squirming and struggling with all his might as David, grinning in his face, kept up the pounding pressure against his cock and the gut wrenching pressure of his bearhug. Only another timely head butt saved the Champ from certain defeat. Both musclemen staggered backwards. It was Hercules who regained his senses first, He bellowed at his challenger, "Now you'll pay for everything. I'm going to fuck you to death on the mightiest phallus in the world. Prepare to die!" Before his words were completely spoken he slugged David in the stomach, making him retch and doubling him over, The Champ grabbed him by the waist. He threw him up over one of his massive shoulder in an excruciating backbreaker. Bouncing him up and down he sauntered about the arena to the cheers of the spectators as David howled in pain as his arms and legs dangled about helpless. "Now I'm going to tear you in half," threatened the Champ as he easily maneuvered his beefy challenger across both shoulders in a torture rack. Pressing down on David's upper body and legs Hercules began bending his opponent in an agonizing horseshoe. Screaming for all he was worth, David felt as if he was being ripped in two. Again the Champ strolled around the arena showing off for the spectators as he continued to press down on his latest prey. Then Hercules power slammed his nearly unconscious opponent down to the arena floor on his back. David saw stars as he hastily gasped for breath. Again Hercules picked him up and power slammed him back down to the ground ... and again ... and again ... and again, each time leaving an indented silhouette of several inches of David's body in the dirt. Dazed, confused and racked with pain, David could only lay there as the Champion placed his foot on his chest and posed his musclebound body to a very appreciative audience. Glaring

down on his vulnerable challenger Hercules boasted, "Prepare to have your ass ripped to shreds and your body smashed to pieces. I'll toast my victory with your blood before this night is through."



CHAPTER THIRTEEN - C

Battle of the Titans (Cont.)

WITH HERCULES' OMINOUS THREAT ringing in his ears, David slowly regained his senses as he staggered to his feet, only to be caught by the Champ's right cross to his chin that jolted his head back and spun him around. Another mighty fist slugged him so hard in his abs that he started to wrutch as he doubled over, falling to his knees. The Greek hero wasted no time. He slammed his knee into his hunky opponent's face.

David fell backwards.

Hercules mounted his chest and began peppering his face with one powerful blow after another opening many cuts on his forehead, cheeks and splitting his lower lip. David wafted in and out of consciousness as he bled profusely from every gash. But the Champ's brutality was just getting started. He stood up, dragging his adversary with him. David staggered about on wobbly legs, collapsing against his mighty tormentor's chest.

Hercules put him in a standing torture rack. David cried out as he was bent backwards over the Champ's great thigh. He was held in place by the Champion's mighty hand pressing down on his upper chest. Unable to move David became an unwilling sex toy for Hercules to play with.

The Champ rammed his monstrous killer cock under David's. He lifted it up against the challenger's abs and began to rub it up and down with his, jabbing at it, pressing it into his opponent's own flesh while playing with his pecs and nipples with his free hand, sending David into a compensatory state of erotic stimulation and sexual turmoil. To make matters worse, as the mightiest cock in the world swirled, rubbed and punched away at his fuckpole, David felt the hot breath of Hercules sucking on his nipples with such force that he felt he'd lactate, squirting his man milk into the Champ's mouth while at the same time the Champ sexually blew his mind by grabbing hold of his throbbing cock and began to ravenously masturbate him.

David, moaning in erotic torment, was besides himself with sexual arousal as Hercules continued to forcefully suck and suck and stimulate his mammary glands. "I'm going to milk you like a whore, bitch," taunted the Champ. Again he attacked David's nipples with his mouth as he kneaded his pecs. The beefy challenger's head swirled from side to side as he whimpered and sighed in erotic rapture. His whole body shook as his chest heaved with each breath. He was trapped and unable to extricate himself from the might of the Champion. At last he felt himself lactating into the hungry, horny mouth of his musclebound tormentor. It was a sensation like no other he had ever experienced.

Using his teeth, Hercules violently nibbled away at his nipples, almost ripping them off his pecs and causing David to groan loudly as he squirted load after load of his man milk.

Hercules ceased his sucking. He began to massage his opponent's pecs, squeezing them hard so the spectators could see his beefy victim being milked. Their thunderous cheers were as much for Hercules and his supernatural powers as it was for watching his helpless opponent facing the greatest insult that any wrestler could experience.

David, his head slumped backwards, his eyes bugging out of his head, his mouth wide open as he gasped for breath, felt so aroused that his cock was the hardest it had ever been. It felt as if the bone would burst through the skin to shatter into a million pieces.

When the Champ was through shaming his challenger he grabbed him by the hips to raised him effortlessly up in front of his face, as if he weighed no more than a feather. Taking David's manmeat into his mouth Hercules began to suck and bone his challenger. With every lick, suck and scrapping of his teeth he was bring his beefy opponent toward climax.

David, groaning in sexual agony for all he was worth, struggled to free himself from the Champ's might grasp. With steely determination, he refused to be milked at both ends and lose the match. Furiously he began to us his powerful legs to kick away at his adversary. Finally he was able to knee Hercules' chest with enough force that the hold was broken. David dropped to his feet but before he could make a move he was grabbed up in the Greek strongman's mighty bearhug. Now it was his turn to be pulverized, crushed, smashed and brutalized. He cried out in excruciating pain as he felt his ribs being savagely shattered and his cock being squashed by the Champ's. His breathing was severely constricted as he gasped for breath. His chest heaved heavily in agony with what air he could take in. His face was constricted in writhing pain as he flailed away at the Champ's shoulders until the hold was finally broken. David collapsed to the

arena floor gasping for air as the Champ triumphantly stood over him posing his massive physique to the roaring audience.

Their Champion of all Champions was still indomitable and undefeated. Their greatest hero was back and in control of the match. This upstart muscleman was now being paid back for his degrading humiliation of their Champ and they loved it shouting "Fuck him! Destroy him! Fuck him to death!"

Hercules basked in their adulation as he menacingly stroked his mighty fuckpole. He glowered at his fallen adversary. David, still in agony, rolled about the arena floor holding onto his sides as he gasped for breath between coughs, gags and spitting up blood.

Caught in the moment of the crowd's idol worship, Hercules continued to showboat by constantly posing his massive, musclebound body to their roaring delight, giving David time to recover. With the Champ's back turned away from him, he clumsily got to his feet. For a few seconds he staggered about.

Once again, uncontrollable rage took hold of the challenger. He clinched his fist as tight as he could to summon all his might. His body shook with the wrath of vengeance as every muscle flexed to their maximum size. Blood rushed to his head. He felt reinvigorated, powerfully strong. Now he was ready to reek his revenge on the Champ. Like a giant ape gone berserk he let out a great roar. The audience wildly gesticulated for their Champion to look behind him. Hercules turned around to see what all the commotion was all about. As he did David slugged him in the chin rocking the Champ back on his heels.

In rapid succession David began to pummel Hercules with a powerful series of body blows ending with a mighty upper cut that sent the legendary warrior shooting into the air like a rocket. Landing on his back with a great thud, Hercules was stunned and bewildered. Pain riddled his body as never before.

To show his contempt for the Champion, David stood over him. He posed his body saying, "Now I'm going to take you apart." He saddled his mighty thighs across the Greek's massive chest. Like a machine gun he began to riddle his body with one killer blow after another. He savagely flailed away at Hercules' great chest rendering his mighty pecs to putty. Then, systematically, he started on the Champ's left arm, battering away at his bicep until it lost all of its rigid muscle mass making it useless. He did the same to the right bicep as the Champ bellowed ear shattering screams. Like a demon possessed, David was turned on by his sadistic cruelty. His monster cock pulsated and throbbed uncontrollably straight out in front as primal wanton lust overtook him. Lost in this erotic stupor of sadism, David grabbed Hercules right wrist, deliberately bending it back until it snapped. The same was done to the left.

Now the Champion of all Champions had lost all use of both arms. He was rendered totally defenseless. For the first time in his entire life he felt rampant fear. It covered his face as he understood he was about to be physically annihilated, fucked into shameful disgrace, dishonored before the eyes of all Greece. Sliding down to sit across Hercules' powerful thighs, David began to concentrate on the Champ's abs with mighty blows that after ten minutes were turned from rock hard muscled cobblestone to jello.

With each gut wrenching strike, the Greek strongman lurched upwards only to be viciously struck in the face and knocked back down. In time his handsomely masculine features became unrecognizable as his face swelled with puss that seeped out of every wound. His eyes puffed up until they were only little slits. Having taken the once mighty Greek physically apart, David stood triumphantly up over his writhing opponent. The sight of this once indomitable warrior, his musclebound body reduced to a pulp excited David's libido. Mass quantities of pre cum poured out

of his bobbing engorged fuckpole. He posed again for the stunned, dead silent and disbelieving crowd. Angered at their lack of response and appreciation, he gave them the finger, a gesture they were unfamiliar with. He'd take his frustration out on their greatest and mightiest warrior. He forced the nearly comatose Champion to his buckling feet by pulling him up by his massive stiff and throbbing cock. In an astonishing display of pure strength David hoisted Hercules high over his head in a gorilla press. As he pressed the Champ up and down he sucked on his cock, viciously boning it with his teeth, licking and sucking on it with such intense force until the mighty Greek could take no more.

When David inserted his tongue tip into the slit and swirled it around inside Hercules was lost. Herc erupted full force into the challenger's hot, horny mouth and unloaded his strength down his throat. Immediately David felt the surge of Olympian power run throughout his body, doubling, tripling his own strength. The massive amount was so great that David gulped, swallowed and gagged on each eruption as the excess poured out of his mouth, slithering across his chin and like a waterfall fall onto his hairy mountainous chest, covering both his pecs in a white tee-shirt of cum.

The challenger kept up sucking and swallowing the pure might of the Olympian gods, draining Hercules' power from his body. The audience, still shocked by the sudden turn of events, slowly came to realized that all was now lost for their greatest hero. Slowly they began to cheer for the muscle hunk challenger, eventually shouting for David to break Hercules in two and fuck him into submission.

Once he had depleted the Champ of his might, David, holding Hercules across his wide shoulders, spun around and around in circles, causing the weakened Champ to become dizzy.

Everyone in the arena audience held up a “thumbs down” meaning they wanted to see their former hero completely degraded, shamed and humiliated. In one powerful motion David slammed Hercules down across his knee in a torturous backbreaker. Sadistically he began to masturbate him with one hand as if he were milking a cow and with the other he played with the Champ’s nipples, twisting them, violently pulling on them, pinching them hard, driving Hercules into a state of unadulterated sexual torture. The Champ’s massive chest heaved up and down as his moaning sighs of erotic agony mixed with a constant peel of shrieks and screams. Totally powerless to prevent this humiliating sexual assault, the Champ began to shoot off another mighty quantity of cum. Quickly David’s hot mouth dropped down to enfold the squirting cockhead. David forced himself to swallow the erupting fountain of strength. He began to feel powerfully bloated and totally invincible on the strength of Hercules. The Champ could only cry out in sexual anguish as he was again being drained of his might. When he was finally sucked dry, the massive body of Hercules laid collapsed and exhausted across David’s knee.

Victory was now at hand for the muscle bound challenger. Everyone knew it. David looked toward the wings to see



Machiste jumping for unrestrained joy and yelling his head off with pride. David smiled broadly as cum seeped from the corners of his mouth. He blew the Theban a kiss. The spectators were equally cheering, applauding, and stomping their feet. They were witnessing an end of an era, the defeat of their mightiest hero, the death of a true legend and they were ecstatic. History was being made right before their very eyes. David majestically rose up to acknowledge their rapturous adulation. As he did Hercules' body rolled off his knee to crumble to the ground before him. The challenger stood poised with one foot on the Champion's chest as he flexed his mighty arms and posed his magnificent physique in victory. Below him Hercules groaned loudly. A great sigh of resignation escaped his lips. He knew what was about to happen and he had neither the strength or the will to prevent his humiliating, degrading defeat at the hands of this musclebound upstart. He was destitute of might and demoralized by the failure of the Olympian gods to protect him from all challengers to his title.

David, savoring every second of his impending victory, hauled the fallen Champ up to his feet. Stepping behind Hercules he clamped on his mighty full nelson. To torment his Greek foe and to sadistically prolong the impending agony of his disgrace, shame and dishonor, David dry surfed the Champ's ass crack, working his own cock up harder and harder, as he cooed and purred into Hercules' ear, "I'm going to tear you apart, rip you wide open on my cock. I'm going to destroy you, your manhood and your legend for all time. I'm going to turn you into my fuck bitch, Hercules and you're powerless to stop me!" To the spectators he yelled, "Do you want me to take him?" Resoundingly they all shouted to a man, "YES!!!!" as the chant of "Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him!" encircled the arena.

IN ONE SWIFT MOTION DAVID pulled his hips back to place his cockhead directly at Hercules' butt hole. Without hesitation he savagely rammed his mighty fuckpole past the Champ's quivering ass lips. He skewered that virginal muscle butt hard and deep. Hercules, feeling that first intense prick of pain, howled out in agony. David, growling like a mad dog, repeatedly, barbarically ravaged his ass shoving his cock up in it to the hilt as he tore, ripped muscle and tissue to shreds. For David it was the tightest ass he'd ever had. Hercules' muscle butt enfolded his massive manmeat so closely, so powerfully as to be almost impenetrable. At first it was awesomely painful for him to pierce. If Hercules great strength hadn't been siphoned off, he would have undoubtedly been able to grind David's cock to bits with his mighty glutes, if not sever it from his body all together. Once blood began to pour out of the former Champ's asshole, its warm liquid lubricated the passageway and made it easier for David to penetrate up into the fallen Greek warrior. Again and again and again he sadistically rammed up into the former Champ as Hercules cried, screamed and shrieked in total agony and sexual torture. The pain was so great that tears fell from his eyes but he refused to beg for mercy. He still had his pride. He would take whatever the new Champ dished out and never submit, even if it meant his life.

WITH EACH BRUTAL FUCKING, Hercules felt the muscular rigidity of his body giving way until he simply slumped forward impaled on the victor's might cock like a wet dish rag. Only David's massive arms under his shoulders and his mighty hands cupped behind his once powerful pecks kept him upright. To heap more disgrace and humiliation upon the former Champ, David arched

backward, lifting him off his feet. The new Champ released his hold. Hercules, his head now collapsed against his conqueror's massive shoulder, was being held up and crucified by only the power of David's cock. The pain, along with the shame and dishonor, was more than Hercules could bear. With one ear shattering cry the once mighty and invincible son of Zeus shot off a great load as he called upon his Olympian father to spare him. "Father, please grant me death," he begged. "Spare me the endurance of this unendurable shame of defeat. Don't dishonor me further by making me live with this degradation. Come death! Come and take me to Mt. Olympus to live among the gods of the universe." But there was no heavenly reply. Only silence. Conquered by pain and shame, Hercules passed out into unconsciousness.

Not content with his merciless denigration and sexual abuse of the former Champ, David strolled over to one of the Pillars of Woe where he slammed the unconscious body of Hercules up against it as he continued to fuck his bleeding ass to the uproarious cheers of the audience. After repeatedly brutal penetrations, David pulled out and stepped back. His mighty fuckpole bounded up and down as the unconscious body of Hercules dropped with a thud to the arena floor. He spread the former Champ's body out. Hercules began to regain consciousness. He groaned as David spread his legs wide apart. The victor mounted his butt as if he were riding a horse and began to plow Hercules into the ground with one great thrust after another. The former Champ wailed as his legs involuntarily flew up behind him with each violent penetration of David's monster cock. Then his conqueror put him in a deadly camel clutch. "Do you want me to break him in two ... break his back?" shouted David to the audience. They all yelled back, "YES!!" Viciously David leaned back with his hands clasped under Hercules' chin and his cock firmly implanted up his ass. He began

to ride him like a bucking bronco, jerking him up and down. Hercules howled in torment.

SINCE THE SPECTATORS WANTED to see Hercules completely stripped of all his dignity and manhood, David withdrew his throbbing cock from his abused, bleeding ass. He stood up. He reached down to hauled Hercules back up to his feet. He applied a standing torture rack and began to suck, knead and gnaw on Hercules' nipples. Sadistically he teased, "You shamed me before these spectators by sucking off my man milk, now I'm going to take yours and return the insult."

Hercules shook his head as he pleaded, "No! No! No! Please not that! Please leave me some dignity. Not this! Please! No! No! No! ..."

But his pleas fell on deaf ears as David trash talk taunted him. "Pay back is a bitch, bitch. I'm going to suck you so dry your pecs will deflate and sag to your knees." The new Champion sucked, kneaded and sucked some more until Hercules gave up his chest milk. Massaging his massive pecs David showed the audience the shameful spectacle of their former hero being milked like a some farm animal. They applauded and cheered their overwhelming approval. When he was through David savagely pushed Hercules to the ground and rolled him over onto his back and sat down on his abs. He pulled the Greek's hair, forcing his head forward. David bashed his manmeat and balls into it, wiping his cock all over the legendary strongman's face. Again and again he thrust his powerful thighs to grind his fuckpole into the former Champ's face as the audience chanted, "Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him to death!" Glowering over his victory, David forced Hercules to open his mouth and suck his mighty manmeat. "Get me nice and hard," he ordered with a

broad smile on his face. "Worship my cock, Hercules, 'cause this is the cock that rules your world." With no other choice, the famous muscleman complied, sucking, swirling his tongue all around the massive head, inserting the tip into the piss slit, causing David to moan in erotic rapture. Once he felt he was hard enough, the conqueror of Hercules stood up and began to stroll about the arena floor, posing his body and flexing his arms to the appreciative delight of the spectators. Once he made one complete circuit he stopped near the fallen hero. He commanded the defeated Greek to come to him. Depleted of all his mighty strength, disgraced and without honor, Hercules crawled over on all fours like an obedient dog. He clutched at David's massive legs desperately trying to raise himself up. The victor again slapped his face with his cock. The audience laughed and cheered wildly over the helpless distress of their former hero. David taunted him saying, "They're with me now. I'm their Champion of all Champions and you ... you're just fuck meat. I'm the greatest champion of all times because I conquered you. To be the best you have to beat the best," he boasted as he held Hercules by his hair and unloaded his cum all over his face. The crowd chanted, "Fuck him! Destroy him! Make him submit!"

UNABLE TO TAKE ANYMORE physical punishment, sexual abuse or shame, Hercules finally begged for mercy. Unmoved by his plea David remarked coldly, "There is no mercy in pancratium wrestling. You know that. Did you ever show mercy to your victims? No! So why should I with you." That said he forced Hercules to lay on his back as he covered his body with more cum. When he was through he picked him up in his mighty arms, cradling him like a child and began to lick his own cum off the former Champ's body. He then began to suck on his cock

draining the last of his strength from his body as Hercules cried and writhed about in his arms. That done, he simply tossed the Greek to the ground like so much garbage being thrown away. Unsteady, gasping for breath, Hercules weakly tried to get to all fours once again but was stopped by David, who put his foot on the back of his neck, forcing him back down to the ground. To add one last degrading humiliation to the deposed Champ, David began to piss on him, covering the fallen strongman in a golden shower. This was the most humiliating beating ever witnessed in the arena. With a cocky grin and flexing his mighty arms, David continued to rain his piss down on Hercules. The spectators registered their overwhelming approval by cheering. For David this sadistic sexual abuse spoke to something satisfyingly deep inside him. Some ancient, primal code took over his body that turned him into a barbaric savage beast bent on total destruction of Hercules. He was completely overcome by its alluring power to master this Greek hero. He wanted, no, needed to dominate Hercules with his mighty cock, to force him to submit to his greater masculinity so he went at it like some wild animal devouring its prey. He wanted to fuck Hercules hard in a good old power grudge fuck, as if fucking him somehow erased the humiliating beating he had endured earlier in the match. These two massively built men had been joined in a sexual battle for dominance, to decide who was the master of the other. One would dominate and the other would submit or die ... that was, after all, nature's way and nature was never questioned.

AS A FINAL ACT OF DISHONOR toward the former Champ, David forced him to his feet. For a moment the Greek pathetically staggered about on bucking legs until David caught him by his hips. In one movement he hoisted Hercules up off his feet, then violently slammed him back down on his monster cock as he

enfolded him in a brutal bearhug. This time there would be no escape. Hercules had no strength left to extricate himself. As David savagely pounded his monster fuckpole up into the fallen Champ he barbarically squeezed the body of Hercules with all his might, causing him to wail out in agony. Hercules' face became petrified in pain. Between the whimpers and screams, the once vainly proud Greek, begged for his life. As David unloaded his power up into him, Hercules felt the last of his stamina fading. He hung lifeless, like a rag doll, in his conqueror's mighty arms, his head resting on David's massive shoulder, his magnificent body totally collapsed against his musclebound tormentor's, his massive arms dangling useless at his side. The erotic sensation of having his phallus smashed between his great body and David's caused the last remnants of his once legendary strength to forcibly ejaculate out as a few miserable dribbles of cum. With his last breath he cried out, "I submit! I submit! I submiiii ..." He had lost consciousness again. For Hercules it was mercifully all over. The strongman was broken. His legend was dead. David was now the ultimate Champion of all Champions. The conqueror of the mighty Hercules. The audience broke out in unrestrained jubilation of cheers, howls, stomping feet. Near hysteria of joy reigned throughout the arena as David released the former Champ. Hercules massively muscled body slid down his like a tear drop to lay in a heap at his feet.

BURSTING FROM THE WINGS, Machiste ran forward and jumped into David's arms as he covered his face with kisses. The new Champion strutted about the arena holding tightly onto the Theban, accepting the raucous plaudits of the spectators, while all the time Machiste kept patting him on his massive back.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

David vs. Hercules

"UMMM," MOANED DAVID as he felt someone tapping him on the shoulder.

"Wake up sleepy head," chided Machiste. "The sun is setting. It's time to get over to the arena."

"What? What for?" asked a groggy David.

"What for! For the championship match with Hercules, that's what for!"

"What match? I already won!"

"Won what? Come on. Wake up," Machiste ordered as he violently shook David awake. "Come on we can't be late or you'll lose by default. Come on wake up!" His jostling finally roused David from his slumber.

The would be champion yawned, wiped the sleep from his eyes and stretched out his mighty arms. He flexed both his

massive biceps as he scratched his head. "That was one great dream I had," he sighed.

"What was it about?"

"I beat the living shit out of Hercules and fucked him into submission. It was so real. I felt everything as if it were real."

"Sounds like a good omen," replied Machiste.

"Yeah, a real premonition. It was just so real. It has to come true. It just has to come true."

"Well, it won't if we don't get dressed quickly and get over to the arena fast," said the Theban. "Come on. We have little time to waste."

A HUMONGOUS MASS OF HUMANITY crammed into the arena to witness, first hand, the epic battle between Hercules and David. All afternoon throngs of people could only talk about David's extraordinary victory over Atlas. His fame spread, like wildfire, throughout Athens and the surrounding countryside. So great was the pre-final match publicity that men and boys fought for seats and standing room. Not a crawl space was left empty by fight time. All had come to see what was being billed as the greatest pancratium wrestling match of all time - a war of muscle against muscle - brute strength against brute strength - fought to total submission by the two biggest and mightiest of men.

The arena was aglow with flaming torches that encircled the floor, climbed up the stairs and posted throughout the landings. The den of noise was deafening as last minute bets were hastily made. A few touts had Hercules' chances of retaining his championship at 50/50, while most had him rated as 60/40. Still the anticipation and excitement could be felt in the air as the

impatient crowd began to stomp their feet, hoot and howler, calling for the two musclebound warriors to come out and battle to the finish.

Backstage David was being dressed in a short white silk robe by attendants. The coolness of the fabric felt refreshingly soothing against his skin. Machiste joked that if the knee length robe was any shorter David's phallus and ball sack would be totally exposed. Other attendants hovered around the doorway admiring Dave's phenomenal physique. One passerby disparagingly remarked, "They're dressing him in white to be a human sacrifice for Hercules' phallus." Machiste heard the unnerving comment. He was pleased David was too busy being engrossed by his image in a mirror to have heard it.

An assistant to the Master of Ceremonies arrived to usher Dave to the arena. As they approached the archway entrance to the arena floor David stopped - turned to Machiste - enfolding him in his arms he tenderly kissed him. "If it wasn't for you I wouldn't be here to fulfill my destiny. I owe you everything." The two embraced again and parted. David stood just behind the archway curtain waiting to be announced. As he waited he could hear a flurry of activity coming from the opposite side of the arena. Hercules and his entourage had arrived. He strained to see the Champ but he was concealed behind the archway by fawning attendants. All of Dave's hopes, wants and desires came flooding back into his mind. That afternoon's dream played on him. How he wanted to defeat Hercules, suck him off, drink his Olympian strength and fuck him into submission on his mighty cock. He could feel it ... he could sense it ... he could taste it as he did in his dream. His thoughts were interrupted by the blaring of trumpets and the voice of the Master of Ceremonies.

"PEOPLE! PEOPLE! May I have your undivided attention," shouted the Master of Ceremonies. "This evening we have the

rarest of opportunities to witness the greatest titanic struggle between the two strongest men in the world. There can be only one winner and that winner will be hailed as the greatest of the great, the Champion of Champions. (The audience eagerly applauded) What we will see here tonight will go down in the annals of history. (More applause) The mightiest of the mightiest will do battle. Bones will be crushed. Blood will be spilled. Muscles will be strained to their limits of endurance ... and beyond. And when it's all over ... only one man will be left standing over the prostrate mangled body of his drained, fucked opponent. (More applause) People! I give you the combatant wrestlers. First the challenger. This mighty warrior has proven beyond any doubt his worthiness to challenge the Champion. Today alone he has defeated Ursis of Corinth, Battista of Utica, Achilles of Sparta, Bruta the Nubian and Atlas of Hellas in hand to hand combat. He is a young man of incredible strength and physique. I give you DAVID OF SANTA MONICA!" The trumpets sounded a fanfare.

Waiting until the applause reached fever pitch David stepped out onto the arena floor. The ovation was thunderous. There he stood basking in this wild adulation. He wanted to pose for the crowd but his robe was too constrictive. So he just stood there taking in all the cheers and applause. A smile of absolute confidence beamed from his face. This was what he was born for ... to defeat and strip Hercules of his title and to be the Champion of all Champions. His dream would come true.

Repeatedly the Master of Ceremonies called for silence. Once the arena quieted down he continued his introductions. "And now for our Champion. (A smattering of applause was heard) He needs no introduction. His fame, strength and magnificent physique are known to all of us. We all know of his legendary twelve labors, of his single handed defeat of the barbaric Persian hordes at the gates of Marathon that save all of

Greece from enslavement, of his conquest of the Cyclops of Colchus, of his victory over the Cretan Bull, the slaying of the infamous Hydra, the killing of the Nemean Lion with his bare hands and his numerous victories in defense of his title as Champion of all Champions - his historic conquering of Apollo of Delphi and his victories over Samson of Palestine, Goliath the Philistine, Thor of Nordica, Theseus of Athens, Ares of Argos and the giant Ascus. It is my supreme pleasure to introduce the greatest of all Greek heroes, our undisputed Champion of all Champions ... the greatest pancratiun wrestler of all times ... HERCULES!!!” Once more the trumpets blared out a fanfare.



THE CROWD LOST ALL CONTROL at the mentioning of the Champion's name. Their unrestrained, jubilant, raucous acclamation bordered on hysterical idol worship. People were standing, jumping, contorting their bodies in wild gyrations as Hercules strolled slowly, confidently into the arena. In a brilliant short red silk robe he sauntered coolly to the center of the floor to take his place next to the Master of Ceremonies and his musclebound challenger. David had never been this close to the Champion and he was awe struck at his mammoth muscular size. He gawked at his hugeness. Little wonder he made the biggest men look small. David knew all too well that power. He did that everywhere he went, at the gym, clubs, on the street ... everywhere. Eyeing Hercules was like looking into a life size living mirror. He thought he's as big as me - maybe even (he gulped) bigger. For a brief moment he felt inferior, tiny, small, weak and puny standing next to this massive musclebound monster of a man. The Master of Ceremonies had the two titans turned to face one another once the applause died down. The two stared transfixed at each other. Hercules' eyes penetrated, burning deep into David's, their intensity and power projecting steely resolution and unshakable confidence. Dave was mesmerized by their power, as if he was welded in place, by some invisible force. Get hold of yourself he thought. He's trying to psyche you out. You're almost as big as him and just as strong. You have the might of thirty of the strongest men in the world inside you. He's yours for the taking. It's my destiny. That dream was an omen of what's to come. Dave turned his confident gaze on the Champ who just smiled arrogantly back.

The Master of Ceremonies called for attendants to come forward to remove the wrestler's robes. When their naked bodies were revealed a collective sigh of astonishment and disbelief, at such massive muscles, filled the arena. No Olympian gods were

bigger. The appreciative audience stood and cheered enthusiastically. David could not help but marvel at the Champion's massive body and his monstrous cock. It was even bigger than his and thicker ... a killer phallus if there ever was one. Trumpets sounded a fanfare. Then as the drums began to beat out their cadence as the Master of Ceremonies withdrew. The gong sounded - a hush fell over the arena as the two musclebound behemoths stood facing one another ... admiring each others body. All Dave could think about was his dream and sucking the Champ off ... of fucking him into submission. How he wanted to feel their two great body pressed together. How he wanted to crush Hercules in his mighty arms ... how he wanted to hear him scream for mercy. His erect cock throbbed and strained at the thought as pre cum flooded the head. He felt himself wanting to shoot his load then and there.

"I'm six foot six and the best part of three hundred and eighty pounds," David declared to the Champ as the two musclemen stood facing one another. "I'd guess you're six foot eight and four hundred pounds. It's not often I get to meet someone as tall ... as big as me, let alone taller and bigger." Hercules said nothing. "My chest is 80 inches," continued the challenger. "I guess yours is 85 inches." Still Hercules made no attempt at a reply. "My waist is 36 inches. Yours looks the same." Still no response. "My thighs are 44 inches apiece. Yours look like they're nearly 48 inches." This time David did not wait for an answer. "My arms are 24 inches cold and 33 inches flexed. I bet yours go 28 inches cold and 36 inches flexed and my calves are 28 inches. Yours are probably 32 inches." Hercules only grinned a confident smile as he contemptuously looked his opponent up and down. Not to be out done, David took a step back, folded his arms and mockingly looked the Champion up and down as well. The two massive titans stood transfixed as they sized each other up. Dave got the feeling

Hercules didn't much like being challenged by someone near his own size. He sensed strong hostile vibes that for a moment were most disconcerting. However his attention was consumed by Hercules' magnificent body. It was if it was chiseled out of pure granite. How it turned him on. His cock throbbed with unrepentant desire to make a home up the Champion's ass. For a moment he diverted his eyes from Hercules' intense stare. They dropped down to the Champion's groin. His monster cock too was pulsating with desire for him. Dave thought to himself we're practically the same height, the same age, same build, same muscle. Apart from those very few inches, no one can tell us apart. Machiste was right. I'm a match for him. I can beat him, be the first to suck him off, drink his strength, fuck him and be the conqueror of the Mighty Hercules. My dream will come true. It is an omen.

The two wrestlers begin to prowling around one another, continually sizing up each others bodies. David could feel his heart pounding away as Hercules opened his mouth and let the tip of his tongue lick round his lips. He was much too close not to get the inference of this gesture. The Champion wanted him as a trophy fuck to prove to all the world that he was still invincible and the mightiest man alive. They stopped circling one another. They just stood there face to face. Hercules put his hands on his hip, his mountainous chest puffed up. David couldn't help but be impressed. He realized the Champ had the most amazing quads he'd ever seen on a guy. His calves were huge. His cock was massive, even bigger than his and thicker too. If limp it would have hung to his knees but it was erect and shot straight out like a gigantic piece of iron pipe. And the cockhead was the most beautiful he'd ever seen, a perfect mushroom shape. His whole body was something out of a muscleman's greatest fantasy. A bead of pre cum oozed from Dave's cock. It was about to drop from his piss slit when Hercules took his hand off his hip long

enough to rescue the bead from the very tip of his opponent's dick. Looking David straight in the eye, he licked it off his finger. Dave's cock twitched.

Hercules was the first to make a move. In a booming base voice he bellowed, "I'm Hercules! Son of Olympus. I have the might of the universe! I am invincible!" He flexed his arms and challenged his opponent to feel them. Dave stepped forward ... their cockheads slid up next to each others. Hercules' cockheads pressed into Dave's groin, enmeshing itself in his pubic hairs. David felt the uncomfortable pain of its might ... while his cockhead only reached to the tops of the Champion's pubes. Standing so close to the Champ, Dave could feel his power, his might radiating as body heat. It was nearly hypnotizing. He felt Hercules huge arms. They were like boulders of granite ... rock hard. Not to be out shown, Dave flexed his arms. Hercules felt them and nodded. The Champ flexed his pecs. Like a mountain range of pure muscle thought David as he ran his hands all over them. He reciprocated by puffing up his chest. Hercules ran his hands over the monstrous pecs, even playfully flicking the nipples which send a shock wave throughout Dave's body. He quivered which made the Champ grin all the more. "Tender," cited the Champ. "I'll remember that for later, Muscleboy," sneered the Champ. The tone in his voice when he said "Muscleboy" was degrading. Hercules took his opponent's hand and placed it on his gigantic cock as he cupped David's manmeat in his. They began to stroke one another. Dave glanced down to see the massive fuckpole in his hand. The greatest, strongest cock he'd ever seen ... even bigger than his own twelve inches and as straight as an arrow ... thicker and heavier to the touch. But it was the cockhead that entranced him ... so perfect ... so large ... so round ... so well proportioned. He wondered if he could fit it all in his mouth. At that moment he wanted to sink to his knees and began to suck on it, to make oral love to it, to worship it, to

bring the Champ to a body trembling climax and to drain the strength from his body ,,, to suck him off with such force that when he was through Hercules would collapse unconscious to the ground before him. He was still deep in thought when Hercules began to squeeze his cock. Dave winced in pain as he returned to his senses. He did the same to the Champ and began to squeeze as well, only Hercules just took it and smiled. "You'll only make me harder, Muscleboy" he said with that degrading sneer in his voice. "And the harder I get the worse it will be for you when I fuck you into submission later on."

David, never one to back down, squeezed even harder. He was determined to wipe that arrogant smirk off the Champ's face ... but he showed no sign of pain. To taunt his opponent even more Hercules released Dave's cock. He flexed his arms, clasping them behind his neck ... the veins in his mighty biceps bursting under the skin. He challenged his opponent to squeeze as hard as he could. "No mortal can crush my phallus!" he boasted. Dave took up the challenge. He began to squeezed with all his might. It was like trying to crush a massive iron pipe in your hand he thought. He repeatedly applied all his strength but he couldn't do it and all the time Hercules just stood there ... arms flexed ... smiling at Dave's futile attempt. In frustration David grabbed the Champ's cock with both hands and squeezed for all he was worth ... gritting his teeth and straining his face. Still the Champ only grinned and flexed and said, "You really want me to rip you apart, don't you, Muscleboy?"

"We'll see who fucks whom," replied the determined challenger. "I hear you like it rough. The rougher the better. Well how's this?" He lifted the Champ up off his feet by his cock. David quickly turned the hold into an over the head body press to the astonishment of the crowd. Here he was standing in the center of the arena pressing Hercules over his head. "Who's in control now," he gleefully shouted at the Champ. "Be prepared to

be sucked off and fucked.” As he lowered Hercules he took his massive fuckpole into his mouth. The mushroom shaped head hardly fitted passed his lips and puckered his cheeks out from the inside of his mouth. With some difficulty he began to suck on it, licking it, swirling his tongue over the enormous cockhead, probing the piss slit with the tip of his tongue. David felt Hercules’ body tense as the Champ moaned in pleasure. He thought he had him. His dream was coming true. He started to bone the Champ’s cock, scraping his teeth over its entire length. The audience went into a frenzy. No one had ever seen Hercules so easily manhandled - let alone someone taking all his fourteen inches into their mouth. Standing in an archway at the rear of the arena Machiste shouted encouragement. David plainly heard him. He turned in his direction to smile while pressing the Champ overhead. It was a struggle for Dave to swallow all of Hercules’ cock. He had to hold his head straight back to open up his entire throat and slowly lower the Champ down until his face was pressed up against Hercules’ groin, his pubes smothering his face.

Again and again David pressed the Champ and swallowed his cock - the mightiest cock in all the world. He felt empowered as he licked Hercules’ pre cum - but there was no climax - no hot steamy loads of cum - no matter how hard he sucked and boned. Frustrated Dave body slammed the Champ to the arena floor. Hercules was momentarily dazed. Dave pounced on top of him, his massive thighs holding Hercules’ equally massive thighs to the ground, his hands pressing Hercules’ shoulders to the floor as he placed his cockhead directly behind the Champ’s cockhead. He began to press forward. Hercules only grunted and smiled as David continued to pressed his cock forward but the strongest cock in the world refused to budge. “No mere mortal can fuck my phallus with his,” stated the Champ pompously.

"We'll see about that!" David replied defiantly forcing his manmeat against Hercules' cock. He strained and strained but he couldn't move it back down onto the Champ's stomach where he hoped to cock fuck Hercules and make him shoot off his strength. With all his might he pushed forward feeling his own cock beginning to bend in the middle ... to painfully arc. The strain was so great and erotically painful that Dave wanted to shoot his own load all over Hercules' monstrous fuckpole. The Champ showed no sign of discomfort. He only kept flashing that arrogant grin at his challenger. He made no attempt to escape. Realizing the futility of his move Dave rolled off the Champ just as he felt himself reaching climax. He jumped to his feet. Before Hercules could move the challenger hit him with several powerful flying elbows that smashed against the Champ's chest and stomach. Hercules winced and groaned. David knew he had hurt him. He was pleased with himself. He remembered Machiste's advise that he had to make Hercules feel pain, intense pain in order to help sap some of his strength. He reached down and grabbed a hunk of the Champ's hair. He forced him to his feet. He lifted Hercules up in his arms and crashed him down across his knee in a backbreaker. Again Dave began to suck on the Champ's cock as he massaged his balls with his free hand. As he sucked David could only think that the mightiest cock in all the world was in his mouth. He delighted in boning it, licking it, sucking on it with all his might. It was almost like worshipping it. It gave him a thrill he'd never experienced before. If only he could force Hercules to climax and suck his strength from his body his dream would come true. He would be the Champion of all Champions. His name would live forever in the annals history as a legend killer ... the conqueror of the mighty Hercules. But nothing happened. The Champ only grunted in pleasure but no cum. David knew he would have to wear Hercules down more before victory would be his.



CHAPTER FIFTEEN

David vs. Hercules Continues

DAVID ROLLED THE CHAMP OFF HIS KNEE and onto his back. He straddled Hercules pinning his arms to his sides with his mighty thighs as he sat down on the Champs stomach. He could feel the Champs cock riding up his ass crack. He began to pummel away at Hercules' massive chest with blow after powerful blow. Hercules grimaced with each clubbing punch. For Dave it was like striking solid concrete. His fists burned red with pain.

Effortlessly Hercules powered his arms up throwing the challenger off. Both musclemen scrambled to their feet. The Champ caught his opponent in a standing torture rack. He bent him back across his massive thigh. With his free hand he stroked David's cock ... then grabbed his half inch nipples, He twisted one and then the other sending electrical shock waves throughout his opponent's musclebound body. As he played with the nipples his cock rubbed up and down the underside of Dave's fuckpole ... forcing it up against his challenger's own stomach ... adding to

the torment of ecstasy he was feeling. David moaned. His breathing was heavy. His mighty chest heaved. It was all too reminiscent of his dream when the Champ humiliated him by lactating his pecs. But this time the Champ released him, dropping him to the ground. Quickly David bounced back up to his feet.

The two buck naked muscle hunks started to circle around each other, looking, feeling, pouching, striking at their amazingly similar bodies. For a moment they ceased moving. Hercules, standing with his legs apart flexed his mighty arms, as if to challenge David to be as big as him. He clinched his fists to encourage his vascularity to rush across his arms, flexing his triceps, puffing up his chest, at the same time tightening his magnificent eight pack abs. Other than himself, David has never met anyone as perfectly proportioned as himself, with all that amazing size. Both their cocks throbbed, bobbing up and down ... both cocks dripping pre cum onto the arena floor.

Dave could only look on stunned at the massively muscled body of the Champ. He could only shake his head in wonderment. He was at a loss for words. "I never thought I'd ever meet anyone like you," he blurted out only half conscious of what he was saying. He could so easily shoot his load just watching the Champ pose. Finally, gathering his wits about him, he strolled right up to Hercules. He forced his body right up against the Champ's. He started to flex his arms. Hercules flexed his biceps out to the side. They swelled and swelled as if they would never stop, muscle piling on top of muscle, and thick veins snaking on top underneath paper thin skin. Arrogantly he kissed his own bicep ... then looked at Dave and bent his arm around right under his nose where it seemed to grow even bigger, even harder. Not to be out done, David did the same, matching muscle for muscle. Both musclemen went scarlet in the face as they pumped and flexed their massive guns. Then it was pec time.

David took a step backwards to give himself room. He did a lat spread, bringing his elbows forward to puff up his chest, deliberately bumping them hard into Hercules'. The Champ pushed his fists together in a most muscular to swell his pecs to their monstrous limits. Keeping his feet together Hercules threw his arms over Dave's head, drawing him in close as he forced his opponent's pecs into his.

Together they both flexed and flexed hard up against each other. The Champ's rock hard nipples continuously scrapped across David's causing him to shudder and groan. Hercules' cock pressed up against the underside of Dave's crushing it against his own stomach. He cried out in pain. His head shook as his face grimaced. It was erotic agony of the greatest pleasure. The Champ stuck out his leg. He started flexing his monstrous quads into a thousand striations. David could tell by his triumphant grin Hercules knew his legs were bigger than his. To steal one from the Champ, Dave twisted his leg behind his knee, causing Hercules to fall hard against him. David got his arms around the Champ's waist in a bearhug. He began to squeeze hard. Hercules wrapped his arms around his opponent's shoulders in a bearhug and squeezed.

Both musclemen writhed in pain, groaning and gasping for breath. Like two massive boa constrictors they struggled to crush the life out of each another. Sweat poured from their bodies, their faces burned red from the strain as each winced from the others pulverizing might, their muscles bulging to their limits, their chests heaving, their pre cum dripping freely as their cocks were squashed against each others abs. The torturous pain of Hercules' bearhug was getting to Dave.

He couldn't breathe. He started to feel faint. He lost his grip. His arms fell to his side as the Champ's might proved too much for him. "Uuuuuhh!" he sighed. "Oooooooooowwww!" he

groaned as Hercules savagely crushed his challenger against his monstrously muscled body. A sadistic grin plastered Hercules' face as David's futile attempts to escape only delight him. With one last mighty attempt Dave was finally able to break free and push himself away from the Champ.

Instantly Hercules caught him in a side headlock. As the Champ began to grind it out Dave felt his head being crushed like a ripe coconut between Hercules' mighty arms and chest. The Champ dragged the challenger around the arena in a wide circle as Dave valiantly struggled to free himself. He grabbed both Hercules' wrists with his hands and with all his strength tried to force a break ... his biceps bulging to their maximum size ... their vein striation bursting under the skin ... but to no avail. He was caught hard and fast. The blood rushed to his head. He felt dizzy. In desperation he reached down ... caught the Champ's leg and threw him to the ground.

Dave jumped on top of Hercules' back ... his cock cradled in his ass crack as he applied a half nelson. He dry surfed the Champ. Hercules easily powered out, rolled Dave over on his back. Laying on top of the challenger... his mighty fuckpole resting lengthwise in Dave's ass crack, Hercules returned the favor. He dry surfed his opponent ... grunting with great delight in David's ear as he whispers "I could fuck you into submission right now Muscleboy and there's nothing you can do about it." He applied a full nelson forcing Dave's forehead into the ground. He laughed as David vainly tried to struggle free.

After several feeble attempts, Dave was able to power out and caught the Champ in a leg scissors. He squeezed Hercules' waist with his mighty thighs causing the Champ to wince in pain and cry out. Quickly Dave mounted the prone Champion. Hercules' cock rode up Dave's stomach as Dave's cock laid across the Champ's 8 pack abs. The challenger powered Hercules' arms

down behind his head as he crawled forward to hold the Champ's shoulders to the floor with his thighs. As he sat up Dave's balls come to rest on the Hercules' chin ... his cock covering the Champ's face. In a deliberate attempt to humiliate his opponent, David arrogantly flexed his one arm ... with the other hand he took his cock and began to beat the Champ's face with it using his fuckpole as a truncheon. Hercules rolled his head from side to side trying to avoid the cock beating to his face. To add more insult, David smeared his pre cum all over the Champ's face.

Having enough of his hunky challenger's display of arrogance, Hercules powered out from under David, throwing him over onto his back. The Champ quickly rolled on top of his challenger and nestled himself between David's thighs. He pounded away at his opponent's stomach and chest as his cock rammed up into Dave's ball sack. David cried out in agony. His body involuntarily jerked upward with each mighty blow to his solar plexus. Finally Dave was able to raise his legs up high enough to capture the Champ's head. He push Hercules onto his back. The challenger jumped on top of the Champ and captured his cock in both hands. He began to suck hard the mightiest cock in the world as his knees held the Champ's shoulders to the ground, his ass covering Hercules' face. The Champ wasted little time in meeting the challenge. He inserted his tongue up into Dave's bung hole, swirling it around, tickling his ass lips making them quiver with desire. Dave came up for air. He groaned with rapturous delight. His body stiffen and shook as the Champ's tongue went deep inside him. David moaned almost to the point of swooning. He was only able to breath in short, sharp gasps ... his head tossed from side to side as the sensation began to overcome him and all the time he unknowingly continued to stroke the Champ's massive cock. The challenger returned to sucking Hercules' manmeat ... until his head was captured

between the Champ's legs in a headlock. Dave was thrown off his opponent.

Both men, intertwined in each other arms, rolled around the arena floor. David ended up on his back with Hercules sprawled across his body - the Champ's head between David's feet. Hercules was held in place by the challenger's powerful legs, pinning him across the back of his shoulders. Dave sat up and playfully smacked the Champ's granite hard glutes. "Your ass is mine," he gloated. David grabbed a handful of Hercules' ass cheeks and squeezed causing the Champ to groan. Hercules caught his opponent's foot. He twisted it with both hands. Dave cried out as he rolled over to find himself in a pulverizing leg scissors.

Hercules' mighty thighs began to crush the breath out of his chest as the Champ started to play with his challenger's ass cheeks ... running two of his fingers up into them ... tickling his ass lips.

David struggled to free himself but was held a prisoner between the Champ's mighty legs. Hercules put Dave on his back. He wrapped his arm under one of the challenger's legs and the other around his lat and head, clasping his hands together. He started to squeeze his opponent. "You're mine Muscleboy whenever I want you," bellowed Hercules as David ineffectually struggled to free himself from being compressed together. Still with his opponent wrapped up in his arms Hercules stood up as he continued to squeeze the life out of him. He lifted Dave up to his chest and in a power slam, crashed him to the arena floor.

Though momentarily stunned David caught the Champ's legs as he approached and flipped him onto his back. He lifted Hercules' legs up pinning his shoulders to the ground. With great exertion he spread the Champ's legs far apart as if to split his opponent in two. Dave bent his head forward and started to suck

on Hercules' cockhead causing the Champ to groan in great discomfort. With his tongue tip he invaded the piss slit, twirling the tip deep inside. Hercules' body stiffened and began to shake uncontrollably as the Champ grunted with pleasure. The Champion panted ... moaned and sighed as David continued to work on his cockhead. A sense of self satisfaction overcame the challenger as he licked a massive amount of pre cum off the mighty cock. The pre cum seemed to rejuvenate him. He felt stronger and in control. But such a feeling was short lived.

Hercules over powered his opponent's hold by straightening out his legs and tossing Dave onto his back. The Champ stood up ... applied a step over toe hold before going down on one knee. David yelled out in agony as Hercules twisted his foot to the point of nearly snapping it off. The challenger reached up and grasped Hercules' arm with both hands, trying to force a break but the pain was too great. He fell back down to the ground. David countered with his one free leg. He knocked the Champ off of him. He attacked the prone Champ with mighty blows to his back. Hercules grunted in pain with each pounding blow. To add insult to injury, Dave dry-surfed the Champ's ass. "Your ass is mine Chump ... I mean Champ," he growled. "I could so easily fuck you right now. As a matter of fact ... I think I will."

Dave arched his back. He placed his cockhead directly over the Champ's bung hole and slowly lowered his fuckpole between Hercules' glutes until his cockhead began to press up against the Champ's ass lips. "Here it comes Hercules. You're going to get yours. Here it comes!" David savored the moment. His dream were about to come true. He would be the killer of a legend ... the conqueror of the mighty Hercules. With an unmistakable glint of conquest in his eyes he glanced toward the wings where Machiste was standing.

The Theban's face beamed with pride at his lovers moment of victory. The overflow crowd was bathed in stunned silence as the greatest of all Greek heroes was about to be fucked into submission. The end of an era was at hand. They were all witnessing the death of a legend.

But no! Hercules was heard laughing as he clinched his ass cheeks so tight against Dave's cockhead that the challenger screamed out in a mighty roar of agony. The iron gates to the Champ's fuck hole were slammed shut. David was barred from penetrating any farther. Dave had no choice but to withdraw for fear having his cock smashed to bits and pieces between Hercules' massively powerful glutes. The pain was so intense that Dave fell over onto his back holding his cock in both hands as his body writhed about the ground. His piercing screams filled the arena.

Hercules wasted no time. He pounced upon his opponent grabbing David's cock in one hand and his balls in the other. He began to squeeze as he stood over him. Dave's screams intensified in torment as Hercules squeezed and squeezed. The Champ briskly ordered him to "STAND-UP!" while he continued to squeeze his private parts. Dave struggled to his feet as he continued to cry out in pain. Facing his tormentor ... his teeth gritted together ... his face contorted in suffering ... his eyes flooded with tears ... gasping for breath ... David felt his own strength quickly fading from the pain. He tried to pull away ... his hands clutching at Hercules' arms to force a break. With one last mighty effort he broke the Champ's hold only to find himself caught in a crushing side headlock. Dave struggled to free himself as Hercules continued to grind out the punishment. The Champ turned the hold into a one arm front headlock and began to rain down terrible, pulverizing blows upon David's massive back that sent the challenger crumbling to the floor on all fours. Hercules mounted his back forcing Dave to the ground in a full

nelson. The Champ's cockhead penetrated up into Dave's ass and pressed hard against his ass lips. "You're not man enough to stop me from fucking you right now," whispered Hercules as he thrust his mighty hips forward ... plunging his monster cock deep into Dave's ass. David screamed out as he felt that first piercing, painful ripping apart of his virginal ass lips. His ass was being shredded apart and nailed to the arena floor. Hercules grunted in pleasure as he whispered in his challenger's ear, "A virgin .. a Muscleboy? So tight! Your ass enfolds my phallus so nicely. It will be a pleasure to tear you wide open. But don't worry Muscleboy. This is just between you and me. The audience doesn't need to know about it. I'm not going to fuck you into submission right now. This is only a taste of what's to come." The Champ thrust his massively long and thick cock into Dave two more times before withdrawing completely. "You're my fuck bitch whenever I want you," Hercules whispered emphatically, "and now you know it too!"

Just that brief encounter left Dave exhausted. He felt humiliated by the incident as he laid on the ground with Hercules on top of him, tauntingly dry surfing his ass and sadistically snickering away to himself. "This can't be," he moaned. "It's not part of the dream. No! No! It can't be true." To himself the thought, does this mean my dream won't come true? That thought greatly disturbed him. He shook his head to dispel any such notion. He convinced himself that this was just a minor set back. He still could win and make his dream a reality. The audience, after all, was totally unaware of the fucking that had just taken place. They simply thought the Champ was playfully dry surfing him. For the first time in his life, David realized what erotic sexual torment he had inflicted on others that he had forcefully fucked. He felt regretful for those he had violated. But for now the match continued and he had to gather his thoughts. Officially his ass was still unconquered territory. He was still

undefeated. He was still in the fight. He was still a worthy challenger to the great Hercules.

The Champ sat up, straddling his opponent's massive back as he applied mighty forearm smashes to the small of David's back. With each blow Dave cried out in pain as his arms and legs involuntarily jerked upward. The Champ stood up. He grabbed a hunk of his challenger's hair and forced him to his feet. Holding Dave upright Hercules pounded his knee into his back and side nine times before releasing him. The challenger crumbled to the arena floor. Hercules got his opponent into a camel clutch, forcing Dave's arms across the Champ's enormous thighs. Hercules ass rested on top of Dave's. The Champ put his hands under the challenger's chin. He violently pulled his head and neck up against his chest. Dave groaned in excruciating torment. He felt faint from the pain. His body went limp, yet he did not lose consciousness.

Hercules let go of the hold. He forced him up to his feet where he power lifted him over his head. He began to suck his cock as he pressed him up and down. Dave moaned in pleasure as the powerful suction of Hercules' mouth brought him to near climax. He fought with all the strength left in his body not to shoot his load. Yet he couldn't help squirt his pre cum all over the Champ's tongue that licked and swirled about his cockhead getting every drop of it.

But the Champ wasn't ready to suck the strength from his opponent's body. He was just toying with him and David knew it and hated the fact that he was being deliberately humiliated before the multitude of onlookers. He became enraged ... so enraged that he felt reinvigorated with an unknown reservoir of strength that surged throughout his body. Hercules tossed his opponent up in the air and walked away letting Dave drop unceremoniously to the ground with a loud thud. Though shaken

and dazed, David scurried to his feet and defiantly stated, "I'm not defeated yet, Hercules. I'm still a match for you." To prove his point he got right in the Champ's face. He flexed both his mighty arms, puffed up his massive chest and gave a most muscular pose popping every muscle in his magnificent body to the cheering delight of the audience.





CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Clash of the Mighty

A TEST OF STRENGTH STRAINED BOTH musclemen to their limits. They grunted and groaned ... driving each other to their knees as their chests collided and their hard, round nipples pressed together. David began to feel the full might of the Champ overpower him. He head butted Hercules' solar plexus, doubling him over. He raked the Champs back with his fingernails. While still on their knees David scrambled behind his opponent to wrap his arms around the Champ's waist to catch him in a reverse bearhug. The challenger's cock pushed between Hercules' thighs as the Champ's balls came to rest on top of it. Dave squeezed the Champ with all his might. Hercules' face contorted in pain. He reached back with his right arm ... his bicep bulging ... as he caught David's head and flipped him over his shoulder. Both wrestlers jumped to their feet. The Champ caught Dave up in his arms and flipped him upside down, holding him in a bearhug against his chest. Dave cried out in pain his muscle ass right

in the Champ's face. Hercules instantly rammed his tongue up into his opponent ... his tongue tip playing with Dave's ass lips ... probing them ... reaming them ... driving the challenger nearly insane. To counter the hold Dave began to suck on the Champ's cock ... licking it up and down ...inserting his tongue tip into its slit ... making the Champ shiver in delight and moan with great pleasure. Contemptuously Hercules dropped his challenger on his head. Dave rolled around on the ground as Hercules attacked him with powerful leg drops that left him almost senseless. The Champ prowled around his opponent as Dave tried to catch his breath. Hercules grabbed David's legs and locking them together, pressed them up and back against his glutes as he went down on his knees. Dave pounded the ground with his fists and cried out loud.

Hercules leaned back increasing the pressure on the legs. The Champ released the hold and jumped to his feet. The challenger struggled to his, shaking his legs to get the blood flowing in them again. They come together in an elbow and collar tie up but Dave turned it into a front face choke hold. With his free arm he pummeled Hercules' back with mighty blows, sending the Champ to all fours. He again raked his back with his fingernails. Hercules head butted Dave's stomach, toppling him over. He scrambled to his feet as did his opponent. Both mighty titans cautiously circle one another. They tie up once again. Hercules got the challenger's head in a headlock and ground it out. He dragged him around the arena squeezing so hard that his massive biceps completely hide Dave's head from the audience's view. Finally Hercules flipped his opponent onto his back. The Champ sank to his knees and repeatedly punched the challenger's side abs, stomach, chest, face and back ... viciously beating the strength out of his body and opening a small cut on Dave's forehead. A trickle of blood flowed down his nose, across his lips and chin, dropping onto his bruised hairy chest.

In all his life David had never felt so much pain. It was so great that he was paralyzed by it. It hurt even to breathe. Hercules dragged his opponent by his leg to the center of the arena floor. Standing over his challenger he posed his massive body and flexed his mighty arms to an adoring, worshipful audience. "You're way out of your league Muscleboy," taunted the Champ.

Dave shook his head to regain some sense and, with great difficulty, struggle to his feet. He tried to stand but his legs buckled. He went down on one knee. Some blood dripped in his eye, which angered him. Clinching his fist as tight as he could, his arms shaking from rage, he called upon his reserve strength and sprang to his feet. Again they tied up, with Dave getting a front headlock on the Champ. He drove Hercules to the floor as he ground out punishment on the Champ's head. Both men grunted and groaned. "Who's out of your league?" retorted David.

Hercules straightened his body out and flipped his challenger onto his back with ease. He captured Dave's head and one leg under his mighty arm and leaned back forcefully slamming the back of his head against his opponents stomach, knocking the breath out of him. Hercules scurried to his feet as David laid prone on the ground ... doubled over ... trying to catch his breath. Slowly he got to his feet. A quick gut punch doubled the Champ over. Repeatedly Dave rained down hammer blow after hammer blow on the Champ's back. Hercules groaned out in pain.

Dave straddled the Champ's back, striking him again and again with one mighty blow after another. Hercules again cried out. His face grimaced with pain. David reached down, grabbed the Champ around the waist and hauled him up to his feet. He felt the length of his cock embedded in the Champ's ass crack as he attempted to get Hercules in a full nelson. But the Champ reached back with his right arm, captured Dave's head and

flipped him over his shoulder. Hercules dropped down to sit behind David ... his monster cock riding up his opponent's back. He gathered his challenger's arms up in his own as he wrapped his legs around his opponent's waist. As his legs squeeze the breath out of his challenger his massive arms pull Dave's arms apart in a painful chicken wing. To David it felt as if his arms were being torn from their sockets. "How's that feel Muscleboy," bullied the Champ. David cried out in agony. His face petrified in torment. His head rolled from side to side across the massive chest of the Champ as Hercules continued to squeeze his thighs and stretch Dave's arms beyond their limits. David gasped for air between his cries of pain. He struggled to power out but Hercules was far too strong. Only when he accidentally head butted the Champ's chin was he able to squirm free. Both men slowly got to their feet.

Quickly Hercules caught his beefy challenger in a full nelson, his cockhead pressing against Dave's hole. With full force the Champ pressed down on the back of his opponent's 24 inch thick neck. Dave groaned from the pain as he felt the Champ's cockhead slowly work its way up into his ass. Surprisingly, Hercules began to savagely knee Dave's obliques several times to soften him up ... and then returned to his full nelson ... which he turned into a behind the back hammer lock. After several failed attempts David managed to power out of the hold. He quickly turned around to gut punch the Champ. Hercules doubled over. Dave attacked his back with powerful blows that again sent the Champ to all fours. Dave mounted his back wrapping his arms around the Champ's 28 inch thick neck and throat in a strangle hold. Hercules gasps for breath as he cried out as his arms flailed wildly out in front of him. Dave's cock rubbed up and down the Champ's back as Hercules began to cough, choke and fight to breathe.

"Enough!" roared Hercules as he flipped David over his shoulder. He wrapped his legs around his opponent's waist in a leg scissors and squeezed with full force, crushing Dave's stomach.

"I can't breathe," cried David as his fists beat the ground. In a desperate attempt to escape he drove his knee into the Champ's back and scurried free.

As Hercules stood up Dave got him in a headlock and rammed his head into one of the Pillars of Woe sending the Champ reeling backwards to the arena floor. Dave stood over him, gut punching Hercules for all he was worth. As the Champ rolled over onto his stomach Dave continued the savage assault with repeated blows to his back ... even raking his ass with his fingernails. He reached down ... wrapped his arms around Hercules' thick neck and started to choke him again. This time, however, Hercules grabbed Dave's legs and stood up, lifting the challenger up on his back ... then dropped him to the ground. The Champ captured Dave's legs and applied a reverse crab, sitting down on his opponent's butt, his cock poking the back of David's balls. The challenger cried out and beat the ground. Hercules leaned back, increasing the torment, his cock dry surfing Dave's crack, driving the challenger crazy. After several minutes of this punishment Hercules released the hold and stood up. "I'm tired of playing with you Muscleboy," snarled the Champ. "It's time to take you apart."

Hercules put Dave in a headlock and with a running start rammed his head into the same pillar. Dave fell backwards, tumbling head over heels onto the ground, landing on his stomach. The Champ smacks his ass hard leaving a red print of his hand. "This is my ass Muscleboy ... my ass whenever I want it!" he declared. He forced his opponent to his knees, placing Dave's head between his thighs, wrapping his arms around his

waist he hauled him up in an upside down bearhug. Dave cried out as Hercules walked about the arena floor with him dangling upside down. The Champ turned the hold into a piledriver and smashed Dave's head into the ground. Dazed, confused and near senseless David laid prone as Hercules circled him. The Champ gathered him up in a crab, his arms about his neck. He sat down on his opponent's glutes and leaned back to apply the maximum torturous pressure. David screamed out in absolute agony. "Give up!" demanded the Champ. "Give up Muscleboy. Submit now! You have no chance. Give up or I'll rip you apart on my phallus."

Through his cries of excruciating pain Dave yelled back, "No! Never! I'll never submit!"

Hercules leaned back even farther to increase the torture. Again he demanded, "Give up! Give up!"

"No! No! Never!" cried David.

"I'll snap you in half. Give up!"

"Never! Never ! Awe! Awe! Awe! Awe! ... Never!"

Exasperated Hercules released the hold. "Tough guy huh," he scoffed as he stood over the nearly exhausted body of his opponent. Contemptuously he rolled David over onto his back with his foot. "Want me to take your ass now?" he asked sarcastically as he stroked his monster fuckpole. "I've always loved fucking big muscleboys like you. I love hearing you scream for your life as I rape you into submission. I really get off on that ... watching you guys cry and beg for your life. The bigger you guys are the harder you scream." As he talked Hercules circled Dave's pain riddled body like a wild beast about to go in for the kill. "You want me to take you, don't you?"

"Fuck you," groaned David.

"What do you mean ... fuck me?"

“Fuck you!”

“No pretty Muscleboy. You never stood a chance. I’ve only been playing with you from the very start ... to give the people their money’s worth and to build up your confidence so when I take you the humiliation will be all that greater as you cry for mercy on my phallus and receive none. I’m going to turn you into my fuck boy, my sex slave if it takes all night. I’ll break your will and you will do everything I command ... and love it!” With that said Hercules flipped Dave up over his shoulder in a backbreaker. He strolled about the arena floor as Dave groaned and grunted out in pain. He tried vainly to squirm free but the Champ hold was too strong.

To insure the maximum humiliation, Hercules flexed his one free arm to the hoots of appreciation and stomping feet of the audience. The Champ then threw Dave to the ground. Immediately he forced him back up and put him in a standing torture rack. Hercules wrapped one arm around Dave’s shoulders bending him back across his left leg. With his free hand he began to knead his challenger’s hard round nipple as he sucked on the other. He nibbled, gnawed and chewed roughly to bring his beefy opponent to lactate.

David’s body shook uncontrollably with chills of erotic desire ... his breathing came in gasps between moans of pure pleasure.

To add to the sexual rapture, Hercules rubbed his cock up and down the underside of his challenger’s, pressing his opponent’s cock hard against Dave’s own stomach. David’s eyes rolled wildly around as he felt himself being systematically brought to climax. He fought with what strength he had left to not shoot, but he felt it was a losing battle. Resignation began to take hold of him.

His great dream of ultimate victory over the mighty Hercules was just that ... a dream. It would not become a reality since he had little left to fight with. His moans grew louder and longer as his body trembled in the mighty grip of Hercules. For a moment he almost blurted out, "Oh yes, Hercules ... suck me dry ... take me ... fuck me ... I'm yours," but he held his tongue. He could only moan in ecstasy.

Just as he was about to lose all control and lactate and shoot his load, Hercules turned the hold into a pulverizing bearhug, lifting Dave off his feet.

Hercules' cock rammed through David's thighs, slid under his ball sack, popping out just below his ass crack. Dave felt totally helpless as he was crushed in the Champ's massive arms. His face contorted in excruciating pain as the Champ squeezed even harder.

"Why, you almost look pretty when you're in pain," gloated Hercules.

David let out a loud grunt. His hands clutched Hercules' biceps in an effort to lift himself up just enough to lessen the agony of the crushing bearhug. When that failed he began to beat the Champ's chest, shoulders and lats with pathetically weak blows that only made Hercules smile at their futility. "Yeah! Yeah Muscleboy!" he bullied as he dug his clenched fist into the small of his victim's back.

"OWWWWW! No! Oh son of a bitch!" yelled David.

"Do you submit?"

"NO! NEVER!" David shouted in defiance through clinched teeth.

"Come on Muscleboy. You've lost and you know it. Everyone here knows it. Submit!"

"Fuck you!" shouted Dave, his face racked in pain.

Hercules squeezed even harder as the head of his cock began to dry surf his opponent's ass. "Doesn't that feel good," taunted the Champ. "You want to feel it all up in you, don't you. Just submit and I will fulfill all your sexual dreams and desires."

"NO! NEVER! OWWWWWWWW! Stop!"

"Come on now ... who's the biggest, the strongest man here, Muscleboy? Huh? Who's the Champion of all Champions? Who won the match?"

"Fuck you!"

"Oh no, Muscleboy, I get to fuck you ... and I'm ready." Hercules tightened his grip.

"OOOOOOHHHHHH!"

"And I'm looking forward to it too. In fact my phallus is ready and waiting right in your ass crack. Can you feel that monster phallus of mine pulsating with desire, Muscleboy?" The Champ wiggled his hips, slamming his cock up against Dave's ass. "You ready?"

"I'm the only man here ... the only real mortal man ... a human being, not some freak of nature ... some Olympian god's bastard kid," groaned David.

Rage flooded through Hercules' body. "Oh yeah, Muscleboy? A real man? Then why do you scream like a GIRL?" He squeezed even harder.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHOOOOOWWWW! No! STOP!!!"

"The only manly thing about you is the size of your phallus, and when I get through with it, you won't even have that to qualify as a man. You're just an obnoxious ..."

"AAAAHHHHHHOOOOO! NO!"

"... conceited oversize phallus on two legs ..."

"AAAAAAAHHHHHHHH! OOOOOOOOWWWWWWWW!"

"... with delusions of being a MIGHTY CHAMPION!"

"OHHHHH! G ... GOD! STOP!"

"And I'm going to enjoy taking you down a notch. You ready to spread those muscle ass cheeks for me?"

"NO! DON'T!"

"Fair's fair, Muscleboy. I don't mind crushing your ribs or snapping your back. I think it would be nice to squeeze the life out of you ... LIKE THIS!"

Like a massive hydraulic press, the Champ's arms drew Dave's waist ever closer to his own abs. Dave's eyes, riddled with pain, flew open. He screamed. With every breath he exhaled his rib cage contracted, but it was impossible to inhale, and his rib cage contracted even more, bit by bit.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!": he groaned.

"AH, you better say it now while you still have breath left," advised Hercules triumphantly.

"Put m-me down ..."

"Oh no. Just yell out that you submit and that I won and take your fucking like a good muscleboy loser, and I do mean loser."

David tried to maneuver his leg to knee the Champ in the balls to force a release but he was held too close and too tight to move. As a last desperate effort he pushed on Hercules biceps, trying to squirm and twist away to freedom. Hercules responded by crushing his waist even harder. He knew he had won because Dave lost the arch his body had sustained. He collapsed onto the Champion, limp ... trembling and struggling to breath

"SUBMIT!" demanded Hercules.

"Please ...pleas..." cried David weakly. Taking a struggling gasp of air he blurted out, "I... I ... SUB NO! NO! NEVER! ..." The rest came in a breathless whimper, " ... pleeslemmego ..."





CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Hercules Fucks David

"I'LL LET YOU GO ALL RIGHT. I'll let you go straight to Hades! ... and I'm going to fuck you there every step of the way, Muscleboy!" Hercules released his beefy prey from his pulverizing bearhug, picked him up in his arms and slammed him across his knee in a brutal backbreaker. As he viciously bent him in half Hercules took David's monster cock in his mouth. He began to suck him hard. Dave moaned in total rapture. He always liked rough sex and he was getting all and more that he could handle. He knew he was being sucked off by the mightiest man on earth and it felt soooo good. The Champ was sloppy and ever so slow, just the way he liked it. Hercules rolled his tongue around and around the head of his throbbing cock until he was on fire. Then he licked the staff, not enough to make him cum, but just enough to make him want to so bad. It was sexual torment. David fought it with all his depleted might. The Champ kneaded his nipples, first one and then the other as he massaged his balls.

Dave's breathing became faster and faster as his moans grew louder and louder. Hercules felt David's buttocks clench as they laid across his knee as his hot breath drove his hunky victim wild with erotic desire. "Ohhhh ... godddddddddd!" moaned Dave as his tormentor began to roughly bone his shaft, racking his teeth up and down. "OHHHH GODDDDDDD! NO TEETH! PLEEEZZZZZZEEEE NO TEETH!" he begged breathlessly as his body became paralyzed with erotic joy. He had had many wet dreams about such an experience ... never daring to tell anyone about them ... and now they were all coming true. He was becoming a prisoner of his own sexual masochistic desires. Hercules' teeth dug into his cock's flesh as he continued to bone him.

The pain was sheer agony as was the exaltation of pure pleasure. David knew he had to get away or else he'd shoot his load and with it the last of his strength. As long as he hadn't been officially fucked, he felt he still had a chance of snatching victory from defeat. He tried desperately to right himself but the Champ's mighty arm held him securely in place. His arms jerked violently to the side. He tried to strike at Hercules' back but managed only feeble awkward glancing blows. He tried to fling his legs up to strike at Hercules' head but again the Champ held him firmly at bay. David knew time was running out.

Hercules went all the way down the 12 inch shaft to its base ... held all of Dave's cock in his hot, wet, juicy mouth as his tongue massaged and pressed it up against his pallet, squeezing it hard ... sucking it equally as hard. David's body trembled as the Champ began to withdraw ... his teeth raking hard as he started to lifted his head slowly, every so slowly, raking, tonguing, licking, pressing until his teeth clenched the base of the cockhead and stopped. "OOOOOOHHHHHH GOOOOOODDDDDDD!" cried Dave. His cock had never been so hard. It was as if it was at its breaking point ... that it would explode into a million pieces as it

throbbed and throbbed and throbbed like a ticking bomb about to go off. He fought the overpowering urge to pump his load down Hercules' throat. He knew he was not in control, that Hercules was and he hated it. He was determined to deprive the Champ of taking his strength. He had narrowly withstood his crushing bearhug. Now he was going to withstand cumming. He would regain control and he'd be the master, not Hercules. There was still an outside chance his dream could come true.

The Champ felt the massive body draped helplessly across his mighty thigh turn rock solid. He again started to massage and knead David's nipples as he held the cockhead tightly between his teeth. He swirled his tongue over and around the head causing Dave to moan ever louder. Then he began to probe the piss slit with the tip of his tongue. Gently, at first, then ever harder his tongue tip invaded it. David's body tremble uncontrollably. "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! AH JEEEEEEZZZZ!" he screamed as the first violent jets of cum blasted down Hercules' throat.

The Champ swallowed hard, taking it all, as his tongue continued to probe the piss slit. The second eruption was even more violent and stronger than the first. Cum flooded the Champ's mouth. It took two hard gulps to take the full load. Then more and more mighty jets pounded the roof of Hercules' mouth as they came faster and faster ... too fast to swallow them all. White, foamy cum seeped from the corners of the Champ's mouth and flowed as a torrent down his bearded chin, dropping like a waterfall onto his chest. Dave cried out in pain and pleasure with each furious ejaculation of his cock. He felt his strength ebbing away in rivers of cum as Hercules suck and sucked and boned and boned, licked and licked his fuckpole.

He had never cum so much in all of his life. One especially massive blast caused Hercules to gag, cough and withdraw

completely to catch his breath and clear his throat. David's cock popped out. It reared up still shooting load after massive load. Hercules forcefully grabbed it. He started to masturbate his victim. The firm, steady, smooth strokes felt so good to David after the hard brutal boning he'd suffered. But the Champ wasn't through with him yet and quickly returned his erupting cock to his mouth and resumed sucking and boning until David was totally drained of all his strength. When it was finally over and Hercules withdrew Dave's abused cock from his mouth, the once mighty manmeat was shriveled and limp. "I told you that once I got through with your phallus you'd no longer be a man," taunted the Champ with a smile that covered his face from ear to ear. David had no strength or will to respond. He just laid there, draped helplessly across the Champ's knee as weak as a new born kitten. He violently gasped for air.

Hercules stood up as Dave's body crumbled to the floor in a state of exhausted ecstasy. He could only whimper. The Champ put his foot on David's chest, flexing his mighty arms in victory to the uncontrolled roaring approval of the audience. Plainly visible was Dave's cum still dripping off the Champ's bearded chin. He straddled David, posing his body as the crowd cheered, hooted and stomped their feet in unison at the magnificent victory of their greatest hero.

There was mass hysteria in the stands. David looked up to see the magnificently muscled body of Hercules playing to the audience, working them up for the kill as he continued to pose and stroke his monstrous cock.

The Champ, grinning a sadistic smile, gazed down at his challenger. "Now I'm going to rip you apart and fuck you senseless until you either submit or die!" He stated loudly for all to hear. The audience fell instantly silent and held their collective breath. Hercules took his foot pushing David's legs far apart. He

sank majestically to one knee ... then to the other constantly flexing his arms. Dave had no strength to resist. Surprisingly, watching the Champ pose his massive body over him turned him on. He couldn't help pop a very painful erection which made his cock even harder than usual. He winced as his cock began to throb. The sight of the challenger's hardon pleased the Champ. As he nestled himself between David's mighty thighs he grabbed the pulsating cock and with great gentleness stroked it. Dave whimpered in moans of pleasure.

This too pleased the Champ. His gentle strokes became stronger and harder as he glared in contempt at his victim. Dave's face turned from rapturous delight to one of increased agony. With his other hand Hercules stroked his own massive meat, even putting both cocks together in his hand ... stroking them ...squeezing them as David groaned in pain and pleasure. To taunt his victim even more Hercules held Dave's cock upright and pressed his cockhead into its underside, forcibly probing it, punching it, wiping his cock all over it from top to bottom. David grimaced and groaned. "Get ready Muscleboy," glowered the Champ. "I'm going to rape you and bust your ass wide open on the mightiest phallus in all the world."

Hercules reached down and threw Dave's massive thighs over his own. He placed his cockhead between his spread legs at the point of entry to his asshole. "NO!" cried David as he vainly tried to squirm away. Hercules reached forward with both hands, grabbed him by the waist and pulled him forward. David tried to kick and arch his back when he realized that he was going to be fucked. Hercules easily lifted him up by his ankles and then dropped his ass down on the ground. The Champ leaned forward. All his weight was on Dave's arms. The challenger as trapped. The Champ pressed his cockhead against Dave's hole.

"NO! NEVER!" roared the challenger. David tried to clamp down, but Hercules' monster manmeat was like a massive iron spike.

Herc pushed hard with his mighty thighs. Like a piledriver he could ram his cock through any wall. His cockhead was wet, slippery from pre cum.

Dave didn't have a chance. He didn't have the strength to hold his clenched ass cheeks together for very long. He faltered. Hercules' hot, massive manmeat ripped his hole wide open and invaded him, slowly, smoothly, wetly, inch by slippery inch, it advanced.

David screamed out in sheer agony as he felt tissue, muscle being torn and shredded. Mass quantities of blood spewed from his bunghole. The invasion seemed to go on forever. Instinctively, Dave arched his back again, trying to put distance between his bleeding butt and the Champ's fuckpole, but his hips were like hydraulic presses. Hercules grunted with pleasure as his pubes slapped against David's ass.

"OH NOOO! NOOOOO! NOOOOOOOOO!" sobbed the challenger.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!" grunted Hercules as he started his first pull out. He licked his lips. "You're a tight fuck! I like that! I'm so glad you're a virgin," he gloated. "Thanks for saving yourself for me!"

"NO! NO! DON'T! AHHHHH! GODDDDDDD! JEEZEE! IT HURTS!! OOOOOOOOOWW!"

Hercules rammed his massively thick 14 plus inches all the way in again ripping more tissue and bruising more muscle. He felt his balls slap against Dave's crack. "I'm going to rape you senseless."

Dave became enraged. He tried to kick, squirm, twist his body, trying to raise his hips off that pummeling, throbbing monster that was skewering him to pieces. He struggled desperately to free his arms. But all David could do was howl in torment and cry out "No! Please Hercules! You're so massive inside me. YOU'RE TEARING ME TO PIECES! Please, I'm begging you. TAKE IT OUT!! YOU'RE KILLING ME!!"

Hercules only smiles sadistically as he began to fuck him slowly. David sobbed in frustration.

"I gotta slow down or I'm going to pump my load in you right now ... but I'm not through sexually torturing you, Muscleboy. Not by a long shot. I'm going to rip you wide open. This is just the beginning."

"Fuck you!" Dave sobbed defiantly through clinched teeth.

"Oh yeah! Can you feel the giant head of my phallus? Can you feel it scrapping against your insides? Can you feel the veins on my shaft playing with your sensitive ass lips? Huh? So who's fucking who, Muscleboy," tormented the Champ as he viciously rammed all of his massive fuckpole deep into Dave callously, deliberately holding it all in there.

"OOOOH! GOOOOOODDDDDDD!" screamed Dave as his head violently rocked from side to side. "YOU'RE RIPPING ME APART!"

"I wish I could see your virgin ass shake and tremble every time I rammed you."

For David the pain and humiliation was excruciating. His dream had not come true. It was not an omen after but just a dream. Not only was his massively built body taking a savage beating, but his ego as well. His arrogance was being viciously fucked out of him. Yet at the same time he realized, like a sudden epiphany, the experience of having Hercules' mighty cock barbarically conquering his muscle butt was equally erotic ...

sexually satisfying. The confusion played havoc with his mind. The pain and pleasure drove him wild. His whole body shook and trembled uncontrollably from both. This sexual torture answered something buried deep and dark in his soul, something he had never experienced before, not even in his most secretive dreams. It was like an overdose of a strong narcotic that caught him unaware. It totally captivated him. He was getting hooked. His will to resist was ebbing away. In a last desperate attempt he pleaded, "Please ... I'm begging you ... mercy ... please stop!"

"Do you submit?"

"Nnnooo! Never!"

"Then I haven't even begun. I'm going to bleed your ass raw."

Dave screamed in agony.

"Feel fucked yet, Muscleboy?" taunted the Champ.

"OH God! Oh Fuck! You're too massive for me. You're shredding my insides to pieces ..."

"Now you can say that you've been fucked by the biggest, strongest, the best ... by the greatest Champion of all Champions in all the world!" Hercules reached down and took Dave's throbbing cock in his hands. He began to brutally masturbate him, bringing him quickly to climax.

"Oh God! Awgeeeez ... I'm going to cum," groaned David as his cock erupted once again. Load after load gushed out with such force that it sprayed both men, covering their chests, stomachs and thighs in a thick carpet of white milky cream. "OOOOOOWWWWWWW!" screamed Dave in excruciating pain. His battered cock felt like it was being ripped from his groin. The agony was so great he couldn't breath. The arena swirled about his head, the chanting of the audience ("Fuck him! Fuck him!

Destroy him!") faded in and out, only his cries seemed audible and then darkness, total and complete darkness enveloped him as his cries pierced the darkness.

"Don't pass out on me now," ordered the Champ as he reached forward to slapped Dave's face reviving the fallen challenger to his senses. "I've got an ocean of cum in my balls that will fill you up. I want you conscious for that."

"No!," Dave pleaded. "No! No! No! No!" Then he felt a furious surge deep inside him. A hot, juicy flood of cum tore into him, filling him up to overflowing.

Eruption after enormous eruption blasted into him and with each violent eruption he felt himself becoming weaker and weaker as Hercules continuously pounded his cock deep inside him. With each shot the Champ grunted in pleasure. David could feel mass quantities of cum spewing out his asshole and running down his buttocks as the Champ lifted up his legs and thighs, pressing his shoulders into the arena floor, his knees embedded into his chest severely restricting his breathing to short gasps. Hercules leaned forward placing his hands on Dave's shoulders for support as he kept pummeling his ass and releasing more loads into his already saturated bung hole. His face was inches away from David's. He could feel the Champ's breath on his lips as their eyes were transfixed on each others.

Hercules smiled at his helpless victim. Dave's face was contorted in sheer sexually erotic agony. The Champ whispered, "Pain makes you look quite handsome, Muscleboy." He went on to confess, "You're the best fuck I've ever had. I'm thoroughly enjoying raping you into submission. Keep it up. Resist for as long as you can. The crowd loves it, and so do I. You're quite a turn on." He then put his lips on David's. He kissed him hard and passionately.

Dave found himself automatically responding in kind as their tongues invaded each other mouth. As he withdrew his tongue, Hercules smiled that sadistic grin.

"But I'm still going to fuck you into submission or death, Muscleboy," Hercules said. With that, he rammed the full length of his killer cock deep into David's battered and bruised ass and held it in, forcing more pain to surge throughout David's body.

Dave screamed with all his might as the blood rushed to his head. He became dizzy, senseless as Hercules finished cumming inside him. To Dave's amazement, the Champ's cock was still as hard and massive as before. He could feel it hadn't gone limp now that Hercules had stopped cumming inside him.

The Champ wasn't through punishing his opponent. He reached his arms around David's waist, lifted him up, crushing him against his chest as he stood up with his cock still buried deep into him. There Hercules stood before an excitedly audible audience, his massive arms squeezing the life out of David in his brutal bearhug, his monstrous cock continuously pummeling his victim's ass.

Dave's howling shrieks filled the arena as the Champ grunted in rapture at his opponent's agony. The pain was so great that David felt faint. His body was giving out on him. He had to do something to rally his remaining strength so he wouldn't succumb to Hercules. He would do anything to deprive the Champ of the ultimate victory. In desperation he flexed both his arms to prove to Hercules he wasn't vanquished.

It was a mistake.

It only excited the Champ all the more. The pressure of his bearhug intensified as did the savagery of his fucking. The pain increased. David couldn't hold his flex ... his arms dropped to his

side as he fell backwards in Hercules' arms ... his torso parallel to the ground ... his legs laying across the Champ's mighty thighs.

Hercules could feel David's growing weakness as he crucified him on his cock. He was making sure that he totally subjugated the massively muscular body of his opponent. He sadistically enjoyed Dave's futile attempts to withstand him as he had his way with him. It was all a great turn on for the Champ ... David's magnificent body ... his struggling. ... his screams. He was determined to make him submit ... overcome the stubborn will of his defeated challenger ... to break him ... make him his sex toy. "Before this night is through, you'll be mine, body, heart and soul, Muscleboy," he stated confidently as he continued to crush David in his mighty arms.

"OOOOOOWWWWW! OOOOOOOHHH! GGGOOOOOODDD!" was all Dave could respond as Hercules again began to shoot massive loads up into him.

The Champ filled him over and over again with his cum as he powerfucked David's muscle butt. Dave could feel the excess pouring out his bung hole and flowing down the backs of his legs in a steady stream. He fell deeper and deeper into a stupor, feeling an increased need ... desire for whatever Hercules could give him. His will was being fucked out of him. His body was growing weaker as he laid prostrate in Hercules' arms, as both his arms and legs dangling lifeless at his side. Hercules flipped his opponent up right. David's head came to rest on his tormentor's massive shoulder, his cock crushed between their stomachs. The thrusting of the Champ's hips, the rubbing of their two musclebound bodies together against his cock only stimulated Dave to pop another erection. The pressure of each crushing squeeze brought David to climax. He had no will to resist shooting massive amounts of loads all over both their chest and stomachs. The eruptions became so violent that a geyser of thick

cum shot up between them, splattering their hair and faces. Hercules pulsated his crushing hugs to ensure he forced every ounce of strength out of his opponent's body. David could only moan in rapture and pain as the last of his might spewed forth from his cockhead. Darkness again enfolded him. His body went totally limp. He had been fucked into unconsciousness, impaled on the cock of the mighty Hercules.



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The Great Fuck Continues

HERCULES HAD FUCKED HIS MUSCLEBOUND opponent into unconsciousness, but not into submission. He was somewhat pleased with himself as he held David's limp body in his mighty arms. This muscular newcomer had withstood his sexual assault better than anyone else had before. He begrudgingly admired his steadfast resistance, but it wasn't enough. He had to break his will, fuck him into total submission otherwise he felt his victory was incomplete. No one had ever withstood him before and this new brawny upstart wasn't going to be the first to do so. No matter how much he desired David's body, no matter how much a turn on it was, his need to totally conquer him was all powerful. His reputation hung on the principle of submission or death and David was no exception. Hercules' ego was everything. He was determined to fuck this beefy hunk into submitting or he'd fuck him to death, either way only then would his victory be

complete ... would his ego be satisfied ... would his reputation be intact.

The crowd exploded into wide spontaneous applause as they roared their approval at their hero's latest conquest.

The Champ released Dave. His near lifeless body slid all the way down the Champ's, ending up in a musclebound heap at his feet. Hercules' cock, still hard, erect, bobbed up and down as he stared at his defeated challenger. He called for an attendant to bring a bucket of water. As he waited he looked about the arena, at the noisy spectators still cheering his victory, at the other competitors standing in the wings ... their faces frozen in awe and wonderment at his victory ... their cocks soaked in cum.

One face, however, stood out from all the rest to catch his attention. Machiste stood by himself under a backstage arch. Deep ... abiding concern etched his face for his lover laying unconscious on the arena floor. He knew Hercules wasn't through with David ... that there was more, much more sexual torture to come. He knew Hercules' ego demanded submission or death. He had warned David of that on their journey to Athens.

It all seemed so long ago. What hopes, what plans they had made together. What daydreams they'd shared. Now, his dashed hopes for David's victory played heavily on his mind. It was he, after all, who had filled his lover's head with the dream of victory over the mighty Hercules. His enthusiastic encouragement had brought David to this moment of humiliating defeat. He felt totally responsible, but there was nothing he could do to prevent what was to come ... and he knew it and hated his inability to stop it. All he could do was to impotently stand there, leaning despondently against the arch, his head pressed against his raised arm, fighting back his tears of lost illusions. Softly he sobbed to himself.

Once the water was brought, Hercules threw it on his opponent to revive him. David woke up startled. He felt totally drained of any strength. His muscle butt bleeding and ravaged with pain. His whole body pulsated in agony ... his ribs bruised and aching.

For a moment he just laid there at the Champ's feet, looking up at his mighty tormentor. His gloriously muscled body stirred Dave's desire. How he still wanted to fuck him, feel his massive horsecock deep up into his muscle butt. These erotic thoughts caused him to pop another hardon. As he lay there it throbbed and pulsated. He felt somewhat embarrassed by it but it pleased Hercules.

"I'm glad to see you're still up for more punishment," the Champ glowered. He then reached down to pick David back up, digging his fingers deep into the shoulder muscles and biceps, pulling the fallen warrior up from the arena floor.

Still extremely weak Dave's legs began to buckle. It was only the might of Hercules that held him up right.

They stood there, face to face, massive cock to massive cock. The Champ moved his hips slightly back to position his cockhead under his opponent's.

Instantly Dave knew what was coming. He was about to be cock fucked. He tried to squirm away, twisting his body to avoid the Champ's mighty manmeat. But he was far too weak to extricate himself from the Champ's grasp. Hercules put his hands on David's waist drawing him near as his cock pressed deep into the underside of David's.

"OOOOOWWWWW OOOOOHHHHHH!" cried Dave in pain as Hercules increased the pressure, turning his grip into another bearhug. The Champ began to hump his opponent's cock,

shoving it up against David's own stomach ... crushing it deep into his flesh.

"OOOOOHHHHH GOOOOOOODDDDDDDDD!" shrieked Dave as he felt himself about to shot more cum. "You're smashing my cock to pieces!. OOOOOWWWWW! Please stop! Pity please! You're ripping it apart!" His pleas fell on deaf ears. David's weakness gave him no resistance, no chance to fight back. He was at the mercy of the Champ. He knew he would receive no mercy. That was, after all, an integral part of pancratiun wrestling ... to show no mercy. Faster and faster Hercules humped his cock, thrusting his might fuckpole like a jack hammer.

"I'm going to cum!" whimpered to his opponent as he again fell backwards in Hercules arms to release his creamy loads.

The Champ dug his cock harder into Dave as load after hot load shot upwards in another gusher of white, steamy, thick nectar. "YOU'RE DESTROYING MY COCK!" howled the defenseless hunk as his legs buckled but he was held firm by the Champ. Hercules loosened his grip on Dave's waist so he could position his fuckpole at the base of his cock. He began to ram it hard and fast causing Dave to shoot more violently. "You're ripping it off me!" he pleaded but the pain stimulated him as never before to unleash massive quantities of cum as he groaned and cried out in both pain and pleasure. His steely fluorescent blue eyes rolled around in their sockets ... his mouth fell wide open as he gasped desperately for air ... his massive chest heaved heavily with each struggling breath ... his head jerked back and forth, from side to side with each thrust of Hercules' cock into his and all the time the crushing pressure of the Champ's bearhug meshing their two magnificent bodies together. The sexually erotic sensation stimulated David as he had never been stimulated before. It hurt so good. He couldn't stop cumming. Even Hercules' grunts of

pleasure turned him on as did the feeling of their two massively muscular bodies cemented together.

When he finally stopped shooting David felt extremely light headed. The arena swirled about him. He felt dizzy, completely depleted, exhausted and about to physically collapse. Only the continuous pain of Hercules' cock ripping into his kept him from passing out once more. The Champ, realizing he had expelled all of Dave's might, released his bearhug but kept hold of his opponent, turning him around, getting him into a full nelson. Hercules nestled his cock in the sweet crevasse of David's muscle cheeks. Dave tried to pull away, but Hercules yanked him back. He pressed his hip forward, pushing his fuckpole firmly between his ass cheeks. He pulled David hard up against his chest. Without any preparation or fanfare he pushed his cock deep into his opponent in one swift movement of his hips. David screamed out.

Hercules waited until Dave started to moan and pant for breath before he moved his hips slowly back and forth, letting his opponent feel the full length and width of his monster killer cock. All David could do was whimper in agony and pleasure. The Champ rammed his massive manmeat in hard and deep ... then slowly pulled it almost out. He repeatedly did this several time before changing his rhythm ... thrusting savagely over and over, driving David into wild exaltation of erotic torture.

Dave didn't care about anything now. He just got into the pain and pleasure filing his body. This massive musclebound god, bigger than him, mightier than him was having his way with him and he was powerless to prevent it ... and he no longer cared to. He was becoming addicted, like a junkie, to the mesmerizing, hypnotic, alluring sensation of being totally sexually satisfied. He felt more like a real man, more alive, more vital, more erotically stimulated in Hercules arms than ever before. He loved to feel

the Champ's sweaty, smooth hard muscle body against his. The erotic sensation became more than he could handle. His limp, abused cock responded once more. He became painfully hard again.

Hercules let go of the full nelson, grabbing David around his waist as he squeezed him backwards, impaling him completely on all fourteen inches of his fuckpole. Dave cried out as Hercules kept all fourteen inches buried deep up inside him for the longest time before he started to pull out but not all the way. David's bloodied ass lips enfolded the Champ's cockhead. Hercules playfully jettied his cockhead in and out in short burst, making Dave's ass lips quiver in pleasure and pain as David gasped for breath in between loud moans of pure agony and delight. The Champ, knowing he was in total control and the master, held his opponent with only one arm about his waist. With his free hand he ran his fingers through Dave's thick forest of chest hair. He could feel David inhale and sigh passionately as he exhaled. He felt his opponent's rib cage expand more and more as his palms got closer to his nipples.

David held his breath as Hercules' began to knead his pecs, run his thumb across his nipples ... playfully pinching them. He acted as if he'd been hit by lightning. His body jolted. The Champ was driving him insane with pleasure. David tried to pull away again but was pulled back. He moaned. He whimpered. He could feel the turmoil running riot throughout his massive body. Hercules gently bit his neck, ear lobe and shoulders.

He felt Herc's muscular arm, making him flex and bulge at his touch. The Champ dropped his arm down to David's pubes. He softly patted them. Hercules rubbed his belly ... dragging his fingers tenderly across his eight pack abs. Dave dropped his head back against Hercules' chest and sighed as the Champ nuzzled his cheek against his. Hercules let his hand wander down to touch

the thick base of David's rock hard cock. Dave panted for breath as the Champ took hold of his throbbing manmeat. Hercules began to masturbate him with long, forceful strokes. David's breathing was frantic now. His knees buckled. Hercules had to catch him.

Dave sobbed loudly.

The Champ rubbed his nipples softly with his fingertips. His challenger moaned and convulsed in his arms. David's head rolled back and forth across the legendary strongman's chest as he struggled to breathe...

The sensation of a big muscle guy fucking his ass ... of two giant arms surrounding him tightly ... of feeling his flesh pressed up against this massively muscled chest ... of huge thighs snuggled next to his ... of being fuck on this monstrously gigantic, thick, wet, slippery fuckpole that was again about to blast his ass to shreds with steamy, hot cum sexually stimulated Dave to the point that it was more than he could stand.

It didn't take him long to cum when Hercules again started to jerk him off. He screamed out as he let load after creamy load of his sweet nectar volcanically erupt from his cock and shoot to the floor in a great arch, creating a small white pond. As he shot off his load, his muscle butt cheeks involuntarily would clench, enfolding Hercules' monster cock much to the pleasure of the Champ.

Hercules so thoroughly enjoyed this stimulating sensation that he too began to shoot massive quantities deep up into his opponent. Every time David came, so too did the Champ.

David realized the power of his butt muscles as they pulsed and tightened against Hercules' monster manmeat each time he shot his load. He deliberately strained his butt to extricate every drop of the Champ's cum. *Who's fucking whom,*

he triumphantly thought to himself as Hercules' body tensed and every muscle flexed as he let loose his loads and cried out in primal roars of pure satisfaction. The Champ seemed to have a never ending flow of burning hot cum shooting from his mighty cock. Dave felt like he was caught in a massive tidal wave of smoldering loads as he was being filled up to overflowing on the inside. The massive quantity was rupturing his ass. He felt bloated to the point of exploding.

Still, Hercules came and came, as did David until he was again empty ... yet David's cock continued to ejaculate, pounding out agonizing quantities of nothing. His anguished shrieks could be heard throughout the arena as his cock continued to pulsate dry heaves.

Hercules leaned backwards, lifting Dave off his feet, his fourteen inches buried hard and deep inside him. He released David, holding him up off his feet only by the power of his cock. The Champ slowly strolled about the arena with the musclebound hunk transfixed on his fuckpole.

The crowd stunned into silence by this display of shear cock power slowly began to respond with sporadic applause that grew into a torrent of cheers. Hercules could feel his opponent growing progressively weaker as he abused him on his massive musclemeat. "Submit Muscleboy before I destroy you on my phallus," he ordered through gritted teeth.

"Never! NOOO!," whimpered David. "I'm man enough to take anything you can dish ooooouuutttt! OOOOOOOOWWWWW!"

The torture of being totally impaled on the mightiest cock in the world coupled with the sexual agony of his own manmeat spewing forth massive loads of nothing was more than David's body could bear. He bellowed out in excruciating pain but the might of his adversary was too much. He was becoming weaker with each load Hercules exploded up into him. He tried fighting it

but it was a losing battle as he was filled more and more with the Champ's cum. He began to gag and fight for breath.

"SUBMIT! SUBMIT OR DIE!" screamed the Champ as he wrapped his great arms back around his beefy challenger to applied a reverse bearhug.

From the wings David heard Machiste pleading cries, "Submit David. Please submit and live! Live for the both of us. Please submit ... PLEASE!"

David struggled to turn his head toward the wings. Through tears of sheer anguish he made out the figure of the Theban. His face too was stained with tears, his arms outstretched in his direction silently invoking him to submit. David forced himself to smile through the pain. He mouthed the words "I love you" to Machiste.

Again Hercules yelled, "SUBMIT OR DIE!"

Dave could only shake his head. Breathlessly he scream out "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" His strength was gone. Darkness engulfed him. His head dropped onto his chest. He collapsed in Hercules' arms.

"NO!" shriek Machiste who had to be forcibly restrained by attendants from charging out into the arena. He fell to the ground consumed in tears. "It's all my fault," he cried. "All my fault. All my fault. All my fault ..."

Hercules opened his arms. David's body slumped to the ground with a thud.

All eyes were on him to see if David was still alive. No one could recall every having seen any man survive such a brutal and repeated fucking at the hand of the Champ ... and live. Great sympathy for David ran through the spectators. There was no question in anyone's mind that he had been the greatest

challenger the Champ had ever faced. Deadly silence reigned throughout the arena complex as all eyes watched and waited.

HERCULES, HIS BODY DRIPPING in a shower of sweat, stood over his fallen opponent. With his hand he wiped the perspiration from his face and eyes, flicking the wet, slimy residue contemptuously down on his fallen challenger.

He looked at David and saw that he was still breathing. "HE LIVES!" he shouted. "HE LIVES!" His words electrified everyone. Machiste jumped to his feet. His face glowing with relief. The attendants, who had struggled to restrain him, vigorously shook his hand and patted his back in congratulation.

But Machiste's celebration was short lived. Hercules picked up the unconscious body ... slung it over his shoulder like a sack of meal, and carried him over to the two Pillars of Woe. There he chained David up, first by one arm then the other. Next he chained his legs, spreading them far apart, his feet dangling just above the arena floor.

The Theban murmured in horror to himself, "No! No! This can't be. Someone has to stop this. He'll surely kill David this time. Someone has to stop him ..." He again started toward the arena floor but was roughly stopped by the beefy attendants. They had to wrestle him to the ground and forcibly subdue him by knocking him out with a nearby length of heavy chain. Using the same chain, they tied him up, laying him on the ground in the corner of the archway.

The spectators began to regain their lustful enthusiasm for the sport. They chanted Hercules' name in unison ...clapping their hand ...stomping their feet ... yelling "Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him!"

"This time, he will submit!" promised the Champ.
The audience roared their approval.





CHAPTER NINETEEN

The Pillars of Woe

IT WAS JUST AS WELL THAT DAVID had been fucked into unconsciousness ... Awake he wouldn't have been able to withstand the sexual agony being inflicted upon him.

When he finally passed out, he thought the worse of the sexual torture was over. Little did he know what Hercules had in store for him. He had no idea how long he'd been unconscious. Only the intense pain in his thighs, ankles, arms and shoulders slowly revived him. He opened his eyes to find himself hanging between the two Pillars of Woe. He was held tight by heavy iron shackles. His arms were out stretched to their limits, as were his legs. He couldn't feel his feet touching the ground. He strained to look down ... realizing he was hanging above the arena floor. He was so much muscle meat hung out to dry.

The Champ stood right in front of him menacingly stroking his monstrously huge, thick cock ... grinning lecherously. Dave

struggled to break the chains that held him captive. He violently twisted his body, tugging at them. He tried to kick free but he was too constrained. Hercules laughed at his futile attempt. Saying nothing (he didn't need to, David knew what was about to happen) Hercules approached and grabbed his balls. He began to squeeze. David twisted violently as he screamed. Hercules working his balls stimulated him so that his cock became hard. Dave's cock leaked loads of pre cum. Once he was fully erect The Champ began to batter his cock with his own fuckpole. Hercules flexed his arms. His magnificent body stimulated his opponent even more making him even harder. The Champ clasped his arms behind his head. Holding that pose he smashed his cock deep into his David's cock ... jabbed it even harder as Dave continuously tried to escape. Hercules took him by his hips pressing his cock into Dave's manmeat. Harder and harder he pressed. David winced in pain and cried out. The Champ reached down to grab David's cock lifting it up so he could slide his cock underneath. He shoved his cockhead into the base of Dave's mighty rod, pressing in, crushing it back against Dave's abs. He drew his opponent closer to him.

"OOOOOOOWWWWW!" Dave screamed, twisting his body in an attempt to get away. Hercules began to viciously jab with his cock, pummeling Dave's fuckpole and balls with such violent force that it sent his opponent's body reeling backwards until the chains were stretched to their limit. Hercules then reclined his hips so Dave would swing back. He thrust his hips forward shoving Dave's cock back against his stomach, as Dave was again forced backward. The chains tightened. Dave screamed out in agony as he felt his cock being smashed, pulverized on Hercules' cockhead as his own body weight forced him to lean forward adding to the excruciating pressure. His face contorted in agony. Hercules stood there, clasped his hands again behind his head, his arms exploding with mass muscle, as he thrust his fuckpole in

David's ... holding him out stretched on his cock. Writhing in pain, Dave again experience the alluring duel sensation of ecstasy ... pain and pleasure. His own rod felt harder than it had even been as Hercules' cock bashed and battered away. Dave was also turned on by the Champs posing before him. Hercules was so big and massive with the might of all the Olympian gods ... and unbelievably ruggedly handsome. David felt like a rag doll ... a fucked rag doll. Yet in spite of all the torturous pain, he never felt so alive, so manly, so abused, so helpless, so vulnerable, so intimidated ... and yes ... so frightened. But he was also sexually aroused and gratified as never before.

"OW! OW! OW! OW!" he moaned as he grimaced.

After endless hours of being raped, sexually abused by Hercules, of being sucked off, continuously masturbated, Dave was finally broken. It no longer bothered him when Hercules fucked him or took his cum. He was close to being a beaten dog ... always watching and waiting for a sign he would be sexually beaten again. He knew Hercules could have him whenever he wanted. Dave felt conflicting emotions. He took immense pride in the fact that he was macho enough to withstand the horrible punishment Hercules dished out, the continuous fucking and sucking. Lesser men would have died



under the grueling torture. Yet at the same time there was something unmistakably stirring in him ... emotionally ... spiritually ... he actually liked, enjoyed, even craved and hungered for Hercules' cock up his ass, in his mouth, of Hercules sucking him off, jerking him off, of being cock fucked, roughly manhandled, the crushing bearhugs ... the whole mass sexual horror and barbaric primal brutality of being ravaged by someone much stronger and massively musclebound. He had always been the biggest and mightiest, now he was the supplicant ... and he liked it ... even the pain now stimulated him.

Hercules pulled back. Dave swung forward, his body slamming into the Champ's. "Now I'm going to rip you open again on my phallus," promised Hercules. Dave sensed the giant manmeat slowly sliding between his out stretched thighs. Hercules grabbed him by the waist to hold him still as his cockhead penetrated David's bung hole.

"OW! OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!" roared David.

Hercules pressed farther and farther up into his fuckhole until he felt his balls slapping against Dave's ass. The Champ held his fuckpole in Dave for the longest time, neither sliding out or in. He arched his back. As he did David's body thrust upward on his cock becoming totally impaled on his monster dick, all of it shoved up Dave's hole and holding him upright. David writhed in agony, his body convulsed uncontrollably. To add to his erotic torment, Hercules flexed his massive arms, then gave Dave a lat spread which stimulated the skewered muscleman. Dave wanted to shoot a massive load of hot cum. The mixed sensation of pain and pleasure only wetted his sexual appetite. He moaned and groaned in sensual torment.

Hercules slowly let him return to the stationary position. Dave gasped for breath. Hercules again leaned back, thrusting his hips forward, ramming his cock back up into David. Again he

lifted him upwards on his fuckpole. Several times he performed the same torturous sex act and each time Dave cried out in pain. Then Hercules roughly grabbed his opponent around the waist in a brutal bearhug. He violently began raping him senseless, pummeling him so rapidly David felt as if he was being sawed in half. He couldn't breath. Short gasps were all he could manage as his rib cage was being crushed to smithereens. Hercules was ripping him apart. "SUBMIT!" demanded the Champ. "SUBMIT OR DIE!!"

Through clenched teeth David defiantly yelled, "I can take anything you can do to me. I'm man enough for anything. My ass is a match for your cock ... so fuck away Hercules ... fuck away!! I'LL NEVER SUBMIT! I'LL NEVER SUBMIT! I WILL NEVER submit!" His voice grew fainter.

Frustrated, Hercules squeezed so tight that David felt his ribs giving way under the pressure. Then came an exceedingly violent thrust of Hercules' cock. The Champ strained to hold it up into Dave, whose eyes were wide open from the torturous pain. His head reeled from one side to the other. One giant, prolonged scream from Dave's mouth shattered the arena as he shot a massive load of bloody cum. He bathed himself and his tormentor in this reddish pink mixture.. He erupted with such force he thought his cockhead would explode into millions of tiny pieces. Never had he experienced such violent sex. It was the greatest screaming orgasm of his life. It drained him completely. The world swirled about his head ... chills ravaged his body as Hercules held his musclemeat deep inside him. And then blackness. The pain had conquered him once more.

A SHRIEK OF INDESCRIBABLE HORROR was heard from the wings. Machiste had regained consciousness to witness the

brutal fucking of his lover at the hands of Hercules. His rage was so great that he broke free from his chains. He raced past the attendants, knocking them out of the way to come to the aid of his friend. He leaped onto Hercules massive back, throwing his mighty arms around the Champ's throat. He leaned backwards choking Hercules, forcing him to back away from Dave's limp body. As he was forcibly pulled out of David his cock bounded up ... throbbing, pulsating with unreleased desire. Perturbed at being interrupted by this upstart puppy of a muscleman, Hercules lurched forward with such power that Machiste was thrown over his shoulders to the arena floor, where he laid flat on his back, gasping for air, having the breath knocked out of him from the force of the fall. Hercules reached down ... tore his tunic off with one ferocious jerk. With one hand about his thick neck he lifted Machiste off the ground by his arm.

The Theban, feeling the awesome tight grip of this demi-god, started to kicked away at the Champ, as he dangled precariously by his arm right in front of the Champ's face. Hercules repeatedly gut punched him until he was subdued. Then with his other hand he grabbed Machiste's leg ... pulling it outward exposing the Theban's crotch. The Champ began to ravenously lick at Machiste's beautifully muscular body. He turned him from side to side licking him all over as he dangled in the air. Hercules licked his chest, concentrating on his nipples, which he sucked and tickled with his tongue tip making them hard as iron. The Champ deliberately concentrated on Machiste's magnificent pecs by continuously sucking and sucking and sucking the nipples with great force that he stimulated them. Then he bit them hard. Machiste shrieked as he began to lactate, spewing his man milk into Hercules' mouth.

The Champ scraped his teeth over the spurting pecs. He turned Machiste's body to the audience to show them the milk pouring out of the Theban's beautiful chest. Once he had sucked

him dry, Machiste's body lost its rigid stiffness. The Theban, humiliated at being treated like a woman, sobbed in disgrace. Hercules then began to move his tongue down his body, across his abs to his groin. His bearded chin brushed up against Machiste's pubic hair, scraping across his balls and the base of his cock driving the Theban wild. He took the Theban's balls into his mouth to suck on them. He licked his balls working his tongue upward to the base of his cock. With long, slow strokes of his tongue, he licked the hard, thick cock up and down as Machiste moaned and groaned in between trying to desperately catch his breath.

Finally Hercules took the cock into his hot mouth. He began to suck with such force that Machiste felt his entire insides were being sucked out of him. He cried out in pleasure as the Champ started to bone him with his teeth. Up and down his cock's shaft, from the cockhead to the base Hercules ravaged the Theban's fuckpole, driving him totally insane. Machiste quickly gave up his sweet strength but Hercules wasn't satisfied. He kept taking more and more until the Theban felt he would be completely drained of all his bodily fluids. He still hadn't totally recovered from the fucking Atlas had given him earlier that day. "Please!" he pleaded. "Please stop. You're sucking me to death ..."

"And what do you expect for interrupting me? You deserve to die for that offense," stated the Champ contemptuously. "So suffer for your folly. I'll finish you off first and then that muscleboy over there. Before the night is over, you'll both be together for all eternity in the Land of Happy Dreams by the banks of the River Styx." Hercules' power slammed the Theban to the ground. Unceremoniously he viciously drove his foot into Machiste's stomach forcing all the air out of his body. The Champ held it there crushing his back into the arena floor. The Theban screamed out in pain. Hercules posed his body over him, flexing his arms one at a time, kissing each bicep in turn before flexing

both arms together. He reached down to bring the Theban to his feet. He turned Machiste around placing his cock in the Theban's ass crack. Then with one forceful backward pull on his waist punctured his ass lips, rupturing his bung hole on his might cock.

The Theban's shrieking cries rolled like a cannonade over the arena. His ass muscles were being stretched way beyond their physical limits by the mightiest cock in the world.

Hercules held him close to his chest as he raped him senseless, shoving all fourteen powerful inches up into him. He lifted Machiste off his feet as he savagely impaled him over and over again crushing the breath out of him with a reverse bearhug.

The Theban's body shook violently with each sadistic penetration of the Champ's massive cock.

To add insult to injury, Hercules leaned slightly backwards leaving his cock rammed tightly up into the Theban. He released his bearhug. Machiste was held up only by the power of Hercules' cock. The Champ then began to flex his fuckpole as he flexed his mighty arms.

Machiste's body involuntarily jerked up and down ... his back sliding across Hercules' mountainous chest. Through the excruciating agony he could feel the Champ's hard nipples scraping the back of his lats as he was tossed about like a rag doll on the Champ's pulsating cock. He couldn't stop screaming. The spectators were in stunned awe at the strength of Hercules' cock.

Then Hercules started to massage the Theban's pecs ... stimulating them as he kneaded his nipples ... pinching them, tickling them, rubbing them ... causing them to over activate once more. With both hands cupped over each pec, the Champ squeezed hard, forcing Machiste to lactate. Hercules sadistically played with them ... one at a time ... both together. With each squeeze, a stream of milk shot out to the amused delight of the

audience. Helplessly caught on Hercules' crucifying musclemeat ... shamed, disgraced before the world at being milked like a human cow ... Machiste could only whimper and cry between screams of unimaginable pain.

Eventually the Champ became bored with him. He was no challenge. Contemptuously, he pushed him off his fuckpole to the ground. Machiste just laid there at the Champ's feet curled up in the fetal position. His body shook uncontrollably. All he wanted to do as to crawl away and die from the humiliation wrought by the hand of Hercules. He felt he was no longer a real man, let alone the Champion of Thebes.

The Champ ordered him to stand up. When he didn't, he roughly forced him to his feet by yanking him up by his hair. Tears of shame poured down Machiste's face. Still holding onto his hair Hercules slapped him hard across the face ... telling him to shut up and act like a man.

But Machiste's sense of dishonor was all consuming. He continued to shed tears. "Then I'll fuck you into silence pretty boy," scoffed the Champ. They stood there face to face, Hercules' cock pulsating with desire for Machiste's body.

The Champ grabbed him by his hips. With great ease he lifted him up only to roughly slam him down on his fuckpole. Over and over and over again Hercules lifted him up, only to slam him back down on his cock. Machiste shrieked out in agony as the mightiest cock in the world ripped his ass to shreds. His arms and legs flailed wildly. His body trembled unmercifully. His bung hole burned bloody raw as tissue and muscle were torn to pieces.

Machiste's screams revived David. As he opened his eyes, what he saw horrified him. The Theban's eyes were so wide open from the pain that they seemed to pop out of their sockets. His beautiful face was paralyzed in agony, tears flowed in an endless stream down his precious cheeks, blood could be seen spewing

from his ass, down the backs of his legs, creating a pool of red on the arena floor. Machiste's head bobbed involuntarily each time he was violently impaled on the Champ's cock.

David could stand no more. "Stop! It's not him you want! It's ME!" he screamed at Hercules as he desperately fought against the chains that held him a prisoner. As he struggled with all his might to break free he continued to yell at the Champ. "Here I am Hercules. I'm the one you want. COME FUCK ME!! Here I am. Prove to everyone here that you're man enough to make me submit. Leave him alone. I'M THE ONE YOU WANT! OVER HERE! FUCK ME!"

But, as so many times before, his pleas fell on deaf ears. Hercules continued the savage rape of Machiste to the cheering delight of the audience.

The Champ knew the Theban hadn't long to last. His tight, firm muscular body was becoming weaker with each impalement, ravaged by shock waves and continuous tremors of pain. In time Hercules got bored with him. He was no challenge to his might ... just a weak puppy he was going to put out of his misery. "I've had it with you," he snorted. Turning toward David, who was still fighting hard against his chains, he snarled, "Kiss pretty boy good bye!"

With that he power-slammed Machiste hard and deep on his cock, turning his hold into a brutally crushing bearhug. He held all his thick fourteen inches inside the Theban as he pulverized his rib cage with his mighty arms.

Machiste's body trembled violently. His arms and legs shook uncontrollably. His screams filled the arena as they slashed away at David's heart.

"NOOOOOOOO!" shrieked Dave. "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! FUCK ME! HERCULES!!!! LET HIM GOOOOOOOO! FUCK MEEEEEEEE!"

But Hercules showed no mercy. He began to shoot hot violent loads up into the Theban, filling him over and over again.

Machiste's magnificent body arched backwards in Hercules arms ... he knew he was finished. With each load shot into him his strength ebbed. The excruciating agony of Hercules' cock ravaging his ass, mixed with his increasing weakness was more than his body could withstand. He didn't even have strength enough to cry out anymore or speak. With his last conscious act he looked helplessly toward David. As tears flowed down his face he mouthed the words, "I love you." One last audible sigh escaped his lips. His body fell forward onto the Champ's ... his head collapsed onto Hercules massive chest ... his body went totally limp.

With one last great squeeze of his mighty arms Hercules crushed the life out of Machiste as snapping bones were audible to all in the arena. And still he continued to fuck him, until all his loads had been released, the excess pouring out of Machiste's beautiful muscle butt, down his legs to mix with his blood on the arena floor.

Finally Hercules let go of the Theban's lifeless body. It slowly slid down over his, like a bead of sweat, to lay at his feet. Triumphantly the Champ put one foot on Machiste's crushed chest as he gave the audience a victory pose. The crowd went into a frenzy of celebration. Meanwhile, David stopped his struggle against the chains that bound him. He was stunned into silence as grief overwhelmed him. He looked on as the attendants gently removed Machiste's body.

David head dropped to his chest. Tears flooded his eyes. All seemed lost ... hopeless. It no longer mattered what Hercules

would do to him ... fuck him into submission ... fuck him to death
... nothing mattered anymore ... nothing ...



CHAPTER TWENTY

The Pillars of Woe Continue

HERCULES APPROACHED DAVID. He got right up into his face. A look of conquest was plastered all over it which infuriated the chained, helpless hunk all the more. Their bodies touched. Dave felt his limp cock resting on top of the Champ's rock hard manmeat as it pressed deep into his balls. Pure hate emanated from David's fluorescent blue eyes as he glared at the Champ. How he wanted to break the chains that bound him so he could attack him, crush him in his arms and fuck him to death. It didn't matter that death was an integral part of pancratium wrestling, and all competitors accepted it as part of the sport. Many had died before in the arena ... many on the cock of Hercules. Even David understood that his life was on the line when he wrestled, but none of that mattered now. He hated Hercules for taking Machiste's life. He wanted revenge with all his heart.

Hercules saw the glare of intense malevolence in David's eyes. It only wetted his appetite. "I see that I'm going to have to

fuck that hate out of you, Muscleboy," he snarled as he shoved his cock deeper into David's ball sack.

Dave winced. Through clenched teeth he replied, "You're not man enough."



"Bold words, Muscleboy ... bold words," he said as he flexed his arms and pulsated his cock, bouncing David's cock up and down on his just to annoy his bound opponent and show him who was in control. As he bounced David's cock he licked his lips to taunt him, then kissed each of his biceps. He raked

David's nipples with his own, flicking them up and down and around and around sending shivers throughout his challenger's muscular body. David breathed heavily. As hard as he tried not to be, he was becoming aroused. Hercules' cock pressed into the base of his, raising it up back against his stomach. As the Champ pressed harder and harder, Dave felt his cock responding by getting a hardon.

He couldn't help himself. Hercules' massively muscled body easily turned him on. All that muscle and power concentrated in one man stimulated him. It was just so sexually, erotically evocative. He realized all too clearly that this was how Brad felt about him. It was a sexually erotic response stimulated by some

deep seed lustful and overpowering desire over which he had no control.

Hercules continued to pose his body as he snuggled up tight to David sending his beefy captive into fits of sexual arousal and ambivalence. The Champ began to lick the sweat off Dave's neck, then nibble his ear lobes as he pressed his cockhead harder into David's throbbing cock.

David's head reeled from side to side as he tried to avoid Hercules' lips and tongue but there was no room to maneuver. Hercules sucked and licked his neck, his hands massaged his pecs and nipples driving him crazy.

Slowly Hercules' tongue moved down David's neck to his chest. As it plowed through his chest hair, his tongue matted it down. The Champ's tongue reached his nipples and began to play with them ... licking, kneading them. His lips sucked on Dave's pecs like they were ripe melons. Hercules attacked David's lips with his, kissing him hard but passionately as his hands ran wild all over his body, clutching his buttocks and pressing them forward to increased the pain of his cock's assault on David's manmeat.

Dave groaned. His breathing was hot, heavy as he gulped for air. He was being turned into a wild animal. His moans and groans were not out of pain but of an unbridled sexual desire for the Champ.

Hercules continued the erotic assault on the chained hunk. Stealthily he circled his victim. He knelt behind Dave's spread legs. He licked his lips as he gazed voraciously at his muscle butt and David's horse cock pulsating out in front.

Dave didn't like the position he was in. He fought the chains that bound him but he was held too strongly to break free. He

strained his head around trying to see what the Champ was up to.

The arena was dark now ... very dark. Only the flickering light of the torches cast any illumination ... yet there were still dark gaps where no light penetrated. It was hard to see the spectators, although he could plainly hear them with their continuous chants "Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him!" Yet the arena floor was brilliantly aglow from the torches, so the audience could clearly witness all the action.

David felt humiliated. He was on display ... like a prize bull, and Hercules was his undisputed master.

The Champ said very little as he knelt behind David, admiring the helpless muscle hunk hanging before him ... his arms and legs spread far apart between the Pillars of Woe. Hercules could hear Dave breathe heavily after each mighty exertion to break free of his chains. David was nervous not knowing what to expect. He was scared but tried not to show it.



The Champ began to stroke the inside of his defeated challenger's thighs, just below his balls. Dave instantly tensed up. "Ohhhhh!" he moaned as he swallowed hard.

Hercules just smiled as he kept stroking his huge thighs very softly. "You're thighs are like tree trunks ... a wonder of nature," praised the Champ as he squeezed them gently. Then he dragged his fingernails against them, right under David's balls.

"Ohhhhhh!" groaned Dave as he jerked himself forward. His chains rattled. His body became covered in goose pimples. He quivered.

Hercules laughed out loud. "I haven't even started on you, Muscleboy."

"Please," begged his shackled victim.

"Ah ... is the big Muscleboy a big baby," he teased. "Here it comes, Muscleboy," warned Hercules as he reached between David's legs to grab his cock at the base. It was warm, hard, solid as a rock to the touch. It throbbed automatically in his hand. The veins stood out. Dave moaned. He stiffened up again. When the Champ pulled his musclemeat down, he groaned. David tried to tilt his hips back to ease the pain of the pulling but only succeeded in making his chains rattle. Hercules pulled his cock all the way down ... then pulled it back between his legs, crushing his balls in the process.

He cried out. He was scared.

Holding it with one hand, Hercules used his other hand to wipe a load of pre cum off his own fuckpole. He began to lather it all over his opponent's manmeat from the base to the head.

David moaned. He groaned.

The Champ took another load of his pre cum to smear all over the swollen cockhead ... making it so slippery it popped from his grasp ... rearing up in front of his victim.

Dave went ballistic. His body shook so violently the rattling chains could be heard throughout the arena. Dave cursed at his tormentor. He sobbed. He moaned as the Champ recaptured his cock and slowly greased it up with more pre cum. "You fuckin' sadist!" screamed David as he twisted his body in a futile struggle to free himself.

Hercules just smiled.

The audience laughed and jeered at his prey.

In his whole life David never thought he'd be in a situation like this ... now he was, and to add to the frustration ... there was nothing he could do about it.

Hercules continued to rub Dave's cock with his pre cum ... working him up to the point of shooting his load.

David begged him to stop ... it was driving him crazy. The sensation of having the pre cum of the mightiest man in all the world, from the mightiest cock in the world smeared all over his cock ... of being masturbated ... of having his cock pulled down and back under his balls ... was playing havoc with his mind. He couldn't think straight. He was in a stupor of pure unadulterated lust. Erotic fantasies swarmed over his mind causing Dave's body to tremble in shock waves of wanton desire.

The Champ got to work on the cockhead, holding it in his slippery fist as he twisted and twisted and twisted it until his hunky prisoner was shrieking. Then he went back to stroking it with his pre cum. Slowly Hercules brought Dave to the point of climax. His whimpers got more and more shrill and as his body tightened he tried gallantly to fight off the overpowering urge to cum.

Dave held his breath. His face turned red from the strain. He desperately gasped for air.

He sobbed.

He cried.

"I'm going to make you shoot your might, Muscleboy," boasted the Champ. "You know it. I know it. Everyone here knows it."

David didn't want to cum. He was desperate *not* to cum and lose more of his strength and his dignity. His balls were climbing up into his sack.

Hercules grabbed them and pulled. Then he locked his hand around their base ... trapping them.

David could feel them pulling. They wanted to climb up and blast out a load, but the Champ wouldn't let them. He twisted them. He tongued them ... licked them ... kissed them. "Only when I'm ready will I let you release your might, Muscleboy!" taunted the Champ as he continued to stroke that massive musculameat.

David jerked and twisted his body ... he railed curses at the chains that held him a prisoner. He screamed out as the sexual torture became too much to bear. He was going insane. He sobbed as if there was no tomorrow as Hercules refused to let go of his nuts.

"Oh we've got a long way to go before I let you shoot your might, Muscleboy," scoffed Hercules as he pulled the cock farther back between David's thighs. "How's this feel, Muscleboy," he said as he put the cockhead into his mouth to lick the thick layer of his pre cum off.

Dave went ballistic. His muscle butt quivered uncontrollably in the Champ's face. His ass cheeks clenched ... trembled ...his red swollen abused bung hole repeatedly opened wide and closed. He shrieked out in absolute agony and pleasure as Hercules worked on his cockhead still holding his balls tightly in one hand.



CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

More Torture On The Pillars of Woe

THEN, JUST AS DAVID HAD NO MORE strength left to fight cumming, Hercules released his nuts and cock. Herc stood up. He walked around in front of his musclebound victim. He went down to his knees, again taking David's pulsating cock into his mouth. He swirled his tongue up and over the cockhead, pressing the tip into the piss slit.

Dave moaned loudly. His body shook so hard that the chains rattled. Slowly Hercules licked the entire length of Dave's manmeat up and down on all sides. He wrapped his tongue around it, like a coiling snake about a helpless prey. He began to slide up and down as if he was masturbating it. Dave cried out in berserk pleasure as pre cum flooded his cockhead. He felt Hercules' tongue lick it off ... then his hot mouth enveloping his head. He took all of his opponent's cock into his mouth and down his throat pressing it up against his pallet with his tongue, squeezing it hard. Again David groaned out loudly.

"OOOOOHHHH GOD!" he sighed. His whole body shivered ... the chains rattled. The Champ repeatedly slid Dave's monster cock in and out of his mouth covering it with his saliva, then licking it off.

When he was sure his beefy foe was about to shoot his load, Hercules turned around facing the audience. He propped himself up on one knee. He placed David's cock in the crook of his arm between his forearm and bicep. He started to flex. The crushing ... squeezing pressure on his cock was more than Dave could bear.

David's fuckpole exploded with the force of an erupting volcano. Massive amounts of cum shot out in a great arcing stream that reached halfway across the arena floor. David shrieked out with each explosion as Hercules kept flexing and relaxing ...flexing ...relaxing ... flex ... relax ... flex ... relax ... until only the last few miserable drops dribbled down Hercules' arm. He ravenously lapped it up. The Champ stood up facing Dave. His leering eyes spoke volumes.

Exhausted, depleted, David hung limp from his chains gasping for breath. In all his life he had never had so many super powerful orgasms as he had experienced this day at the hand of Hercules. He had been turned into the Champ's sex toy ... and surprisingly he didn't mind. He understood only too well that something had changed dramatically inside him. Only a few minutes before he had nothing but hate for Hercules, for taking the life of Machiste. Now everything was totally different. Here was this monstrously massive muscleman before him, the only living man to ever rock his world so completely ... so totally.

Not even Machiste had done that.

And for all the animosity, envy and hate he felt toward Hercules, he was still the only man to defeat him and defeat him fairly using only his strength and wrestling skills. David had to respect that. Truly, only the son of a god could have done that.

No mortal man could.

A sense of resignation took hold of him as well as begrudging admiration. Hercules was truly a man who answered all of his pent up frustrations, dreams, desires, hopes, wants. He had to admit that he felt himself falling in love with this legendary strongman. The only time in his entire life that he felt totally fulfilled and sexually satiated was with Hercules' cock raping him senseless. These feelings frightened him. It made him feel vulnerable. It was all a new experience. He wondered if Hercules felt the same way about him. Had he satiated him by being the best fuck he ever had? He prayed that he had, 'cause secretly he didn't want the sex to end.

David felt Hercules' grip on his limp bone muscle. The Champ was working him up again. With long, forcible strokes of his hand Hercules was arousing him. Without realizing what he was saying David moaned, "Oh Hercules! Yeah! Yeah! Oh Yeah ... that feels so good!"

His words seemed to please the Champ. Herc began to stroke him harder ... faster. The intense pain of his abused fuckpole only helped to stimulate him even more as he got harder and harder. The twin sensations of pain and pleasure were conquering him ... driving him mad with uncontrolled lust.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Yeah... Yeah!" groaned Dave as his cock swelled to the breaking point. His breathing grew faster and shorter. "Ow! Oh yeah! Ow! Ow! Ow! OH YEAH!"

Hercules knelt before him and took his cock into his mouth. His wet, slimy tongue danced about the cockhead as David moaned loudly with sexual pleasure. Slowly the Champ took all of the monster manmeat down his throat. No man had ever been able to do that before. It drove Dave to the point of erotica hysteria. His dilemma only increased when his tormentor began to massage his balls ... occasionally taking them into his mouth

to suck on them ... lick them ... using his tongue to play with them. David's body trembled. The chains rattled. He screamed out as Hercules slowly withdrew but only to his cockhead. Then slowly his musclemeat slid back down. The Champ repeated his oral torture over and over again and again bringing David close to climax. Hercules reached over and with one mighty tug tore the chain of the left ankle cuff. He did the same to the right. Dave hung only by his wrists. The Champ majestically rose up to face him.

David's eyes glazed with wanton desire as he breathlessly moaned, "I ... I want you. The very first moment I saw you ... I wanted you in the worse way."

Hercules said nothing. He put his hands on Dave's hips to draw him near. David felt almost virginal, as though all the hot sex he'd ever had was just a rehearsal for this time, this place, with this man. In a split second he realized his chest was going to be pressed against Hercules'. The anticipation made him even harder, harder than he'd ever been before ... so hard that his massive cock ached as never before. He groaned. Then Hercules crushed him to his mountainous chest. David's head fell back, his mouth flew open. He moaned again as their hard large nipples clashed together ... pressing into one another ... and the Champ's cock forcefully compressing the underside of his manmeat. The Champ's firm, relentless grip never faltered. He lowered his head under Dave's chin. He seductively licked the beads of nervous sweat from his thick neck. The sensation was primitive ... carnal ... awesome. It took all of Dave's strength not to cum. Here he was, a massive muscleman in his own right caught in the grip of this horny, handsome, bigger muscleman ... their magnificent bodies meshed together ... their rampant lust for one another running out of control. David's body shuddered. He tried to wiggle away before his mind overheated from the heavy intoxication of pure sex ... but Hercules wouldn't let him go. He

wasn't really hurting Dave or being mean. He was just making it very clear that he was in control ... the master ... that David was his sex slave. Caught in the clutches of an erotic stupor, Dave, his eyes crazed with unrestrained primal lust, never though he'd hear himself beg. "I have to have it," he said looking at Hercules ... their faces so close that their lips touched. " I have ... I have to have it," he blurted out as he gasped for air. "God! You're so fuckin' beautiful ... strong ... massive ... so fuckin' hot. I need ... I want your cock in my mouth ... up my ass ...wiped it over my body. Please! Please Hercules fuck me hard again and again and again. Never stop! Take me! Take me! Hercules, fuck me! PLEASE!"

Hercules growled like a mad bull. "You want me to rape you again?"

"You can't rape the willing. Please, I'm going crazy. Fuck me! Hurt me! Rape me! I gotta have it. Please fuck me. Make me feel like a real man. I can take it. You know I can. I'm man enough. Please fuck me hard!"

Hercules obliged. He moved slightly back. He lifted David's legs up. He slung them over his shoulders. The short link of chains attached to the ankle cuffs rattled. Their iron metal felt cold on the Champ's back. Dave felt Hercules' cock sliding under his thighs. It slowly slid under his ball sack, deliberately slowly inching its way toward his fuckhole. The sensation was driving him mad with wanton lust. Hercules' cockhead kissed his ass lips ... jabbing at them playfully to increase the anticipation, Then, finally, that first piercing, painful push up into him. David screamed out with pain and pleasure as his ass lips tightly enfolded the mightiest cock in the world.

"OH YES!!" he cried. "YES! YES! YES!" as Hercules rammed his monster meat up into him, repeatedly skewing him hard and deep. Dave's head flung backward ... his eyes burst wide open ...

his mouth agape as he sucked in air with gasping breaths. "YEAH! YEAH! OH GOOOOOOOOOD ... YEEEEESSSSS!" he shrieked as a waterfall of sweat poured off his face to drench his chest and torso. Sweat covered both their bodied like liquid diamonds shimmering in the glow of the flaming torches. David's continuous whimpering grew louder and louder. "Harder! Harder! Harder! Ohhhhh! Fuck me! I want it! Harder! Ripe me open on that monster cock of yours. OW! OW! OW! OW! OW! Yes! Yes! Yes! Show me what those mighty thighs can do. YES! YES! YES! ... THAT'S IT! ... HARDER! ... MORE! ..."

"By all the gods of Olympus you're a real man ... a demi god for sure. No mortal can withstand such a fucking on my phallus. They'd die. But you Muscleboy ... YEAH! Ride my phallus ...YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!:" Hercules continued to savagely pummeled David's ass with one mighty thrust of his massive thighs after another. With each powerful thrust Dave's head convulsed backwards. Every muscle in his body was tensed to the point of bursting. Then Hercules let one of Dave's legs fall from his shoulder. The ankle chains rattled. He reached up between David's thighs to take his throbbing rock hard cock in his hand. He began to masturbate him with the same animalistic savagery as he was fucking him. David was being raped into sexual insanity. Hercules let the other leg drop from his shoulder as he kept pumping David's cock for all it was worth ... even lifting him up and down on his cock with it.

"You're driving me crazy," screamed Dave." "I want to feel you deep inside me. Hold me down and fuck me! Please ... I'm begging you," he pleaded through gritted teeth as sweat poured down his grimacing face.

As he continued to masturbate him, Hercules wrapped one of his arms around David's waist to keep his body from being jolted up with each mighty thrust of his cock "Oh I want your

cock! Full Force! Oh that's it ... take me! Fuck me with all your might. Oh God I need it! I want it! Fuck me with your massive cock. Nail me! YES! YES! YES! THAT'S IT! YEAH!! YEAH! YEAH!"

His screams of exaltation filled the arena driving the spectators into a frenzy of wild carnal lust. More than one of them ripped off their cloths to begun fucking the person next to them. All erotic hell was breaking loose as Hercules brought Dave to climax. A gusher of thick white milky cum blasted from David's cock, shooting straight up over both their heads, reaching almost to the top of the pillars. As it came down it splattered both musclemen. Then another and another gusher exploded from Dave's cock and still more as he screamed for all he was worth. Hercules was unmercifully milking him like one of his goats.

The Champ also succumbed to the overpowering sexual intensity of the moment. He exploded a tsunami of cum up into David's ass ... filling him up to overflowing .. the excess flowing like a raging torrent down his opponent's legs ... dropping a creamy torrential downpour onto the arena floor. With each massive load of Hercules' cum ripping him open Dave once again felt himself becoming overpowered by weakness. He wanted to beg the Champ to stop but the intoxicating might of his super orgasm held him in its grip. It hurt so good he didn't want it to end. He was even willing to pay the ultimate price.

Hercules continued to pump David's manmeat as he continued to ravage his ass. David's head rolled about his shoulders. His shrieks grew weaker. His breathing became shallow. His eyes glazed over. His body lost its muscular rigidity. He lost consciousness but there was an unmistakable smile caressing his lips. Hercules withdrew his cock from David leaving him hanging between the two pillars by his arms.

The audience broke into massive applause. Deafening cheers flooded the air as the Champ posed for them ... his cock still hard as granite. His sexual prowess was legendary and they had just been treated to a demonstration of it ... and they loved it. They wanted more. They began to chant "Fuck him again. Fuck him again."

Hercules just smiled as he folded his massive arms ... one hand stroking his finely trimmed beard as if he was thinking about it ... his eyes looking upward. Shortly he nodded his head. The spectators erupted with unrestrained enthusiasm.



CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO: Released From The Pillars of Woe

A COLD BUCKET OF WATER REVIVED DAVID. He shook his head to toss away the excess water pouring off his hair and face. Hercules was standing in front of him with the empty bucket in his hand ... grinning lecherously. David was still hanging like a sack of musclemeat by his wrists. He was smiling. An overpowering sense of being totally satiated engulfed him. All he could do was wait for whatever happened next ...which wasn't long in coming.

Hercules reached behind him. He tore off the chain to one wrist cuff. Momentarily Dave hung by only one arm. Hercules tore off the other chain. David collapsed into the Champ's arms. The chains, still attached to his wrist cuff, clanked. His cock rubbed up against the Champ's pecs, nestling in between their cavernous ridge. Playfully the Champ flexed his pecs to squeeze David's manmeat. The pressure instantly caused a pulsating erection. He

flexed again even harder. A few beads of cum seeped out as Dave sighed.

Hercules put his hands under David's shoulders. He raised him up high enough to take his cock into his mouth to lick the cum off the head.

Again Dave sighed as his body quivered at the touch of the Champ's tongue on his fuckpole. The mighty Greek's tongue tip worked its way into his piss slit causing more beads of cum to spurt out. More sighs ... more moans of pleasure as David's head fell backwards. He drew in deep breaths. His chest heaved as it expanded and contracted. He held his balance by gently clutching Hercules' shoulders. He stayed in that position as long as the Champ's tongue played with his cockhead. Slowly Hercules let Dave slide down over his body ... his cock rubbing past those magnificently gigantic pecs ... it rippled down across the Champ's washboard abs ... until Dave felt the coarse hairs of Hercules' pubes scraping across the underside of his cock. The sensation sent shock waves throughout his body. Their nipples scraped across each others. Again David sighed with pleasure. Goosebumps covered his body. He could plainly feel Hercules' monstrous cock between his thighs. In fact he was sitting on top of it ... his ball sack overlapping it on both sides. Hercules' fuckpole was so powerful that it kept him raised up on his tiptoes. It was like sitting on a massive tree branch.

The Champ's mighty arms around his waist held him ever so close ... ever so tenderly. Dave arched backwards enough so he could use his hands to massage the Champ's great pecs. He kneaded his nipples ... ran his hands over his massive shoulders and arms. Hercules sighed at David's touch. How gentle this giant could be, Dave thought. He felt perfectly safe wrapped up in his arms.

The Champ raised him up high enough to suck on his nipples ... first the left one, then the right, kneading them with his tongue. As he was having his pecs sucked ... being driven crazy in the process, he was able to look over Hercules' shoulder. Between moans he gazed down at the legendary warrior's muscle butt. How he wanted to sink his teeth into those plump, perfectly round ass cheeks. He wanted to worship his entire body, grab his massive pecs ... he wanted to hold that big hot cock with both hands and caress it ... lick it ... rub it all over his body. But he was held a captive, tortured by every move of his cock and chest against Hercules' magnificent body and the Champ's wondering mouth. Slowly he was released. Again he slid down across Hercules' body ... passed the mightiest cock in the world which slid up under his, pushing Dave's manmeat up between both of them. He was finally standing on his own two feet. The two muscle titans gazed longingly into each others eyes. Hercules, his arms around Dave's waist, forced him closed. Their cocks crushed together backside to backside. Their lips met for a prolonged, passionate embrace.

The arena spectators knew that Hercules had tamed another opponent to his will. David had silently submitted ... completely and totally. He had conquered David in the arena ... now he had conquered his heart. Like a master lion tamer training the fiercest beast, Hercules had broken David to his will.

They spent a long time kissing, exploring each other's mouths with their tongues as they pressed their cocks together ... gently humping one another ... as their hands wandered freely over their massively muscular bodies ... feeling each other's shoulders, lats, arms and backs ... massaging each other's butts. They both knelt on the arena floor, facing one another.

David took Hercules' rigid meat in both hands. He was treating him to long, slick strokes. The Champ moaned as he

licked his lips. Dave wanted to bring him to climax. Hercules tilted his head back like no one had ever seen him do before. David wished he could be on the other side of the Champ to see his glutes flex.

Hercules grabbed Dave's shoulders to support himself. His whole body remained rigid ... tightly muscled. There was no look of desperation or concern on his face.

David was puzzled. The Champ seemed so nonchalant about it all. Whatever he did to him Hercules took it in stride as if it were nothing out of the ordinary. Occasionally he'd sign but that was it ... no other sign of emotion or pleasure. David let his monster cock loose. It reared up menacingly ... an amazing fourteen inch fuckpole of throbbing muscle. Looking down at it, saliva oozing out the corners of his mouth, Dave said, "I want it in my mouth. I want to suck on it. I want to worship the mightiest cock in the world ... the cock that conquered me."

At first Hercules said nothing. He simply stood up ... put his hands on his hips ... did a lat spread and said softly, "Go ahead. Worship my phallus. Get me nice and hard, Muscleboy, harder than I've ever been ... and I'll give you the fuck of a lifetime."

"Promise?"

"I promise to give you the ultimate fuck that will last you the rest of your life."

Like an infatuated schoolgirl David glowed at the prospect of the greatest fuck he'd ever experience ... and Hercules had given him many that day. He stopped himself from giggling but he couldn't prevent himself from blushing with anticipation. In all his life David has never seen a cock as huge, as powerful, as magnificent as the cock of Hercules now pulsating right before his face. In his wildest fantasies he had never dared to dream that anything that big could exist ... yet there it was before him ...

real and in the flesh ... like its master. To say Hercules' cock was huge was an understatement. It went way beyond that. It was a hot, rigid lethal weapon of flesh. Its strength was legendary. Men, huge musclebound men had been lifted off their feet by its might as David knew full well from personal experience. Powerful men had been fucked to death on it ... Antaeus, Goliath, Prophyron and Machiste. Yet in spite of its barbaric savagery it was beautifully proportioned. There was nothing ugly about it. Its size alone conveyed sheer might. It was beyond the scope of any mere mortal's cock. You couldn't wrap your fingers all the way around it. Even if you held it with both hands, most of it would still be exposed. The beautiful mushroom shaped head alone filled Dave's mouth ... bulging his cheeks outward. To David's surprise, unlike most cocks, Hercules' seemed remarkably insensitive ... a dormant rod of iron. He knew Hercules could feel him licking, sucking cause he'd sigh out in ecstasy but his massive body never shivered, trembled or shook. It just stayed muscularly hard ... a rigid tower of strength. David was determined to change all that. He was going to bring the Champ's body to a quivering state of climax if it took all night.

Slowly Dave eased the massive cock back into his throat until he could take no more. It felt so good to massage it with his tongue ... to hear the Champ moan in ecstasy. It made him feel that he was in control ... that he was the master of the mightiest cock in all the world. How he loved worshipping Hercules' musclemeat. He moved his head up and down as he sucked on it. He swirled his tongue around the head.

The Champ was breathing hard, moaning with great sighs. Dave tried to convince himself that he was driving him crazy ...but all those moans and sighs seem somewhat controlled ... not quite spontaneous. Hercules, on the other hand, was driving him crazy with his constant posing as he sucked away on his manmeat. He flexed his arms, puff out his chest, flex his

pecs, a most muscular pose and more which stimulated Dave's libido making him hard ... painfully hard and sexually excited. David let the head pop out of his mouth. He then set about licking every square inch of it, dragging his tongue first up one side then down the other. Hercules continued to pose ... sigh.

Dave rubbed his wet, open lips up and down the sides until the iron hard pole of muscle was slick, slimy, wet with his saliva. He took it and began to tenderly beat it against his chest, dragging it through the dense, thick forest of hair that covered his pecs, rubbing it back and forth, licking the head as it passed his lips. He coyly looked up. The Champ, his arms flexed, gazed down. His eyes were ablaze with primal lust. He reached down. Both hands cupped David's head with great force. He placed his cockhead on his lips. Dave instinctively opened his mouth. Hercules slipped his musclemeat passed his lips, across his tongue, down his throat. He forced Dave's head up and down on his fuckpole ... slowly at first, then faster, then harder. Dave began to gag .. choke ... gasp for air.

Still Hercules continued to hold David's head prisoner in his mighty grasp as he rammed his cock deeper into David's mouth ... slamming his cockhead into the back of his throat. Dave's arms flailed wildly. On seeing his distress, Hercules abruptly stopped ... withdrew his cock ... leaned over ... kissing David full on the lips. Once David had caught his breath Hercules suggested that he tilt his head up, which would open up his throat ... then he would stand over his face so Dave could take all of his cock into his mouth. The plan worked like a charm. Dave easily took all fourteen inches straight down his throat. He ravenously suck on it, licked it as it moved up and down, made love to it ... caressed it. As Hercules drove his cock deep into Dave's willing throat, his balls brushed against his neck ... the pubes tickled his chin.

Both muscle titans were in oral sex heaven. "Oh yes!" sighed Hercules. "That feels so good. That's the way. Suck it Muscleboy. Lick it. Oh yeah ... yeah ... yeah! You're the only one who's ever been able to take it all. OH YEAH!"

The Champ's words pleased him. He sucked even harder causing Hercules to shout out loud with groans of pleasure. The spectators were also impressed with David's ability to take all fourteen inches. "What a man!" was universally muttered throughout the crowd. That too pleased him. He was pleasuring the Champ as no one else had ever done before. "You can be my suckboy whenever you want," sighed Hercules. "OH YEAH! By the god's of Olympus ... OH YEAH!"

Hercules breathing got faster and faster ... louder and louder. His massive chest heaved laboriously with each breath. "OOOOOOHHHHHHH!" he cooed. "That feels sooooooooooooo grrrrrrrrrrrrreat! Suck it Muscleboy. Suck it with all your might ... OOOOOOOHHHHHHH YEAAAAAAH!"

The Champ's eyes were open wide with lust. His face grimaced in pure pleasure as sweat poured from his forehead covering his face, draining down his neck, bathing his glistening chest, cascading down his thighs. "AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!" he moaned as he inexplicably withdrew his manmeat out of David's hot mouth, the cockhead popping out soaked in saliva. The thick drool running in white foaming sheets down the shaft to cover his ball sack. He stood up straight letting out a mighty roar. He beat his chest with both fists like an ape gone wild. "OOOOOHHHHH YEAAAAAAH!" he bellowed.

Nothing could have pleased David more at that moment. But more was to come. To everyone's surprise Hercules said, "I'm going to let you taste the might of Hercules, Muscleboy. You're the first ... and you will be the last."

This sudden declaration stunned all in the arena, especially David. Hercules was actually going to let him suck him off and drink his cum. Dave scrambled to get into position. Hercules reached down. He tenderly took his face in both hands. He kissed his lips with a long passionate embrace. David had never been so aroused ... so horny ... or so hard. His cock throbbed uncontrollably. "And after you've tasted my might ... I'll fulfill my promise. With my strength in your body you'll be able to withstand the savage raping I'm going to give you and you'll be mine for as long as you live."

"Promise ... that I'll be yours ... forever?"

"For as long as you live."



CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Prelude to the Ultimate Fuck

THE PRESSURE OF HIS WILDLY out-of-control anticipation, of having his erotic fantasies come true with Hercules, was almost more than David could bear. He was on the verge of hyperventilating. His body trembled as he knelt before the greatest and mightiest musclemans of all times. The Champ again took his face gently in his hands. His loving gaze soothed Dave's nervousness. "It'll be all right, Muscleboy," he whispered. "I'll fulfill all your desires."

Dave reached forward taking the Champ's cock in his hand. He guided it into his mouth. Momentarily he held the cockhead just between his lips, licking it all around with his tongue, tickling the piss shit with its tip. Hercules sighed. He drew in a deep breath and held it before exhaling. Slowly David eased the cock back into his throat until he could take no more. He moved his mouth up and down the shaft while pressing his tongue hard against the underside. The more he sucked, the more David

wanted that monster musclemeat up his ass. He wanted to give Hercules the ride of his life. He wanted to blow his mind with his muscle ass. He wanted to be the greatest butt fuck the Champ ever had. He swirled his tongue around the head. Hercules sighed, "Oooooohhhh yeeeeaaahhhh! That's it Muscleboy. Suck with all your might. AAAAAAHHHHHHH!" Hercules gasped for breath. "You're driving me crazy, Muscleboy. DO IT! DO IT! YEEEEAAAAAHHHHHH!" Dave let the head of the cock pop wetly from his mouth. With firm strokes he ran his hand the entire length of the shaft several times. Then he began to lick every inch of it. He dragged his tongue first on the underside of the head, then swirled his tongue all over the head driving Hercules into a state of pure ecstatic rapture. "YEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHHH! bellowed the Champ. "Oh by the gods you're great ... David!"

For the first time Herc called him by name. It pleased Dave to no end. The great muscleman actually knew his name. As he licked he smiled. He was so pleased. Dave rubbed his wet open lips up and down the sides until the iron hard pole of muscle was so slimy with his saliva it poured off it in great thick globs. He then took it back into his mouth, ramming the tip of his tongue into the piss slit. A mass quantity of pre cum oozed out. Dave ravenously licked it up. It seemed to rejuvenate some of his depleted strength.

Hercules' breathing grew faster and faster, louder and louder, more desperate with each suck of David's mouth. Dave grabbed his buttocks forcing the Champ forward. He felt those muscle glutes clench. Hercules moaned, "Ohhhhhh goooooood!" as David forced his cock to the back of his throat. He was determined to be the master of this mighty fuckpole. He would decide when the Champ would shoot his load. He was going to be the one in total control. And the time was right. He began to bone the monster musclemeat. Hercules' body remained rigid

mouth to subdue him ... to make him his slave ... to give him an orgasm so unprecedented, so powerful, so addictive that he'd be David's slave forever. He wanted to give him something he'd beg for later. He wanted to bring the big guy to his knees. But there he stood ... majestically upright, flexing and posing his body as he loaded David's mouth to overflowing. Dave kept sucking on the monster manmeat as if his life depended on it ... still hoping he could bring Hercules to his knees in a body twitching state of sexual euphoria. "Oooohhhh ... Muscleboy," sighed the Champ as his orgasm waned. David again reached behind him to grab his muscular glutes. He pushed him forward so he couldn't withdraw from his mouth. He squeezed Hercules' cock with his tongue up against his pallet to force every drop out of him.

The Champ sighed loudly. When he had stopped cumming, David reluctantly let the monster meat glide from his mouth. He looked up to see the Champ gasping for breath. As he lowered himself off the mightiest cock in the world he came to rest on one elbow as he stroked Hercules' fuckpole with the other hand. Coyly he stated, "I want to be your fuckboy too. Fuck me Hercules. Please give me the greatest fuck of my life and I'll give you the greatest pleasure you'll ever have."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than David felt a strange sensation start to overtake his body. He began to wrench. His body went into violent spasms. He writhed on the arena floor shaking, trembling in a fit of uncontrolled agony. The might of Hercules was surging throughout his body in massive waves of pain. He cried out as the Champ looked on. The spectators fell into a hushed silence as David's tormented screams filled the arena. Breathlessly they watched in stunned amazement at the transformation happening right before their eyes. "What's happening ... to me?" David shrieked as fear and panic overtook his face.

"It'll be all right in a few moments," calmed Hercules. "You're just reacting to my strength taking over your body."

"Oh GOD!" he shrieked again. "It hurts so much! God it hurts!" Through the intense agony David felt himself morphing into an exceptionally powerful man. His muscles bulging ... growing ... his vascular striations nearly bursting through his skin ... his definition increasing. He cried out as his body stiffened ... then paralyzed ... morphing ... morphing ... morphing. Then nothing. It was all over. He was transformed. He felt the strength, the incredible might of Hercules as his own. He was lost in a steroid haze of invincibility. He was now a real match for the Champ. Anything he could dish out, he could take. It was an intoxicating feeling ... hypnotic ... addictive. He was eager to try out his new strength and body.

Dave jumped to his feet as the audience applauded enthusiastically, wildly cheering his metamorphosis. Here was someone truly worthy of Hercules. Relishing his new found might, David stood before the spectators posing his body. Sensually he licked and kissed each of his flexed biceps. Eager to try out his new strength and as an act of emancipation from Hercules' control, David easily tore off the iron wrist and ankle cuffs and chains. He threw them to the spectators in the upper galleries for souvenirs. With his self confidence fully restored he arrogantly sauntered up to the mightiest of Greek warriors. He flexed his arms, puffed out his chest, did a most muscular pose, stroked his incredibly hard pulsating cock. He no longer wanted to be fucked by the Champ.

He now wanted to fuck Hercules, to avenge the death of Machiste, and to destroy the mighty man on his monster cock as he had been so barbarically raped into submission on the Champ's. "So you want to give me the greatest fuck of my life? I don't think so," he said scornfully poking his finger hard into

Hercules' massive chest. "How about if I fuck you into submission this time, Champ? How would you like me to give you the greatest fuck of your life?"

Everyone in the arena was shocked by David's renewed arrogance, including the Champ. "I should have known no mortal could handle the might of the gods," he stated matter of factly. "I guess I'll just have to beat you senseless all over again and put you back in your place."

"I don't think so Herc," scoffed Dave. With one mighty roundhouse gut punch he lifted the Champ off his feet sending him flying across the arena floor to slam up against a retaining wall just below the first row of seats.

Hercules, doubled over, collapsed onto the floor, his massive arms clutching his stomach. Quickly David was upon him, standing over him raining down one lethal blow after another on his defenseless body. He opened a cut just above the Champ's left eye.

David pulled Hercules up by his hair. He got him in a reverse front headlock as he beat away at his back and shoulders with massive blows of his fist. Hercules was forced to all fours under the onslaught. Again David hauled the Champ up and continued his insane beating driving him all over the arena floor. Hercules tried in vain to protect his face and dodge the rapidly fired blows. He bobbed and weaved as best he could but Dave's fierce attack came too fast and furious to stop them all. Eventually he was pummeled down to his knees, his arms dangling heavy and lifeless at his side. His would be conqueror stood in front of his face.

With his mighty cock in his hands, David, laughing, began to unceremoniously beat the Champ's face with it, even wiping it all over his head as he shout for all to hear, "This is the cock that will

destroy you and end your reign as the Champion of all Champions. Prepare to be fuck and destroyed.”

The morphed hunk easily lifted the Champ up over his head and viciously bodyslamed him to the ground knocking the breath out of him. Senseless, Hercules put up no resistance. “Payback is a bitch, isn’t it Champ!” taunted David as he again reached down to flip Hercules up over his shoulder in an excruciating backbreaker. With his arrogance running wildly out of control he strolled around the arena sadistically bouncing the Champ up and down to deliberately increase the torturous pain he was inflicting. Then with a piledriver he smashed the Champ’s head into the ground rendering him almost unconscious.

Laying prostrate Hercules’ body was again subject to barbarous blows and savage pummeling as David, straddling his thighs, maliciously attacked his chest, stomach and arms, bashing the biceps of the legendary strongman until they were bruised black and blue. Placing his hands firmly on both of the Champ’s shoulders to hold him in place, Dave worked his cock up under the mightiest cock in all the world, the cock that had torn his muscle butt to shredded pieces and rocked his world. He began to work Hercules’ massive fuckpole up and back onto his own abs. Then he pressed down with his cockhead, burying the Champ’s killer manmeat into his own stomach.

With vicious humps David went to work cockfucking the Champ which he had been unable to do before. Hercules cried out in agony as he felt his phallus being smashed to bits and pieced. No one had ever been able to do this to him before. He was beside himself with fearful apprehension, an emotion he’d never experience as he moaned and groaned out loudly in the hypnotic erotic conflicting sensations of great pain and intense pleasure. “This is only the beginning, Hercules,” bragged David with a sadistic grin plastered on his face. “When I get through

fucking you into submission you'll be my sex slave for the rest of your life. My trophy boy for all the world to see and I'll be the ultimate Champion of all Champions, the destroyer of the Mighty Hercules and you'll be yesterdays garbage."

The audience was shocked into silence. They had never seen their legendary hero so abused, so helpless, so defenseless. They were stunned and horrified, unable to believe what they were witnessing.

Unable to resist the savage cockfucking any longer, Hercules was about to shoot off his strength when, surprising, David stood up. He reached down to grabbed Hercules' abused hardon and began dragging the screaming Champ back to the center of the arena floor. "I'll say this for you, you know how to roll with the punches," Dave said begrudgingly as he again forced the dazed Champ back to his feet. Taking both their cocks in his hand he began stroking them, even putting the heads together, rubbing them back and forth, grinning at the legendary Greek muscleman. "Let's see who has the mightiest cock now," he challenged. He released them both.

The two titans clasped their hands behind their heads as they began to ram their cocks together, slapping them together, bashing them together. Each time he slammed his cock into Hercules' David groaned. It hurt. It hurt a lot. It hurt so much he wanted to cum. Each time the Champ smacked his cock into David's he grinned sadistically as his challenger winced in pain. David was shocked by the Champs behavior. "Remember, Muscleboy, I know how to play the game too," he chortled. "I believe in giving the audience their money's worth. If I made it look too easy beating the shit out of muscleboys like you, no one would come. You never really hurt me Muscleboy and you never will for I am Hercules, the son of Olympus!" roared the Champ.

His words electrified the spectators who began to chant his name and called for him to fuck this musclebound upstart to death.

Frustrated by the Champ's declaration and his inability to win the battle of the cocks, David attacked the mighty warrior, shoving his fuckpole up under Hercules', ramming it back up against the Champ's stomach. He hadn't been able to do that before either but with his new found strength, he was unstoppable. He grabbed the Champ in a bearhug as he began to pummel the mightiest cock in the world with his massive musclemeat. Hercules cried out in pain. His face grimaced as David continued his cock assault. He never felt so strong as he crushed the Champ against his mighty body. The spectators were once again stunned into silence as the two musclebound behemoths clashed in the center of the arena.

David's face turned beet red from the enormous strain as he tried to smash the life out of Hercules. The Champ groaned as he twisted his body trying to free himself from the might of David's arms. "Struggle all you want Hercules ... I'm in control now and you're the loser!" gloated David. "I'm going to rape you into submission for what you did to Machiste, to me and there's nothin' you can do about it," he grunted through clenched teeth.

"You're not that big or strong," gasped Hercules defiantly.

"Oh yeah! Well, let's find out! Let's see who fucks who!" Dave kept up pummeling Hercules' cock with his own. With every thrust of his fuckpole into the base of the Champ's, Hercules winced in pain and cried out. The more Dave slammed his cock into Hercules' the more he wanted to shoot his load all over both of them. He knew he had to slow down but he was caught in the grasp of his new found might. He couldn't help himself. He kept up the savage cock assault until he lost control. He violently erupted, ejaculating massive amounts of cum all over Hercules' cock and himself. With each blast he felt himself growing

weaker. The Champ broke free, catching Dave in his bearhug, his cock now fucking the underside of his challenger's, ripping into it with a primitive animalistic cruelty. Dave shrieked out as his might was smashed out of him. He felt his ribs caving in from the pulverizing pressure of the mightiest arms in the world. His cock was being torn to shreds by the mightiest cock in the world. He was being cock fucked into submission as Hercules sex slave. Dave cried out in total agony. His screams filled the arena. He arched his back trying to put distance between his pain riddled body and the massively muscled body of the Champ's but the torment was too much. He wailed in anguish. His arms flailing helplessly at his side.

As the last of his strength was fucked from his body David experienced the reversal of the morphing process. He rapidly began to shrink back to his normal, massive muscular size. The intense pulverizing agony of the Champ's bearhug, the ravaging of the cock fucking and the complete realization that all his dreams of victory were lost forever, was more than he could bear. He finally cried out, "I give! I give! I Submit! Hercules ... I submit! Pleeeeeeezzzzzzeeeee stop before you rip my cock off. OOOOOWWWWW!!!!!" Hercules released him. Dave dropped to the ground like a sack of wet cement. His body devastated by torturous pain. His strength spent. He desperately gasped for air as he laid at the feet of his conqueror. The Champ just grinned saying, "Now you're ready for the fuck of a lifetime, Muscleboy."

"No! It's not fair," whimpered Dave as he lay sprawled on the arena floor. "It was my destiny to fuck you ... to conquer you ... to be the greatest for all time. I had a dream about it. It was a good omen." He looked up at the Champ. His fluorescent blue eyes pleading for understanding. "Why? Why? What went wrong? I had your strength in my body. I was your equal. I was beating you. I had you. What went wrong?"

David's pathetic plea touched Hercules. Softly he explained, "The gods decided it wasn't meant to be. There can be only one Hercules. That's me. I'm the ultimate! I am the mightiest of all men. I'm invincible. They decreed it to be that way for all eternity. It's both a blessing and a curse. The blessing ... I'm the strongest of the strong. I'm unconquerable. The curse ... I'm cold of feeling inside. I'm doomed never to see beyond the limits of my own shadow. You never had a chance, Muscleboy. Only your ego, your vanity blinded you to that fact. You never had a chance ..."

David slumped back down. He felt like such a total loser in front of all those tens of thousands of spectators. He felt so humiliated, degraded he just wanted to die. Hercules saw his distress. He held out his hand to the fallen warrior. "Come," he said gently. "Come and fulfill your real destiny on my phallus."

Reluctantly David reached up to take his hand. He stood up still feeling weak and light headed from his cock fucking, yet remarkably he was still turned on by Hercules' magnificent body. He felt desire stirring deep within him ... a longing to be fulfilled on his cock as he had never been satisfied before. The Champ's promise of the fuck of a lifetime rang in his ears. Still the nagging thought of what might have been ... of his dream in conquering Hercules ... of raping him on his mighty cock ... of bring him to such a massive climax he'd beg for his life ... plagued him.

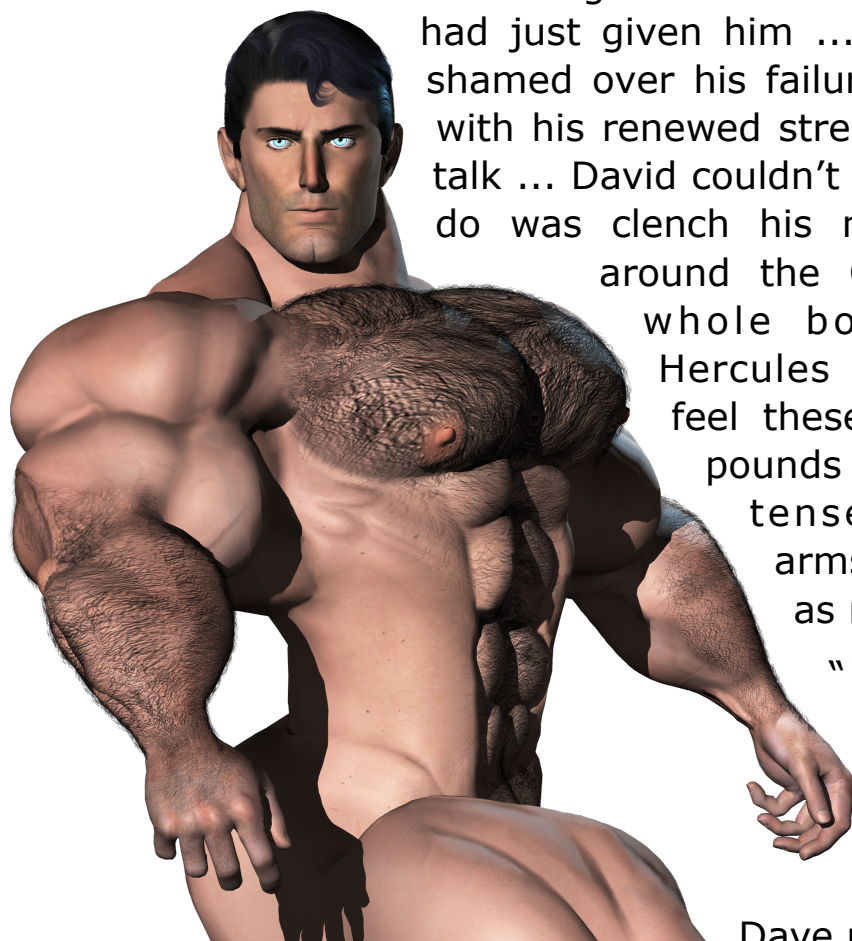


CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Prelude to the Ultimate Fuck Continues

THE AUDIENCE EAGERLY LOOKED ON to see how the Champ would deal with this musclebound upstart ... how he would subdue him again and make him his willing sex slave. Would he fight him, beat him to a pulp, then break his arrogance on his mighty phallus, or was there another way? What would the Champ do? The answer wasn't long in coming. Hercules stepped right in back of the young muscleman. He pressed his cock between Dave's ass cheeks as he touched his chest to his back. Then the Champ wrapped his arms around his waist, pulling David up against him. The full length of his cock pressed deeper into his buttocks. He nuzzled the back of his neck with his finely trimmed beard. Dave nearly jumped out of his skin but he made no effort to get away. He was much too weak to even try. Hercules coyly asked if he liked that. Dave just struggled to catch his breath, not wanting to say yes, unable to say no.

"You know what, Muscleboy? I think you need to get fucked in the worse way," taunted the Champ as he rubbed his massive manmeat up and down Dave's ass crack. "I was just thinking that I should give you the greatest screaming orgasm of your life ... that I'd rape you totally senseless. Would you like that?"



Still reeling from the cock fucking Hercules had just given him ... still crest fallen and shamed over his failure to fuck the Champ with his renewed strength after all his bold talk ... David couldn't respond. All he could do was clench his muscle butt together around the Champ's cock. His whole body tensed. For Hercules it was amazing to feel these three hundred plus pounds of pure muscle all tensed at once in his arms. It turned him on as never before.

"You've never let anyone fuck you before me, have you? I've been the only one."

Dave panted for breath.

"But you know what I think?" The Champ raised his hands to cup his pecs. Dave moaned. His head fell back. Hercules whispered seductively in his ear, "I think you love feeling my mighty phallus up your ass. You love me fucking you ... raping you ... plowing you like a farmer plows his fields."

Dave tried to pull away. Hercules yanked him back, tightly pressing him against himself. His cock again nestled in the sweet

crevasse of his butt. The Champ pressed his hips forward, shoving it firmly between his creamy muscle cheeks.

"You've dreamt about being fucked by a bigger, stronger man, haven't you?"

Again David gave no response. Slowly Hercules let his hands move across Dave's pecs, his fingers combing through all his thick dark chest hair. The Champ smiled as he felt him inhale deeply, but he never seemed to exhale. He just kept sucking in little breaths of air. Hercules could feel his ribcage expand more and more. When his palms got near to David's nipples he held his breath. "Hmmmm?" he said. "I know what you want. You want me up in you," he whispered as his thumbs crossed Dave's nipples.

He sobbed, practically collapsing in the Champ's arms.

"Aww, poor Muscleboy. Does that feel good?"

"Ohh! G-god! Hercules!" moaned David.

"Hmm ... like that? Real slow and soft?"

Dave sobbed. His body shuddered. He went weak in the knees.

"Around and around with my finger tips? That just drives you crazy, doesn't it?"

"Oh Hercules. Ohhhhhhhh!!!!!"

"Yeah. That's right," cooed the Champ in his ear. "Somebody should take care of you, Muscleboy. You shouldn't be the one to do all the work all the time. Believe me, I know how that is. It's the story of my life. I know how you feel." Dave whimpered. He panted for breath. "You're just waiting for the right man to come along."

Dave breathlessly moaned, " ... Yes ..."

"Yeah! You've been waiting for somebody big and strong who can make you feel taken for a change. Someone to take charge." Hercules dropped his hands down to David's pubes. He softly patted them. He rubbed his eight pack abs. He dropped his hands again to touch the thick base of his rock hard cock. He enfolded it in his hand and began to masturbate it with long firm strokes. Dave groaned in pleasure. "You need to be fucked, Muscleboy. You want to be fucked. You want me to fuck you over and over and over again and again and again, don't you. You want me to fulfill my promise to give you the fucking of a lifetime, don't you?" teased Hercules as he continued to masturbate his beefy challenger.

Dave was rapidly panting for breath. The Champ's seductive words were getting to him. He was still squeezing his buttocks together. He knew it was a futile gesture. He hadn't the strength to resist. He really didn't want to resist. Everything Hercules was saying was true. In spite of having gone crazy with roid rage on the Champ's cum, he wanted to be fucked. He wanted to have the greatest cock in all the world rape him as hard as possible. He craved it like a junkie his drugs. Hercules enjoyed having his cock trapped and squeezed by Dave's muscle butt. It felt so good. It turned him on even more. He reached up, putting his hand on Dave's neck. He gently made him drop his head back. He held his ear with his teeth. He nuzzled his cheek against his shoulder hair. "I think you want me to rip you apart on my phallus, like I've done all evening, because it feels soooooooooo gooooooooood, doesn't it?"

Again Dave whimpered.

"Am I right?"

He whimpered more as his cock was being stroked.

"I'm right, aren't I?"

He sobbed.

"See. Hercules knows. I know what you need." Then the Champ brushed his hairy pecs and tickled his nipple with one hand as he continued to stroke his cock with the other. Dave's body jolted as if struck by lightning.

"Shhh. Oh. Shhh. Shhh. It's ok. I understand. How'd you like me to fuck you all night long ... huh?"

Dave breathlessly moaned. He couldn't take much more of Hercules' seductive taunting.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Dave nodded.

"You deserve to be fucked on my phallus. You want to be fucked on my phallus. The only time you ever felt like a real man was when my phallus was raping your muscle ass, right?"

Again David nodded. He had no will left to resist. He didn't want to anyway. Hercules had made him so hot, so horny with all his erotic talk he was about to explode.

The Champ peeked over his shoulder. What he saw made his mouth water. His hand was stroking a huge, beautiful thick veiny muscle cock topped with a big shiny red swollen head. He released it. It violently reared up on its own throbbing, twitching wildly. Clear syrup leaked from the top completely covering it.

"Oh Hercules," moaned David.

The Champ turned Dave around to face him. He crouched down a little to shove his cockhead under Dave's cock. Hercules flexed his musclemeat bouncing David's cock up and down on it. He flexed his arms as he cooed, "Here I am, Muscleboy, the man of your dreams. Feel my body. I'm all you desire. Feel my muscles, my phallus. It's all here for you ... only for you."

Dave couldn't resist the temptation. He slowly ran his hands all over the Champ's massive body as his breathing grew more frantic. As he indulged himself feeling Hercules up and down, the Champ licked his lips seductively. When David cupped his cock in his hands he did a most muscular pose, tensing all his muscles to their maximum size. David was beside himself with wanton lust. Hormones wildly rampaged throughout his body. How he wanted that massive musclemeat in his hands to be up his ass.

"That's what you've been waiting for, isn't it Muscleboy?"

"Yes. Oh ... Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

"You want me to fuck you hard ... harder the better ... right?"

Dave sobbed, "Yes!"

"Yes, I know it is. You want me to give you the greatest fuck ever experienced in the world. You want me to plow your ass. You want to hear my hips slapping against your muscle butt. You want to be lifted up off your feet and impaled on my mighty phallus. You want to be skewered alive ... don't you?"

"Oh yes, please. Yes!"

"I'm the only one that can do that to you. There's no one as big as you but me. There's no one strong enough do that to you but me."

Dave whimpered.

"I'm the only one, Muscleboy. I'm the one you dream of. You want me to rape you senseless, don't you?"

"Please stop tormenting me. Just fuck me. Fulfill your promise to give me the greatest fuck of my life. Please ... fuck me now!"

Hercules took David's face in his hands as his cock pressed into the underside of Dave's fuckpole. He passionately embraced him as he crushed Dave's cock up against his own stomach. He whispered, "I'm going to fuck the living daylights out of you. I'm going to fuck you so hard! I'm going to fuck the arrogance out of you, Muscleboy and put you in your place. You want to be totally dominated. That's what you want, isn't it? Isn't it?" he shouted as he smashed his cock into Dave's.

David cried out in pain, "YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!"

"I'm going to give it to you so deep and hard, just like I promised."

"Please, OW! OW! OW!. You're ripping my cock apart. OW! OW! OW! OW!"

Hercules back off a little but still held his manmeat in Dave's cock. "You need to be fucked by the mightiest phallus in all the world, don't you? You need it to be big and throbbing and powerful and hard as an iron spike, don't you?"

"Yes!" gasped Dave as he winced from the pressure of the Champs cock in his.

"A big muscle guy fucking you ass. Big thighs around you ... Big pecs ... Big arms ...fucking you. Fucking you with a gigantic, wet, slippery, dripping phallus that's about to blast a sea of steamy, hot cum deep into you so you feel like a real man. You want that so bad. don't you?"

"...y-yes!"

"Don't you," shouted the Champ.

"YES!"

'By me?"

"Hercules, please don't humiliate me like this," begged Dave.

"Come on, Muscleboy, let me hear you say it. Tell me what you want and I'll give it to you. I'll give it all to you. I'll make all your wildest, most secretive dreams come true. I'm the only one who can. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me what you want," demanded The Champ.

"Hercules ... f-fuck me! Please!"

"I'm the one ... the only one, aren't I?"

"Yes! G-god yes! Every time I look at you I want you to take me, fuck me, rape me senseless. Oh, Hercules ... PLEASE! FUCK ME! I can't take it any more!! I need it! I want you inside me. Do it, please Hercules. Do it to me HARD! Take my ass Hercules ... fuck me, please. Oh God! Oh God! Oh God Hercules ... fuck me. Please! Please! Please fuck me NOW!!!!"



CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

The Ultimate Blowjob

WITH A SNARL, HERCULES PUSHED DAVE onto the arena floor. Instinctively David crawled backwards, a look of apprehension on this face. Still, knowing what was to come, he whispered, "Yes!" His breathing was weak ... shallow ... rapid ... the effects of being savagely cock fucked still evident. "Yes," he repeated as the towering musclebound titan of sex moved over him like a thundercloud. Dave continued to pull himself backwards. Slowly, gracefully, like a stalking hunter, Hercules followed him, until Dave stopped. He glanced up at the Champ's massively thick musculature. Hercules maneuvered his hips directly over his, pressed his cock against Dave's warm pulsating rod, which cut short David's whimpering. He dropped his whole weight down onto the muscle hunk below him ... pinning him helpless to the ground. Hercules lecherously drank him in with his eyes. He savored him like a starving man does a banquet as he stroked the remarkably soft bronze skin. He turned David over, inspecting

him like a physical inspects a patient. His muscle butt was like a pair of ripe melons ... waiting to be devoured. Hercules curled his hands around each of them ... massaging them ... lifting them. The Champ's fuckpole throbbed up and down with lustful anticipation. Hercules slapped Dave's buttocks hard. He groaned. "This ass is mine ... for now ... for always," declared the Champ as he caressed them with his lips ... licked them with his tongue ... massaged them with his hands.

Hercules jumped to his feet as he lifted David up off the arena floor. He turned Dave to face away from him. He pressed David's broad back up against his chest ... rubbed his hairy pecs softly back and forth. The beefy hunk held his breath and went rigid. Hercules smiled. He moved his hips, resting his upright cock in the crevasse of David's butt. The Champ reached down spreading his glutes, wedging his throbbing fuckpole firmly between them. He let go. The twin muscle cheeks snapped together, tightly gripping his hot massive manmeat. Hercules licked the back of Dave's neck. He reached down in front of him, stroking his muscular chest. With both hands he explored the ridges of his abdominal muscles sending a tickling sensation raging throughout David's body. He moaned with pleasure. Hercules finished by dragging the tips of his fingers slowly downward until they reached his pubes. Gently he took Dave's pulsating cock in both hands as he began to masturbate him with firm strokes.

David's whole body trembled. He sighed. He wanted to collapse into the Champ's arms. After a few minutes of working David's massive erection, Hercules' hands drifted upwards back to his pecs. His fingers tenderly held the large smooth nipples. He squeezed them softly. Dave quivered ... his body shook uncontrollably. He made a very weak attempt to turn away, but his mighty captor held him too tight. He watched as Dave struggled to remain still. His hands jerking at his side. He was

facing away from the Champ with the massive head of the Champ's monstrous musclemeat pressed up against his puckering ass lips ready to plunge into him at any second. Yet he enjoyed being the sex object of Hercules' exploration. David dropped his head back resting it on the Champ's shoulder. He moaned with pleasure. Hercules felt his killer fuckpole gripped over and over by Dave's clenching buttocks. He moved his tongue from Dave's twenty four inch thick neck to his ear. He licked it softly, making thrusting movements with the tip of his tongue towards the ear lobes and the inner ear, threatening to start his invasion here ... to fuck his mind first.

Suddenly Hercules' hands dropped. He grabbed Dave by the hips. He pulled him in tight. His cockhead penetrated Dave's quivering ass lips. David felt the sharp piercing jab of the Champ's monstrous manmeat as it entered him. He cried out loudly. The Champ could see Dave's pulse throbbing in his neck. He nuzzled it as he whispered, "Do you want the fuck of a lifetime?" as he swirled his hips ... rotating his cock around inside Dave's butt hole.

David moaned softly, "Yes ... Please!"

"I'm going to hurt you real bad, Muscleboy."

"I can take it! I promise. I want it!"

Hercules spread his legs far apart ... took a wide stance ... move his hips from side to side as he roughly shoved his hot massive meat farther into Dave as his ass lips quivered and shook from pain.

"This is your last warning. I'm going to rip you wide open, Muscleboy."

"I need it," grunted Dave through gritted teeth ... his face already grimaced in pain. "I have to have it!"

"Tell me ... what do you want?" teased Hercules.

"I need to be fucked. I need it desperately. I need you to fuck the life out of me! Long ... deep ... hard! If you don't, I'll go insane tonight and every night just thinking about you ... dreaming about you. I couldn't take that torment. Use me as your fuck toy! Let me feel the full might of your muscle cock. Ravage me! PLEASE!"

Hercules roughly pushed Dave off his cock. He forced him down to the arena floor and onto his back. He knelt between his huge spread thighs. He grabbed him behind the knees. He lifted him up. Dave was shocked to feel his thighs being raised high. He gasped when he felt his hips leave the ground as Hercules stood up. He cried out in fear as he felt his back and shoulders leave the floor. He was being held upside down. Huge hands were clasped around his knees as his arms flailed for a handhold, but there was nothing but smooth ground all around. His head tossed from side to side. His hair brushed and twirled against the arena floor. The world was upside down. Blood rushed to his head. He felt dizzy. Finally he found a semi-comfortable position for his arms, pressing against the ground to relieve some of the pressure on his head and neck. He relished the sense of control for a brief moment. Then a moist hot mouth descended on his testicles. He screamed in shock. He struggled to find his position of stability again. Then he was able to contemplate completely the tongue that swirled around his balls ... the lips that soaked his preineum. He felt teeth gently gripping all the flesh behind his nuts. He heard wet slurping noises, the unmistakable sounds of someone thoroughly enjoying something juicy and delicious.

Dave tried to kick his legs but was powerless. He was held in the unbreakable grip of the mighty Hercules. Even if he wanted to, his conqueror was behind him and out of reach ... there was no way for him to push the Champ away. His manflesh had

become a tasty treat to be moistened and sucked and prodded and licked and nibbled. Dave cried out. He sobbed. He moaned at the sensation of warmth and soaking wetness pervading his loins. Then Hercules raised him up even more ... his tongue invaded Dave's asshole. David's muscle butt was a thing a pure beauty for Hercules ... the best he'd ever seen. How it turned him on. His cock ached to ripe it wide open. It was a true bubble butt of grade A muscle.

The Champ buried his face in it. He licked Dave's puckering hole. His ball sack resting just below his chin. David's huge, thick fuck rod throbbed wildly. It stretched out straight as an arrow ... the head beet red and saturated in pre cum ... a single touch would have unloaded all its pent up strength. Both muscle gods were in total ecstasy. Hercules rolled his tongue around inside his ass lips causing them to spasm violently.

David roared out a great sigh of pleasure. The farther he pressed his tongue in the more Dave cried out, "OOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!" He had never been so ravaged by a tongue before. He was loving every minute of it. His eyes flew open every time Hercules tongue jabbed, pierced, swirled at his bung hole ... invaded it ... roughly probed it.. The Champ continuously drove his tongue into Dave's ass causing his body to shudder in wild gyrations. David's breathing was in short desperate pants as he tried to catch his breath. His whole body turned rock hard. It trembled. His voice got lower as he cried out, "OOOOOOOHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" which encouraged Hercules to lick faster ... probe deeper. He bit the flesh between Dave's balls and hole ... managing to get a good grip on it with his teeth. He gently nibbled away.

"OOOOOHHHHHH!!!!!"

Hercules wiggled his face back and forth to get it in deep as he nibbled all around his ass lips.

“OOOOOHHHHH! FUCK!” howled David as the Champ’s tongue drove him to the brink of erotic insanity. He cried out in rapture. He was astonished that he could be maneuvered like a small frail schoolboy, held upside down by his massively strong thighs, spread so completely apart and he was powerless to do anything about it. Hercules strength was amazing. He was truly invincible.

The hungry mouth of the Champ left his ass. Then teeth and tongue fought with David’s rock hard throbbing cock until it was forced backwards. Dave felt wet, sloppy suction. His cock was sucked brutally hard as the tongue of Hercules swirled all around its head. Dave sobbed uncontrollably in ecstasy. Then Hercules’ head began to piston up and down as he drove Dave’s cock mad with warm, wet, gripping nerve-tingling suction. Dave struggled. To all who watched, it seemed as though he was in agony ... he was ... but it was agony of sexual pleasure. He felt his balls churning ... he felt his sperm boiling as Hercules’ mouth sucked and sucked ... as his tongue snaked and explored his manmeat, shaft and head, finding the edge of the head and tickling it on the underside.

Dave was sure he had passed the point of no return several times, yet his loins mercifully calmed down with each withdrawal ... he would then be jerked back up again into the Champ’s hot, horny mouth. Every time his huge, throbbing horsecock popped out of Hercules’ mouth it reared up almost slapping the Champ in the face. Playfully he’d tickle it with his lips, even kissing it to the delight of the spectators. The Champ leaned forward running his tongue up and down the shaft. The feel of is great muscle cock in his hands ... in his mouth turned Hercules on. Although it wasn’t the biggest cock he’d ever suck it most definitely was one of the strongest. It arced proudly on its own and didn’t need anything to help hold it upright. Hercules wet it real good. He licked the pre cum flooding over the head.

It tasted good, making him hungry for the main feast. The feel of that huge fucking piece of warm meat in his mouth made Hercules breathe quickly ... his mouth water something fierce. He licked the underside with the wettest, broadest strokes of his tongue. Dave's musclemeat had a very pronounced ridge along the underside of his staff.

Dave loved the Champ's lips and tongue gliding wetly up and down it. It made his whole body shake and be covered by goosepimples. Hercules gleefully flicked his tongue around the cockheadunderneath the head ... up and down the underside of the shaft ... anything to wet that huge fuckpole.

David's head jerked backwards a few times from the oral ravaging his cock was undergoing. He was nearly doing a handstand for support as Hercules held him aloft by his knees. He couldn't stop moaning and sighing ever time Hercules' tongue touched his cock. The Champ's tongue tip rubbed underneath the edge of the cockhead. He nibbled ravenously at the swollen head. He viciously dove onto the cock ... stuffing the huge head into his mouth. Dave's body jerked violently ... almost falling out of Hercules' clutches.

The Champ wrapped his lips around it ... he swirled his tongue around and around and around driving his victim crazy with sighs of pleasure. David desperately gasped for air. Hercules took a deep breath as he went down on him until he could feel the head, swollen, tight, hot and smooth, hit the back of his throat. He ever so slowly pulled the cock back out. The long, wet pull out caused David to wail out in ecstasy. Hercules swallowed him again, lifting him up into his mouth. Again he pulled it out slowly. It was the withdrawal that really got to Dave. Hercules did it over and over and over again and again, every time slower than the last.

Dave's body buckled and squirmed. His cock was harder than it had ever been ... a foot long, hot, throbbing piece of painfully stiff manmeat. He was constantly moaning in both pain and pleasure at the greatest blowjob he'd ever experienced. He was also moaning in fear. If the Champ sucked him off, especially following the brutal cock fuck he'd endured, he'd have nothing left ... no strength to withstand the horrific ass fucking he'd been promised and was yet to receive.

Hercules had an insatiable desire to see men suffer at his hands. It excited him, played on his libido, fed his massive ego to be the strongest and biggest muscleman in the world. It made his killer phallus monstrously hard. All his rapes were barbarically brutal to satisfy his primal animal lust. The feeling of total domination over an opponent as he's fucking him, destroying his manhood, as he crushed the life out of him in his mighty bearhug was his greatest sexual satisfaction. It constantly reinforced his mammoth ego, as well as his reputation, striking fear in the hearts and minds of any would be challenger. David was just the latest sacrifice to his wanton lust to dominate. The bigger his opponent, the greater his sexual appetite was aroused. He knew he had this muscleboy right where he wanted him ... defenseless ... totally helpless ... at his mercy. He had planned all along to sadistically exact the full price for David's arrogant attack on him.

No one offends the Champ.

His honor was inviolate. That was one of his cardinal rules. It applied to everyone. Goliath was killed on his mighty cock because of it. It would be a bad precedent to establish if he allowed David to get away with it ... and he wasn't about to. Muscleboy would pay and pay dearly for his transgression. This was just the beginning.

The Champ took that huge cockhead back into his mouth. He hit the back of his throat with it ... he held it there ... then he pushed down hard with his throat taking it all the way in. Dave shrieked. As the painfully long, slow withdrawal began, Hercules clamped his teeth down on the shaft. As his teeth brutally scrapped across every inch of his monster cock, David screamed out moan after moan as his body twisted and trembled in the air. Finally the huge head popped loudly from Hercules' mouth. Dave gasped for breath. Hercules dove down on it again. Dave swore, "You goddamn-cock sucker you! You fucker you! OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!"

Inch by inch Hercules stuffed all of Dave's musclemeat down his throat ... followed by the savage boning pull out and more screams and curses. Over and over again and again the Champ took all of his cock down his throat ... wiggling his head back and forth to get every last inch of that massive manmeat down. Then the long, slow boning pull out. The sound of Dave's panting ... swearing ... holding his breath... whimpering delight Hercules. David's self control was waning fast. With all his might he was trying not to shoot his load but with each teeth scrapping withdrawal it was becoming harder to do. And all time the Champ sadistically grinned at him causing Dave's temper to flare up. Again Hercules took his cockhead into his mouth. He licked it with his tongue, slurping up the pre cum constantly soaking the head. He nibbled the top. He dug the tip of his tongue into the slit. He jabbed and probed deeply.

Once more Dave shrieked out in pain and pleasure. Hercules swallowed him whole again, twisting his head from side to side to provide more friction. Then the inevitable slow pull out with teeth pressing firmly against the shaft. Dave couldn't resist any further. When his cockhead was enfolded by Hercules' teeth and lips ... as the Champ's tongue tip pierced his slit ... all hell erupted inside him. David blasted so violently hard that gallons

upon gallons of cum flooded down Hercules' throat. The Champ swallowed every drop of it ... after all it was his own strength coming back home. He sucked roughly and hard as he continued to bone Dave's massive manmeat ... leaving him screaming in torturous pain and rapturous pleasure as he fought for the breath of life. A cacophony of agonizing shrieks, screams for mercy, sighs of pleasure reigned over the arena as Dave was being barbarically drained of all his strength. His ear-piercing howls only wetted Hercules appetite.



CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

The Ultimate Fuck Begins

ONCE HE HAD BEEN THOROUGHLY SIPHONED of all his might, Dave was released by his tormentor. He crashed down to the ground onto his back with Hercules menacingly standing over him, posing his magnificent body to the cheering approval of the spectators. David, gasping for air, looked up in surprise ... then quizzically asked, "When will you fuck me?"

Hercules said nothing. He reached down. He grabbed him by the legs, hoisting him up until his shoulders were the only part of his body on the ground. The Champ forcibly spread David's legs apart, practically ripping his ass in two in the process. He bent his opponent's legs forward, the tips of Dave's toes touching the arena floor behind his head. The Champ smacked both of Dave's ass cheeks as he straddled his legs over them. "I've always liked fucking you big musclebound Hercules wannabes," snarled the Champ contemptuously. "The bigger you guys are the better I like it ... and you're one of the biggest. So I'm going to love

fucking you to Hades.” He took his cock in his hand. Repeatedly he pounded Dave’s ass with it as if it were a truncheon. David winced in pain. Then Hercules placed the tip of his cock against David’s exposed bung hole. He smeared his pre cum around the rim. Dave went wild at the sensation. He sobbed. He begged Hercules to push in. The Champ teased him by jabbing his cockhead up against the puckering ass lips but not penetrating them. David continually groaned, begging to be fucked. Hercules leaned forward putting his mammoth muscular body between Dave’s massive thighs. He reached through placing his hands on Dave’s upper arms, pinning him to the arena floor with all his body weight. Even if he wanted to, David couldn’t escape. He was trapped and at the Champ’s mercy. Hercules placed his cockhead up against David’s quivering ass lips. He jabbed away at them ... sadistically probing ... shoving the head in between his trembling lips but not all the way ... then pulling out.

“OW! OW! OW!” yelled Dave. “Fuck me. Stop tormenting me. FUCK ME!”

“You’ve got your wish, Muscleboy,” growled the Champ. “Get ready to have your dreams fulfilled beyond your wildest imagination.” Without ceremony Hercules unmercifully rammed his musclemeat deep into Dave’s hungry ass, sinking all his fourteen by ten inches in up to the hilt. David shrieked out. His eyes flew open. His mouth agape as he desperately sucked in as much air as he could. The Champ’s thighs were like twin sledgehammers bashing his massive iron spike up into Dave’s butt. David could feel the monstrous cockhead deep inside him was wet and slippery with pre cum as Hercules’ cock spread and ripped his hole wide open and ravenously invaded him, pummeling his prostate and kidneys to smithereens, tearing his insides up. Inch by slippery inch the Champ viciously hammered his manmeat up into him ... jolting David’s head backwards with each savage thrust. Dave cried out, “You’re so massive,

Hercules! OW! OW! OW! OW! Your cock is so massive! OW! OW! OW!” He tried to arch his back to put some distance between his ass and the Champ’s fuckpole, but he couldn’t move ... and all the while Hercules kept pummeling his ass faster and faster and faster as if his thighs were hydraulic piledrivers running out of control. “You’re fuckin’ ripping me open! OW! OW! OW! OW! You’re tearing my ass apart! OOOOOWWWWW! You’re bleeding me!!” David screamed as he felt blood gushing out of his beautiful abused muscle butt. Tears of torturous agony flowed down his face. The only sound Hercules made was to grunt with delight when his balls slapped against David’s ass. Occasionally he’d lick his lips seductively as he glared down at his hunky victim. David could only stare up through tear stained eyes, his face grimaced in the agonizing pleasure of pure pain. He was being ripped to pieces ... the physical torment driving him wildly crazy with erotic rapture and physical agony. The twin opposing sensations blew his mind as his head violently jerked and bobbed back and forth ... up and down. “OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!” he incessantly wailed as he vainly tried to kick and squirm, attempting to raise his hips off that throbbing monster cock that was shredding, destroying his insides.

The torturous fucking seemed to go on forever as Hercules’ massive cock burned, punched, bludgeoned its way continuously up inside David’s defenseless ass. “How I love fucking all you muscleboys,” glowered the Champ. “Mmmmm!” he moaned. “You’ve got one tight, hot, slippery ass. But when I get through with you, you’ll be broken so wide open and loose you’ll be able to sail the Bireme Argo up through it ... the oars never touching the sidewalls of your ass.” He laughed loudly. Again and again and again Hercules rammed his musclemeat into Dave ... tearing tissue with each sadistic thrust, the way being lubricated by David’s own blood, making it easier for the monstrous killer cock to do its damage.. “Phew!” he sighed as sweat poured from his

face. "I've got to slow down or I'm going to pump my load in you right now ... and I haven't even started with you yet." Instantly Hercules ceased his savagely rapid pulverizing assault, replacing it with long, methodically slow, smooth, almost gentle fucking.

David's tormented screams also stopped. His face became placid. A little smile curled its way over his lips. He began to coo with ecstatic pleasure. Breathlessly he moaned, "Oh Hercules ... you feel so good in me. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Yeah! Ahhhh! Oh god yes!" He took deep breaths. His chest expanded and contracted with great heaving sighs. "God, this is heaven!" He went on to confess through moans of pleasure, "I've never told this to anyone before ... but sometimes I get this itch deep down inside me that never gets satisfied ... until now. You're the only one, Hercules, who has ever totally satisfied me. You scratch my itch soooo good! Oh yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" The Champ leaned forward, pressing his lips against David's. There was a long, drawn out sensual caress. Dave managed to wrap his arms around Hercules waist to draw him closer as the two continued to kiss. His cock, hard, throbbing, its head loaded with pre cum became wedged between the two gigantic titan's abs. Their gyrating bodies rubbed against it, crushing it, bringing Dave to the point of climax as their chest collided. Their hard, round nipples pressed into each others. Gently, ever so gently Hercules slid all of his manmeat up into David leaving it there as they kept kissing and hugging. "Oh God!" sighed Dave. "I love you, Hercules. I'm yours forever. Take me. Ravage me. Do whatever you desire with me. I'm yours! I'm yours! I'm totally yours!"

The Champ lifted himself off of David to recline back on his knees. He took David's pulsating cock in one hand and stroked it as he stroked his own blood smeared cock. He raised himself up on his knees bringing the two mighty fuckpoles together in one hand as he continued to stroke them both. Dave moaned. He licked his lips as he breathed deeply. "Are you ready for more?"

asked Hercules. David eagerly nodded his head. "Then roll over." David eagerly obliged. The Champ mounted the musclebound beefy stud, resting his body on his massive back. Slowly Hercules churned his hips, letting his cock slide up and down Dave's blood soaked slippery ass crack. He ignored Dave's frantic pleas as he slowly fucked the outside of his muscle butt. Hercules was amazed at the way David alternately spread his cheeks to allow entrance ... then gripped the slowly sliding cock as through to suck it in. Finally Hercules rose. He steadied himself by leaning forward with his hands on Dave's shoulders. He crouched down until his drooling cock was aimed straight at the puckering raw hold. Dave yelled at him not to wait. He begged to be raped. He wanted it all ... all at once ... no hesitation. He begged for suddenness. Hercules complied. He pushed. Dave tensed for a moment ... there was a second of resistance ... then Hercules spread him open and rammed his massively thick monster meat to the hilt into David's itching, desperately craving asshole. Dave shrieked long and hard ... his eyes popped wide open in pain and ecstasy. A dreamy loud sigh of relief followed. Then more sounds that were half agony and half pleasure as Hercules began to violently, savagely ravage his muscle butt.



The ass pounding lasted several minutes as Dave cried ... screamed out in pain and pleasure as mass quantities of sweat poured from his forehead. Then Hercules began to pull out slowly until just the head of his cock was gripped by the silky tightness of Dave's quivering ass lips. Then he unmercifully hammered it all the way back in. Again he pulled out as slowly as he could, listening to Dave trying to control his shrieks of agony and ecstasy ... then he paused, relishing the violent shivers of expectations caused in the muscle hunk beneath him. Then he slammed his muscle meat all the way in ... slowly out ... suddenly in ... slowly out ... suddenly in ... slowly out ... suddenly in.

David sobbed in a frenzy of pleasure and pain. "Harder," he begged through gritted teeth. "Oh please harder!" His entire man chute twitched, itched and gripped and spasmed and tingled ... the only time it thrilled even more was when that huge sex meat of the mighty Hercules was shoved all the way in and held there, pulsating, throbbing away against his insides. David had never felt so full before. He had never felt so stretched before. He had never felt so warm before. He had never felt so wet before. He had never felt so subdued before. He had never felt so helpless before. He had never felt so brutally violated before. He had never felt so used before. He had never felt so small before, so virginal before ... his whole massive body enveloped by this huge muscle god fucking his butt. His own mighty thighs surrounded by even more powerful thighs. Bigger arms encompassed his as he was being fucked by a gigantic, wet, slippery, dripping rock hard cock that was about to blast loads of steamy, hot cum up into him at any moment. It was more than the fulfillment of his most erotic wet dreams ... it went far beyond anything he could ever imagine. It was a truly satiated paradise. Hercules was spoiling him for all time to come.

David sadly realized he'd always try to recapture this moment ... and knew he never could or would even come close.

He started to cry and kept crying at that thought. How he never wanted it to end. With all his heart he never wanted it to end. He was in love with the mighty Hercules ... totally ... completely. Nothing else mattered now ... life had no meaning if he couldn't be Hercules' lover. He wouldn't even want to live.

David felt the Champ slap his right buttock hard. He sobbed in pain. That will leave a mark, he thought. He gasped. He moaned. Then he felt the muscle giant on top of him thrust his hips ... then rotate them ...churning them around and around so that his mighty musclemeat ground deeper and deeper up into his hungry burning ass. It was as if he could feel the Champ's cock ripping up through his stomach ... up through his throat and if he opened his mouth, the cockhead would come popping out. "Oh GOD ... YES!" he yelled ... then he sobbed as tears of excruciating pain flooded his eyes. Hercules pulled back ... then viciously thrust forward again ... holding his hips firmly against Dave's abused butt ... then jabbing them ... thrusting further ... driving with the full force of his titanic thighs and strong, bull butt, making sure that David felt as though he was the most fucked being the world would ever see. The Champ growled with each thrust. He pulled back only to slam in again. "Harder!" Dave yelled again. "Oh, please don't stop! F-feels soooo goooooood!"

Hercules pummeled his cock in and out, slowly at first ... then faster and faster and faster. "Harder!" demanded Dave. "HARDER!" With each impact Dave's muscle butt rippled with shock waves. He felt the Champ move forward ... then felt his hard nipples pressing into his back ... while his hips buckled and rocked with each mighty thrust of Hercules' cock up his raw bung hole. David's sexually erotic torture only increased verging on madness. He was being driven insane with pain and pleasure. His mind was being overloaded on its intoxication to the point of burning out ... exploding. Then, suddenly, Hercules rolled over

onto his back, dragging David with him, his might fuckpole still jammed tightly up his ass. The Champ's mighty thighs continuously rammed his cock up into David, skewering him over and over and over again and again and again. Dave bellowed as he felt the Champ's big hands reach around to stroke his chest, grazing his nipples with calloused palms. They gripped his big, bobbing cock between his quivering thighs with long, languorous strokes. Dave's whole body shook violently. He wanted to shoot his load so badly ... as if he could explode and cover the whole world. Hercules repeatedly brought him to the verge of climax, only to suddenly stop. It was mean. It was sadistic and Dave loved it.

"Sit up," ordered the Champ. David did. With his cock firmly shoved up into David's ass, Hercules rotated the muscle stud around to face him. "Ride my phallus as if you were riding a wild horse," he commanded. Using his massively powerful thighs Dave began to slide up and down on the mightiest cock in all the world. He groaned. He sobbed. He cried out in pain and pleasure. He gasped for air. His head fell backwards as his eyes bulged from their sockets. Hercules reached over to grab David's bobbing, throbbing manmeat. He held it like a handle, moving Dave up and down on his cock at the same time as he stroked it with a hard firm grasp. David's body shuddered uncontrollably as he cried out, "OH YES! YES! YES!" His head shook from side to side as he impaled himself again and again and again on Hercules' massive fuckpole.

Hercules released his cock. It violently sprang up smacking against Dave's abs. He grunted in pain. Then the Champ placed his hands on David's hips. He viciously slammed him down on his musclemeat, holding him there as he struggled to his feet. A look of concern crossed David's face. He did not know what to expect next. Here he was, caught in the mightiest arms in the world with the mightiest cock in the world shoved up into his butt. "Are

you ready for the ultimate fuck, Muscleboy?" asked the Champ in a menacingly voice. Uncertain what he meant, David reluctantly nodded his head.



CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

The Ultimate Fuck

HERCULES WRAPPED DAVID UP IN a mighty bearhug as his massive thighs rammed his cock up into him with such force that Dave's head was continuously jolted backwards. "Harder!" David yelled. "Fuck me hard." He sobbed. "Fuck me as hard as you can! I need it!" He hung his head in exhaustion. "Never stop! By the Gods fuck me HARD!" Like two male lions in heat they rocked back and forth. Dave's sobs mixed with the rhythmic slap of hips on loins. Tears streamed from his eyes as his prostate twitched and his nuts climbed. He let out a growing animal groan and repeated whimpers that grew more frantic with each violent thrust of Hercules cock up into him. The Champ shoved his fuckpole so far up his butt that David was forced onto his top toes. He strained to keep his balance.

The Champ had seemed playful at first to Dave with his hair soaked in perspiration ... hanging in straight sheets to his massive shoulders. But all of a sudden he now

seemed ... dangerous ... like a hungry gorilla in heat as he was being repeatedly and barbarically raped. "Ohhhh! ... By the Gods ..." howled Hercules. "You've got me going like the Cretan Bull." He smiled at Dave confidently. David responded between grunts of pain and pleasure with an uneasy smile, the smile of someone not quite sure what was happening. He was getting the rough, ass busting fucking he asked for ... begged for but there was something more to it ... something inexplicable ... a hint of pure malice ... malevolent ... violent ...a rape of primitive animalistic proportions ... mean spirited. It was pure savagery run amuck.

Hercules kissed him passionately for a long time ... relieving some of his anxieties ... but it was only momentary. As the brutal raping continued and as his shrieks mounted David's anxieties flooded back. He saw the look in Hercules' eyes change abruptly from gentleness to a frenzied, wanton wild lust. He felt the scorching heat of the Champ's rigid musclemeat on his burning, bleeding asshole as it shredded his prostate to bits. David, sensing his dilemma, struggled to free himself from Hercules' grasp. He pressed with all his might against the Champ's forearms to break free ... but Hercules' grasp was far too powerful for him to break away. "What's the matter, Muscleboy?" inquired the Champ. "Can't take it like a man? You asked for it ... to have the ultimate fuck. Well I'm granting your wish. So take this! And this! And this! And this!"

Hercules kept pounding Dave's ass with the most savage thrust ... ripping more tissue ... more muscle as his victim shrieked and screamed for all he was worth. Dave's legs buckled. Hercules hoisted him up off his tiptoes, impaling him totally on his monster fuckpole. "Oh Hercules," cried David through tears of excruciating pain, "Your cock is so massive. You're stretching my ass beyond its limits! OW! OW! OW! OW! YOU'RE FUCKING KILLING ME!!"

David's cock was also being smashed between both their stomachs. The violent rubbing of their bodies together only made it harder. He wanted to cum as it desperately throbbed against their warm flesh. Hercules releases his bearhug to hold David with only one crushing arm about his waist. With his free hand he grabbed Dave's pulsating fuckpole in his powerful and, almost smashing it with his grip. He began to masturbate him with savage strokes that nearly rip his cock from his body. David screamed through gritted teeth as he shot ropes of thick warm cream over and over again, covering both muscle titans. David ejaculated with such force that he started to lose consciousness. His eyes roll to the back of his head as Hercules continued masturbating him with ferocious, pulling strokes. "GOD!" he screamed, "You're ripping my cock off. OW! OW! OW! OW!"

When the last of his strength had been expelled, David's head fell backwards. He was almost unconscious until Hercules reapplied his bearhug. The crushing pain startled him awake as the Champ began to viciously powerfuck his raw ass with rapid, brutal thrusts. "Hercules, you're fucking the life out of me. OW! OW! OW! OW!" he screamed. "Your massive arms are crushing me to death. OW! OW! OW! OW!"

"The ultimate fuck is the fuck of death, Muscleboy," snarled Hercules. "You must die on my phallus to reaffirm my honor."

"NO!"

"You insulted me, Muscleboy, in front of all these people ... the world. You must pay the price for your arrogance. You must die!"

David shrieked "NO!" as he squirmed and twisted his body trying to extricate himself off the Champ's killer cock. He pounded away at Hercules' chest and shoulders but his blows lack any real substance. He had been completely drained of his might. He had nothing left. He felt his chest, his ribs giving way

under the constant pulverizing, crushing pressure of the bearhug. His breathing became constricted. He frantically gasped for air as Hercules' mighty arms squeezed him ever tighter. The lack of oxygen, the crushing pain of the bearhug, the savage, brutal powerfucking of his ass all combined to make Dave start to lose consciousness. His vision became blurred. He had no strength to hold his head up. It fell back as his whole body collapsed backwards. His great muscular arms and massive legs dangled like a rag doll's at his side. His mouth flew open but there was no energy to breath. His fluorescent sparkling blue eyes, wide open, glazed over with a hazy film. And all the time the spectators loudly chanted in unison, "Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him!" David's cries faded into silence. He had gotten his heartfelt wish ... to have the ultimate fuck, the greatest fuck ever experienced by any man. He had fallen in love with his musclebound executioner. He had experienced all that life had to offer in this one day. He had been satiated beyond all needs. There was nothing left to live for and he knew it.

Then came the coup de grâce... the killer fuck. With all his Olympian strength, Hercules thrust all his massively thick musclemeat up into Dave and held it there as he flooded an ocean of hot, steamy cum up into his victim.

David felt himself being saturated to the point where his body became bloated ... his stomach extended covering over his magnificent eight pac abs. He felt a heaviness, like concrete solidifying inside as the Champ's cum poured into him in an unending torrent. He gagged. He whimpered. He choked and coughed and gagged some more as load after massive load was sledgehammered up into him... and all the while Hercules kept crushing the life out of him. With each powerful jet of cum blasted deep inside of him, David felt himself growing weaker and weaker. He had no more will to resist. His lifeless arms and legs hung loosely at his side as the cracking, splintering sounds of his

ribs and chest being pulverized by the constant pressure of Hercules' mighty arms filled his ears. With the last of his ebbing strength David wailed like a dying banshee. His deafening howl shattered the eardrums of the audience. Then ... an unholy silence. He collapsed in Hercules' arms. His body went totally limp.

The spectators went berserk with cheers, applause, stomping feet. Their adulation reigned down on the Champ as he released the mutilated body of his muscle hunk victim. David had been systematically relegated from Hercules' worthy opponent to his sex slave, to his lover and now as an affirmation to Hercules' might, honor, manhood and invincibility ... a human sacrifice fucked to death on the mightiest cock in all the world. His last conscious sensation was to feel Hercules' hand on the back of his neck and one on his butt as he was power lifted high over the Champ's head ... his legs dangling lifeless ... his arms out stretched lifeless.

Dave forced his eyes open. He was looking straight up into the night sky. How beautiful, he thought. There were more brilliant stars shining in the sky than he'd ever seen before. He remembered Machiste's answer to his question about being afraid to be fucked to death by Hercules. "It would be the greatest sensation you could ever have. Sexually, you'd be totally fulfilled as a real man. Spiritually, your soul would be released to join the universe to become one of the stars in the heavenly sky. It would be both a physical and sacred experience. Your life would be complete."

How true, David thought... how very true. He never felt so peaceful, so content, so satiated. He had experienced the greatest most complete sexually erotic sensation of his life ... nothing else mattered anymore. He had been totally fulfilled as a man. He was awash in a sea of euphoria as he stared up toward

the heavens. Suddenly a shooting star blazed over head. Was it Machiste calling to him to join this celestial beauty? He felt his spirit wanting to rise heavenward to become one with the eternal stars.

Hercules took his victory walk around the arena with David held aloft like a prized kill on display. The crowd loudly chanted Hercules' name. As a sigh of satisfaction whispered passed his lips darkness engulfed Dave ... a deep black hole of nothingness ... no sound ... no feeling ... no sensation.



CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

The Aftermath

"MMMM," MOANED DAVE AS A REFRESHING warm breeze caressed his naked body. "How nice," he sighed. He yawned. He loudly smacked his lips a couple of times. In the far, far distance he could hear a faint voice. He lifted his head up slightly and tried to open his eyes to see who was speaking. His lids were too heavy. They refused to open. His head slumped back down. He couldn't make out what was being said. He strained to hear the voice more clearly. Eventually the voice seemed to get closer. The mumbling became clearer. David's mind had a hard time grappling with the words. It sounded like something about cat food? "Cat food," he thought. "Naw! I got to be hearing wrong," he said out loud. It was a familiar voice though ... a woman's voice. Still he couldn't quite make out the words. The voice got progressively louder.

"Fancy Feast, when your cat deserves the very best. Fancy Feast." There was no mistaking it. It was Lauren Bacall's voice.

Dave's eyes flew wide open. "Fancy Feast!" he shouted. "What the fuck!"

Then another voice announced, "We return you now to Reg Park in Hercules in the Haunted World on TBS July the Fourth Hercules Movie Marathon."

"WHAT THE FUCK!" roared Dave. It took him a few seconds to gather his senses. A hazy film covered his eyes making everything blurry. He had a bad case of cotton mouth. His tongue wanted to stick to the roof of his mouth. His stomach ached. It was tied in knots. He felt bloated with severe gas pains. He farted and kept farting ... he couldn't stop ... it just felt oh so good. It greatly helped to relieve the gas pressure, but the stench was horrible. It made him want to puke. "Oh Jeez!" he bellowed. He let out a great belch. His stomach settled down. He rubbed his abs in relief with one hand as he waved the stench away with the other. "I don't recall drinking alcohol last night," he muttered. "What a hangover I've got."

He rubbed his eyes. His right one stung. It felt tender. As his vision cleared he realized he was laying on his couch ... in his living room ... in his own apartment.

The movie marathon was still going on. The television clock read 10:18 am. It was morning. Brilliant rays of sunshine flooded into the room. A gentle summer breeze played with the drapes of the open French doors that lead out onto his garden terrace. He yawned again. There was an annoying buzzing sound in his head like a receiver off a phone. It started to drive him crazy until he realized it was a receiver off the phone ... his phone. He rolled over.

"OW!" he yelled feeling a sharp pain shoot throughout his body. His ribs ached intensely. He fumbled for the receiver laying on the floor. His hand touched the overturned empty jug of Brad's homemade concoction. "Yuck," he scoffed, "Much too sweet."

Finally he felt the receiver. He grabbed it. He found the phone also on the floor. With great difficulty he placed the receiver back on the cradle.

The buzzing stopped.

David smiled. He stretched. "OUCH!" he howled. His whole body was stiff and sore. His ribs ached in agony. His asshole burned as if it were on fire.

"What the fuck!" he groaned. His body was not only racked with pain ... but it was covered in something sticky, slimy and caked with mass quantities of a dried white substance that cracked and flaked off when he moved. All his dark chest hair was matted done with it.

"What the fuck!" he wondered. He tried to get up off the couch but every move produced excruciating pain as if he'd been in a barroom brawl. He finally managed to sit up. He swung his legs off the couch. "OW!" He stood up. His legs ached. He staggered backwards. He put his hands on his hips. He arched his back to get rid of some of the kinks but his fingers slid through globs of wet thick white slim plastered all over his thighs.

He noticed the cushions on the couch were soaked through with the same substance as well as a great quantity of ... blood.

Startled, he stumbled backwards only to step on something made of cardboard. It was an empty VHS video carton.

"What the fuck?" he said again. He shook his head. He stumbled forward like a drunk. A slight breeze curling around his legs made him notice his front door was ajar.

Then he realized his living room was in shambles ... his solid oak coffee table was smashed in half, his desk was upside down, the monitor of his computer was laying on the floor ... the screen cracked, chairs, lamps, framed photographs were all over turned,

books and magazines scattered all over, knickknacks smashed on the floor ... broken glass everywhere.

"What the fuck!"



As he walked through the debris he stepped on another empty VHS cartons still in its cellophane wrapper with the price sticker. "What?"

David tottered toward the front door to shut it, his ass burned with every uneasy step he took as did his chest and ribs. OW!" he cried as he clutched his sides almost doubling over in pain. He proceeded down the hallway on wobbly legs, bouncing off the walls. With great difficulty he climbed the stairs to his bedroom. Each step hurt. He stopped suddenly in the bedroom

doorway. His eyes beheld a complete disaster area. The mattress was tumbled onto the floor. Bed sheets torn and tossed everywhere. End tables up ended. Lamps smashed to smithereens. A wall mirror shattered. Shards of glass covered the floor. "It looks like a fuckin' war zone," he gasped. "What the fuck happened to my home?" Another empty VHS carton laid crushed on the floor.

He reeled into the bathroom. He saw his reflection in the vanity mirror that completely covered one wall. He was shocked by his appearance. The hair on his head was plastered down by that white gunk as was his face. It also jelled in clumps on his pubes ... it encased his cockhead and shaft. He had a black eye ... a cut lip ... a cut on his forehead ... his body was covered in bruises ... especially his rib cage ... great blotches of black and blue could be seen under that dried white pancake power that covered him.

"What the fuck? Did I get into a fight last night? Did I go out to a bar? What the fuck happened to me?" He tried to force himself to think back to the previous evening. What had transpired.

He looked terrible, as if he'd been beaten to an inch of his life by a gang of burly outlaw bikers. He felt scared. He felt frightened. It was the uncertainty of what had happened that made him feel that way.

A shower! He needed a shower badly. A rejuvenating shower would make him relax. He'd be able to think more clearly then. Yes, a shower. Dave closed the bathroom door. The full length mirror on the back of the door reflected his massive barn door size back in the vanity mirror. Again more bruises ... red welts on his ass and that dried white power smeared all over his muscle butt and the backs of his legs. "What?" Involuntarily he clenched his buttocks. His ass burned with pain. He reached behind to

spread his glutes. His ass lips were swollen and bloody raw with more of that dried white caked power packed solidly up inside. A cold chill ran throughout his body. He shook his head in disbelief and horror as he began to remember in bits and pieces his Hercules dream ... and of Machiste. But it was a dream ... wasn't it?

He wondered.

Yes, of course ... It had to have been just a dream. But how could he explain his pain, the bruises, cuts, scraps and scratches covering him? It had to have been a dream! People just don't get transported back into history. It's not realistic. It had to be a dream. It just had to have been a dream! Yet there was no mistaking the evidence before his eyes.

He'd been beaten ... severely beaten and ... brutally raped. That was cum—dried cum—covering his entire body, caked in his hair, packed up his asshole and smeared all his face and lips. He'd been savagely fucked.

"BUT IT WAS JUST A DREAM!" he defiantly shouted as he clubbed the counter top with his clenched fists cracking the vinyl cover. Still he had to admit, it was so realistic. He felt everything ... sensed everything ... heard everything ... experienced everything ... tasted everything.

"BUT IT WAS JUST A FUCKIN' DREAM!" Or, perhaps it was a past life experience that he relived, he mused. At this point he was willing to grab onto any explanation no matter how far fetched it sounded. He kept shaking his head trying desperately to recall what had occurred. The turmoil played havoc with his mind twisting and turning reality and fantasy upside down and inside out to the point where David could no longer distinguish fact from fiction. He was paralyzed by these conflicting thoughts. All he could do was stare at his battered body in the vanity mirror and wonder. In the end it give him a migraine.

A few days later Dave's phone rang. It was Brad calling from the gym. He was concerned that David hadn't been in for his regular workouts. "Is everything all right?" he asked. "You're our most devoted customer. You're here every day. It's not like you to miss your workouts. I got worried."

Dave explained he'd been busy with personal matters but he might be in the following week as usual. He couldn't admit that he was embarrassed to be seen in public with all his cuts and bruises. He wasn't about to make an appearance until he was healed. He was vein enough not to want to look like a beaten loser. He still had no idea what had happened over the July the Fourth holiday ... but something did. He thanked Brad for his concern and hung up.

"That was really quite nice of him," he said out loud. It touched him that someone actually cared enough about his welfare and would take the time to inquire. "I guess he's not so bad after all," he thought. "I ought not tease him so much. He can't help it if he's got a crush on me. I know the feeling. I can't get Hercules or Machiste out of my mind. I think of them constantly ... every time I do I pop a horrific boner that drives me wild until I jerk off to release the pressure. Brad's the same way about me ... poor guy."

The following day as he was still straightening up his apartment Dave heard someone drop something in his mailbox. He heard the sound of someone running away. Dave quickly peered through the front window. He recognized the naturally blond muscled body of an old friend, Sam. He'd been one of Dave's first friends when he moved to the area. They'd been lifeguards together at the beach. For a while they even had a thing for each other. More than once they had sex, great sex as a matter of fact, but when Sam pushed for an exclusive relationship, Dave backed off. He felt he was too young to settle

down. He needed to sow his wild oats. Their relationship cooled. It was Sam who'd introduced him to the Santa Monica Men's Club.

But what was he doing here, David wondered. He opened the screen door to reach into his mailbox. He retrieved a small package wrapped in brown paper. He tore the wrapping off to find a VHS video along with a hand written note.



"I found this on the locker room floor at the gym, partially hidden under one of the attendant's locker. I thought you'd be interested. A friend."

On the front side of the cassette was a title label. He held it up to get a better view of it. The handwriting was atrocious but he was able to make out what it said. His hand began to tremble. His stomach knotted. It read: Me fucking Dave.

"What the fuck!" he gasped. He felt dizzy. He was in shocked disbelief. "Me fucking Dave!" In a bewildered stupor he slowly walked over to his television. He popped the cassette into his VCR. He picked up the remote control. He sat down on his couch. He pushed the play button.



CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

The Video

THE FIRST IMAGE THAT APPEARED on the screen was fuzzy... out of focus. Then a powerful hand could be seen, apparently adjusting the lens of the camera. The picture became clear. It was Dave's living room. The camera was pointed right at his couch where he saw himself, naked, in a half seated position, legs spread out on the seat cushions, his back propped up by pillows, his eyes wide open but vacant as if he was in a drug induced stupor. In the background he could see his television was on. A Hercules movie was playing. Then the wide expansive back and muscle butt of some nude massive bodybuilder walked in front of the camera obscuring everything else. As he walked menacingly toward the couch, his monstrous thighs and calves became visible. The back of his head appeared. He was blond with a very distinct butch flat top.

"I know this guy," David shouted out loud. The muscleman grabbed Dave's legs. He spread them apart, plopping one over

the back of the couch and the other he dropped to the floor. He adjusted Dave's body to a seated, upright position. He knelt between his massive thighs. He viciously took hold of David's cock at the base, wrapping his fingers tightly around it. He lifted it up. He squeezed it hard. He turned to face the camera. It was Brad from the gym, David's nemesis. He laughed with a lecherous sneer as he stroked his goatee. He roughly slid his hand up and down the shaft once. Dave's cock throbbed and immediately stiffened. Brad stroked it again. "Oh, Hercules, that feels so good," sighed David.

Brad gave him another slow forceful stroke. He squeezed the base again as he witnessed the cock pulsate and become rigid. The cockhead began to turn a deep red ... almost purple. "I'm going to rock your world, Muscleboy," boasted Brad.

"Ah Hercules ... deep throat me ... please," begged Dave.

Brad began stroking rapidly with a firm grip, pumping the cock to its maximum size. With his other hand he massaged Dave's bull size balls. "Feels so good," David moaned in ecstasy.

His monstrous horsecock reared up in front of Brad's lips. The musclebound intruder ravenously licked his lips. He leaned forward. He ran his tongue up and down the mighty shaft. David let out a loud rapturous groan. Brad held his cock in one hand as he licked the underside with the wettest, broadest strokes of his tongue. Saliva ran down the shaft in sheets from the cockhead to the base. Dave sighed uncontrollably. Brad flicked his tongue around the crown, underneath the head, up and down the underside of the shaft. Dave's head fell backwards as he moaned in pleasure. Brad, encouraged by Dave's sighs of ecstasy, began to work harder, tracking up and down the shaft with just the tip end of his tongue, then using the tip to rub underneath the edges of the crown. Dave's body stiffened. He sobbed. He moaned. "I'm going to suck the strength out of your body, Muscleboy, and

then I'm going to fuck you senseless. I'm going to fuck you so hard. I'm going to rip you apart on my cock. I'm going to rape you into total submission. When I'm through with you, you'll beg me to be my sex slave forever," he bragged.

Brad began licking David's balls. He dug his face deep between his nuts to bath the back of them. He nibbled on the swollen cockhead. Dave's head rocked back and forth as he moaned out loudly, "Oh Hercules, you're driving me crazy. I can't take anymore ..."

Brad rubbed his tongue up and down the massive manmeat. With his free hand he began to stroke his own fuckpole. He dove onto Dave's cock, stuffing the huge head into his mouth. It was large that it made his cheeks bulge outwards. David's whole body jerked violently. Brad wrapped his lips around it as he swirled his tongue around and around and around.

David lifted his foot off the floor and gasped for air. "OHHHHHHHHHHHH!" he screamed with pleasure. Brad smiled knowingly. He had him. He took a deep breath and went down on him until he felt the cockhead, swollen, tight, hot hit the back of his throat. He slowly began to pull the cock out. That long, wet pull out produced a long, gasping moan from David. Brad swallowed him again... then pulled out slowly. It was the outward glide that caused the greatest reaction from his beefy victim. His whole massive body shook. His teeth chattered. His eyes rolled around as his head tossed back and forth. Brad did it over and over and over again and again as Dave's body buckled and squirmed ... his cock throbbing violently. "God, Hercules ... I'm going insane," he groaned.

As Brad continued to suck, lick, his cock, David kept moaning in gasping breaths. When Brad started to roughly bone him, he began to cry, not so much in pleasure, but in fear. Brad pulled him out ever so slowly but not all the way. He clenched his

teeth hard on the underside of the cockhead as the tip of his tongue invaded the piss slit. Dave nearly jumped out of his skin. He roared out in both pain and pleasure.

The coup de grâce came when Brad took him all the way down his throat. He savagely bit the base of that monster musclemeat. Like a mad dog with a bone between his teeth he shook his head and growled as he practically tore Dave's cock off. David's arms flailed wildly. His fist beat his assailant's massive back and shoulders as he wailed, "Oh Hercules! Hercules! Hercules!" as he tried to push him away but couldn't. Then the long, deliberate, slow boning pull out with Bradley's teeth scrapping every inch on the way up to the head. His teeth clenched the underside of the crown ... the tongue tip roughly invading the slit, swirling around the inside causing David to scream as he exploded inside Brad's mouth.

A tidal wave of hot, juicy cum came flooding out of Brad's mouth as he desperately tried to swallow all of it. As he sucked and swallowed and gulped he grabbed Dave's monster balls and squeezed causing the helpless hunk to bellow out for his life, "You're sucking me to death Hercules! You're sucking all the strength from my body. YOU'RE KILLING ME!!!!" David's head bobbed up and down, back and forth on the pillows ... his eyes rolled wildly around ... he screamed ... he cried ... he wailed for all he was worth as his body twitched, trembled, his mighty chest heaved ... he fought desperately for breath ... as Brad kept squeezing his balls ... savagely sucking him off and drinking his cum in loud gulps.

Dave pleaded, "I can't stop cumming! Hercules, please stop! Please!! You're sucking me to death! PLEASE STOP!!" But his assailant kept right on sucking, boning, squeezing until David finally succumbed. With one excruciating violent body-shaking

tremble he passed out. His whole body went limp. His mighty manmeat went soft. He stopped shooting.

Brad stood up. His chest and goatee covered in Dave's excess cum. He turned toward the camera, did a double biceps pose ... then a lat spread as he playfully bounced his pecs up and down individually and then together. Taking his fingers he scrapped the cum off of his chin and slurped it up with his tongue until it was all gone. He turned toward David's lifeless body ... lifted one leg up and again threw it over the back of the couch. The other he slung over his shoulder as he crouch down between his victim's thighs. He took his own massive cock in his hand and began to beat Dave's limp manmeat with it. Brad turned toward the camera and gloated with a wide smile. "This muscle bitch is mine!" he chortled. He slid David's massive body off the pillows so his back would lay flat on the seat cushions. He pulled him forward by his thighs.

Taking his fuckpole, Brad shoved it up into Dave's ass, ripping past his ass lips. He began to viciously fuck the living daylights out of him.

Dave, slowly recovering, sobbed and groaned in pain.

Brad continued to rape his ass, smiling into the camera with great joy as he also masturbated McAllister's great cock back up to a full erection. He continued his brutally barbaric fucking for the longest time as the camera caught sight of a large quantity of blood seeping out of the abused asshole. his only encouraged Brad's bravado and sexual lust all the more. "I'm bleeding your virgin muscle butt, Muscleboy. You'll never take another decent shit for as long as you live! Every time you go potty, pretty boy, you'll remember me ... your conqueror ... your master ... your dominator!"

More savage fucking occurred until Brad finally, mercifully, pulled out. Then Brad picked David up off the couch in a

bearhug. He started to cock fuck him senseless. David's head and body were leaning backwards in the mighty arms of his rapist.

Dave's mouth was wide open sucking in air. He moaned in torturous pain. He heard himself cry out in a weak voice, "Oh Hercules your cock is so strong. Your smashing my cock to pieces. Ouch! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! It hurts! Ow!" Dave could plainly see in the video Brad's mighty cock pressing his own impressive manmeat back up against his stomach as Brad bashed away at it. He heard himself sigh loudly in agony, "God you're fucking my cock. You're crushing it. Ow! Ow! Ow! I'm going to cum. Ow! Ouch! Ow!! I can't resist your might. You're too strong for me! OW! OW! OW! OW!" His arms waved madly at his side. His legs buckled. He screamed out as his cock began to shoot massive loads of cum ... geyser after torrential geyser of cum exploded out of his cock as Brad's bearhug intensified the torture of being cock fucked. "I can't breathe," gasped David. "Hercules you're crushing the life out of me. My ribs! Ow! Ow! Ow! My ribs ..." Again the pain caused Dave to pass out.

Brad released him from his grip. David fell to the floor with a loud thud. In a display of great bravado, Brad put one foot on his chest and posed his body for the camera. He was loving every second of his conquest over his arch rival.

He reached down and began to slap Dave's face. "Wake up Muscleboy!" he shouted. "Wake up!" With great effort he managed to hoist Dave up on his feet. He struggled to lift his rival up but finally was able to press him high over head. As he pressed him up and down he sucked on David's cock, causing another erection. He licked the cockhead all over, pressing his tongue tip into the slit and wiggling it around. He began to bone Dave as he pressed and lowered him in and out of his mouth until another load of cum came pouring out. Half conscious David

moaned as Brad delighted in taking a cum shower that covered his face and chest, flowing down like a waterfall to his thighs to the floor creating a large puddle about Brad's feet. He also began to lick, sucked and swallowed the spewing jizz. "AH! The pause that refreshes," he chuckled as he smacked his lips as the last of the cum dribbled from Dave's cockhead. Then Brad savagely power slammed him down onto the oak coffee table. Dave crashed through it to the floor groaning in pain. Brad dragged him by his foot off the smashed and splintered coffee table to the center of the living room floor. He dropped down between David's thighs and spread them wide. He shoved his throbbing monster fuckpole up into his semiconscious victim to continue fucking him as he laughed for the camera. David whimpered like a cowering dog.

Brad eventually scooped him up in another bearhug as he staggered to his feet. David's bloody ass still impaled on his cock. With all his might Brad began to squeeze the breath out of his helpless rival as he pummeled his bleeding ass with his own mighty manmeat. Dave's limp body slumped in his arms. His head collapsed onto his shoulders.

"You're ass is mine, Muscleboy." Brad screamed through gritted teeth. "I fuckin' own you! You're my bitch for the night ... all night! Take this! And this! And this! Oh yeah! Yeah! Yeah! I'm going to cum. YEAH! YEAH! I'm packing your ass full of my jizz. YEAH!" he roared.

When he was through, Brad dropped his victim to the floor. He fell upon him. He started to hump his rival's unconscious musclebound body and limp cock as he began kissing him passionately all about his face. He laid on top of Dave for quite a while before getting up. He put one foot on top of Dave's chest ... again posing for the camera ... a double bicep ... single bicep ... most muscular.

David couldn't take his eyes off the television screen. He was thoroughly hypnotized by what he was watching, half believing, half unbelieving what he was seeing. But he had to believe. The evidence was right before his eyes. Dave continued to watch as he was sexually abused.

In between repeated fuckings, Brad punched, kicked, brutalized him, sucked him off and wrestled with his lifeless body as he tore up the living room by tossing him around, knocking over furniture. At last Brad stood up. He walked over to turn off the camera.

There was a momentary blank screen of gray and black static before the video continued with the next image.

David saw himself in his bedroom. He was chained to his bed. Thick rope restraints ran under his bed and were attached to padded leather writs and ankle cuffs. His legs were spread far apart. His arms stretched to their limits. Bradley came into view. He crawled onto the bed and on top of David who tried to resist and defend himself.

David contorted his body, twisting and turning from side to side as he struggled against his restraints, tugging and kicking ... but he was too weak and Brad was far too strong. The blond muscleman brutally hammered his cock up onto his prone victim and fucked him with primal licentiousness.

David cried out in agony and pleasure, "Oh Hercules ... it hurts so good. You're so powerful. Your magnificent body turns me on. I'm so hot ... I'm burning up with erotic cravings. Fuck me! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! You're driving me crazy with lust. I'm going to explode. Fill me up with your might. Fuck me! Hercules fuck me hard ... as hard as you can! OW! OW! OW! OW!" He cried. He sobbed. He screamed out in torment as Brad pummeled his muscle butt unmercifully.

Brad continued his barbarous rape for an inordinate period of time. He leaned forward placing his hand on the bed above Dave's shoulders as his powerful thighs kept hammering his mighty manmeat up into his musclebound victim ... occasionally he'd kiss the whimpering lips of his rival to increase the torment of their shared animalistic lust. Then, unexpectedly, Brad pulled out. He began to slide his body under his restrained victim. David wound up laying on top of Brad, whose massive cock was firmly shoved up his ass.



As he used his mighty thighs to ferociously hump Dave's ass, he used one hand to brutally masturbate him while with the other he tortured Dave's senses by playing with his nipples ... twisting them ...kneading them ...flicking them ...massaging them ...sending bolts of electrified pleasure jolting throughout his body.

David, moaned and groaned as Brad brought him to climax. He shot a fountain of cum high into the air. The thick creamy spray reached so high it flew out of camera range. As it fell back down it splattered Dave's chest and stomach. Again and again he



shot load after massive load only to have it fall back down on himself. He cried out, "Hercules ... you're just too strong to resist. You're magnificent body turns me on. I'm yours ... forever. Fuck me, rape me, suck me off! I'm yours. I'm yours ..."

The tape went dark. It was over. It had lasted a full three hours and was filled with all sorts of sexual torture as Brad unleashed all his pent up primal, savage fantasies on David's helpless body. It was a tour de force of pure animalistic lust and sexual prowess that completely captured David and held him spellbound to the screen.

When it was all over David sat totally stunned by what he had just witnessed. He couldn't move. He couldn't think. He felt totally numb inside, devoid of any sensation. For the longest time he just sat there in total silence. Then, slowly, rage took over. He felt violated ... unclean ... dirty ... insulted ... humiliated ... used and abused. He wanted revenge.

Yet as horrified as he was by the images he saw, David begrudgingly admitted he was also involuntarily aroused by them... turned on as never before. Throughout the video his monster cock had throbbed uncontrollably in his shorts. He had cum many times, soaking himself thoroughly. This too made him feel degraded. How could such a thing excite, arouse him so completely. He shook his head not wanting to believe that Brad actually could turn him on. It was too shameful a thing to even contemplate.

But at least he now knew what had happened. All the pieces of this perplexing puzzle were now in place much to this relief, if disgust. That concoction of Brad's was not only an aphrodisiac ... it also knocked him out. It made him an unwitting compliant participant so Brad could have his way with him. "Okay, so that's how you want to play, Bradley." David now needed to plan his revenge. "You're not going to get away with this, bitch! We'll see who fucks whom, next time."



CHAPTER THIRTY

Revenge

IT TOOK DAVID A FEW DAYS TO WORK OUT a plan to extract his revenge on Brad. He kept playing the video over and over again and again, each time inciting his enmity to flare up as well as arousing his libido... which angered him even more. How could he keep getting a hardon over what Brad had done to him?

He couldn't understand it. He'd been drugged and brutally raped, savagely fucked, beaten to a pulp, ridden like some wild beast and put away wet, physically depleted, left exhausted, drained, humiliated, disgraced.... His manhood had been stolen from him, and yet the mere image of Brad fucking him into oblivion turned him on as nothing else had ever done.

He hated himself for it. He hated Brad. He hated the whole situation.

He had to regain control of his life and to do that, Brad had to pay for his actions and pay dearly. His need for absolute

revenge blinded Dave to anything else. "What goes around comes around. Pay back is a bitch, Bradley," he kept muttering to himself through clenched teeth. "I'm going to fuck you so hard I'll make you bleed like Niagara Falls."

The plan he finally decided on was put into motion two weeks later once all his bruises, cuts and scars had healed. He had called the Santa Monica Men's Club to check on Brad's work schedule, to find out when he was working late and closing the gym. He wanted him all alone. On the appointed night David arrived a few minutes before closing for his workout. Brad seemed pleased to see him. They were the only two left in the gym. "Mind if I work out past closing," he asked?

"No, not at all. As a matter of fact I was going to work out."

"Why don't we work out together," suggested Dave coyly.

"Sounds good to me," replied Brad with a rye smile and a glint in his eyes.

They both headed for the locker room to change into their workout cloths. Dave lubricated up his cock and balls with baby lotion so he could more easily slip into his jock. Then he put on his shorts and tank top. Out of the corner of his eyes, Brad watched his rival getting ready.

The spectacle drove Brad crazy with lustful desire. He too slipped on his jock, gym shorts and tank top.

Together they sauntered into the gym... each trying to psych the other out by showing off their bodies to their best advantage without actually posing.

As part of their warm up both musclemen rode stationary bicycles for twenty minutes... even getting in some fierce competition to see who could peddle faster and longer.

David was chagrined when Brad won. "That's one for you ... Brad," he said reluctantly.

They moved to the weight bench. Dave let Brad go first in the bench press. His nemesis piled on three hundred pounds. He look at Dave proudly boasting, "These baby weights are just to warm up my pecs for the real work out."

David was impressed, but he didn't show it. "Yeah sure, Brad. Just go ahead. I'll spot ya."

Brad powered his hands for a better grip on the bar before he lay down on the bench. When he looked up Dave was practically standing directly over head. Brad could see up his pants to his jock. It made his mouth water. He felt himself getting hard. He had to force himself to concentrate on what he was doing, but it was difficult. He carefully placed his hands on the bar. He drew a deep breath expanding his massive chest ... his pecs almost bursting through his tank top. He lifted the weight up and pressed it ten times without much effort before replacing the bar on the bench rack. He jumped up ... swaggered over to Dave ... flexed his pecs as he arrogantly chortled, "So how much weight should we take off for you ... fifty, a hundred pounds, or more?"

David took the deliberate insult very personally. "Yeah right, Bradley. Pack on a hundred and watch as a real man works out." With one hand he dramatically ripped off his tank top and tossed it directly at Brad's face. Brad caught it. He threw it down on the gym floor after he wiped his crotch with it. Dave saw the gesture. "Keep it Brad with my compliments. You may need a fuck rag for later on." He turned around and lay down on the bench. He drew a deep breath expanding his great chest to its maximum.

As Brad watched his rival he couldn't help but pop a hardon. His jock began to pinch. He reached down to readjust himself.

David lifted the bar. He pressed it a cool dozen times before racking the weight. He stood up to confront Brad. He flexed and pulsed his pecs in his face.

Brad brushed past him. He took off his top carefully, laying it down on a nearby bench. He added another fifty pounds to the bar. He lay down ... took a deep breath ... he lifted ... he pressed the weight ten times ... held it up ... gritted his teeth ... groaned as he strained out another two lifts. He racked the weight. Stood up ... again flexed his pecs at Dave. "Just getting started, dude."

Not to be outdone, Dave added another fifty pounds before reclining down on the bench. As Brad looked on at his rival, David hoisted the weight. He pressed the bar eight times ... he strained to add the last two before racking the weight. "You're turn," he challenged.

As always, Brad was impressed by Dave's body and phenomenal strength. His cock had grown very hard ... achingly hard as it pulsed against the restraints of his jock as he watched his rival working out and flexing. But he wasn't about to be shown up by him. Brad had been secretly practicing for many months for just an occasion like this. He would show Dave he was not only his equal but superior in strength. "Add another fifty," he ordered.

"Wow Brad! Who do you think you are, Superman?" David was so impressed he popped a gigantic erection. How he wanted to shove his cock all the way up into him at that very moment and rape him senseless. But he knew the time wasn't yet right. He had to stick to his plan: First, exhaust Brad by forcing him to exert all his might during the work out ... keep goading him to lift more and more weight ... build up his confidence ... play on his ego ... then coax him into a pancratium wrestling match ... beat the shit out of him ... suck him off ... then fuck him into total and a humiliating submission.

So far his plan was working beautifully.

Brad packed on the extra weight, laid down, gritted his teeth and pressed the bar eight times. His reddened face contorted in pain as he groaned and strained to added the last two lifts. He lay on the bench until he caught his breath. He stood up. "You're up, Davy-boy," he growled sarcastically.

"Well since we're getting down to the nitty-gritty and working up a good sweat, I'm stripping down to my jock," stated Dave as he stepped out of his gym shorts. His erection was plainly visible. Unwittingly Brad followed suit, stripping off his shorts as well. His hardon was also very noticeable pressing through his jock.

David loaded on another fifty pounds. He lay down ... drew a very deep breath ... lifted the bar. He pumped out ten reps. "Boy that felt real good," he boasted as he thumped his chest with his fists.

"I'm packing on another fifty," stated Brad. "This is where we start separating the men from the boys." He lay down, grabbed the bar ... with great exertion he lifted the bar five times in succession ... paused ... then strained to add the last five.

Dave was most impressed. He now understood how Brad was able to handle him so easily in the video, pressing him over head as he sucked him off, tossing him around like a bag of feathers, crushing him in a bearhug and bruising his ribs as he fucked him into unconsciousness. Brad was strong ... super strong. David's cock kept getting harder and harder as he thought about just how strong Brad really was. It throbbed against his jock. More and more he lusted after him, to sink his manmeat deep up into his musclebound rival, to hear him scream out in agony as he ripped his ass to shreds.

But that was for later. Now he had to best him in this power lifting game, weaken him, sap Brad's strength to insure his ultimate victory over him. "Let's see, we're up to six hundred ... right?" asked Dave.

"Yeah... six, What of it?"

"I'm putting on an even hundred," said Dave as he packed the bar with two iron plates of fifty. "This is where I leave you in the dust, Bradley old boy." Dave laid down on the bench. "Not that I need it, but spot me, will ya?"

"Ya," replied Brad as he stood over his rival's face.

David looked up to see Brad's monster cock pulsating inside his jock. It strained so hard against the cloth that the elastic straps were near the braking point. He thought to himself he'd enjoy sucking off that piece of muscle meat. He grabbed the bar... he lifted the bar but was only able to press the weight eight times before he was forced to rack it. "Damn!" he shouted in disappointment as he stood up.

Brad strutted past him. He pushed him aside saying, "Let a real man show ya how it's done." He lay down ... drew a deep breath ... raised the bar and pressed it five times ... paused and added another five before replacing the bar on the rack.

Dave was stunned. He was left speechless by Brad's phenomenal strength. His cock throbbed violently against his jock as he felt pre cum flooding over his cockhead.

"That's two ... Davy-boy," bragged Brad as he stood up and stroked his jock. "Three strikes and you're out, dude." He strolled right up and got into Dave's face. He flexed his mighty biceps. "Mightier than yours, a Davy-boy," he gloated as he rubbed his throbbing jock against his rival's. He pressed in causing the beefy hunk to wince.

David backed away.

"What do ya say we work our arms next," suggested Brad as he flexed his at McAllister.

"Sure. You go first."

"Barbells or dumbbells?" asked Brad.

"Your choice," replied David.

"We'll start with dummies," he answered as he lifted two containing a hundred pounds apiece and cranked out a set of twelve.

"Baby weights, huh," said Dave mockingly as he grabbed a pair of one hundred and fifty pound dumbbells and proceeded to pump out an even dozen. After replacing them he flexed his mighty thirty-three inch guns for Brad to admire.

"Big arms, dumb ass," responded his rival as he lifted two, two hundred pound pairs ten times, paused and huffed and puffed to get the last two. "Now here's a set of cannons to really worship," he bragged as he flexed his biceps right in McAllister's face. "Go ahead and kiss 'em if you want. I do it all the time."

"Yeah and I bet you have a blow up fuck doll of Eddie Robinson under your bed as well. Right Private Guns?" David turned his back on his nemesis and took a set of two hundred and fifty pound dumbbells of the rack. With little effort he pumped out a set of twelve. "Now these are muscle god arms to really worship," he boasted as he again flexed, looking at himself in a nearby wall mirror as Brad looked on enviously.

"These aren't pop guns I got big boy," said Brad defensively as he also flexed in the same mirror. He took a pair of three hundred pounders and began to curl them ten times before replacing them. He stepped back, shook out his arms and began

to flex his biceps. "Nice striations, don't ya think," he cooed as he admired himself in the mirror.

David laughed. "It's a good thing I'm here to show you how it's done, Junior." He grabbed a set of four hundred pound weights and cranked out a set of ten. He reracked the dumbbells and posed his mighty arms. "Now that's impressive."

"Fuck you, you loser," muttered Brad disdainfully as he gave his musclebound rival the finger. Vainly he attempted to curl the same weight but failed. In the battle of the guns, Brad knew he'd lost. Four hundred pounds was just beyond his ability. He'd need to train harder.

"Well, it would be nice to keep this up all night but it's getting late," said Dave. "Thanks for letting me work out past closing. It was a good workout. Congratulations. I'm impressed by your strength. You've really come a long way, Brad. Very impressive. I'm hitting the showers ... then taking off. Thanks again."

"Yeah, you're right. It's getting late," said Brad seeing a face saving way out. "I think I'll hit the showers too."

Both muscle studs headed for the locker room and the showers. As they washed they eyed each other intently, stroking their massive cocks, flexing their muscles as they soaped themselves up and rinsed off, psyching up one another's libidos to the point where pre cum flowed freely from both their cockheads. Afterwards, as they toweled off, Dave began posing in the wall of mirrors in the locker room. Brad, never one to be out done, joined in an impromptu pose off. As they flexed against one another, their cocks hard, fully erect, throbbing uncontrollably, David enticed Brad with, "I've finished that wrestling book you lent me. It's in my gym bag."

"What part did you like best?" inquired Brad.

"The part on pancratium wrestling. I really got off on that."

"Yeah, it would be fun to experience in real life wrestling like that ... loser gets sucked off and butt fucked."

"Yeah, sure would."

Brad couldn't resist the bait. "Say ... why don't we go into the wrestling room and have our own pancratium wrestling match ... just you and me?"

David knew he had trapped his rival. He was pleased with himself. His plan was working beautifully. He decided to play hard to get. "Naw, it's late and I'm tired. Maybe some other time."

"You're not afraid, are you?"

"No. Why would I be?"

"Ya know... me beating you tonight in the bench press... being stronger and all." Brad stepped right up to Dave. He pressed his cock into his rival's manmeat to emphasize his point. "I'm stronger than you and I bet my cock is stronger than yours. Are you man enough to prove me wrong." He pressed in hard.



Dave moaned. He pressed back. Brad grimaced in pain. "I could have you for lunch any day of the week, Brad. You know it and I know it. There's no need to prove it."

"Chicken! You're a chicken shit," yelled Brad as he pressed back at Dave's cock. Both men groaned as they pressed for dominance.

David wasn't about to resist the challenge. "Okay, Brad," he said with a smug smile. "Why not, I guess I'll have to beat the shit out of you, suck you off and fuck the arrogance out of you if it takes all night. Get your ass into the wrestling room and prepare to meat your master."

David's plan had worked. He had Brad right where he wanted him. He had all along planned to build up Brad's ego and then con him into the pancratium match. He would then have his revenge. He'd beat him to a pulp, suck the strength out of him and rape him senseless until he submitted, begging for his life. Now he just didn't know. He began to have second thoughts. Brad was stronger than he'd expected... much stronger but he was committed to his plan come what may. His pride demanded satisfaction. Dave's cock strained under the anticipation of ripping Brad's muscle butt to pieces. His mouth watered at the thought. His whole body tingled with the prospect of retribution.



CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

The Match

DAVID AND BRAD ENTERED THE wrestling room of the Santa Monica Men's Club. The walls were covered in frescos of ancient Greece. In the background were temples, Grecian columns and spectators watching naked musclemen participating in various athletic sports. The entire floor of the wrestling room was covered with a single thick mat.

Both musclemen stood facing each other ... as they stroked their mighty cocks and posed their magnificent bodies trying to psyche one another out ... but only succeeding in arousing one another's animalistic lust. Brad struck first by viciously slapping Dave's chest as he pushed him away leaving red hand prints on both of his pecs. As Dave staggered backward from the blow, Brad attacked getting him in a front head lock ... forcing him to the mat. Dave turned and twisted to extricate himself ... only to end up with Brad's arm bar across his throat. Brad tightened his grip. Dave choked ... he gagged. He grabbed Brad's leg from

behind and powered his way out. His escape was only momentary. Brad applied a reverse bearhug as both muscle hunks rolled around the mat. Brad monkey flipped Dave over and caught him in a leg scissors about the head. He squeezed his mighty thighs, almost suffocating his opponent. David cried out in pain. Brad then applied an arm bar with one hand as he pounded on Dave's back with a clenched fist, forcing him to the mat. David groaned, "You bastard!"

"You're mine, bitch!" yelled Brad as he got him into a full body scissors. He squeezed with all his might. "I've been waiting for this opportunity for a very long time." He reached over to smack his rivals' muscle butt. "You're ass belongs to me, Muscleboy."

David, gasping for breath, moaned, "It might have belong to you the other night when you drugged me with your drink and invaded my home, but I'm not drugged tonight. This time around the outcome will be very different Brad." He grabbed his musclebound opponent's foot and twisted it hard. His beefy nemesis bellowed out in pain. He released the hold. Both muscle titans scrambled to their feet. They cautiously circled one another.

"What do you mean about the other night," Brad asked nervously?

"You know damn well what I mean, you fuckin' rapist. I've seen one of the videos you made. You left it lying around the locker room. Someone found it and gave it to me. I know what you did." They locked their massive arms together in a collar and elbow tie-up. Both musclemen strained as they tried to dominate the other. "You weren't man enough to try to fuck me on your own," groaned David. "The only way you could was to drug me 'cause you knew I'd tear you to pieces otherwise if you tried." He pressed down with all his strength, forcing Brad to one knee. Both their faces grimaced with pain from their mighty exertions.

For a split second Brad felt a sense of embarrassment, but it quickly faded. Summoning all his strength he bulled his way back up, in the process powering David down to his knees. Gloating, as he forced his groaning rival's hands backward he chortled, "I'm glad you know 'cause it will make my victory tonight all the sweeter. You'll know before this night is over who your master is ... that I'm stronger than you ... that you're my fuck bitch whenever I want you." He swung his hips, violently smacking his cock into David's face to emphasize his point. Then he took his foot, placed it against David's chest and pushed him down to the mat.

In rapid succession he pummeled him with mighty leg drops across his chest and stomach, knocking the breath out of his opponent. Standing over his fallen rival he posed his body as he boasted, "You're muscle butt belongs to me."

"Never!" shouted David defiantly. "Never!"

Brad kneed him in the balls. David cried out in excruciating pain. He doubled over, holding onto his nuts. Brad easily rolled him over onto his stomach. Repeatedly, he clubbed Dave's massive back with powerful forearm blows. Dave cried out as he tried to squirm and get away. Brad then mounted his opponent's back. He dry surfed his ass crack as he dragged David's arm backward into a half nelson. "I could fuck you right now, Davey-boy," he threatened as he sank the full length of his muscle meat deep into Dave's crack. He increased the pressure to his hold. David pounded the mat in front of him. "Ow! Ow! Ow!" he wailed. He tried to strike his tormentor but only managed to get his free arm caught behind his back as Brad applied a full nelson. Dave grunted. He couldn't break free. He realized that Brad was far too powerful. "Ummm," sighed Brad as he dry surfed his rival's ass crack. "You'll feel so good wrapped around my cock when I fuck you into submission, Muscleboy," he cooed. "Just like

you did the other night.” Quickly Brad turned his hold into a sleeper ... cutting off David’s oxygen.

Dave gasped for breath as he reached forward to grab Brad’s arms around his throat. He coughed up spit as he strained with all his might to break the hold. He escaped. He threw Brad off his back and rolled free. His nemesis jumped on top of him, smashing away at his chest with both fists. Dave howled in pain. Brad repeatedly kneed the obliques of his prone adversary sending David sliding farther across the mat with each blow. Brad grabbed David’s legs. He crossed them as he bent them back against David’s massive thighs. “Ah! Ah! Arrrrggggghhhhh! Ow! Ow! Ow! You fucker!” cried Dave as he pounded the mat.

Holding David’s legs up against his chest, Brad leaned forward to slug away at his opponent’s back. “I’m going to love pummeling you senseless.” Brad released the hold. He rolled Dave over onto his back. He grabbed both David’s arms as he pressed his foot deep into his shoulder blade. He stretched his rival’s arms almost to the point of ripping them from their sockets.

David screamed out in agony. Frantically he used his legs to kick Bradley away with his feet. He rolled over onto his back. But before he could stand, Brad was again on top of him... holding his shoulders tight to the mat as he rammed his fuckpole into Dave’s forcing it up and back against his opponent’s own stomach. Brad began to savagely cock fuck his rival... ferociously humping him with one violent thrust after another.

David, in sexual turmoil, screamed out as his monstrous cock was being pulverized by Brad’s mighty fuckpole. With one powerful thrust Brad slammed his cock deep into the base of his rival’s and held it there. Dave groaned in desperation as he felt himself wanting to shoot a massive load.

Brad strained to hold his cock stationary as he pressed with all his might into his opponent's massive manmeat, crushing it against his flesh. David grimaced in torment as he screamed, ":OUCH! OW! OW! OW! OW!" He knew he couldn't shoot or it would be all over for him ... that his arch nemesis would win and take his ass as he had done in the video. There would be no redemption for Dave ... no revenge ... no salvation of his honor. No, he couldn't shoot. He had to resist the overwhelming erotic temptation to do so.

David began to rock back and forth... building up momentum until he was able to throw Brad off. "Nice try, Bradley old boy... but you'll never be man enough to cock fuck me into submission tonight," gasped David.

"Wrong Davey-boy," retorted Brad. "I haven't even begun to beat you into submission. I'm just warming up. You forget that I was a pro wrestler. I know all the tricks of the trade and you don't."

Both muscle titans scrambled to their feet.

Brad flexed his mighty arms and posed his magnificent body to taunt his rival. They circled one another like two proud lions stalking for an opening. They collided together in an elbow and collar tie-up. They danced around. "You're mine, Muscleboy," boasted Brad.

"Never!" replied Dave as both musclemen strained for dominance.

David came out on top with an arm bar as he twisted Brad around and off his feet. He applied the painful surfboard ... his foot firmly embedded in the center of Brad's back ... his arms pulled up and back.

Brad writhed in agony. "We'll just see who fucks who, bitch," scoffed David.

His opponent flailed his legs about wildly knocking Dave over. Again both musclemen scurried to their feet and circle one another. "Come on man, show me what you've got," challenged David.

Brad tried to go for a choke hold but Dave roughly pushed him aside. He sank down to one knee to grab one of David's legs only to have his opponent fall on top of his back. Dave hit him with one ferocious forearm smash after another crumbling Brad to the mat. He applied a side headlock on Brad. He began to grind it out as Brad cried out, "You fucker. Ow! Ow! I'll get you for this!"

"You're just a fuckin' prick," shouted Dave as he squeezed his opponent's head. "I'll crush your skull like a ripe coconut, bitch."

"OW! OW! OW! OW!"

"Come on! Come on ... show me what you've got, Pussy."

Out of sheer desperation, Brad slammed his fist into David's balls. His rival fell over backwards into the fetal position ... clutching his nuts with both hands. Brad staggered to a standing position. He reached down to pull David up by his hair. He scooped him up and lifted Dave over his head. As he pressed his archrival up and down he began to suck on his massive cock.

Dave moaned as he was taken deep into Brad's throat. Brad's tongue danced around his cockhead... licked up and down his shaft... the tongue tip invading his piss slit... and the powerful suction of Brad's mouth forcefully drawing David's cum ever closer to the point of eruption. David felt his load churning and boiling up from his ball sack... ready to shoot forth momentarily. He strained with all his might to hold back.

Just in the nick of time, Brad power-slammed him to the mat. He jumped on top of Dave, straddling his abs, his cock

pressed hard into the underside of his rival's cockhead as he held Dave's arms prisoner to the mat just above his head. "Look at my massive arms about your head," he bragged as he viciously humped Dave's cockhead.

"Arrrrrgggghhhhh!" groaned Dave as pain and pleasure were rendering him near senseless.

"Hurts so good... doesn't it Davey-boy? You want to shoot your load all over both of us, don't you? Come on pretty boy, give us both a cum bath. Take this! Take this! Take this! And this!"

"NO!" screamed Dave. "NEVER! YOU BASTARD! OW! OW! OW! OW!" Sweat poured from his forehead as he strained not to shoot off a load.

Bradley sat up on his rival's stomach. He clubbed away at his massive pecs, then applied a crushing leg scissors across his opponent's beaten chest.

Dave tried valiantly to power-out, but Brad's mighty thighs easily held him captive.

Brad squeezed and squeezed.

David cried out as his breath was being forced out of his body. He gasped. He whimpered, but he managed to turn himself around. He struggled to his knees, placing Brad flat on his back. Dave worked one arm under his rival's leg to break the hold. He pummeled Brad's abs with one ferocious forearm blow after another as he slid his cockhead up against Brad's puckering ass lips. "I could ram my cock up into you right now and there's nothing you could do about it," David threatened as he pressed his cockhead farther up into his opponent.

"NO!" cried Brad as he clenched his muscle butt preventing any further penetration.

Dave, too, cried out as his cockhead was smashed by the might of Brad's butt cheeks. He quickly withdrew. He worked his way up Brad's body until he was directly on top of his rival, his monstrous cock now pressed firmly into the underside of Brad's. David started to savagely cock fuck him. "Pay back is a bitch ... isn't it, bitch?" he gloated.

Bradley bellowed out in agony as he felt himself wanting to violently cum. He squirmed and twisted his body until he was able to power out to freedom. He quickly captured David around the waist in his leg scissors. He rolled him over shouting, "You're not strong enough to cock fuck me," as he attempted to squeezed the life out of his beefy rival.

The incredible force of Brad's thighs made Dave realize his scheme was not working as he had planned. His arch-enemy was much more powerful than he had thought. He was being tossed around like a rag doll. His strength may be the equal of Brads, but it wasn't superior by any means. He was not only in the fight to redeem his honor... but the fight of his life. He no longer knew what the out come would be... only that he was committed to seeing it through to whatever the conclusion may be... victory or defeat.

Brad released his hold. He jumped to his feet as his opponent rolled about the mat clutching his ribs and gasping for breath, Brad grabbed a hunk of his hair, forcing him to his feet. He wrapped Dave up in a mighty bearhug as his cock pressed up into Dave's, once again forcing it back up against his stomach. As he brutally squeezed out his hold he savagely pummeled away at Dave's manmeat causing his musclebound opponent to wail in torment.

David's arms flailed wildly out from his sides ... his head fell backwards ... his mouth flew wide open as he gasped for air. OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!," he roared out in torturous agony.

Brad leaned back, taking David off his feet as he strained with all his strength to crush the life out of him. Dave's ribs were on the point of splintering ... his cock was being brutally ripped to shreds ... he was on the verge of cumming when Brad scooped him up again and power slammed him across his knee in a backbreaker. "You think you're so tough, Muscleboy," growled Brad as he bent his rival unmercifully across his knee. "Well I'm about to suck you dry of all your might."

David felt the hot breath of his nemesis engulf his cock as Brad began to barbarically suck him off. Dave knew he had no chance once Brad started to massage his balls and roughly bone his cock. Brad worked his teeth up and down the massive shaft ... capturing the huge cockhead with his teeth and invading the piss slit with the tip of his tongue. David moaned loudly. He was so overwhelmed by the sensation of reliving Hercules savagely sucking him off that he had a hard time breathing. He could only gasp in short rapid breaths as his whole body shuddered uncontrollably. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" was all he could manage to say. He couldn't resist. The erotic temptation was just too much. He let out a scream of surrender as he let loose his pent up loads. Massive quantities of cum exploded down Brad's throat as he kept boning, inserting his tongue tip into the slit, licking and reaming the head and shaft of his rival's cock. Totally helpless, Dave could only moan as he felt his strength pouring out of his body.

When the last of David's might had been viciously sucked out of him and swallowed, Brad contemptuously pushed him off his knee. Dave lay defenseless on the mat before the victor whimpering like a beaten puppy. Triumphant Brad stood, placed one foot on his defeated opponent's chest. He posed his body ... flexing his biceps ... flexing his pecs ... doing a lat spread ... most muscular. He gloated, "And this makes three, Davey-boy. Now I'm going to fuck the life out of you like I did before. Your ass is mine. You're mine to do with as I please. You're my fuck bitch,

Muscleboy ... now and forever and you have no excuse this time. You're not drugged and you still lost making my victory all the sweeter." Brad stood directly over his fallen rival. He menacingly stroked his mighty cock with both hands as he peered down at David. "I'm going to rip you apart on my cock," he pledged. "I'm going to love every minute of it." He began to ferociously beat his chest like some wild ape as he roared out a victory yell. His cock pulsated up and down in anticipation as he joyously continued to pose over his beaten rival.

David could do nothing. His plan for revenge had seriously backfired. He was too weak to resist being rape-fucked, but he still had one desperate card to play.



CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Triumphant

BRAD SANK DOWN BETWEEN DAVID'S LEGS. He lifted them up over his thighs as he clutched his rival's waist to pull him forward onto his cock. David futilely tried to resist but he wasn't sufficiently strong enough to push away. Slowly he felt Brad's cockhead press up against his ass lips. A short sharp jab and Brad was up in him.

Dave winced in pain. Slowly—ever so slowly—Brad eased himself farther and farther up into his rival as if savoring every delectable second of what he was doing. "OOOOH!" he cooed. "AHHHHH!" He leaned forward placing his hands on the mat just above Dave's shoulders.

David's knees were pressed hard against his chest as Brad began to ram his cock up into him.

With ever increasing speed, Brad shoved his cock in and out, in and out, but never completely out just to the lips.

With each mighty thrust Dave held his breath as he winced in pain.

Faster and faster, Brad brutally invaded him as his balls smacked against his rivals' butt cheeks.

Dave moaned and groaned as Brad grunted in delight with each thrust.

"God, you're ass feels so good on my cock," murmured Brad contentedly. Seductively he licked his lips. He tried kissing Dave's lips but his rival indignantly turned his face away. This act of defiance pissed him off. "Okay Muscleboy, so that's how you want to play," he yelled. "I'm going to cripple you for life. I'm going to rip you open so bad you'll never walk again. Get ready for the fuck of your life ... bitch!"

Brad went wildly out of control. He unleashed to all his primitive savage animalistic lust for Dave as he viciously rammed his monster cock up into his rival's ass, ripping tissue and bruising bone with compete abandon.

Dave screamed, howled and bellowed out in total agony as he felt his muscle butt being torn apart. He tried to move but the crushing weight of his own legs against his body and Brad's weight on top of that cemented him to the mat. His head flailed from side to side. His face contorted in torment as Brad kept up his barbaric assault. Sweat dropped from the victor's face onto Dave's as more sweat oozed from both their bodies, covering them in a glistening, shimmering dew.

In time, Brad grabbed Dave up in his arms. He staggered to his feet as he wrapped him up in a crucifying bearhug as he continued the brutal rape of his ass.

Dave put his hands on Brad's shoulders as he pathetically struggled to push himself away from his musclebound tormentor

but the body sweat made his hands slip. He couldn't get a firm hold. He was caught hard and fast.

There was no escape.

Dave's arms hung useless at his side as he arched his back and raised his legs to rest them on Brad's thighs, again hoping for some relief from the barbaric fucking he was enduring... but nothing helped. To make matters worse his cock was being roughly massaged between his body and his assailants. He was hard, brutally hard and it only got worse as Brad increased the pressure of his bearhug, smashing their two magnificently muscled bodies together. The high intensity of Brad's squeezing might only made Dave want to shoot off a massive load to relieve the agonizing pressure on his manmeat. He had not experienced such wanton primitive erotic torture since his Hercules dream. Once more he found himself swept up in the animalistic desire of the moment. He shook his head wildly as he tensed his whole body, straining every muscle.

As Brad crushed him even harder he screamed and violently burst out one humongous load after another... shooting straight up into the air a white, creaming, hot torrent of thick cum. Brad grunted with pleasure at the sight of Dave's massive ejaculation, even opening his mouth to catch some of it as it flew past his face. He waltzed about the mat with Dave in his arms to miss the falling cum debris, ensuring that it hit only David in the face and chest. When the cum shower finally subsided, Brad released his depleted rival from his cock and bearhug.

Dave staggered about on buckling legs only to be caught up in Brad's arms again in a reverse bearhug. With his arms around Dave's waist Brad forced him backwards. Playfully he dry surfed his rival's ass crack. Dave strained to break free but again he had not the strength. He could feel Brad's cockhead penetrate his buttocks, the head pressing up against his ass lips. With one

mighty thrust of his hips, Brad shoved his monster meat deep up Dave's love tunnel. Dave let out a ferocious scream as Brad repeatedly thrust his fuckpole up and down the inside of his muscle butt.

Brad squeezed David tightly onto his fuckpole.

Dave gasped for breath... his eyes popped wide open as if they were going to fly out of their sockets as Brad again arched backward lifting him off his feet, impaling him on his ten inch long, seven inch thick cock up to the hilt. David squirmed and twisted to break the hold. He pressed his hands against Brad's arms but as before the sweat made it impossible to break away. His arms and legs flailed about. David cried out in torment.

Brad straightened up.

Dave regained his feet.

With one mighty thrust of his hips, Brad viciously speared Dave's ass and kept his cock buried deep up in him.

David grimaced in agony. He cried out. He had had enough. With one Herculean effort he marshaled all his remaining might. He clenched his muscle butt capturing Brad's monster cock. With all his strength he squeezed Brad's manmeat.

Brad bellowed out in pain, "You fucker! You fucker! OW! OW! OW! You're smashing my cock to pieces! OW! OW! OW! OW!" He released his reverse bearhug. He began to desperately beat away at Dave's massively broad back to make him stop. He failed.

David got hold of Brad's arms. He held them tight under his massive shoulders so he couldn't get away. Now it was his turn to torture his beefy adversary. Dave clenched and relaxed, clenched and relaxed his butt muscles again and again and again as he pulverized, crushed and masturbated Brad's cock into

submission. Brad tried continuously to pull out but his arms were caught ... he couldn't move. He screamed out as he felt himself about to cum. With one last powerful clench left in him, David squeezed for all he was worth.

Brad was lost. He couldn't resist any longer. He gasped for air. He roared like a dying bull as he began to shoot one massive load after another up into his archrival. Load after steamy load he shot up into David's brutalized ass. Both muscle studs yelled and screamed... roaring like two apes gone mad.

"How do ya like that, Bradley?!", grunted Dave through gritted teeth, "Who's fucking whom, bitch?" For Dave it was all a matter of control. Yes, Brad's muscle meat was raping his asshole but his clenched muscle glutes were smashing Brad's cock, forcing him against his will to cum.

Brad hated Dave for that as he kept clubbing away at his massive back, desperately trying to free himself from those crushing muscle buttocks. He wanted to be the one in control. He had been in control. Now the tables had turned and Brad was at the mercy of his archrival. "Okay! Okay ... you win this round," Brad whimpered reluctantly. "But before the night is through, you'll die on my cock, Muscleboy," he raged as he finally was able to pull out.

Both musclemen exhaustedly collapsed to the mat. Neither one had the strength to get up. They lay just feet apart... totally drained... totally satiated. Cum spewed freely from Dave's muscle butt as he cough, choked and gasped for breath. Brad groaned and cried out as he rolled about clutching his cock in both hands. He was too tired to even rail against his rival. Both muscle titans eventually succumbed to blessed sleep to replenish their greatly depleted strength.

A CLASH OF CYMBALS... the playing of the Star Spangle Banner startled David awake. He found himself laying on his couch, naked ... covered in cum. The television was on. An announcer stated, "Welcome back to the TBS July the Fourth Hercules Movie Marathon and Lou Ferrigno in Hercules.

"What?" he grunted in puzzlement. "What the fuck?" It was like deja vu. "What time is it?

Dave looked at the television clock. It read 1:38 pm. It was early afternoon ... and it was still July the Fourth. "I don't understand?" he said as he rubbed his eyes and shook his head. He looked about the room. Everything was in its place ... the oak coffee table was intact... Brad's empty jug of elixir ominously rested near the edge next to the television remote and the phone ... books, magazines, his computer were all where they should be ... nothing was disturbed. The front door was closed as were the French doors that led out to the terrace. "I don't understand?" he repeated as he slowly roused himself off the couch. To his astonishment, his body didn't ache. He had no pain anywhere. He bent over... he stretched... he flexed. No pain... no soreness... nothing.

Still puzzled, Dave ran down the hall and up the stairs. As he passed through his bedroom he noticed it too was intact... nothing disturbed. His bed was made... the pillows fluffed and nestled next to the headboard... the mattress neatly covered with his bedspread. "Huh!" he whispered. He walked into the bathroom. He stood in front of the wall size vanity mirror. There were no signs of bruises, cuts or scraps. He closed the door to inspect his back with the reflection of the full-length door mirror in the vanity mirror.

Nothing!

He spread his ass cheeks. No soreness, no swelling, no cum packed up his butt. His magnificent body was perfectly all right. His puzzlement slowly turned into the realization that it had all been some fantastic dream... In fact four fantastic dreams back to back. He let go with a tremendous sigh of relief. The cum on his chest and stomach was his... from those erotic lust-filled wet dreams about Machiste, Hercules and Bradley.

"YES!" he shouted. He looked into the vanity mirror and laughed as he roared, "I'm still a fuckin' virgin!"

THE FOLLOWING DAY, at the Santa Monica Men's Club, Brad was tending the Juice Bar as Dave entered. As a psychology major, David had desperately tried to make sense of his dreams. It had kept him up half the night as he racked his brain over their deep seated meaning. Was his subconscious revealing to him that he secretly lusted after Brad... that he wanted to be fucked by him? Was his mind acting out some sort of repressed guilt over his deliberate sadistic teasing of Brad?

Or, as Freud had written, sometimes a dream is just a dream? The confusion played havoc with him. He was uncertain what those dreams really represented. It made him apprehensive over his relationship with Brad, and unsure of himself. Screwing up his courage, he nervously walked right up to Brad. He reached in his gym bag. "I've got your plastic container you gave me the other day with your concoction," he said skittishly

"Did you like it?"

"It tasted great, yes... but it had a very strange effect on me."

"Like what?"

"It gave me the strangest dreams all night long."

"Dreams about what?"

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe me."

"Try me."

"Well the other night I read that wrestling book you lent me." Dave reached in his gym bag. He took out the book. "Here, I'm returning it. Thanks. I read the book, especially about the pancratium wrestling and ancient Greece. When I got through, I started to watch that Hercules movie marathon on television. I polished off your elixir and fell asleep. I dreamt I was back in the time of Hercules and was a pancratium wrestler. It was all very erotic, sexually stimulating. I had one wet dream after another until I finally woke up. The combination of your drink, that book and those movies did a number on my subconscious mind."

"Did you enjoy those wet dreams?"

"More or less."

"Then you have no complaints... right?" said Brad with a coy smile.

"Yeah, whatever you say Brad. Thanks for the book."

"I wouldn't mind having a pancratium wrestling match with some of the guys here at the gym. How about you?" asked Brad as he stroked the front of his shorts.

Not sure where this conversation was going, David quickly replied, "I've got to go and work out now. Thanks again." He abruptly turned and walked away to the locker room to change into his workout cloths.

Despite his rival's hasty departure, Brad, as usual, seethed over Dave's presence. When he wasn't there the crowds surrounded him. When Dave was there, he was the forgotten

muscleman. Everyone hung around David... watched him work out... pose .. even hurrying to finish their own workouts so they could shower with him. Brad kept muttering under his breath as he watched David saunter away, "Someday Davey-boy, someday soon your ass is going to be mine. I'll be your master and you my sex slave. Someday... someday soon!"



As the afternoon progressed, Dave continued his workout. His schedule for the day called for him to work on his arms, shoulders and chest. He had worked up a good sweat on the lat machine and the bench press. Now seated at the preacher's bench he was grinding out one set of curls after another, pumping up his mighty thirty-three inch arms to their maximum size with extremely heavy weights. As he finished the last set he hung exhausted over the bench. Someone gently tapped him on the shoulder. A deep, mellow, very masculine voice asked, "Excuse me, my name is Mike Christie. I just joined the gym and I don't know my way around yet. Could you direct me to the locker room?" There was a most familiar tone to the voice but he couldn't place it.

David, his face and hair drenched in sweat, his tank top soaking wet with perspiration, turned around to respond. His jaw dropped. His eyes popped wide open. He gasped for air. There standing right in front of him was the beautiful face and magnificent body of Machiste of Thebes. With face frozen in shocked surprise, he stammered, "Am I still dreaming?"

THE END

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