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MIGHTYMAN

ULTIMATE MUSCLEMAN OF THE UNIVERSE



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Chapter One: In The Beginning

Born on the planet Utopia, MightyMan and his family ... his father, the benevolent monarch, Emperor Kor, and his loving mother, the Empress Kora, fled their home planet in an extraterrestrial time machine after a fierce and extremely bloody civil war in which his ruling family lost to the evil new sovereign of Utopia, Ming The Merciless. "As long as we survive, so does the hope of our people to one day be free," preached his father. "You, my beloved son, are the living promise of a brighter future for all Utopia." Arriving on Earth the extraterrestrial royal refugees made their home in Texas where young David McAllister (aka MightyMan) grew up on a ranch with his family

living their incognito lives as unobtrusively as possible, which wasn't easy because Earth's atmosphere proved to be powerfully beneficial for young David. He grew up tall, extraordinarily strong and muscular with superpowers of flight, x-ray vision and an imperviousness to physical pain. He excelled in all his academic studies and in sports, winning every state and national title in weightlifting and wrestling during his high school and college years. Following graduation he moved to Municipal City, a sprawling metropolis of some 20 million people, where he began his lucrative career as a high paid male model by day and crime fighter by night - MightyMan. In a black latex bodysuit with red trunks, boots and a red shield emblazoned with a large gold 'M' stretching across his mammoth 80" chest, David's outfit was capped off with a great flowing black cape piped in red. The 6'6" 380 pound superhero quickly became the sworn enemy of every criminal, villain and evil doer in the city. Taking to heart his father's admonition to, "Do good, help the weak and afflicted, the poor and downtrodden as long as we're here ... using your superpowers and great strength wisely," MightyMan set out to right all the injustices that came his way. To this end he created the League of Superheroes in which he and several other mighty superheroes joined forces to work in close conjunction with each other to stop the criminal underworld from taking over Municipal City. Their motto: *To fight for justice, life, liberty and happiness*, was known by every school age child and their parents. It became a mantra for all the citizens of Municipal City to live by.

But MightyMan had two great flaws. The first was his overwhelming self confidence ... his massive ego. He took great pride in doing good and helping others and in his overpowering strength and muscle mass. A veritable leviathan of muscle and might he easily conquered anyone who dared challenge him no matter how big and strong they were. No chains, iron bars or steel cage could hold or imprison him. He was indomitable. The over zealous news media took MightyMan to their hearts, playing up his crime fighting exploits. They often referred to him not only as MightyMan but as the Man of Iron as well as the Cape Knight of Right, all of which pleased David and fed his massive ego. His hubris knew no limits, not unlike his childhood hero, the legendary Greek strongman, Hercules, whom he idolized and took as his role model.

His second flaw was that he was susceptible to a rare titanium ore from his home planet called titanite that rendered him physically weak, vulnerable to pain and totally defenseless. But titanite was almost unknown on Earth. It was only found in trace amounts in the remnants of meteorites from deep space that miraculously made it through Earth's atmosphere without burning up.

MightyMan's chief nemesis was the ruble billionaire expatriate Russian Mafia boss, Alexander Drago, who had been forcibly expelled from his native country for his criminal activities and his involvement in a plot to overthrow the duly elected government of Russia. Taking over his homeland was the first step in his long range plan for world domination. The bald headed, mid-thirtish, pox marked face Drago, stood 6'2" tall. He weighed 275 pounds of pure beef. His powerful arms measured 28" and his chest was 72". Just for sport in Russia he owned, operated and fought in an underground wrestling federation. He was known as the Russian Beast because of his great size and strength. In sixty-five matches he had killed, with his bare hands, all but three opponents. Those he left permanently crippled for life. His sadistic bestiality was legend. He not only decimated all his challengers in the barb wire encased ring that he used to tear their flesh off, but he deliberately broke their bones and dismembered their bodies limb from limb. Not content with their physical annihilation, he also gleefully castrated them for his own sick pleasure. For his finishing death move he would viciously ram his 10" long by 4" thick killer cock up into their newly formed cunt hole, impaling them as he crushed the life out of them in his massive arms in a pulverizing bearhug. Drago was a sadistic killer and enjoyed every second inflicting pain and in his opponent's physical destruction.

Once settled in Municipal City he disguised himself as an international businessman and philanthropist. Behind this facade he quickly reestablished his criminal empire, making it a global syndicate. He also recreated the Underground Wrestling Alliance (UWA), building a complete sports complex and arena called the Crypt of Doom. He no longer fought believing he had nothing more to prove in ring. He had been the undisputed champ back in Russia and his massive physique was enough to cause most men to steer clear of him. He stood out no matter where he went. His body screamed total domination over all those around him. Instead he preferred to stay deep in the background, avoiding any association with this maniacally barbarous and bloody sport. "It wouldn't look good for my philanthropic image," he told associates. Nevertheless his one concession to his love of this brutally savage sport was that his pay per view network broadcast all the matches, live from the Crypt of Doom Arena. It made him a fortune with a monthly worldwide audience of over one hundred million viewers.

Yet in spite of his most impressive body he secretly longed to be the most massively muscled and strongest man on the planet, if not in the universe. Unfortunately, that distinction belonged to his arch enemy and sworn adversary - MightyMan, who easily saw through all the false pretense of his public good guy image. At 6'6" tall, 380 pounds, with an 80" chest, 34" biceps, 36" waist, 44" thighs and 24" calves, the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe dwarfed even the biggest of Earth's professional bodybuilders. Standing next to him they looked sickly, puny, emaciated. How anyone could be so blessed rankled Drago. How he seethed with envy. How he wanted to be MightyMan. No, he thought, as he continued to daydream while looking out of his penthouse office windows at Drago International Headquarters on the outskirts of Municipal City. It wasn't that he wanted to be MightyMan but have all his muscles and strength. He wanted them so he could dominate the world, subjugate all the people. He also wanted to be able to annihilate this Ultimate Muscleman, who had thwarted his every attempt to carry out his nefarious plans for world conquest. He wanted to pay him back in full measure with compound interest for all his failures and for every second of the three years he had been incarcerated. He wanted to ... he needed to avenge himself. MightyMan had been the only one who dared to stand up to him and attempted to unmask his deceitful public image. He became obsessed with that thought, dedicating himself to fulfilling that purpose - to humiliate, disgrace, degrade, dishonor MightyMan. If he had that body and that power he would come out of retirement. He wanted the pleasure of physically destroying MightyMan himself ... to take away his manhood before the eyes of the world in a live television wrestling match broadcast from the UWA arena. He wanted to completely crush his goodie goodie superhero reputation and discredit him for all time before he had the chance to do the same to him. Drago could see himself in the wrestling ring as the strongest of men beating MightyMan senseless, physically manhandling him as he mutilated his magnificent body and then savagely take his manhood ... to fuck him to death while smashing the life out of him in a pulverizing bearhug. If he could do that, then his twin goals would be successful. He not only would have avenged himself on the Ultimate Muscleman but the world would learn to fear him as well. No one would dare stand up to him, oppose him. Governments, armies would bow down to him. The wealth of the world would be his for the taking. These thoughts made him sigh, his eyes sparkle, his heart race as drool dribbled from the corners of his mouth. He could see it all happening as clear as day. He became so entranced and aroused by those illusions that he popped a monstrous hardon. His 10" long 4" thick killer cock strained against his well tailored Armani pants desperately fighting to get out. He rubbed his crotch vigorously trying to control his primitive wanton lust. "Ahh!" he cooed as he imagined himself superior in size and strength to MightyMan, fucking the muscle butt of the superhero, ripping his ass apart on his mighty fuckpole, listening with unconcealed rapture to his musclebound enemy's torturous screams of agony and pathetic whimperings for mercy.

A voice crackled over the office intercom. "Mr. Drago ... it's time." The Beast of the East, as he liked to call himself, turned around, reached for the remote on his huge mahogany brass trimmed desk. He pushed a button. A large wall at the far end of the room began to move sideways into an adjacent wall like a pocket door, revealing a giant flat screen television nearly the full size of the wall itself. It flickered, grew bright, then the unmistakable massive figure of MightyMan appeared in all his muscle magnificence standing next to a well dressed sportscaster, microphone in hand. The six foot sportscaster, a beefy former athlete and former actor looked so tiny next to the musclebound superhero.

"Welcome to Sports Highlights ladies and gentlemen. I'm your reporter, Dean Cain. Last night the monthly contest of SuperChallenge Wrestling took place here at Municipal Sports Arena. Every one of the 50,000 seats were filled. They all came to watch the main card consisting of MuscleDude, the self proclaimed most powerful man in the universe, against the current reigning heavy weight champion, MightyMan. As everyone expected the Ultimate Muscleman easily handled this latest challenge by defeating MuscleDude in just over twenty minutes, using his phenomenal strength to crush his muscular opponent into submission in his trademark bearhug, rendering MuscleDude unconscious with three cracked ribs and several dislocated spinal disk. Testimony to the overpowering might of this super warrior. Afterwards, to accentuate his victory, MightMan ripped the fur and leather trunks off the loser, broke MuscleDude over his knee in a powerful backbreaker, nearly tearing the long hairs blond stud in half as he sucked the strength from his body. Then the ever popular finishing hold. MightMan dropped MuscleDude onto his stomach right in the middle of the ring and proceeded to mount him, ramming his gigantic foot long super manmeat up into the hunk's muscle butt and raped him into complete and total submission. Even this afternoon MuscleDude's screams of agony can still be heard echoing throughout this arena. Standing next to me is a man who literally needs no introduction, the undisputed winner of last night's main event and still the SuperChallenge heavy weight champion of the world ... MightyMan." A smattering of applause could be heard from a small crowd of onlookers milling about the arena. Throughout the introduction the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe stood impatiently by, arms folded across his trademark mammoth chest, looking somewhat uneasy, sheepishly smiling at the sportscaster's glowing analysis of the match. "MightyMan, thank you for being here this afternoon and taking time out of your busy schedule. I know I, and all your millions of loyal fans worldwide, appreciate it."

"It's my pleasure, Dean. And may I say at the outset that MuscleDude will be released in a few weeks from Municipal Hospital. He'll need many months of rest and recuperation, but he'll be back and in fighting form very soon."

"Thank you for that update. I'm sure we all wish him a most speedy recovery and anxiously look forward to his return to the squared circle. MightyMan, could you remind our viewing audience what SuperChallenge Wrestling is all about?"

"Sure Dean," replied the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe with his deep and resonant voice. "It seems that at least once a month some new hunky superhero or super villain arrives on the scene and immediately sets out to prove he's stronger than me. It's a testosterone thing, like an animal marking his territory. Take the current heavy weight crime fighter out and take over. To be the man you have to beat the man as it were. They figure if they can defeat me and prove their superiority, they prove to everyone how strong they are and no one will dare challenge them in the future. It's become something of a right of passage for these new super beefy punks. The problem is not only do the fights often involve property damage, but they endanger the public welfare as well, and it also keeps me from dealing with greater threats elsewhere.

"Now, I know some of these muscleheads aren't truly bad and could someday become a great superhero in their own right, like MuscleDude last night. Most have seriously inflated egos caused by over indulging in muscle growth stimulates. They think they have something to prove with their new found strength or they have a chip on their shoulders which is heightened by roid rage. Only a handful actually go on to become either a superhero or super villain." A slight chuckle escaped MightyMan's lips as he grinned. Drago steamed at the television. Muttering out loud he stormed, "What an arrogant bastard he is. Just look at that shit eating smirk plastered all over his face. He thinks he's so much better than everyone just because he has all that muscle mass and power."

"And quite frankly, these musclebound punks underestimate my strength and my muscles. Not a single one has ever really been able to challenge me," continued MightyMan as he flexed his massive 34" arms for the camera. Drago was beside himself with rage and envy.

Cain glanced up at MightyMan's monstrous arms. "It's not hard to see why, those are some mighty powerful guns." The reporter blushed slightly as his crotch began to stir. He popped a very noticeable erection as the front of his pants tented outward. "So," he continued turning his back to the camera to readjust himself, "the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe created the SuperChallenge Wrestling contest to take these dangers off the city streets and make a sport out of it."

"That's exactly right, Dean. I figured the least destructive way for someone to test their strength against mine was in an old fashion wrestling match, where I get a chance to beat the arrogant snout out of them and take them down a peg or two by deliberately humiliating them, beating them senseless, suck the strength out of their musclebound bodies and fuck them to submission. Then they know they've lost to a far superior man who has given them an ego adjustment to their muscle butt. Most won't try to challenge me ever again and relive that torturous physical agony I inflicted on them. Most shut up and return to their homes with their tails between their legs and Municipal City is spared any further dealings with them. We can all sleep safer in our beds at night. Plus, the proceeds for these matches go to charity, from the gate receipts to the worldwide pay per view fee."

"And no one has ever been able to defeat you?"

"Well, now," MightyMan began to blush. "... that's true. Take for instance the Test of Strength. I would hold my arms up, no exertion of any kind, and test my opponent's power. With most I could barely even feel any pressure, even when they were using their full strength. I'd let them try for a minute or two, then start squeezing, dropping them to their knees as they scream out in pain. There were a few who gave me a workout though. That green, hulking Morphizoid for one but even he folded under the constant unrelenting power of my might."

"There's been quite a debate recently over you and the Mighty Vulcan, the Nordic strongman, as to who is the strongest man now that he's the world heavy weight champion of the Underground Wrestling Alliance. Would you consider giving him a match in the near future?"

Taken aback by the question, the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe cleared his throat, deliberately stalling for time. "Well ... Vulcan ... is a very powerful, heavily muscled guy. All you have to do is to look at him, but in the final analysis, he'd be no match for me. I'd turn that pretty boy from muscle to mush in a fight. I took out MuscleDude in twenty minutes last night. With Vulcan ... well, may be slightly longer but no more than a half an hour tops. But that won't happen. He's a valued member of the League of Superheros, which I have the honor to lead. A

match between us could cause dissension within our group and perhaps even cause a break up. The League is far too important a protective tool for the citizens of Municipal City to risk on any potential rivalry between Vulcan and myself. We're both too smart for that and dedicated to our superhero status to let any chance of a petty rivalry destroy the League. The real question is, who's stronger, Power Woman or Vulcan. I'd say those two are evenly matched for the number two slot."

"What about the rivalry between the UWA and SuperChallenge Wrestling?"

"That's a great question and Vulcan is a prime example of that difference. SuperChallenge doesn't deliberately try to tear our opponent's limbs off, or castrate their manhood. We're not into total body destruction, castration or fucking someone to death just to prove our manhood and superiority in the ultimate display of physical domination. Take for instance the championship bout just a few weeks ago between the late great former UWA champ, Krom, the Barbarian and his challenger the Mighty Vulcan. It was quite simply an ugly, bloody display of wanton brutal savagery run amuck, the destruction of one human being by the barbaric hands of another. Vulcan not only ripped Krom's limbs from their sockets, broke every bone in his body, but with his bare hands, castrated his balls and cock. Then, if that weren't bad enough, he hauled him up and fucked Krom in the cock wound like it was the cunt of some two bit whore while crushing the life out of him in what he calls his death grip, his deadly bearhug. Krom's ribs and spine were heard snapping and cracking all over the arena as he bled to death on Vulcan's monstrous manmeat."

"But Krom was a barbarian, a true savage. Look at how many men he'd torn apart and fucked to death in the arena over the years in the same way. Given half a chance he'd have done the same thing to Vulcan. It had to be a battle to the death."

"A battle to the death is one thing, but this was nothing less than complete and total wanton destruction of another person's body and Vulcan took great pride and pleasure in his brutality as all UWA wrestlers do. They're all musclebound sadists who easily give in to their out of control primitive carnal lust, some deep seeded yearning to prove themselves at another person's physical expense. They live for showing off their bodies and just how powerful they are in the most sick, depraved and sadistic manner possible. They love all the physical carnage, the blood, guts and gore. It's disgusting."

"And you'd never participate in any match like that, say with Vulcan, to prove who is the strongest man on the planet?"

"Just look at this body of mine!" replied the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe as he began to pose his mammothly muscular physique. "I have the greatest body on Earth and I'm the strongest man not only in the world but in the whole universe. There's no need for any contest of strength between Vulcan and myself. My physique speaks for itself and my ultimate victory against any man. I'm the strongest man ever in the history of Earth ... mightier than the legendary Hercules ever thought of being with all his Olympian power." Drago's jaw dropped on hearing MightyMan's self promotion. "Disgusting ... absolutely egomaniacal, disgusting bullshit. There's got to be a way to make him eat his fuckin' bullshit words. There's just got to be!"

Cain's eyes popped from their sockets as he stood back to watch the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe show off his fabulous physique. Drool seeped from the corners of his mouth. Sweat began to pour from his forehead as he stood there totally enthralled by MightyMan's posing routine. The visibly shaking sportscaster let out an unintentional moan as he shot a load in his underwear, staining the front of his pants. "Um ... ummm," he stammered incoherently trying to

regain his composure. "I guess there's no doubt why you've earned the name MightyMan." Cain turned toward the camera, his face flushed. "This is Dean Cain signing off and heading for a very cold shower. We'll see you again next time on Sports Highlights."

Drago turned the television off throwing the remote onto the floor with such force it shattered. "That smug, arrogant cock sucking, ass fucking bastard!" he roared as he pounded his clenched fists on his desk, sending splinters of wood flying into the air. "I swear ... someday I'm going to destroy that musclebound ape ... rip his body from limb to limb ... tear that super cock off, eat the head raw right in front of his face, then shove the stump up his own asshole and fuck him with it!" Drago's arms shook in the air. He kicked at the carpet as he moved toward his desk. He slumped down in his over stuffed chair. He put his feet up on the desk top and leaned back trying to compose himself. Being a child of the Soviet Dostoevsky school of education, Drago had been taught from earliest memory that he was a superior human being and therefore the rules that govern other mere mortals did not apply to him. He had every right to live outside the laws of men ... that he was entitled to whatever he desired and if that meant world domination, then no one had the right to stand in his way. "Least of all that alien from some distant planet. He's not even one of us," scoffed Drago contemptuously. "What right does he have to tell me what I can and cannot do? What right does he have to stand in my way?"

Chapter Two: The Morpheus Project

So all consuming was Drago's obsession to destroy the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe, and take over the world, that he had a team of his Nobel Prize winning scientist working night and day on the Project Morpheus - a super secret anabolic steroid serum that would rapidly increase massive muscle development along with a matching phenomenal increase in physical strength. The Chief of Scientific Research was Dr. R. A. Szatkowski. He was in his late thirties, standing 6' 1" tall, with a beefy physique of 245 pounds and long dirty blond hair that he perpetually wore in a ponytail that cascaded half way down his muscular back. He also served as Drago's sparring partner in their late night; loser gets fucked, wrestling workouts in the corporate gym on the first floor of Drago International Headquarters. Even with an impressive set of 22" arms Szatkowski was no match for Drago's might and skill as a wrestler. He never won a match. His thick muscle butt was constantly slaughtered to pieces on his boss' 10" killer cock, but he was into pain and lovingly suffered ever moment of the excruciating experience, screaming his head off through tears and smiles.

Szatkowski was one of the premier scientists in the field of morphology, a branch of biology dealing exclusively with the form and structure of DNA and human growth. For over two years he kept experimenting with one growth hormone after another trying to perfect a formula that would achieve Drago's specifications. Lab animals were used and, when the experiments proved promising, human specimens, lifers from the local state correctional institution, were brought in as human guinea pigs, but success was elusive. Within days all test animals and human subjects died a violent death, writhing in unimaginable agony, some going completely insane before hand. However, one serum, Formula 352, seemed to hold out real promise. It worked effectively in increasing physical strength but only on those who were already physically fit and powerful. It acted like a temporary power boost, but its effects faded after 72 hours. As it wore off the user became weak, groggy and incoherent for days afterwards. It became apparent that a successful outcome to Project Morpheus was doubtful. When Szatkowski informed his boss of his negative findings, Drago flew into a violent tirade, trashing the Nobel Laureate's office with his bare hands.

So out of control was he that the Chief of Scientific Research soiled himself. When Drago savagely grabbed hold of the scientist's throat and effortlessly lifted him up over his head with one hand, the struggling Doctor, gasping, choking was hardly able to gurgle out that he had a back up strategy. Drago's ears perked up. He dropped the nearly unconscious Szatkowski. "What is it?" he demanded.

Rubbing his neck as he gasped for breath, the hunky Szatkowski was able to spit out, "It's obvious that any artificial formula is dangerous for human beings. What we need is someone who has a natural ability to create and process their own anabolic steroid like most pro athletes, bodybuilders, weightlifters. Unfortunately, human beings can only produce a small amount of this, hence no one person possesses massive muscle size and overpowering strength ... so that avenue is closed to us as well." The Doctor readily saw that his less than positive analysis had no cooling affect on his boss' fuming ire. He quickly got to the point. "There's only one being on this planet who does possess all the attributes necessary to produce, in sufficient quantities, an anabolic steroid that can fulfill all your requirements for mass size and strength ... MightyMan!"

That one name seemed to hypnotize Drago. He mumbled it over and over again and again adding through clenched teeth, "It always comes down to him! MightyMan! MightyMan! MightyMan!" To vent his rage he banged his two fists down on what was left of the Doctor's desk, crumbling it even further. Eventually coming to his senses he added, "So what you're saying is ... if we can somehow tap into his DNA, we can extract this anabolic steroid, so that I can be injected with it and my muscles and strength will respond positively? That in time I'll grow to match his size and power ... perhaps even surpass it?" The crime lord's eyes grew large with hopeful anticipation.

"Theoretically ... yes. But we'd have to test it out first on animals and eventually human test subjects. However, the one serious drawback is how do we acquire his DNA? I doubt he'd be cooperative."

"That's no problem," gushed a gleeful Drago. "I've got plenty of titanite stored in a vault downstairs in the basement. We'll just zap him with some sufficient to render him harmless and pliable. When he's out cold we'll capture him, keep him in a cell in my dungeon using chains laced with titanite. He won't go anywhere and we'll be able to extract all the DNA you need for as long as it takes for me to acquire all the muscle size and strength I need. Then I'll personally destroy that Ultimate Musclemans ... kill him with my bare hands. I'll come out of retirement and before a live worldwide audience of billions I'll pulverize his massive body in my crushing bearhug as I fuck him to death in a UWA wrestling death match." Mesmerized by the sound of his own voice, Drago became so aroused he felt his killer cock responding with overwhelming sadistic lustful.

"That's another problem," interrupted Szatkowski.

"What do you mean?" scowled Drago.

"We can't use titanite on him."

"Why not?"

"Because titanite severely diminishes his anabolic powers. It makes him weak. What we'd extract from him under those conditions would be worthless ... utterly useless for your purpose."

Crestfallen by the Doctor's words, Drago sank his thickly veined baldhead down onto his impressive chest as he walked around the destroyed office angrily kicking papers, books, magazines, broken glass, pottery and chunks of splintered wood covering the floor. As he went he talked out loud to himself. "There's got to be a way! There's just got to be a way!" Lying among the debris on the floor, he spied a life size poster of MightyMan with a red bulls-eye painted on it. He glowered at it, then started to pounce on it ... furiously jumping up and down as if on a fallen opponent in a wrestling match.

Seeing this Szatkowski got a flash of an idea. "That's it!" he shouted triumphantly. "I've got it! I know how we can get what we need without using titanite!"

Drago ceased his temper tantrum. "How? Tell me how?" he demanded.

"A wrestling match!" beamed the scientist.

"Wrestling? How the fuck is that going to help?"

"MightyMan loves showing off by testing his might ... challenging the strongest men in the world in a wrestling match. He's done that many times on television, like last night against MuscleDude. Right?"

Drago nodded his head. "But I still don't see what you're getting at. No human being can defeat him. No one is strong enough."

"True, but we take the strongest of the strong; inject him with Formula 352 just prior to the match, which we know works to increase natural strength. This added power to his own strength will give him the ability to defeat MightyMan ... knock him out cold. Before he revives, we rush in and extract his DNA. This will give us the basis to create our own steroid formula," stated Szatkowski proudly.

"You seem to have forgotten something, Doctor ... no earthly metal can penetrate his skin. There's no needle sharp enough to do that without bending and breaking on first contact. But it was half a good idea while it lasted," stated Drago with a tinge of regret in his voice.

Szatkowski's face lit up with an even better idea. "Then we make the contest a UWA match where the loser gets sucked off and butt fucked into submission." Drago looked up. His face was

glowing. Szatkowski continued. "Whoever our challenger is beats this Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe to a pulp, then sucks him off. But before he swallows, he spits it out into a container we provide. We extract MightyMan's anabolic DNA from what he spits out and we're in business."

"But wouldn't our challenger's own DNA be mixed in with MightyMan's?"

"Yes, that's true ... but we can test him before hand, define his DNA code ... then separate it from what he spits out, thereby isolating MightyMan's sperm laden DNA."

"Doctor, I'm impressed," beamed Drago. "Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant! But whom do we get to challenge our superhero in black? Who's strong enough to do it? Who's dumb enough to cooperate with us?"

"I've got just the right person. I know for a fact that one of the members of the League of Superheroes is extremely dissatisfied with MightyMan's leadership. He's envious and jealous of him ... always playing second fiddle to him. We can use that envy and jealousy to our advantage."

"Who?"

"The Mighty Vulcan!"

"Oh yes, Vulcan. And he's muscularly huge and exceedingly powerful as well. He'd be ideal for our purpose. Big, blond and stupid ... just the right credentials for our project. Doctor, my hat's off to you."

"And don't forget he's taken all the top professional bodybuilding titles ... America ... Universe ... Olympia ... plus all the weight lifting gold medals there are, as well as being the current UWA heavy weight champion. His defeat and mutilation of the former champ, Krom, was masterful."

"I think we've got ourselves a plan of action, Doctor. Vulcan is our musclebound stooge. Great!"

In another part of town huge studio lights illuminated the great gothic Arcadia Fountain in the center of Municipal City Park. A multitude of flashing camera lights burst bright with loud popping sounds, then faded one after another as famed photographer, Langdon Barlowe, posed and reposed a tuxedo clad David McAllister for a fashion photo shoot. The burly, 6' tall, middle aged photographer, wearing a loose fitting khaki jump suit, that zipped up the front, hustled about the site constantly followed by his 5'8" tall, twenty-something, physically fit partner and assistant, Danny Lido, in tight fitting cut off shorts, muscle shirt, white ankle socks and matching sneaks. The pair often evoked snickers from passerby's for the way they looked together. Barlowe, with his obviously dyed jet back receding hair plastered down on top of his head, in the ancient Roman style, with spit curls framing his chubby face and Lido, with his page-boy hair cut and thin bleached white hair that hung straight down. The two were notorious for their annual summer toga parties

held at their seaside estate just outside the city. Yet there was no denying their success. Barlowe had three Pulitzer Awards for his photography, not to mention numerous other accolades from around the world. But today their concentration was on this photo layout for GQ.

The crisp late morning air seemed refreshing to MightyMan's alter ego, especially under those hot lights. The stillness of the day was harshly broken by Barlowe's constant barking directions at his star model as he feverishly clicked away with his camera. "Give me more seduction in your smile ... That's it David ...even a little more ... Great! Now a half turn to the left ... don't lose the smile ...Okay ... Full back ...Look over your left shoulder ... Give me a coy smile ... arms down, please ... The smile, David, the smile ... That's it ... Now over the right shoulder ... Now full front ... Arms on hips with a knowing smirk. No David not a frown, a smirk ... That's better ... That's it ...Now hold it ...Great!! Now Danny get in there and untie David's bow tie ... but let it drape around his neck. Also unbutton the top three studs on his shirt and open it up to expose his chest."

That was an order Lido obeyed without hesitation, even running his hands inside David's silk dress shirt to spread the material back so the camera would get a good shot of the star model's monstrous pecs. "Wipe the drool off your lips before Langdon sees you," whispered McAllister to the sighing, heavy breathing, fully erect assistant. "And stop rubbing your crotch across my pant leg."

"David, take your coat off ... that's right. Now flip it over your right shoulder and hold on to it with your right index finger. Danny get the fuck out of the shot," snapped the photographer. "David, give me your best sultry look ... a little more ...a little more ...that's it! Hold it. Great! Terrific! Now slowly turn 360 degrees ... keep eye contact with the camera. That's it ... keep looking ... even over your shoulder ... keep going ...slowly ... slowly ...that's good. Keep going ... keep going ...that's right ... that's it ... that's it. That's great! Fabulous! Okay that's a wrap. Great job David. Set up for the next shoot. David, go to the trailer and change for the next set up ..."

As McAllister started toward his dressing trailer his super sensitive hearing picked up a distress call for help. A bank was being robbed only a few blocks away by a pair of gun totting thieves. With the speed of a jet fighter going Mack 4, David raced into his trailer, stripped off his formal wear revealing his MightyMan custom. Quickly he blasted up into the sky leaving a fierce whirlwind in his wake toppling over lights, props and scattering people everywhere.

Within seconds he was at the crime scene as the two beefy robbers, dressed in blue jeans, black leather biker boots, muscle shirts that showed off their tattoos and stocking hoods over their faces, came running out of the bank. As they ran toward their get away car, a double-parked shiny black late model Ford van, their bags of loot firmly clutched in one hand and their blazing guns in the other, they fired indiscriminately deliberately causing pandemonium, fear and panic. Innocent bystanders hit the sidewalk as they covered their heads with both hands, store front windows were shattered by the blasting guns. Buses, cars, trucks and taxis careened to a halt causing a mass traffic jam and pile up. One burly trucker, grazed by gun fire, lost control of his vehicle, ramming it into the front window of a local bistro before coming to a stop. Outdoor patrons, eating their brunch at wrought iron tables under a great-stripped awning, scattered for their lives.

Into the middle of this mass mayhem descended MightyMan directly behind the firing bank robbers. As the superhero reached out to grab the unwary brazen culprits he was brutally knocked out of the way by a powerful blow to the small of his back, sprawling him into the street on his stomach. His forehead hit the cobblestone pavement with such force that he smashed several of the stones to dust. Momentarily the Caped Knight of Right was dazed, but when the cobwebs began to clear, he looked up to see the startling image of the Mighty Vulcan standing a few feet away in his traditional costume. He was wearing wide leather studded bands that crisscrossed his mountainous chest, that strained to the snapping point with every breath he took. Two thin leather arm straps covered his massive biceps. A thickly padded fur lined leather-studded jock covered his groin under which exploded his massive thighs. On his feet he wore calve length leather boots, also lined with fur. A two horn metal helmet crowned his blond shoulder length hair that framed his battered features. His golden locks cascaded in ringlets to his massive deltoids and all the way down to the tops of his pecs. MightyMan was clearly stunned by what he saw. The powerful Nordic muscleman's once extremely gorgeous face clearly showed the punishing brawl he had to win his UWA title. It was puffy. Vulcan's eyes were swollen and black. Numerous lacerations, scraps, cuts, bruises dotted his face and phenomenal body. His lips were split, both cheeks swollen and blood encrusted gashes pockmarked his forehead.

His bloody battle with Krom, however, hadn't diminished his crime fighting abilities one bit. The two hunky robbers were in the vice grip of the mighty superhero. The Nordic muscle god had them dangling in mid air with one in each hand. Their bags of stolen loot laid busted wide open beneath them. The ill-gotten proceeds were dispersed all over the intersection by a stiff breeze. The crowd of curious onlookers was quickly grabbing them up. Their guns too had fallen from their hands and lay broken in the street.

After slamming the two thieves together, Vulcan viciously bodyslammed them to the concrete pavement rendering them senseless. He reached off to the side to pick up his famous three-foot stone hammer and began bludgeoning the pair with a look of stern retribution covering his distorted features. Rivers of blood oozed from the pair's muscular bodies as they were being pulverized. The sound of their tortured screams filled the neighborhood and mixed with the loud cracking of their bones. The crowd that had formed to witness this instant justice applauded and cheered enthusiastically as the blond Nordic hunk continued his savage punishment. Standing idly by, among these cheering numbers, were several policemen.

MightyMan leapt to his feet with a single bound. He raced to his colleague just as Vulcan was about to unleash his death blow onto the two helpless thieves. He forcibly grabbed the stone hammer from the Nordic muscleman's hands as he swung it high over his head. "Vulcan ...STOP!" bellowed MightyMan. "You're killing them!"

"They deserve dead," snarled the blond muscle god in his broken English.

"Let the police handle them. Officers come over here and take charge of these two miscreants. And call for the paramedics."

A bevy of boos was heard from the assembled crowd. Hesitantly the police stepped forward. Vulcan tried to snatch his hammer back, but MightyMan pushed his hand away, "Vulcan, please, we're not vigilantes but sworn officers of the court. Let the police handle this. These men, no matter what they've done, are entitled to the due process of law. You've done quite enough damage already. Let's not trample on their legal rights as well."

Looking down on the massacred robbers, Vulcan angrily spat at them. "Take!" ordered the mighty Nordic blond to the slowly advancing policemen. "I wash hands of 'em." With a scowl on his face he turned to the leader of the League of Superheroes and growled, "They got what deserve. You too soft. Soft no work on bad men."

"We need to have a serious talk Vulcan," stated a disgusted MightyMan. "Be at my office at 3:00 this afternoon."

"No can make," defiantly replied the blond superhero with his mammoth arms crossed over his huge chest.

"You'll be there if you know what's good for you. That's an order!" commanded MightyMan sternly.

Vulcan shrugged his massive shoulders as he sheepishly smiled. "Maybe," he said as he seized his mighty stone hammer from the Man of Iron. Quickly he turned his back to fly off into the sky. MightyMan just stood there dumbfounded, shaking his head at his blond colleague's attitude. Since there was nothing else he could do at the crime scene, he too took off into the sky to return to the photo shoot.

"Where's David," snapped Barlowe.

"Right here," responded McAllister as he walked onto the set wearing a two-tone soft brown and cream leisure suit.

Chapter Three: Battle of the Titans

Drago International Headquarters sat in a gated, heavily secured, palatial industrial park of some 1500 acres with manicured lawns, fountains and faux follies surrounded by lush foliage. At the far end stood the majestic Drago Manor, a baronial castle of 100 rooms at the center of its own magnificent 200 acre garden. A secret underground tunnel ran from the castle's dungeon-like basement to corporate headquarters so the Chairman of the Board and President, Alexander "the Beast from the East" Drago, could come and go unseen by prying eyes. It was through this subterranean passageway that he had made his way to Dr. Szatkowski's office for their conference on Project Morpheus. Following their meeting Drago went up to his plush penthouse office at the top of Corporate Tower to instigate the first phase of his nefarious plan that he called: Black

Armageddon-- the black referring to the Ultimate Musclemans attire-- Armageddon for his total destruction. Once at his desk Drago ordered up a replay of the Krom /VS/ Vulcan death match on his own pay-per-view network. He was curious to see what kind of a fighter his new UWA champion actually was and if, in fact, he could effectively handle such a powerful force as MightyMan in the ring. The wall-size flat screen television flickered with bright flashing lights... then the title appeared on the screen: KROM THE BARBARIAN /VS/ THE MIGHTY VULCAN - THE DEATH MATCH OF THE CENTURY "Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the UWA Crypt of Doom Arena here at the Underground Wrestling Alliance Sports Complex in beautiful downtown Municipal City. I'm your ringside announcer Lance Spear. Sitting alongside of me is our color commentator, Eddie Robson, former Mr. USA and Mr. America and a national power lifting champion, himself not unfamiliar with the UWA World of Hurt."

"Yes, that's right, Lance. After retiring from pro bodybuilding I tried my hand at underground wrestling, but the savage brutality of it was just beyond my capabilities. A lot had to do with the fact that I'm only 5'8" tall and I was fighting men well over 6'. I was instantly at a great disadvantage and they usually outweighed me by a good 80 to 100 pounds too. I lost my first nine matches and had my muscle butt ripped to shreds by some huge muscle cocks. It took me months before I could even sit down properly," Robson cited laughingly as he shifted in his chair. "It still makes my eyes water whenever I think about it."

"Yeah, it does take a special breed of man to be able to endure the barbaric punishment meted out in these types of matches."

"That's right, Lance. You not only have to be in superior physical condition... virtually a pro bodybuilder, but you've got to have exceptional strength too."

"Maybe that's why weight lifters, bodybuilders and pro athletes are so attracted to this sport and are some of its greatest champions, past and present."

"For sure Lance. That's what attracted me at first... I was already used to the rigorous training from my years in bodybuilding and power lifting-- not only working out with heavy weights, but strength conditioning and cardiovascular development to increase endurance and stamina were all part of my daily routine from the very beginning of my athletic career."

"Tell us Eddie, how do you see tonight's main event shaping up?"

"I have to tell you this is going to be one bloody fuckin' slaughterhouse of a battle. I know both the Champ and the contender. I've worked out with both of these men on many occasions. The amount of weight they handle is incredible. At my best I could bench press nearly 600 pounds and squat over 800. These guys start at those weights just to warm up their muscles. We're talking in the thousand plus range for both these monsters of muscle and that's before they even break a sweat."

"How do you compare them?"

"Krom the Barbarian is 6'4" tall and weighs in at 325 pounds. He's also called the Sumerian Savage but whatever you call him-- Barbarian or Savage-- he is an indestructible behemoth of solid muscle, a modern day Hercules with 28" arms, a 68" chest, thighs that measure a full three feet around-- 36"-- and calves at 28" and his mighty sex tool is 11" long and 6" thick. He's a real barbarian of muscle meanness. He's undefeated in 135 consecutive fights, a record for the UWA, winning 69 by crushing his opponent unconscious in his mighty bearhug as he fucks them and 66 matches by dismantling his challenger's body bit by bit, castrating them in the process and then fucking them to death while pulverizing them in his powerful arms. I know how that feels. I was one of those 69 he rendered unconscious during our battle, a year or so ago, while impaled on his great tool. I was man enough to take all that killer cock up my muscle butt but it did bring tears to my eyes." As he again squirmed in his seat Robson added, "My ass still isn't the same."

"And Vulcan?"

"The Mighty Vulcan, the Blond Nordic Beast, is a relative new comer to the sport. He's had only 17 previous bouts, winning them all by fucking his opponent's to death while caught up in his self styled death grip, his bearhug. Nonetheless, he comes here tonight with great credentials. He's a former Mr. America, Mr. Universe, Mr. World and the current Mr. Olympia and he's won every national and international power lifting competition in the world, breaking and setting records all along the way. Records, I might say, I think will stand forever."

"And his stats?"

"Unbelievable! He's 6'5" tall, weighs 350 pounds with 30" arms, a chest measuring 72", thighs a whopping 40", calves at 30" and the all important cock measurement... he's 12" long and 8" thick. Makes your eyes water just thinking about it. He's a veritable beast of beef."

"Sounds like we have a battle of the bearhugs brewing."

"It definitely will be one titanic brawl of brawn against brawn that's for sure. Two mammoth bulls battling it out for male superiority, domination and to the death."

"Brawn against brawn, that's what we like here at the UWA, the home of the worlds most massively built and mightiest men."

"Like the sign over the ring says, Two will enter, only one will leave."

"Oh I see our own Stubby Smith is entering the ring to make the introductions." Clad in a tux a size too small, Stubby Smith, a portly man in his fifties, entered the squared circle. As he entered the ring he tripped over the bottom ring rope falling flat on his face. His ill-fitting toupee tumbled from his head landing on the mat before him. The stadium packed audience roared with unrestrained laughter. He picked himself and his toupee up. Quickly he replaced his hairpiece on top of his head, but he did it too fast. It lay more sideways than from front to back. Nonetheless, he headed for the center of the ring. The overhead microphone, lowering down from the rafters, was caught in his hand. "Ladies and gentlemen may I have your undivided attention, please." An instant hush fell over the raucous crowd of 100,000. "Thank you." The theme music from the movie Rocky began to blare over the public address system. "Entering the Crypt of Death and the World of Hurt at this time is tonight's challenger. Weighing in at 350 pounds at 6'5" tall ... The MIIIIIGHTTTTTY VULLLLCAAAN, THE BLOND NORDIC BEEEEEEAST!"

The overflow crowd erupted in cheers and applause as the heavily muscled challenger, holding aloft in one hand his famous great stone hammer, casually sauntered into the arena in a blaze of rotating search lights and exploding confetti shot out of air cannons that lined all along the aisle leading from backstage to the ring. He was wearing wide leather studded bands that crisscrossed his mountainous chest that strained to the snapping point with every step he took. Two thin leather arm straps covered this massive biceps. A thickly padded leather studded jock covered his groin. On his feet he wore calve-length fur lined leather boots. A two-horn metal helmet crowned his blond shoulder-length hair, that cascaded in ringlets to his massive deltoids, to frame his beautifully handsome features. The crowd went wild. Once in the squared circle he strolled about the ring taking in the wild adulation of the fans, nodding his head as he went, acknowledging their cheers. Then he took center stage, raised both his mighty arms, holding his great stone hammer aloft in one hand, he bellowed a beastly roar that sent shock waves rippling throughout the arena. Then laying his hammer down he posed for the raucous spectators. When he flexed his mighty biceps the two leather armbands snapped and fell to the canvas. The audience went berserk. Once he had finished his posing routine he placidly strolled to a corner and stood, patiently waiting for the Champion. Once the enthusiastic ovations subsided Stubby Smith began his introduction of the current UWA

Champ as the theme to the movie Gladiator began playing through the PA system. "Entering the arena at this time is our current UWA heavy weight champion, undefeated in 135 consecutive grueling bouts... at 6'4" and weighing in at 325 pounds... KROHHHHHHHHM, THE BARBARRRIAN!"

The audience exploded into a deafening den of screams, cheers and unrestrained applause as the champion charged into view bathed in rotating searchlights and flying confetti. He raced pell-mell to the ring and slid under the bottom rope onto the canvas. Abruptly he stood up. Placing his hands on his hips he gazed about the auditorium, soaking in the rapturous admiration, accepting the audience's near hysterical appreciation for his body, his strength and his indisputable wrestling skills. Here was a champion to be justly proud of, worthy of their idle worship... a true savage of sadistic punishment. Sporting an unadorned leather headband that held back his straight dark shoulder length hair from falling into his eyes, he carried in one hand his famous three foot battle sword. A simple leather jock covered his groin and calve-length leather boots covered his feet. He took a very slow pre-victory lap around the squared circle. His confidence overflowed as he turned up his nose in contempt as he passed by the blond strongman from the North standing idly in a far corner. Vulcan made a threatening gesture with his massive hammer. Krom defensively crouched as he held up his mighty sword.

Two young beefy hunks in posing trunks, serving as ring attendants, came in to relieve the musclebound combatants of their weapons, which they reluctantly surrendered after some initial coaxing. Using both hands the attendants struggled with the heavy lethal weapons. With great difficulty they finally managed to extricate them from the ring. The Champ retreated to a neutral corner as the last of the wild exultation subsided. The attendants returned as the mighty champion and his equally mighty challenger began to undress. Once they were naked and their bodies fully exposed a gasp of awe and wonderment began to weave its way around the arena rising up into a standing, cheering, shouting ovation. Jubilant applause rained down on the ring. After a brief pause, in which both fighters, flexed their muscles to psyche out the other... stroking their manmeat menacingly as they stared and scowled at one another, the ring announcer called them forward for their final instructions before the fight. Standing just inches apart Krom shot an evil grin at his musclebound challenger as if to say you're mine and I'm going to crush and grind you like hamburger and eat you for dinner. The mighty blond sneered right back at him. Both musclemen pulsated their killer cocks up and down to intimidate the other as they strained every muscle fiber in their body, popping their striations until they almost burst through their skin. "Gentlemen, as you know there are no rules in this match. There's no referee, no time limit and it is to the death. The one left standing at the end will be declared the UWA heavy weight champion of the world. Is that fully understood?" Both musclebound gladiators nodded their heads. "Okay gentlemen, go back to your corners and may the best man win." As soon as Vulcan turned his back to return to his neutral corner, Krom, doubling up his fists and using them as a sledgehammer, clobbered Vulcan's massive back, sending the mighty challenger sprawling out on the mat gasping for breath. Immediately Krom viciously jerked the still heavily panting Vulcan up by his hair. He viciously kicked him hard in his stomach expelling even more air. The mighty Nordic muscleman doubled over. The Champ wrapped his massive arms around his challenger's waist. Effortlessly he hauled him up over his shoulder in a torturous backbreaker. To add further punishment he bounced his helpless prey up and down as he strutted majestically around the ring to the raucous cheers of the spectators. Vulcan squirmed as he hollered out in pain, but he was caught hard and fast with no avenue of escape. Eventually Krom slid Vulcan down over his body putting his head between his mammoth legs as he dropped to his knees ramming the Nordic muscle god's head deep into the mat with a fierce pile

driver. A dazed Vulcan toppled over onto his stomach. Instantly the Champ hit him again and again with powerful leg drops to the small of his back to soften him up for his deadly finishing hold. With each blow Vulcan's body jerked up as he cried out in anguish.

"Take my title away from me? I don't think so," growled the Champ as he put his opponent in a Boston crab and sat back on the mighty Norseman's muscle butt with his hands under Vulcan's chin, stretching his thick neck and massive upper torso almost to the breaking point. To increase the torturous pain he began to rock backward farther and farther as Vulcan's agonizing shrieks filled the arena, as his mammoth arms flailed wildly outward. "And they call you a strongman-- more like pussy man to me," grunted the Champ contemptuously as he increased the pressure on the hold. Vulcan repeatedly cried out from the pain.

With his teeth gritted, summoning all his strength, the blond Nordic beast hyper-extended his body throwing the Champion off his back and on to the mat. Krom was shocked. No opponent had ever been able to do that to him before. Vulcan scrambled to his feet. He arched his body to stretch his back muscles to relieve some of the pain. As the Sumerian Savage got to his feet the blond warrior drove a fist into his six pack abs, sinking his hand in about four inches. The blow caught the Champ completely by surprise and instantly doubled him up. As Krom's head started its downward journey it was met by another fist that smashed into his face causing him to see stars and opening a blood-gushing wound in his forehead. The deadly blow rocketed the Champ straight up. As his legs wobbled, Krom felt Vulcan's awesome 30" arms wrap around his torso in a gut wrenching bearhug. Also, at the exact same moment, he received a driving knee smashing into his balls that sent a jolt of electric agony throughout his body to his brain. The two massively muscled bodies compressed together as Vulcan strained to squeeze the life out of the Champ. Their cocks, backside to backside, smashed painfully together. To heighten the erotic stimulation, the Nordic muscle god began humping his opponent, rubbing his thick cock up and down the underside of the Barbarian's, making the Champ groan with the twin sexually alluring sensations of pain and pleasure. Calling on his vast experience, Krom head butted his challenger. Although this did not break the bearhug it did momentarily lessen it enough for Krom to twisted free using his hand against Vulcan's chin, forcing his head back. The Champ then reached back to apply a headlock in order to execute a flying mare, but was immediately thwarted by the blond beast, who monkey flipped him to the mat. As Krom tried to scurry to his feet, the beefy challenger kicked him in the back sending him sprawling onto the canvas. Before he could recover, Vulcan stomped on his stomach doubling him up with pain. Three more vicious kicks to the obliques and kidneys rocked the Champ's body. In desperation the Sumerian Savage rolled away only to be pursued by his musclebound attacker. But the blond beast overplayed the kicking. As he delivered another one Krom was able to grab his foot and twist it, driving his opponent down to the mat. The Champion scurried to his feet. He pounced on Vulcan with all his might. Dragging Vulcan up by his long blond hair he put the Nordic strongman in a brutal headlock and wrenched up on it hard. Vulcan's thick neck muscles were sadistically twisted and strained to the max. The mighty Norseman countered with a headlock of his own. Now both powerful warriors were locked together in a mutual hold, forcing each other to the mat. The locked pair rolled over and over on the canvas. Vulcan's muscle strength eventually prevailed. Krom was forced to break his hold leaving him locked in the Norseman's mighty arms. The Nordic muscleman changed his handgrip so that his knuckles dug into the Champ's throat as he squeezed down. The Champ began to suffocate for lack of oxygen as the hold put painful pressure on his windpipe. The diminishing air supply now started to cloud the Barbarian's consciousness and the knuckles driving into his windpipe sent a sharp jolt into his fading brain. Snot shot from the Champ's nose as drool spat from his gasping mouth with each gagging, struggling attempt at breathing. With the last of his

fading energy Krom lashed out with a punch that got lucky. It hit Vulcan dead center between the eyes. The Norseman's hands automatically flew up to his face allowing the Barbarian to escape. The mighty Vulcan was temporarily stunned, giving the Champ the chance to attack. The Sumerian Savage rolled over, jumped to his feet and started to reign down lethal blow after lethal blow on the dazed challenger, bashing him to the mat. He again forced the Norseman to his feet with a hair pull. He continued his brutal pummeling. Each punch landed with great force driving Vulcan to one knee as blood poured from his face. From this position the mighty Nordic muscleman lashed back with a powerful upper cut that smashed into Krom's cock and balls, lifting the Barbarian off his feet as he doubled over and collapsed onto the mat... his hands cupping his battered groin. For the next few minutes both musclemen rolled about the ring in abject pain.

Chapter Four: Death Match

Slowly, ever so slowly, both muscled packed gladiators got to their feet simultaneously and a vicious slugfest ensued causing gashing wounds on the other's face and upper body that oozed great quantities of blood. Both their faces were bathed in flowing sheets of blood, their features unrecognizable. The Nordic muscle god's blond hair had turned to an ugly shade of pink, the ends constantly dripping with his blood. It ended when Vulcan caught one of Krom's punches and turned it into a hammerlock. The Champ's massive arm was twisted up his back in torturous punishment as his arm strained muscle to muscle with the challenger's. The hammerlock started with the Barbarian's 28" arm at a right angle, but inch by torturous inch that angle got more and more acute until it was at a 45 degree angle and close to snapping the elbow joint. Another couple of inches and the Champ's elbow or shoulder socket would give way under the unbearable pressure. The pain and force of the hold forced the Champ to one knee but Vulcan dragged Krom up to a standing position while forcing the Barbarian's locked arm up higher for better leverage.

This proved to be a great mistake. It exposed the Norseman's crotch. Krom lashed back with a mighty blow that caught Vulcan square in his groin, smashing his balls and monstrously erect cock. Vulcan's hard erection and swollen balls took the hit like being punched by a sledgehammer. The pain radiated throughout his entire musclebound body as it shot up his spine into his brain like a bursting skyrocket. He instantly dropped the hammerlock to clutch his aching, throbbing crotch with both hands as tears flooded his winched eyes and his face grimaced in total agony. He wailed out in excruciating pain as he danced about the ring in pure torment, clutching onto his bashed groin.

The Sumerian Savage went on the attack. He got his massive arms around Vulcan in his deadly bearhug and clenched the Nordic strongman into it. The blond beast was in serious trouble. The Barbarian's mighty arms crushed down and bent Vulcan's backwards with devastating brutal force. The Norseman's face registered great pain as he screamed out in torturous agony. At first the Barbarian used his massive fuckpole to batter away at his captive's bruised balls, slamming upward into them without mercy, causing Vulcan's nuts to churn and burn with boiling desire. Then the Sumerian Savage sadistically shoved his fuckpole along the underside of his opponent's massive 12" cock and began to viciously rasp it, driving Vulcan into compensatory shock waves of wanton, primal lust, rousing his libido to such a climactic crescendo that he was hardly able to withstand the overwhelming compulsion to shoot off his pent up loads all over both of them. But he knew he

could not cum, as that would dangerously weaken him and leave him vulnerable to an ignominious defeat. So he gritted his teeth and used every ounce of his depleted strength to resist the alluring siren call to cum.

For the next five minutes the two massively muscled bodies were synched together as tight as they could possibly be as sweat poured from both of them, plastering their shoulder length hair down the front of their bloody faces and the sides of their bull necks. The grimacing strain on Krom's face showed he was exerting every ounce of strength he had to crush the life out of his hunky opponent, to savagely break his back, paralyze him and end the match.

As the excited and noisy spectators watched and waited for Vulcan's spine to snap they saw him raise both his mighty arms high above his head to reach as high as he could. Then they saw the fingers of his hand open like the claws of an eagle ready to snare its prey. Those fingers curved into steel talons as his hands became rigid. The Champ's mighty arms continued to grind Vulcan's magnificent body. He had him bent backwards to the snapping point. His great biceps bulged to their maximum size as veins popped through his glistening sweat soaked skin. His legs planted themselves firmly on the canvas as he exerted every ounce in his body to smash the life out of the mighty Vulcan. The vocal spectators couldn't understand why the Nordic strongman's back had not broken.

Then everyone saw Vulcan bring his hands down like steel claws and attached themselves to both of the Barbarian's trapezius muscles. Vulcan's fingers wedged themselves into Krom's traps and began pulling and squeezing. The Barbarian reacted by crushing down harder on his hug that arched Vulcan's pulverized body even more acutely. Both musclemen bellowed and wailed in mutual agony as it became a test of exceptional endurance to see whether the Champ would snap the Norseman's spine or whether Vulcan would tear Krom's traps apart. The mighty Nordic muscleman growled as he exerted all his strength as his steel fingers buried themselves deeper and deeper into the Barbarian's flesh. Slowly, relentlessly his fingers dug in as blood began to seep out causing the Sumerian Savage to howl even louder. Krom's mighty arms slackened under the crushing onslaught. After the few minutes of this titanic struggle the Champ's powerful legs started to jerk. After a few more minutes the jerks became spasms. And after more minutes they began to buckle. Krom's trapezius muscles started to tear. His eyes bulged from their sockets before he stumbled backwards releasing the bearhug from around Vulcan's devastated waist.

The mighty Norseman collapsed to the canvas like a ton of broken muscle. He writhed about on the mat, clutching his battered sides. The Barbarian, clutching his mangled shoulders, staggered about the ring in pain. He turned around to see his challenger slowly rising up to a full standing position.

Quickly The Sumerian Savage took four quick steps and launched a flying drop kick that drove the blond beast over onto this back. The Champ immediately rushed upon him and came down with a knee drop that landed on Vulcan's waist. This was followed by two fast knee punches to Vulcan's obliques and then another to the head, opening another gash on his forehead that spurted blood. Once more the mighty Barbarian dragged the dazed and wounded challenger to his staggering feet with a hair pull. Taking Vulcan by his arm Krom viciously arm whipped him into the ropes. As the Nordic hunk shot back, the Champ attacked with a flying leg scissors that drove the Blond Adonis to the mat. Caught in the gut-wrenching squeeze of Krom's mammoth legs, Vulcan's body tossed and twisted in vain to find a release from this deadly hold. His hands constantly pounded the mat as

his face became paralyzed in pain. Shriek after roaring shriek blasted from his mouth. He desperately clutched and clawed at the Champ's legs as his sides and abs were being annihilated.

Sensing victory at last, Krom poured every ounce of his strength into smashing his opponent in half as he sat up on his elbows. Through gritted teeth he triumphantly roared as his powerful legs ground Vulcan's guts to smithereens.

But as hurt as he was, the Nordic strongman was not through. One of his frantic, wild arm swings clobbered Krom square in the nuts with such force that the hold was broken. Krom, clutching his balls, quickly rolled away as he bellowed in agony.

Vulcan crawled to the nearest ropes, using them to get slowly to his feet. Once standing he took a few seconds to catch his breath before returning to battle. He retaliated by hauling the Champ up to his feet with a hair pull. Instantly he struck an upward blow to Krom's solar plexus that drove the wind out of him. The Barbarian, doubled over... fell to the mat onto his back. Vulcan went downed on the Champ. He sat up straddling Krom's powerful upper torso and started to rake his face with fists of fire. Then he clamped his steel-like fingers onto the Champ's pectoral muscles and commenced squeezing down as hard as he could digging his finger nails deep into their flesh. Ten bleeding wounds appeared on the Barbarian's massive chest as he screeched out in pain, ... his head furiously reeling from side to side. The blond beast kept up the pec torture digging his fingers in even farther until he began to tear them, shredding the muscles to pieces. The Barbarian howled as his fabulous pecs were mutilated.

The Champ eventually countered with a knee that caught Vulcan's butt with such force that it threw him over the Champ's head. Both muscle fighters scrambled to their feet and came together in a mutual bearhug. For the next few minutes, two entwined muscular bodies strained against each other as their mighty cocks slugged it out by humping and raking one another. Mighty arms with bulging, sweating biceps wrapped themselves around their beefy adversary's sweat-drenched body like two boa constrictors trying to crush their prey before being crushed themselves. Tree trunk legs entwined around each other struggling for a firm footing and at the same time breaking down the other's. Battered cocks ground into each other in a wrestling contest of their own, as massive churning ball sacks smashed into one other. Heads and backs were bent, teeth were clenched, and eyes wide open with forceful determination. Limbs grew red from compression and sweat oozed from every pore to slick their blood soaked flesh.

Suddenly Vulcan used a hip toss that carried the Champ to the mat, landing on top of him. The impact broke them apart leaving the Norseman with the advantage. Vulcan got to his feet first. He dragged the exhausted Champ up by his hair, hauling him over to the ring post where he slammed his head against it. After bashing the Barbarian's head against the turnbuckle a dozen times, to the counting delight of the spectators, he pulled him back to monkey flip him to the canvas. Krom's body bounced and arched up in agony. Vulcan sadistically pulled him back up. He again pummeled him into the turnbuckle as he rammed his 12" cock lengthwise up into his ass crack and began to humiliate him by dry surfing his muscle butt.

The spectators, smelling victory, went wild, cheering themselves hoarse. No one had ever shown such disrespect to the Champ before, nor had they ever seen the Barbarian so viciously handled. Then contemptuously the Nordic musclebound Adonis picked the Champ up over his head and power slammed him, with authority, to the canvas. The ring violently shook. Once more the Nordic muscle god gorilla pressed the befuddled Champ up over his head using him as a human barbell, pressing him up and down several times as he sucked on the Sumerian Savage's cock as it entered and withdrew from his mouth. When Vulcan started to bone Krom's sex tool, scrapping and gnawing the flesh from it, the Champ was no longer able to withstand the overpowering urge to shoot off. With one great cry of resignation bellowing from his lips, mass quantities of hot cum flooded Vulcan's mouth. On the withdraw his face was showered in the Champ's jism.

Vulcan viciously bodyslammed the Champ, this time across his knee. Sadistically the mighty blond bent, the still cum shooting Barbarian, into a torturous bow. Again he put his thick lips over the spouting cockhead of the Champ to finish the job. Once the Barbarian had been siphoned off of all his strength, his once great cock, shredded of flesh, lay mangled and flaccid across his lower stomach. The great undefeated UWA Champ lay weak and defenseless across his opponent's knee, whimpering like a whipped dog.

The Nordic muscleman then stood up cradling the Champ in his arms like a child. He racked him over his massive shoulders in a torture rack. Krom shrieked as Vulcan began pressing him into another bow. In time the snapping and cracking of the Barbarian's spine was heard throughout the arena as were his harrowing screams. When the mighty blond muscleman was satisfied with his destructive work, he flipped the Champ to the mat. Krom just laid spread eagle on his broken back totally helpless, void of his strength, unable to move. He was at the mercy of his mighty challenge. But in the UWA there was no such thing as mercy. This wasn't called the Crypt of Doom for nothing.

The mighty Norseman went to work on Krom's massive legs, securing them in a brutal leg spread. Inch by agonizing inch the Barbarian's thighs were stretched farther and farther apart. The inside muscles of the Champ's thighs were extended to the ripping point and had Krom arching up in unendurable torment. The leg spread was held by Vulcan using a scissors to trap one leg and a shoulder to control the other. This left one of his massive arms free. As Krom writhed in physical torment Vulcan reached in with his free hand to close his steel fingers around the Champ's ball sack. A scream roared from the Champ as excruciating pain shot up into his brain with the intensity of a red hot poker.

The mighty Vulcan released the captured leg. He knelt down between the Barbarian's legs to concentrate on his devastating grip of the Sumerian Savage's ball sack, keeping the Champ's leg separated by his own mighty thighs. The blond beast added his other hand to Krom's crotch, brutally grabbing the Barbarian's mangled cock. Krom's torturous screams of agony reverberated off the Crypt of Doom's walls. The Nordic muscleman's fingers closed relentlessly around the Barbarian's swollen ball sack and pulverized tool, as they dug deeper and deeper into their flesh. Krom's balls had again grown heavy with boiling cum, as the hard nodules inside were getting crushed by Vulcan's steel fingers. At the same time the Nordic strongman's vice grip on the Sumerian's once great cock continued to squeeze relentlessly causing him to become painfully hard once more. The swollen cockhead went from a rosy pink to nearly black in color as the unbearable grip increased in pressure, almost exploding the crown into pieces to relieve the agonizingly unbearable pressure. The pain grew so great in the Champ's groin until he almost went insane from

it. Gritting his teeth, his face contorted in horrendous torment, he continuously shrieked at the top of his lungs. His massive muscular body writhed like a suction pump as his back arc like a bent bow. Desperately he pounded away at his musclebound tormentor's hands trying to break the ungodly hold.

The blond beast released the ball sack sending devastating blows into the Champ's heaving midsection. Each strike caused Krom's upper body to bounce up. This presented Vulcan a perfect target. He smashed his mighty fist into the Barbarian's face, repeatedly driving him back down to the canvas, reducing the Champion's features to a mess of bleeding putty. So much blood poured from the battered face that large pools were formed on the canvas. The Barbarian's face was completely smeared in it-- his hair soaked with it-- that it dripped off the ends in a continuous stream.

As Krom laid nearly unconscious on the mat, choking and gagging on his own blood and spitting it up like a geyser, Vulcan went to work on his abdominal muscles savagely pounding away at them with such titanic force that their cobblestone shape was beaten down flat. The blond beast then went to work on the Champ's pecs, bashing them with sledge hammering force until they too were softened up and misshapen. Unable to give an effective defense, Krom knew the end was near. A look of melancholy and shocked disbelief covered his bloody face.

Vulcan grabbed a hold of the Barbarian's left hand and bent the wrist back so far that it snapped. He did the same to the right as the Sumerian shrieked in complete agony. The musclebound challenger stood up over the fallen Champ, took his left arm and brutally dislocated it from its socket. The right arm followed. Next he attacked the Barbarian's mighty legs, lifting the right one up, bending it backwards ... with his elbow in the back of the knee. He fell upon it with such power that he broke it with a thunderous snap heard all around the arena. And again he did the same to the left leg as the Sumerian Savage bellowed like a dying ox. Krom was now totally defenseless. Once he had completely annihilated the Champion's body, Vulcan went back to the crucifying of the Champ's balls. He continued the twin torture of Krom's monster cock and swollen ball sack until there was an audible snap. The Barbarian's balls were crushed. Vulcan stood up over the writhing, gesticulating massacred body of the Champ.

Although the Barbarian was mortally injured he wasn't finished. As he slowly, painfully lifted his torso off the canvas he suddenly swung his dislocated right arm upwards to strike between Vulcan's massive legs catching the Nordic muscleman dead center in his nuts doubling the big man over. The blond beast bellowed out as he dropped to one knee but Krom had nothing left to fight back with. He slumped back down to the canvas a thoroughly beaten warrior. Slowly recovering from the surprise groin attack, Vulcan glared with sadistic hate in his eyes at the Champ. He stood up, stretching backwards with his hands to his mouth as his biceps bulged, and let fly a horrific roar, like a lion just before the big kill. Now in the throes of sadistic passion, Vulcan reached down to brutally grabbed Krom's ball sack. He tore the Sumerian Savage's nuts from his body with one powerful pull. The Champ shrieked for his life. He cried out in torturous, writhing agony. More blood gushed from the Barbarian's body. He was now thoroughly bathed in his own life juice. Holding the rent ball sack up for all to see, the blond beast threw it out into the audience. To stop the Champ's agonizing body from twisting, Vulcan put a foot on his chest as he again reached down, took hold of Krom's maimed flaccid cock, soaked not only in blood but his thick dried cum and viciously pulled on it as if savagely jacking him off, until that too was ripped from the Champ's

mutilated body. The unnatural sounds of horror emanating from the Barbarian mortified the audience into silence. Again the Nordic muscleman stood upright, with a pleased look on his blood drenched face. "You no man no more!" he bellowed as he held the severed manhood high in the air for all to see.

What he did next shocked even the most sadistic, jaded onlookers. He bit the cockhead off, grinding it up with his teeth before swallowing it. He then threw the eviscerated member out to the spectators as if throwing carrion to starving vultures. There was a mad scramble by the audience members to retrieve it, as if it were a prized possession. A fight broke out over possession of it. Beefy security guards instantly pounced on the horde of spectator combatants, dragging them away. This momentary distraction was just the breather Vulcan needed.

Stroking his foot long killer fuckpole, he circled his writhing prey rolling around the mat. The Barbarian's broken hands and arms desperately tried to clutch his annihilated groin. Stealthily the Nordic powerhouse reached down to force Krom's legs apart. With a double biceps pose he majestically sank down between them. With his hands on the Barbarian's thighs, he pulled Krom's ass toward his waiting, pulsating cock. Vulcan hauled Krom's legs straight up in the air as he slid the Sumerian Savage's muscle butt onto his killer cock. Krom winced in more pain as he felt the victor's mighty fuckpole invade his ass, tear past his ass lips to plunge deep into his body. Like a human pile driver Vulcan pumped and bulldozed his massive cock in and out of the defeated Champ's now bleeding, tight ass hole. At one point he rammed it all the way in to the hilt, stopped, dropped Krom's legs so they rested on top of his own mighty thighs and started to pose his magnificent blood-smearred body.

The audience, nearly hysterical, erupted with applause and cheers. After ten minutes of this constant fucking, Krom shrieking and Vulcan's occasional posing, the blond beast scooped the dying ex-champ up in his arms. In a display of great strength Vulcan stood up with Krom still impaled on his powerful manmeat. With some difficulty he got the Sumerian Savage to stand on his own two broken legs as he withdrew his cock from Krom's shredded bleeding butthole.

What he did next jolted even the most jaded UWA wrestling fan. Holding the slumped body of the Barbarian under his shoulders, Vulcan maliciously rammed his cock into the groin wound and began to fuck the destroyed Sumerian muscleman as if he were a two-bit whore in his newly formed cunt. Wrapping Krom up in his deadly bearhug, the Mighty Vulcan brutally raped, and fucked, the once great, invincible Barbarian as he crushed the life out of him in his deadly bearhug. Cracking, splintering ribs were audible throughout the stilled arena as Krom cried, screamed, roared out his final death throes. For more than ten minutes the brutal death agony went on until finally, mercifully, Krom-- the great UWA Champion-- collapsed backwards in the Mighty Vulcan's massive arms.

He was dead.

Still the new champ kept on savagely fucking and crushing his body, covering himself in Krom's blood from head to toe as if it were a victory shower. With great contempt Vulcan finally slammed the dead body down to the canvas, stood over it to posed his magnificent blood smearred body as he

bellowed out a triumphant victory roar. The audience went jubilantly insane. Men had cum in their shorts; women in their underwear. En masse all 100,000 spectators stood and cheered themselves hoarse. Drago hit the stop button on the remote as he finished jerking off, showering himself and his desk in an ocean of cum. Load after massive load shot out of his cannon as he moaned in erotic pleasure. "Yeah," he sighed out loud to himself. "The Mighty Vulcan would do just right. He could take out MightyMan with the help of Formula 352."

Drago smiled from ear to ear. His plan would work. He would conquer the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe, extract his powerful sperm, and drink it as a dietary supplement, becoming even more muscular and powerful than MightyMan himself. Then he'd publicly annihilate him, take his manhood and be declared the strongest man in the universe-- and the world would finally be his for the taking.

"YES!" he roared as the last of his cum came jetting out. "YES! YES! YES!"

Chapter Five: The Plot Thickens

While Drago was watching THE DEATH MATCH OF THE CENTURY in his penthouse office, across town an extremely tense meeting was taking place that would play directly into the crime lord's hand. At the bank robber's episode that morning MightyMan had summoned Vulcan to the office of the League of Superheroes for a serious reprimand. It rankled the pride of the blond Nordic beast to be "ordered," like some lackey into his master's presence. As he entered, MightyMan continued to be shocked by Vulcan's appearance. The powerful Nordic muscleman's beautiful face continued to show the punishing battle he had to win his UWA title. It was puffy. Vulcan's eyes were swollen and black. Numerous lacerations, scrapes, cuts, and bruises dotted his once exceptionally handsome features. His lips were split, both cheeks swollen and blood encrusted gashes pockmarked his forehead. MightyMan couldn't resist a verbal jab at the superheroes appearance. "If you only had a hunchback I could get you a job ringing bells." But business was business and MightyMan was all business this day.

The two muscle behemoths faced one another in a room overflowing with unrepentant male testosterone. As they stood face to face, their massive arms crossed over their equally massive chests, biceps bulging to the max, MightyMan spoke in a haughty, all knowing tone. "The reason I summoned you here today is because I'm not impressed one bit with your new attitude. Every since you won that miserable UWA heavyweight wrestling championship title your arrogance and take-no-prisoners attitude has gotten way out of hand. A prime example was this morning. You needlessly beat up those two robbers, and for that matter, every criminal you now go after, leaving most of them bloody and near death. It's just a matter of time before you totally cross over the line and actually kill one of them before they're brought before the justice system for a fair and proper trial. You're violating their civil rights and dragging down the high standards of the League of Superheroes. Your conduct is totally unacceptable and reprehensible."

Speaking with a thick accent, and in broken English, Vulcan angrily replied, "Well... thanks MightyMan... I no agree. Problem you got... you think you know everything... you right all time. But you no do."

MightyMan got right up into the blond beast's face as they stared menacingly eyeball to eyeball, neither one giving an inch. "Now hold on a minute, Vulcan. I don't want to forget we're not only friends but crime fighting colleagues. Remember your place. I'm the leader of the League of Superheroes by virtue of my skill as a crime fighter and the plain simple fact that I AM the most powerful man on the planet. I AM the most muscular man and the strongest." To emphasize his point he flexed his giant 34" guns right in the Nordic muscleman's face. "No one, not you or anyone, can match that or any other muscle on my body for sheer size and might. I command you to stop your take-no-prisoners attitude or leave the League immediately and never return! I've never pulled rank on anyone before but I am this time. I will not let you destroy what the rest of us have striven over the years to do... to protect the good citizens of Municipal City in a law abiding way."

Vulcan said nothing for a minute. "MightyMan, other heroes bow to you 'cause they have to. That explain cockiness you got, but I no do! For long time now you strut your big muscles all around. All go along. They fear power you got. They fear anger you got. You right when say you no pull rank before 'cause you no have to. You work hard, long to intimidate others, cower them to your will. It easy be magnanimous when always get way. Well, no more! I make stand. Crime up in Municipal City. We need tough hand to lead League. Who better than me. I... UWA wrestling champ. No one tougher, stronger than me. Criminals fear me... not you. They know now I destroy them when caught. I put world of hurt on 'em. They no come back to do bad things after I get through with 'em. Tough time need tough action! Eye for eye... tooth for tooth."

"That kind of primitive thinking lead's to unnecessary deaths, property damage and law suits. You're making a laughing stock out of the League and what we stand for. You make it look like we're above the law by violating their civil rights. We, above all, must adhere to the principle of law and order. Justice must prevail!"

"Others no agree. They think we need be tougher. Criminals give finger to justice system. They get good lawyer... get off. They back in business again... we look stupid, ineffectual to public. YOU, not me, make League look inadequate, impotent, ridiculous to public. Your leadership stink! I challenge you to wrestling match. You win... I go. I win... you go and I new boss! Sound fair?"

Dumbfounded by this unexpected challenge to his leadership, MightyMan stepped back from Vulcan and thought a minute. "I won't fight you Vulcan. If I did I'd end up killing you because I wouldn't hold back from using all my strength and I'm no butcher like all of you over at that UWA. You say I'm a dictator of sorts. That I ride rough shod over the League. I'll call a meeting of the League for tomorrow night and we'll discuss this matter and just see who's right."

Meanwhile back at Drago's penthouse office the evil genius sent out a message through the criminal underground network, that he controlled, requesting the Nordic strongman to come to his office as soon as possible on "...a most urgent matter to his future well being." The messenger he personally

selected was MuscleFreak, the most physically powerful and intimidating of all his burley henchmen. He got his cognomen in a maximum security prison while serving three consecutive life sentences for savagely killing a half dozen musclemen at a gym while in a steroid induced rage. It not only referred to his monstrous muscular size but also to his mammoth cock, a killer fuckpole 12" long and 10" thick with a head the size of a tennis ball. He was heartlessly inhuman, vicious, deliberately cruel in his use of it, indiscriminately raping other hunky inmates at will to dominate his cellblock and the whole prison population, guards as well as convicts. Even in prison he continued his abusive steroid intake since any drug was easy to come by. On Friday nights, in the prison courtyard, he'd wrestle in the nude the biggest and strongest inmates in death matches, systematically destroying their bodies as he broke limbs, smashed skulls, bloodied and fucked assholes while ripping up their insides on his killer tool, lacerating flesh with his steel claw grip, and the coup de grace, with his bare hands tearing off their balls and manhood, then fucking their newly formed cunt while pulverizing their bodies in his death grip... his savagely barbaric bearhug... joyously watching them bleed to death on his cock as he crushed their rib cage and spine to smithereens. He took great pleasure in getting off on his victim's screams of excruciating pain and their agonizing death throes. The last sound they heard was MuscleFreak laughing in their face as he crucified them on his killer fuckpole. Standing 6'4" tall and 350 pounds of solid muscle, the crew cut bleached blond hulk had a rugged face-- not handsome but ruggedly masculine. His philosophy consisted of four words and only four words: terror, pillage, rape, kill. He was a masterful practitioner of them. Even MightyMan thought twice before mixing it up against this sadistically evil mass of muscle who proudly sported 32" arms, which he used effectively to intimidate anyone standing in his way. He'd flex them right in their face. Huffing like a crazed bull he'd shout, in a deep raspy voice, his orders... hand over their money... their property... cooperate or die... whatever it may be. Few refused. Many pissed themselves up out of sheer terror. Those who did not follow his demands were strangled on the spot by his great guns wrapped around their neck or their bodies crushed to pieces in a pulverizing bearhug. MuscleFreak was indeed a man to be feared, yet he feared no man, least of all the Vulcan, MightyMan or even his boss.

He and the Russian crime lord had met while both were serving their sentences in the same maximum security prison. It was Drago who, through an iniquitous backroom deal with a corrupt judge, got MuscleFreak paroled into his custody. The released lifer was most grateful but unrepentant. He was surly and non conforming. He wanted more than just being Drago's ultimate muscle. "I'm not dumb Mr. Drago," he said pompously. "I'm smart. I can figure things out for myself. I was never given the chance, that's all. I know I could be a big help to you and your organization in a more meaningful position instead of simply being muscle. I could be your greatest UWA champ. I can make the world fear you through me"

"You are what I say you are," scowled Drago at such impertinence. "I have Noble Laureates to think for me. I pay you to do my muscle grunt work. If you're dissatisfied with this arrangement you can go right back where I found you... to prison. I'll find some other steroid junkie to do my bidding. There's plenty of you muscleheads around these days. You're all a dime a dozen as they say."

Reluctantly MuscleFreak accepted his role as Drago's emissary and easily tracked down the Nordic superhero at his private gym during one of his three daily workout sessions. MuscleFreak had watched him with great interest on many occasions in the wrestling ring at the UWA sports complex. Over the months since his probation he never missed a fight card. He had developed a maniacal lust for this champion, even having massive wet dreams about them wrestling, in which he

gleefully fucked the musclebound Norseman to death on his mighty cock. How he salivated over the prospect of finally meeting him face to face. How he longed to go muscle body to muscle body with him in the ultimate test of supreme domination and physical annihilation. As MuscleFreak stormed into the weight room Vulcan was in the middle of his chest routine, bench pressing a barbell of over 1000 pounds-- the ends of which sagged downward-- the bar nearly snapping in two from the pressure. His shoulder length curly blond hair, full of sweat, the ends dripping with his perspiration like Niagara Falls, clung to his marked up forehead and the sides of his massively thick neck, framing his once beautiful wide face with its split thick lips and rosy bruised cheekbones. Even MuscleFreak was surprised by the damage Krom had inflicted on the blond muscle beast. "Hey Goldilocks," yelled the beefy messenger, "I've got a message for you."

Vulcan was dressed in his tight fitting gym sweatsuit that completely adhered to his body like a second skin and outlined in great detail all his magnificently muscled physique. Plainly visible was the contour of his humongous 12" cock and it's 8" thickness laying dormant across his eight pack abdominal muscles with a head so large few men could take it into their mouth without tearing their lips in the process. The overall massiveness of Vulcan's manhood added to the correct perception of its power. As the super heavyweight wrestler for the UWA, the Nordic powerhouse had ample opportunity to demonstrate its destructive might as many ring adversaries could attest to having had their guts ripped out by it and their buttocks torn to shreds while impaled on it. Just the sight of it turned MuscleFreak on. His own 12" long and 10" thick fuckpole responded immediately to the erotic stimulation before him.

The blond Nordic beast instantly halted his workout. He easily racked the barbell and jumped to his feet taking a defensive stance with his massive legs spread wide apart, hands on his hips, his chest thrust outward. His crystal clear blue eyes glared with intense hatred at the intruder. "What fuck you want, MuscleFreak?" he bellowed in broken English. "Nobody here you able beat or fuck. Only real men here."

Drago's muscleman enforcer started to storm toward the orally abusive Norseman, to fulfill his carnal desire to punch his lights out, strip him naked, suck his cock off and fuck him senseless. Vulcan put up his mighty fists as his arms bulged to a whopping 30" tearing through the fabric of his form fitting sweat-laden shirt. He growled in defiance as he hit a most muscular pose that rent the rest of his shirt, leaving his upper torso exposed as it fell away to the gym floor in a soggy heap. His massive pectoral development was jaw dropping, stopping MuscleFreak dead in his tracks. At this close range his gigantic muscle development was even more impressive. MuscleFreak began to think twice about what he was doing. He owed his boss his freedom. He'd get his revenge later but for now he had a message to deliver. "Don't get a hardon, Blondie," snarled MuscleFreak as he waved his hand dismissively as if to say: Yeah, sure big boy... but I could eat you for lunch and spit your bones out. You're not that impressive. You don't scare me at all. "Mr. Alexander Drago wants to see you ASAP. Says it's an important matter about your future."

"Huh?" said Vulcan with a look of astonishment plastered on his sweat-laden face.

"What are you... deaf as well as dumb?" insulted the musclebound messenger. At the top of his voice he hollered, "MR. ALEXANDER DRAGO WANT'S TO SEE YOU! SAYS IT'S AN IMPORTANT MATTER ABOUT YOUR FUTURE!"

With his hands akimbo Vulcan shifted his weight to one foot striking a cocky pose. "Why?" he asked.

"How the fuck should I know. I'm not Drago. I'm just the messenger scar face." MuscleFreak started walking forward. He reached into the pocket of his tight fitting jeans to withdraw a piece of paper. "Here, it's from Drago for you." He handed it to the weary Nordic strongman who snatched it roughly from his hand, tearing it in two as he did. "Nice going butt cheeks," bellowed the messenger as he retrieved the fallen half from the floor. "I think this is also for you, dumb ass." He threw the piece of paper at him.

The blond beast swiped the falling piece from the air. He put the two halves together and read the note. "I still no get!" he scowled.

"Go see Drago and he'll explain," advised MuscleFreak condescendingly as he turned to leave. He took a couple of steps, turned around saying, "And the next time we meet dick head, be prepared to be destroyed and fucked to death." With his parting shot he left, posing his huge muscular body as he sauntered slowly out the gym door so Vulcan could get a good look at his massive proportions. Uncertain what all this meant, Vulcan stood alone in the gym scratching his long blond sweat soaked curls. Eventually, after pondering the situation, he shrugged his great delts and decided to go see Drago to find out what it was all about.

The intercom buzzed in Drago's office later that afternoon. "Yeah," he barked.

"A person calling himself the Mighty Vulcan is here to see you without an appointment," announced his receptionist. "Sir! Sir! Stop! You can't go in there," yelled the receptionist. "Mr. Drago, he just stormed passed me. Should I call security?"

"NO ... Don't!" instructed her boss. Drago hurriedly stood up. He walked to the front of his desk.

A few seconds later, his office door blasted wide open with a thunderous bang, falling off their hinges in the process. The blond muscle god exploded offensively into the room in his traditional costume of a studded black leather brief trimmed with fur, leather wrist cuffs from which his massive forearms exploded, leather bicep straps, thick studded leather bands crisscrossing his mountainous pecs, a two-horned silver helmet and fur-lined leather boots that went to mid-calf. "You want see me?" he asked haltingly.

Overwhelmed by his impressive entrance, as well as his monumental physique, it's mammoth size blowing his mind, and his damaged appearance Drago stammered, "Yeeeeaaaaah... I mean yes. Do come in. Have a chair."

"No. Vulcan stand," he said as he took a wide stance that spoke of sheer raw power.

Regaining his senses Drago politely inquired, "Would you like something ... a refreshment... perhaps something to eat? I know all you massive bodybuilders are constantly hungry 'cause you workout so strenuously. We have a great kitchen downstairs that can whip up anything you'd like."

"No. You no ask Vulcan here to feed. What you want?" he demanded stomping his foot hard on the floor which sent a shock wave throughout the room rattling the windows and shaking books and knickknack off of shelves.

"Hey now... take it easy big fella," cautioned Drago, thoroughly impressed by the Nordic strongman's power. "I'm on your side in this matter. We can and should be friends. I think I can do you a world of good, and right now you need a friend like me."

"No understand."

"Just calm down and have a seat," he said pointing to a chair next to his desk. For a few seconds Vulcan looked around the huge office suite as if he was contemplating something. Finally he sat down, his mammoth thighs barely able to fit in the tight chair.

His host strolled behind his desk to take his chair. Leaning forward he began his soft sell. "I haven't had an opportunity to congratulate you on your impressively decisive victory over the barbarian, Krom. You certainly did him in good and proper and he was no pushover as your body clearly shows. He was one of the best champions the UWA ever had until you came along. To be the man you have to beat the man, and right now you're the man. You do know I own the UWA and in essence, you work for me now. But that's only part of why I asked you here. I understand from various sources you're not happy with MightyMan's leadership of the League of Superheroes."

"What business yours?"

"As a law abiding citizen I'm greatly concerned. What affects the League affects all of us. And as one of Municipal City's leading citizens I want to see if we can't arrive at a solution that will preserve the League so it can continue to protect us all and not see it destroyed by an internal conflict between you and MightyMan. Is that so hard to comprehend?"

"But you bad man. You go prison."

"Yes, I went away for three hard, long years. I learned my lesson even though I was innocent of the crime charged against me. My big mistake was trusting those who used me as their dupe. I was far too gullible and trusting. But now my slate is clean and I'm starting over. If I can help in some small way to heal this rift between you and MightyMan, it will go a long way in rehabilitating me in the eyes of the general public. So what do you say?"

For a long time there was a great silence as the mighty Norseman thought over Drago's words. Finally he spoke. "Don't think possible. Too much gone on between MightyMan and me. I hate bastard. He think himself greatest man alive... strongest man. He grab all headlines. Rest of us sit in silence. No one know we here. It's all MightyMan. Him not so great or powerful. Vulcan more powerful any day week. He no allow debate in council. Everything run his way or no way. Result... crime wave terrorizes city. Innocent murdered, raped, robbed while MightyMan poses body for cameras of media and nothing else. Him big show off. I challenge him to wrestling match to find out who strongest to lead League. Him win, I go quietly. I win he leave and I new boss."

Sounding extremely sympathetic, Drago inquired, "That sounds like a simple enough solution. Did he agree?"

"Him refuse. He scared of Vulcan. Knows I stronger... beat shit out of him." Savoring the thought Vulcan rubbed his crotch as he popped an erection. Enthusiastically he added, "I have score to settle. I get him in ring I destroy him. I make him look ridiculous. Pay back for humiliation he heap on Vulcan yesterday during interview on television. Says PowerWoman as strong as me. Bah! That bullshit! I strongest of all League. I leave him beaten to pulp, body battered beyond recognition, his manhood sucked off. His butt fucked. Then all will know Mighty Vulcan strongest man. He called meeting of League tomorrow night... get other's opinion."

"A meeting for tomorrow night you say? That's great and I have a way that will secure a match between the both of you," beamed Drago.

"Why you help Vulcan get fight?" asked the Mighty Norseman still suspicious of Drago's motives.

Drago smiled. "Cautious, I like that. Shows you're serious. All right, here it is. If you follow my advice MightyMan will have to wrestle you." The expatriate Russian reached in a desk drawer to pull out a legal looking piece of paper. "I have here a written contract for a UWA wrestling match between you and MightyMan. It's a no rules, no holds barred, no time limit, no referee, loser gets fucked to submission match. You put up your title and MightyMan puts up his leadership of the League. Winner takes all. How does that sound?"

"Sounds good to Vulcan," said the battered blond muscle beast.

"The match is scheduled for a month from this coming Monday, broadcast worldwide live on pay per view. We'll make hundreds of millions of dollars."

"Money no important to Vulcan. I do for nothing just to beat that arrogant bastard to bloody pulp... rape him on my mighty cock before world so all know who strongest man on Earth."

"Okay then, just to prove this match isn't about money, we'll stipulate that your portion of the receipt and MightyMan's will go to charity. How's that?"

Taking interest in Drago's words Vulcan sat up in his chair. "You think possible... match between MightyMan and me?"

"I don't see why not, depending you do exactly what I tell you to do."

"Vulcan knew there's catch."

"No there isn't. All you have to do is during the meeting tomorrow night keep the pressure on MightyMan in front of the other League members to accept this match. Don't give him a chance to back down. We both know he has a giant ego, so make it look like he's a coward if he refuses. His ego won't let him lose face in front of the others. He wouldn't dare refuse... he couldn't, and look at himself in a mirror, or the other members in the eye. Remember to keep the pressure on him at all times and force him to accept this match."

"He accept, you fix match?"

"Oh yes... I fix match," chuckled Drago with a sly smile at this inside joke.

"No... I mean make match possible."

"I know what you mean. Yes, I make match possible."

"Sound good to Vulcan," he gushed with a broad grin on his injured, comely face.

"Then we have a deal?" asked Drago holding out his hand.

Struggling to extricate his muscle butt out of the chair, Vulcan was finally able to stand once he smashed the chair to pieces. "Deal!" he said loudly as he shook Drago's hand vigorously, almost jerking it out of the socket.

Chapter Six: The Contract

The following evening all nine members of the League of Superheroes assembled at their subterranean office hidden away deep in the bowels of Municipal City's tallest skyscraper, the Kent/Lane Building. Sitting around the long extended table MightyMan called the meeting to order. Present were PowerWoman in her red, white and blue two piece bikini, her halter top hardly able to contain her voluptuously large breast; MammothMan in a lion skin loincloth looking

powerfully like a circus strongman; Warlord, all dressed in studded leather biker chaps, jock and wrist bands; Gladiator, in a Roman tunic and sandals; EagleMan, wearing his black, heavily padded latex body suit with a bird cowl of black and white feathers covering the upper half of his face; PowerMan, in his yellow and red form fitting body suite; BicepBoy, in posing trunks, white ankle socks and sneaks; the Mighty Vulcan, in his usual Nordic garb; and MightyMan, in his black and blue costume. These physically fit and overly-muscled superheroes were the pride of the citizens of the city, who felt safer with them on guard, protecting their lives and property. Clearing his voice MightyMan spoke first. "You all know why this emergency meeting has been called. Without further adieu I turn these proceedings over to the Mighty Vulcan." The blond Nordic muscle god stood. "Principles of League too soft ... no work ... to fight today's more ruthless criminals. Crime rampant throughout Municipal City. Bad people no fear us no more. Get caught ... get smart lawyer ... get off and back on street in hours. Need to update League code or lose war on crime." PowerWoman spoke up. "What do you have in mind?" "Change leadership," Vulcan stated emphatically with something of a smirk on his face as he glared menacingly across the table at the League's leader. "MightyMan tried best but fail. Unless change leadership we be redundant, in time we no exist ... crime wins!" Warlord asked, "And what policy do you propose that would be different from our current one?" "We get tougher," shouted the blond beast as he banged his fists on the massively thick polished oak table cracking it in place. "Criminals only respect strength ... not weakness of current justice system. Our leadership only want play by rules. Criminals don't. Need to fight fire with fire." "You're proposing we become vigilantes?" inquired PowerMan. "And what we now but super vigilantes," rebutted Vulcan. "We need stronger man to lead in new direction to fight new bred criminal. They bigger, stronger, more evil than before!" MightyMan rose and slowly strolled around the table flexing his powerful muscles as he went ... a not-so-subtle reminder to everyone why he was chosen in the first place. From across the table he glowered at the Mighty Vulcan. "Are you suggesting that you're stronger than me?" "Yes!" bellowed Vulcan. The tension in the room instantly became palpable. "I'm the strongest man in the universe," replied MightyMan calmly and with great confidence. "Not even you can match my strength." The Nordic muscleman scowled right back at him. "You no choice ... I challenge you to wrestling match ... see who mightier man to lead League. You select leader 'cause everyone think you most powerful. I don't! You refuse, you prove self great coward, unworthy to lead League. No one here respect you no more." Laughing with his hands on his hips, his head thrown slightly back MightyMan jeered, "You challenge MY strength ... in a wrestling contest? You can't be serious. Any meaningful test of strength could easily result in serious injury, maybe even death. You're far too valuable a member of the League. I don't want to hurt you... but I must warn you that I would also not hold back all my strength to stop you from this reckless course you're bent on which, in my opinion, will ruin the League, it's reputation and all that we've accomplished so far. Your path of action would thoroughly discredit us in the eyes of the public. I will use all of my powers to stop you."

MightyMan deliberately flexed his mountainous 80" pecs to give his beefy blond challenger something to think about. The Ultimate Muscleman continued. "I seriously recommend we leave everything the way it is. It will take time but right will eventually prevail over evil. We don't need to stoop to the level of our criminal adversaries to win. If we take one step outside the law, we become no better than those we're fighting and then ... all will be truly lost." When he was through, MightyMan sat back down with a condescending look on his face, confident his words would carry the day. Vulcan slammed his two mighty fists on the table, again causing a fracture to appear. "NO!" he roared. "That's how we got in mess in first place. Only strongest can lead. Only strongest command respect with public and with criminals." MightyMan was unfazed. He knew that when you are the most powerful man in the universe, you didn't need to react to a temper tantrum even by a popular hero like Vulcan. The Ultimate Muscleman looked around the room. He stood back up. His head held high, he decided that the debate had gone on long enough. The time had come to end the discussion. He spoke softly, but his voice contained power and commanded

attention. Unlike Vulcan, MightyMan did not need to bang the table or shout. The contrast was obvious. "No one can seriously agree with this no matter how strongly our colleague believes in what he's saying. His passion to protect the citizens of Municipal City is commendable ... but the path he wishes to take is dead wrong. We are not barbarians. We are superheroes and I have proven time and time again that I am the strongest. There can be no doubt." MammothMan had never challenged MightyMan before, but this evening he just could not hold back. He stayed seated when he spoke. "Actually, MightyMan, I think Vulcan makes sense." Gladiator admired MammothMan. They often teamed up together to fight the same villains. He also spoke in support of the idea. "In nature, the strongest leads. I think it may be the only way to resolve this. I don't see how you can refuse and still expect to have our unquestionable respect, loyalty and confidence." MightyMan could not believe what he was hearing. He was incredulous. He was their leader and clearly the strongest. None of them had ever forced him to prove his power ... why bother ... it was so obvious. Now, these superheroes were joining his challenger. He remained calm as he asked, "What do you mean?" Gladiator replied, "If we take a vote on this issue as to who should lead the League, we'll be divided. Each member will wonder why their candidate didn't win. I'm willing to concede that you and Vulcan are the two most powerful superheroes here. If the two of you settle this between yourselves, we avoid taking sides and causing a rift that could destroy the League." "Sounds like you've already taken sides, Gladiator," replied BicepBoy. "No, I haven't. I'm thinking of the overall good of the League. If MightyMan wins, I'll be more the happy to continue to follow his leadership. If Vulcan wins, I'll gladly follow him as well." "I do agree that the strongest should lead," stated BicepBoy. "What I'm saying is that MightyMan is right. It seems unnecessary for them to fight. It's as clear as the nose on your face that MightyMan is the strongest man." Everyone was thinking when EagleMan spoke for the first time that evening. His deep, authoritative voice and brooding demeanor always commanded attention and respect. "It's only an issue if MightyMan and Vulcan cannot resolve their problem peacefully. Like Gladiator, I'll follow either man. However they resolve it, we accept the outcome and follow that leader." Warlord spoke up once more. "Well, are you both willing to sort it out peacefully? MightyMan? Vulcan?" Vulcan responded, "No peace possible. Things gone too far. We fight to see who strongest ... me or him."

The light of an idea flashed in MightyMan's eyes. "If all of you only want to see who's the strongest, Vulcan or myself, then why don't we simply have a weightlifting contest. Nobody would be put in physical harm and the strongest one would win, leaving no doubt who should lead the League!"

The idea had merit for the League's members. It would be a peaceful way to decide the leadership issue and it wouldn't be divisive. Might would prove to be right. MightyMan sensed he had won them over. He stood with his arms akimbo, a look of satisfaction covered his face. His cool intellect had won the day as a steady buzz of favorable conversation instantly filled the room. Heads nodded in unison. Vulcan, seeing the tide quickly turning against him railed, "NO! NO! NO!"

"Why not?" asked a surprised EagleMan who seemed to be speaking for the other League members. "It's the obvious solution and it WILL prove conclusively which one of you IS truly the strongest! Case closed." The other members shook their heads in total agreement as they looked toward Vulcan to acquiesce to their cooler, calmer heads.

“After all, Vulcan, All night long you’ve been saying that only the strongest should lead the League. This plan will prove who’s the strongest, you or MightyMan,” chided PowerWoman.

“You certainly can’t refuse this offer,” added Gladiator. “It’s safe and humane, keeping with the noble tradition of the League. What better way to prove who’s the strongest?”

The Cape Knight of Right, standing across the table from Vulcan with a smug look of triumph shining from his eyes, only goaded the Nordic muscleman into another tirade. “NO! NO! NO!” he stormed. “Strength not only measure of leader. Need cunning, ability to think on feet fast, able to react in split second to changing situation. Only wrestling match proves who’s not only strongest but who has necessary smarts to lead League. Need one on one match to prove leadership!”

“Yeah, well that’s true enough,” shrugged MammothMan. “Strength isn’t everything. It’s how you use it.”

“As Vulcan said, our leader has to have the intellect, intelligence in knowing how to react to every situation,” added PowerMan. “Strength isn’t everything. A test of intellectual courage and skill is as important as might.”

“No! No!” pleaded BicepBoy. “MightyMan IS right. No need for shed blood to determine the leadership. A weightlifting contest IS the right answer.”

“We all know where your loyalties lay Boy,” scoffed WarLord. “Perhaps Vulcan is right after all. We not only need the strongest to lead us but the smartest one as well. Only a wrestling match, with everything on the line, even life itself, is the only way to decide who should lead the League.”

The entire assembly turned to MightyMan. He looked at each face. He felt betrayed. Only BicepBoy, his sometime lover, had spoken up for him. He thought long and hard. He was, after all, MightyMan, the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe. If they truly wanted the strongest and smartest to lead them, it would surely be him. Vulcan be damned. "How would we go about this wrestling match to determine the leadership of the League?" he asked Vulcan reluctantly. Knowing he'd finally won the debate, the blond Nordic muscleman, gloated, "I put up title of UWA. We meet in match, no holds barred, no time limit, no rules, no referee, loser gets fucked ... winner leads League." MightyMan again looked around the table. All, except BicepBoy, shook their heads in agreement. The Ultimate Muscleman had no choice but to agree. "I ... agree," he said softly. "But don't blame me for the consequences. I meant what I said, Vulcan ... I will not hold back anything. I will use all my strength to defeat you, even if it means your death by my hands." Reaching in his padded jock the mighty Norseman pulled out the prearranged contract that Drago had given him. He placed it on the table in front of MightyMan. "I signed yesterday. You sign now." MightyMan quickly read the contract. The match would be held in one month at the UWA arena. Vulcan's title as UWA heavyweight champion would be on the line. The match would be televised worldwide live over a pay per view. Both superheroes would forgo any payment, donating, instead, their portion of the gate and television rights to charity. Neither of them would fly or use their super speed, only their strength. MightyMan took a deep breath before reluctantly signing. The remaining seven members of the League signed as witnesses. It was now a binding contract with no way out for either musclebound combatant. The blond Nordic muscle-god stooge had worked his boss' will.

Drago was beside himself with joy when the following morning Vulcan delivered the signed contract into his hands. He would finally get his revenge on his chief nemesis, MightyMan. For the next four weeks Drago had Vulcan constantly in the gym working out for hours in preparation for what was being billed as the ARMAGEDDON, MATCH OF THE MILLENNIUM. Within a few hours of its announcement every one of the 100,000 seats in the UWA sports arena was sold. After just two weeks the audience for the worldwide pay per view numbered close to one and a half billion. From a financial stand point, this was more than a huge success for Drago, it was colossal--the greatest venture he'd ever been associated with, and it was legitimate, which made him constantly chuckle to himself. But what pleased him even more was the prospect of achieving his dream of avenging himself on MightyMan.

To insure Vulcan's success he had Dr. Szatkowski continuously at the Norseman's side monitoring his progress, watching his dietary intake and his over all health. To keep a close eye on his workouts Drago assigned MuscleFreak as his coach and training partner, much to the ex-con's annoyance. He seethed with jealousy and embitterment as he thought to himself that he should be the one to take MightyMan out, not this "Nordic muscle bum," as he called him behind his back. He was just as big and strong as the Mighty Vulcan. He knew he could wipe the floor with this "blond bitch" ... take him in any wrestling match and physically massacre him, tear him from limb to limb, even fuck him to death on his mighty cock. He had done it in prison to even bigger and stronger guys. The Mighty Vulcan would be no challenge for him.

So erotically, sadistically stimulating were such thoughts that after each workout session with the UWA Champion, MuscleFreak vigorously jacked himself off while in the shower just to relieve the tension and nullify the overwhelming power of his brutal wanton sex fantasies. On more than one occasion he had to force himself not to attack the mighty Norseman because his desire to beat the shit out of him and fuck him to death was so all-consuming. He had to repeatedly remind himself that he owed Drago his freedom. Yet that wouldn't even stand in his way if he could think of some way to get what he believed to be his own ... the UWA heavyweight championship and to destroy MightyMan in the process. Then Drago would have to deal more equally with him. He'd hold all the cards. Slowly, ever so slowly the seed of an idea took root in his brain. He'd have to think hard and long but, yes, he knew there was a way to get some of what he wanted. To him there was no real honor among thieves. As the fight date approached Drago and Dr. Szatkowski decided it was time for the Mighty Vulcan to ingest Formula 352. They thought it would be easier and less conspicuous to place the strength booster in a drink. So it was concealed in a bottle of Gatorade delivered to him by MuscleFreak, as were all the protein supplements prescribed by Dr. Szatkowski. After his last grueling workout two days before the fight, MuscleFreak handed the blond Nordic beast his bottle of Gatorade. Vulcan, suspecting nothing, ravenously drank it all down as MuscleFreak contemptuously looked on. Dr. Szatkowski ordered the Champ to take the day before the match off in order for his muscles to rest and recuperate. To Drago he added, "And it will allow plenty of time for Formula 352 to work its wonders on all his muscles and assure victory over MightyMan."

Chapter Seven: The Fight of the Millennium

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the UWA Crypt of Doom Arena here at the Underground Wrestling Alliance Sports Complex in beautiful downtown Municipal City. I'm your ringside announcer Lance Spear. Sitting along side of me is our color commentator, Eddie Robson, former Mr. USA and Mr. America and a national power lifting champion, former UWA wrestler himself and not unfamiliar with the UWA World of Hurt."

"What an exciting night to be here or at home watching this unprecedented gladiatorial spectacle."

"Yes Eddie, this is the greatest wrestling match up in the history of the UWA."

"Arguably the two strongest men in the world are about to battle it out before our very eyes for supremacy and domination ... to prove once and for all who IS the strongest man in the world ... MightyMan or the current heavy weight champion of the UWA, the Mighty Vulcan."

"Tell me Eddie, what does the tail of the tape tell us about these two musclebound warriors?"

"The Champion, Vulcan stands 6'5" tall and weighs in tonight at 350 pounds. He's arms measure a whopping 30", a chest at 72", thighs of 40", calves of 22" and his manmeat a most impressive 12" long and 9" thick."

"And the challenger?"

"MightyMan is, believe it or not, even slightly more impressive than the Champ. He stands at 6'6" tall and weighs a remarkable 380 pounds of ripped muscle. His arms are a phenomenal 34" and his chest an eye popping 80", with thighs of 44", calves of 24" and his cock of 12" and 8" thick."

"Physically both combatants sound evenly matched."

"Yes they are, Lance ... so this should be one hell of a battle of muscle and super strength ..."

Back stage was a beehive of activity as both superheroes were cloistered in their private dressing rooms. Dr. Szatkowski, MuscleFreak and Drago huddled with the Mighty Vulcan. The boss of the UWA had kept his association with the wrestling organization quiet. This was a rare appearance for him to wish his champion fighter well. "You'll do us both proud Vulcan when you beat MightyMan tonight. But remember, beat him down into submission so you can suck him off and spit out that very first load into the bucket Dr. Szatkowski has at ringside but don't kill MightyMan. That's important. Don't kill him."

"Vulcan can break in half on cock, snap spine, pulverize, break limbs?"

"Yes, of course, but remember, it's imperative you don't kill him. That would be exceptionally bad publicity for the UWA. He's a beloved crime fighter. Tear him limb from limb, cripple him for life if you want, but don't kill him. And above all ... remember to suck him off. All right?"

"Vulcan make him bleed. Vulcan humiliate him before world ... make him cry like baby and plead for life. Vulcan suck him off first, drain him dry of all strength, spit out load in bucket just for you, then fuck him unconscious on mighty cock ... tear ass apart. But Vulcan no kill. Promise."

In MightyMan's dressing room the members of the League of Superheroes dropped in to hesitantly wish their leader the best of luck. As they departed for Vulcan's dressing room to say the same thing BicepBoy breathlessly raced in with startling news. Once alone he blurted it out to MightyMan. "You'll never guess who owns the UWA. Go ahead, guess."

"I don't know ... who?"

"Drago. That's right, Alexander Drago, your arch enemy."

"Dra...go!" stammered a stunned MightyMan. "How do you know that?"

"I was walking past Vulcan's dressing room just now when he came out with a shit eating smirk plastered all over his face. I asked one of the attendants what Drago was doing backstage and he told me that he owned the UWA."

Taken aback by this unexpected revelation, MightyMan sat down on the table in the center of the room to ponder what significance this news had. It couldn't be good. Everything Drago was associated with, touched, was for some nefarious purpose. This match between Vulcan and him had to be for some ultimate evil purpose but what? Someone knocked at the door. It was a young muscular attendant in tight jeans, tee shirt and sneaks. He jetted his head in. "Five minutes MightyMan. Five minutes before the match. Good Luck." He disappeared. There wasn't any more time to think over the Drago situation. Whatever it meant he'd have to deal with after the fight. But for now he had to concentrate all his energies on preparing himself for what was the greatest challenge of his life and he did not relish it or look forward to taking apart his former friend, the Mighty Vulcan.

"So, Eddie, how do you see tonight's super match shaping up?"

"This is one of those events that's too close to call, Lance." Turning to face directly into the camera, Robson spoke in an earnest tone. "We all know the Champion and his devastating annihilation of the great former champ, Krom the Barbarian, a couple of months ago. It was a brutally powerful performance of pure might and muscle, worthy of a true UWA champion. He's had only a couple title defenses since with relative nobodies, one calling himself DeathStalker, another The Crippler.

Those match lasted all of twenty minutes or less before Vulcan, having broken every bone in their bodies, leaving them bloody misshapen messes, fucked them to death right in the center of the squared circle. Hardly impressive victories or even a credible warm up fights for tonight's main event. But that's not to take away from his great wrestling skills or his strength. He is, after all, the UWA world heavy weight champion and to be the best you have to beat the best ... and he did, handily."

"And MightyMan?"

"MightyMan is something of an unknown quantity here. He could be at a great disadvantage. He's not use to fighting this type of grueling wrestling match. He's the undisputed SuperChallenge Wrestling champ but that's a more scientific type of wrestling, not this no holds barred, no time limit, no referee, anything goes style of the UWA. Still, he has massive strength and a muscular body that dwarfs most professional bodybuilders. He'll be no pushover for Vulcan like DeathStalker or The Crippler, that's for sure. This will be one bad ass super brawl, winner take all with the loser being humiliatingly fucked into submission."

"Well as you know, Eddie, we have standing room capacity here at the Crypt of Doom Arena and a record breaking viewing audience worldwide of over one and a half billion people. The world is eagerly watching to see this match and who will ultimately be the winner, the Mighty Vulcan or MightyMan. Oh I see our own Stubby Smith is entering the ring to make the introductions."

The roly-poly Stubby Smith, wearing his tight fitting tux and ill-fitting toupee, entered the squared circle. The overhead microphone lowered down from the rafters. He grabbed hold of it. "Ladies and gentlemen may I have your undivided attention, please." An instant hush fell over the raucous sell out crowd. "Thank you. " The theme music from the movie Rocky, Gonna Fly, began to blare over the public address system. "Entering the Crypt of Doom and the World of Hurt is tonight's challenger. Weighing in at 380 pounds at 6'6" tall ... The superhero of all superheroes, MIIIIIIIGHTYYYYYYYMAAAAAAN!" The overflow crowd erupted in cheers and applause as the Ultimate Musclemans of the Universe, strolled purposefully into the arena in a blaze of rotating search lights and exploding confetti shot out of air cannons that lined all along the aisle leading to the ring. He was wearing his usual costume, black latex pants that adhered to his mammoth legs like a second skin and his cape rustling behind him as he walked. The crowd went wild. Once in the squared circle he strolled about the ring taking in the wild adulation of the fans, nodding his head as he went, acknowledging their cheers. Then he took center stage and started to pose his magnificent body to an awe struck and jubilant audience. Men popped erections and came in their pants as women swooned at his sheer muscular size. The audience went berserk. Once he had finished his posing routine he placidly strolled to his assigned corner and stood patiently waiting the Champion.

Once the enthusiastic ovations subsided Stubby Smith began his introduction of the current UWA Champ as the theme to Gladiator began playing through the PA system. "Entering the arena at this time is our current UWA world heavy weight champion, at 6'5" and weighing in at 350 pounds ... The MIIIIIIIGHTYYYYYYY VULLLLLCAAAAAAN!" The audience exploded into a defeating den of screams, cheers and unrestrained applause as the champion confidently strolled into view bathed in rotating searchlights and flying confetti. He easily made his way to the ring. He slid under the bottom rope onto the canvas. Abruptly he stood up. Placing his hands on his hips he gazed

about the auditorium, soaking in the rapturous admiration, accepting the audience's near hysterical appreciation for his massive body, his strength, his wrestling skills and his extraordinarily handsome face. The scars, bruises and swelling from his death match with Krom had all healed leaving no trace.

He was dressed in his traditional costume with wide leather studded bands crisscrossing his mountainous chest that strained to the breaking point with every breath he took. Two thin leather straps cover each of his massive biceps. A thickly padded leather studded jock covered his groin. On his feet he wore calve length fur lined leather boots. A two horned metal helmet crowned his blond shoulder length hair that cascades in ringlets to his massive deltoids. In one mighty hand he carried his famous mammoth stone hammer attached to a baseball bat size wooden handle. He took a very slow pre-victory laps around the ring. His confidence overflowed as he walked straight up to his challenger saying, "I break spine. I rip ass to pieces on my mighty cock, MightyMan. Prepare to be humiliated before world." Slowly he made his way to a neutral corner.

Two young beefy hunks in posing trunks, serving as ring attendants, came in to relieve the warriors' clothes as they began to undress. The champion took everything off. MightyMan followed suit, stripping himself naked. He handed the attendant his clothes. Once undressed a gasp of awe and wonderment began to weave its way around the arena rising up into a standing, cheering, earth shattering ovation. Jubilant applause rained down on the ring. After a brief pause, in which the fighters, flexed their muscles to psyche out the other ... menacingly stroking their throbbing erect sex tools as they stared and glowered at one another. The ring announcer called them forward for their final instructions before the fight. Standing just inches apart with their cockheads touching slit to slit, Vulcan snarled an evil grin at his massive muscled challenger as he pressed his mighty cock forward into MightyMan's fuckpole trying to prove his strength and dominance. MightyMan confidently smiled back as he pressed forward. Vulcan felt the shocked pain throughout his body as his great cock was partially driven back up into his groin. He grimaced and stepped back to relieve the agony. His cock popped back out. MightyMan's monster cock was more powerful than he had anticipated. Both musclemen began to pulsate their killer cocks up and down to intimidate the other as they strained every muscle fiber in their body, popping their striations until they almost burst through their flesh. "Gentlemen, as you know there are no rules in this match. There's no referee, no time limit and it is to submission. The one left standing at the end will be declared the UWA heavy weight champion of the world and the undisputed leader of the League of Superheroes. Is that fully understood?" Both musclebound super gladiators nodded their heads. "Okay gentlemen, go back to your corners and may the best man win."

When the bell rang the two hulking combatants came out to cautiously circled one other, as their great cocks throbbed uncontrollably up and down straight out in front of them. MightyMan pondered his attack. He wanted to end this match quickly, so as to avoid any controversy and to spare Vulcan any more physical damage than was necessary to make his point of superiority. It still goaded him that he had been so brazenly challenged as never before by any hero or villain ... but he would not let this massively muscled superhero, loved by millions, get away with it. He vowed that he would show no mercy to Vulcan. Using only his natural strength he would thoroughly destroy this Nordic muscleman to avoid any further challenges in the future. He would be made an example of, an object lesson for all would-be opponents.

The Mighty Vulcan also felt confident. Never in his life had he ever lost a fight. Because MightyMan was the leader of the League of Superheroes, everyone simply assumed he was the strongest man on Earth. Vulcan had accepted this false impression far too long when, in fact, he knew he was the strongest. It was a matter of self respect and pride. MightyMan had the leadership of the League, as well as the status as the strongest man on the planet, without ever having to prove it to anyone. Vulcan should have challenged him years ago, right at the very beginning to prove his dominance. But better late than never, he thought.

The two overly muscled warriors met in the center of the ring. Vulcan raised his hands and spread his fingers. MightyMan nodded knowingly. A true test of strength right off the bat. MightyMan smiled. He knew he held the leverage advantage and, when he brought this blond Nordic strongman down to his knees, it would cause Vulcan a great loss of confidence ... may be it would also bring him to his senses and blood shed could be avoided. The match might even end right then, he thought. The heavily muscled superheroes locked fingers and immediately started trying to force the other down. They moved closer, banging their massive, heaving chests together. The two musclemen grunted and strained as they stood chest to chest, nipples to nipples, hands locked tightly in place. Their heavily veined thick cocks pulsated and dripped like leaky faucets with pre cum as they slid up along side the others. They pushed with all their might as their red faces grimaced from their strenuous exertion as their bull necks strained with such intensity that the veins seemed to almost pop through their flesh. They were both already sweating bullets from the strenuous effort. Their arms were huge, puffed up to their maximum sizes, the 30" arms of Vulcan verses the 34" arms of the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe. Eventually with tremendous strain MightyMan got his hands on top. Now the leverage was his. He confidently exerted all his strength on Vulcan's muscles. Every fiber in his body strained to force the mighty Norseman down to his knees. The striations of MightyMan's arms damn near burst through his skin as he exerted all his superhuman strength. Slowly Vulcan felt himself being forced to his knees. Desperately he tried to reverse the leverage, but could not. Like MightyMan, with his teeth clenched, he strained with every ounce of strength he possessed, as the veins in his massive arms, chest and neck stood out. His muscles worked furiously to regain control. Vulcan managed to stay up only for a moment more before collapsing with a powerful thud to one knee.

Yes, thought MightyMan. Instead of letting up he pushed down even harder, hoping to bring the blond Nordic beast to both knees. "Remember, Vulcan, you demanded this," grunted the Ultimate Muscleman through gritted teeth. "You can call it quits anytime."

From his skybox, Drago's anger was growing. His champion seemed to be losing. "WHAT THE FUCK!" he raged to

Dr. Szatkowski. "Why isn't Formula 352 working? What's happening?" He instructed the Doctor to go down to ringside to find out why Vulcan was not able to manhandle MightyMan as they had originally planned.

Vulcan was shocked by this turn of events. He knew MightyMan was strong, but he was in this for the long haul. His endurance and warrior skills were unparalleled. When he looked up the blond muscleman's eyes stared directly at MightyMan's heaving chest. He was surprised at how mammoth it really was and how large his nipples were. MightyMan had never looked so heavily muscled or so erotically enticing to him in all his muscular magnificence. And even more erotically

stimulating was MightyMan's monstrous super cock wildly pulsating just below his chin. The huge head was heavily laden with a thick sheet of frothy white pre cum. Just looking at all that beauty and all its pent up unrequited sexual power stirred Vulcan's animalistic passions as nothing like it had ever done before. The Nordic Muscle god could only think how he wanted to suck on that humongous cock and gnaw on its great juicy head, bringing the mighty superhero to a quivering state of wanton lustful explosion. Then he'd suck him off, drain all his super strength from his massive body, leaving him thoroughly weak and helpless so he could destroy him. This drove Vulcan to reach deep down inside himself. He had to show the world he was stronger than this self proclaimed mightiest man in the universe. He kept his eyes focused on MightyMan's cock as he jetted his face forward while opening wide his thick lips to take the super cock into his hot, wanting mouth. As Vulcan's lips enfolded MightyMan's cockhead he began to lick and suck with all his might, slurping off the massive amount of pre cum that heavily coated it. Just that amount of pre cum began to rejuvenate Vulcan's waning strength.

MightyMan, stunned by the sudden move moaned in shocked pleasure. As the hot stimulating breath of Vulcan engulfed his cockhead, as the mighty Norseman's thick tongue swirled about the head, MightyMan began to swoon, lessening the pressure of his leverage. He felt his balls madly boiling with desire. His urge to shoot off his built up loads was uncontrollable as a sea of pre cum oozed out of his piss slit and down his challenger's throat. MightyMan began to reel from the overpowering sensation. Seeing his phenomenally powerful opponent's erotic distress made Vulcan redouble his efforts to conquer him. The mighty Norseman began to push back with renewed strength as MightyMan's great fuckpole loudly popped out of his mouth to violently bob up and down. The renewed force of Vulcan surprised MightyMan. He teetered back on his heels. This momentary loss of balance cost him dearly. Immediately Vulcan powered himself back up to his feet as he gained the leverage advantage. MightyMan strained. His face flinched with pain, but he could not reverse the hold. Slowly he was getting closer and closer to being brought to his knees.

"Wait a minute Szatkowski. I think the formula is beginning to take effect. Vulcan is back up!" shouted Drago joyously.

Meanwhile the mighty Norseman was completely focused on the match. He wanted this fight to be conclusive, but unlike MightyMan, he wanted it to be a slow, deliberate contest of sheer strength. He wanted to gain respect for himself with his superhero colleagues. With each exertion he felt his muscled-up opponent fading under his power. MightyMan's massively muscular arms and legs struggled against the Norseman's pressure. With all his strength, the Ultimate Muscleman pushed against Vulcan, eventually working his way back up to a standing position. Their chests again collided, nipples pushing deep into the other's nipples. Straining with all his might, MightyMan's mammoth thighs began to quiver. After minutes of this incredible show of raw power between these two superheroes, MightyMan fell to his knees with a crashing thud that shook the entire ring. He had lost his footing having slipped in a pool of his own pre cum that covered the ring floor where he stood. But to the gasping audience of over 100,000 in the arena and billions at home, it appeared as if he had been forced down by this blond Nordic powerhouse. For the first time, MightyMan recognized that Vulcan was a real credible challenge. Regardless of the cause, he had lost this titanic test of strength, but his confidence was still high. He knew that he had slipped and lost the leverage advantage, but before that, he had been in total control.

Taking full advantage of the situation, the Nordic muscle god began to sway his hips, viciously bitch slapping MightyMan's handsome face with his powerful sex tool. The Ultimate Musclem of the Universe, grimacing from the onslaught, jerked his head from side to side trying to avoid the humiliating cock slapping, but it was all in vain. Repeatedly Vulcan clubbed away at his opponent's face as he held him down on his knees. Then the blond muscle beast bulldozed his cockhead between MightyMan's gapping full lips as he heavily sucked in air. Vulcan rammed his mighty cock deeper, ever deeper down into the Caped Knight of Right's throat all the way up to the hilt causing him to violently gag, choke and cough. Still holding tightly onto MightyMan's fingers and forcing him to stay down on his knees, Vulcan began to savagely face fuck his musclebound opponent to the amazed delight of the spectators. For several minutes he kept up the face fucking attack as he grunted continuously in erotic pleasure. Clearly visible on MightyMan's face was his agonizing distress. He was being nearly face fucked senseless. He began to weave about on his knees, eventually falling backwards under the barbaric assault.

Surprisingly Vulcan let go of MightyMan's fingers as he withdrew his saliva coated fuckpole from his mouth, allowing him to get up. The two musclemen stood facing each other, their eyes locked together as pure hate radiated from them. MightyMan kept coughing to clear his throat as he vigorously shook out his hand and arms. Vulcan gloating over his momentary victory, flexed his mighty arms right in the Ultimate Musclem's face. "Now who strongest?" he crowed triumphantly.

MightyMan glared at this display of pure testosterone bravado. "I lost my footing," he explained. "If you think for a second that you overpowered these cannons of mine you're in for a great disappointing surprise," he said as he flexed his massive 34" guns right back at the blond Nordic beast. The two muscular superheroes, standing face to face, flexed their bodies, erotically stimulating one another into a raging state of animal lust as their cockheads continued oozing more pre cum that dripped in an endless stream to the canvas below.

As MightyMan crouched into a most muscular pose, Vulcan hit him with a surprise attack by slamming his great fist squarely into his exposed jetting jaw. The blow sent MightyMan peddling backwards into the ring ropes where he collapsed against them. He saw only stars as the arena whirled around his head. A look of complete dumbfounded shock covered his face. As he began to sink down to the canvas on his muscle butt, MightyMan's massive arms became caught up in the ropes. He hung there like a prize piece of beef in a butcher's shop window. Taking full advantage of the situation, Vulcan strutted forward with his hands firmly placed on his hips. He stood right in front of the Ultimate Musclem of the Universe. "Like rat caught in trap," he gloated as he once again began to beat MightyMan's face with his fuckpole. Still woozy from the punch, MightyMan lethargically took the beating. His head hung down to his great chest as he sagged from the ropes that imprisoned his arms. Kicking his opponent's legs far apart, the Nordic muscle god stepped between them, grabbed MightyMan's hair as he shoved his head backwards over the top rope. The Cape Knight of Right's mouth opened wide. Placing one leg through the middle rope to stand on the ring apron and straddling MightyMan's massive shoulder, Vulcan began to bend his knees driving his great cock down his opponent's throat. Once more he savagely commenced face fucking his rival, ramming his cock to the hilt down deep into his throat as his ball sack kept slapping MightyMan's chin in the process.

The humiliation and discomfort seemed to revive the dazed leader of the League of Superheroes. His mighty arms flapped widely from the imprisoned ropes as his legs flopped about the canvas and his body bounced and jerked against the ring ropes. A mixed chorus of Vulcan's loud moans of erotic pleasure and MightyMan's violent gagging resounded over the arena. As he continued cramming his cock down MightyMan's throat, the blond Nordic muscleman flexed his mighty arms, occasionally kissing his biceps, even licking them sensually. "How you like real man cock in mouth?" snarled Vulcan as he kept up his oral attack. "Mouth nice ... hot ... soothing ... feel good," he cooed. "You my suckboy now on, okay? You no good leader. Before night through, you need job. Be my suckboy. You suck good."

Now fully conscious, MightyMan had had enough of this humiliation. He found his feet and with one great leap upward, plowed his shoulder into his blond attacker's balls. Vulcan's stunned face flooded over with horrific pain as he screamed his guts out. Again MightyMan managed to jump up smashing the Norseman's nut sack, this time lifting him up off his feet. The Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe shrugged his boulder size shoulders, tossing Vulcan off of him. The mighty Nordic muscleman tumbled to the canvas on his back with his hands cupped over his bruised balls screaming for all he was worth. As he lay there writhing in pure agony, MightyMan managed to extricate himself from the entangling ring ropes. He stood up ringing out his arms as he gazed down with disgust on his tormented opponent flopping about the mat like a fish out of water crying tears of anguish.

MightyMan approached his downed colleague. He started to haul him up by a hair pull when Vulcan struck once again. He slugged

him in the balls. MightyMan doubled over heaving his guts to the point of almost vomiting. Slowly the blond Norseman crawled on

his knees to the ropes. He lifted himself ever so slowly up to his feet still clutching his nut sack with one hand. Pain continued to

riddle his handsome face and body as he stumbled about the ring, with one hand always on the top rope, trying to walk off his

torment. Eventually he was able to overcome his distress to focus all his attention on his opponent still doubled over on his knees, face down on the mat. Vulcan painfully limped over to MightyMan. Straddled his massive body. He reached down to capture one of his arms to bend it backwards into a half nelson. Using his leverage advantage he forced the Cape Knight up to his feet, turning the half nelson into an arm bar. MightyMan, still suffering the agony of the ball attack, groaned out in pain, his face wincing. Holding the twisted arm of his opponent up high, Vulcan made MightyMan dance about like a marionette to the audible delight of the spectators. A great smile of sadistic pride caressed his lips as he made the self-proclaimed mightiest man in the universe prance helplessly about the ring.

Vulcan then lowered the arm bar. He viciously tugged on MightyMan's arm, pulling him in close. The Nordic muscle god then powerfully clobbered him hard across his great chest with a standing clothesline that dropped the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe to the mat flat on his back. MightyMan lay there spread eagle, staring straight up into the overhead arena lights. The wind had been completely knocked out of him. Always the opportunist in the squared circle, Vulcan placed one foot on his musclebound opponent's mountainous chest as he flexed both his mighty arms. Then he straddled his waist. Slowly, majestically, Vulcan lowered himself to sit down across

MightyMan's mammoth thighs. Again he flexed his arms, next he performed a lat spread, then back again to a double biceps pose, kissing each arm as he glared down at his rival. The Titanian crown prince's great cock loomed before him, jetting straight up between Vulcan's own massive thighs. It pressed hard against the underside of musclebound blond's own great sex tool. The erotic sensation was riveting. Vulcan couldn't resist repeatedly rubbing his fuckpole up and down against it causing shivers to run rampant all along his spine. The alluring power and massive beauty of the Ultimate Muscleman's cock captivated him.

Before MightyMan could regain his senses. Vulcan raised himself up onto his haunches, leaned forward placing his hands on MightyMan's shoulders, pinning him to the mat. He also folded his lower legs across his rival's massive thighs to hold MightyMan's legs in place. Stealthily he worked his own huge cockhead directly behind his opponent's sex tool, pressing hard into the underside. He then began to hump, slowly at first to get the rhythm down. As time went by the speed of the humping grew faster and faster as Vulcan maliciously plowed harder and harder into MightyMan's super powerful cock. The Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe, realizing he was being mercilessly cockfucked, also found himself helplessly responding to its hypnotic allure. He desperately squirmed beneath Vulcan's massively muscled body trying to extricate himself before he was totally conquered by the all consuming need to ejaculate. As he looked up into the face of his blond tormentor he saw Vulcan's eyes wide open and totally engrossed with erotic lust for him. The bludgeoning of his cock continued despite the struggling to free himself. "My cock stronger!" bellowed Vulcan as he dug in even deeper into the flesh of his rival's cock, forcing it all the way back down until it lay across MightyMan's own stomach. "Your cock no match. Now I crush you into cumming. You shot off strength. Then you be fuck on real man cock. I tear you in half on my mighty cock ... make you bleed and beg for mercy. You be my fuck bitch tonight," taunted Vulcan as he sensually licked his lips right in MightyMan's face. As he pressed ever harder, the Caped Knight felt his mighty super tool start to give way under Vulcan's powerful onslaught. His balls churned uncontrollably with fiery passion, as his sack grew tighter and tighter around his gonads, almost crushing them to smithereens. Just a few more long, hard strikes and all his resistance would evaporate into thin air.

Vulcan had become totally caught up in the overpowering, mesmerizing seduction of his cockfucking. With each mighty pounding blow to MightyMan's fuckpole, he'd loudly huff and puff as he shook his head feverishly from side to side, splattering beads of sweat dripping from his long blond locks in all directions. He had no doubt that he was in complete control of the match, that he was showing not only his superhero colleagues, but the world at large, he was the strongest of the two. He could plainly see in MightyMan's frightened eyes that just a few more battering strikes and he would give up all his manhood and strength to him. Then victory would be his and MightyMan would be no more.

With his teeth gritted tightly together, his face grimacing with determination, with saliva sputtering out of the corners of his mouth, MightyMan gathered up all his incredible strength before it was too late and he involuntarily shot off a tsunami of cum that would have engulfed the entire arena drowning everyone. With one superhuman effort he blasted both his legs straight up in the air, catapulting an unsuspecting Vulcan up and over his head, over the top rope and out of the ring. The musclebound blond landed hard in the first row of seats, instantly crushing their seven occupants to death, as well as mangling their bodies into the metal chairs that were smashed to the concrete arena floor from the impact. Vulcan hit with such force against the cement that it gave him a bloody gash on his forehead as well as knocking him out cold. His heavily muscled body sprawled lifeless

across the seven deceased men. The stunned spectators, all 100,000 plus, could not believe their eyes. They sat in shocked silence shaking their heads in total disbelief. One single thought ran riot throughout their minds ... the power that MightyMan possessed in his mammoth legs. Softly at first, then louder and louder, a groaning sigh started to ripple throughout the arena. As it progressed it grew in intensity and volume until it became a full-throated roar accompanied by a standing ovation and jubilant applause. A chorus of MightyMan ... MightyMan ... MightyMan nearly tore the roof off. As he struggled to his feet, the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe acknowledged their raucous acclamation. Only he knew how hair-breadth close he had been brought to cumming and losing the match. As fatigue washed over him, MightyMan staggered to a nearby corner where he collapsed against the ring post, the great plates of his mountainous chest heaving heavily for each breath of air as a stream of pre cum flowed freely from his cockhead.

Coming to his senses, Vulcan began to hear the wild ovation for his rival. It enraged him. The blood seeping down his forehead into his eyes further inflamed his compulsion for retribution. Slowly he got to his feet. He was noticeably weak from the fall and loss of blood. He made his way through the mutilated cadavers and twisted metal occasionally stumbling until he finally made his way to the ring, constantly wiping the free-flowing blood from his eyes with his forearm. He crawled back into the squared circle under the bottom rope. He too collapsed against a ring post diagonally opposite from MightyMan. With their heads bent low both muscle gladiator gasped for breath for the next few moments. But it was the Ultimate Muscleman who was the first to move away from his corner. Vulcan looked up. He saw his rival moving toward him. Gathering up his sagging strength he bolted forward. As they were about to slam into one another, Vulcan karate kicked MightyMan square in his abdomen, doubling him over. The Nordic muscleman caught him around the waist, throwing him up and over his massive shoulder in a backbreaker. For a couple of seconds Vulcan held MightyMan in place before strolling gingerly around the ring, bouncing the Ultimate Muscleman up and down as he racked the small of his back with torturous pain. MightyMan howled out in agony. His mighty arms and legs flopped about disjointedly. After one complete revolution of the square circle, Vulcan bodyslammed his opponent down across his knee in another bone cracking backbreaker. As he pressed down on MightyMan's legs and chin, bending him in an excruciating bow, the blond Nordic muscleman opened his mouth wide to enfold the superhero's throbbing cock. Furiously Vulcan started to suck, lick and gnaw on MightyMan's monstrous tool. The Ultimate Muscleman cried out in erotic pleasure and torturous pain as he poured a massive amount of pre cum down his rival's hungry throat. With each swallowing gulp of pre cum, Vulcan felt his lagging strength returning. After several minutes of his ravenous oral feeding the blond Norseman felt totally recharged and in control once more. He stood up, cradling MightyMan in his arms. With great ease he hauled him up high over his head in a gorilla press. Deliberately heaping some more humiliation on his musclebound rival, Vulcan strutted around the ring, pressing MightyMan up and down, turning him into a human barbell. As he lowered the Ultimate Muscleman the blond muscle god took his opponent's pulsating cock into his mouth. As he lifted him up, he scrapped his teeth deep into MightyMan's cock flesh. More than two dozen times he lowered and raised, sucked and boned MightyMan and his fuckpole, driving the Titanian Prince into a state of erotic hysteria. Once he had circumnavigated the ring two times, Vulcan, with authority, bodyslammed MightyMan to the canvas. The Ultimate Muscleman hit with such force that the entire ring violently shook. He lay there near unconsciousness.

To add more humiliation to the leader of the Superhero League, Vulcan again straddled the spread-eagle body of his rival. To the immense pleasure of the spectators he began to pose his massively muscled body. When MightyMan started to stir beneath him, Vulcan reached down to clutch one of

his arms. He brutally hauled him up. MightyMan, stilled dazed, tottered about. The blond Norseman arm whipped the Cape Knight of Right with all his might into the ring ropes. The recoil of the ropes shot him back like a speeding bullet directly towards Vulcan. The blond rival took a wide stance. As MightyMan's fabulously muscular body careened into Vulcan's equally fabulous body, the Nordic muscle god wrapped his massive arms around his intended victim's waist. MightyMan uncomfortably found himself captured in the deadly bone crushing vice grip of the blond muscleman's bearhug. Vulcan instantly burrowed his head under his opponent's right arm as he applied more deadly pressure to his devastating hold. He was vainly proud of his powerful body and its rippling muscles. He'd often boasted that he was the strongest superhero in the entire world. Now he had the supreme opportunity to show off his phenomenal strength and to prove his boastful claim to his League's colleagues and to the whole world by crushing the Ultimate Muscleman to pieces in his mighty arms. Knowing that a bearhug was the greatest demonstration of one man dominating another, Vulcan longed to give MightyMan a taste of his ultimate power, to crush his mammoth musclebound body to smithereens against his equally mammoth muscular body. He would enjoy smashing MightyMan's gigantic muscles, making them surrender one after the other in his deadly embrace, forcing this great superhero to submit by squeezing his muscular body to death.

Chapter Eight: The Battle Continues

Vulcan wrapped his 30-inch guns around the small of MightyMan's back. He began squeezing with all his strength. His face grimaced from his mighty effort. He immediately began to shake hard, up and down, his opponent's huge, muscular body. MightyMan felt the awesome power of the Nordic muscle god. He cried out in pain as he desperately struggled to free himself. "Give up," demanded Vulcan through clenched teeth, "or last thing you hear spine go crack!"

"NEVER!" roared the defiant Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe as he began to desperately club the broad back of his tormentor with his left hand. "I can't breathe ... I can't breathe," gasped the Caped Knight as he continued furiously beating his rival's expansive lats that jetted out like open barn doors. After a series of brutal blows, Vulcan's grip came apart as he was driven to his knees. MightyMan instantly clobbered his chin with his knee, which jolted the blond gladiator backwards to the mat.

MightyMan, clutching the small of his back with one hand, staggered backward, collapsing against a turnbuckle as he fought for air. The great plates of his chest heaved in heavy, undulating waves as his face registered the intense agony he suffered with every breath he took. Every spectator could see the ugly black bruises that pockmarked his entire rib cage. He vigorously shook his head, trying to regain his senses as he struggled through the pain.

For a few seconds, Vulcan lay on the mat massaging his chin before he slowly clambered to his feet. He, too, shook out his head to wipe away the cobwebs. Seeing his opponent's distress, as he slumped in the corner heavily sucking in air and hanging onto the ring ropes, the blond Norseman

took full advantage of the opportunity. Vulcan rushed toward MightyMan and jumped up onto his mountainous thighs as he put his hands on the back of his neck and flipped him over onto the mat.

The breath was knocked out of the Titanian's body. Stunned by the suddenness of the move and its affects, MightyMan groggily tried to find his feet, only to be met by his adversary, who scooped him up and brutally body-slammed him back down to the canvas with great authority. The force was so powerful that the ring violently shook as it almost came apart. MightyMan was knocked senseless. The blond muscle god grabbed his opponent by his hair forcing him up to his buckling legs. As the Caped Knight wobbled in place, Vulcan applied a devastating frontal bearhug. The image of the musclebound leader of the League of Superheroes being crushed in the massive arms of his equally beefy challenger, their two naked bodies compressed together, was an erotically stimulating site for all who were watching. Hopelessly caught in this primitive, beautiful, rib-grinding bearhug, MightyMan's huge cock was pressed straight up against Vulcan's abs, squashed between their two mammothly muscular physiques. The Nordic strongman's cock was wedged tightly into his rival's ball sack. The intensity of this erotic, sexually hot bearhug drove the spectators into orgasmic overdrive. MightyMan's face was petrified in pain. Vulcan's features were etched with determination to crush the life out of his mighty opponent.

Both MightyMan and Vulcan were vainly proud of their powerful bodies. The blond muscle beast of the North desperately wanted to show off his great strength to MightyMan, to prove he was the mightier of the two. He longed to give the Ultimate Muscleman a taste of his power. He longed to enjoy smashing MightyMan's big muscles against his equally massive body. He often salivated over the prospect of feeling MightyMan's muscles surrendering, one to one while in his deadly embrace as he proved to everyone that he could make this superhero give up by squeezing his muscular body to the breaking point.

Vulcan readjusted his arms, again wrapping them around the small of his rival's back as he ratcheted up the power of his great squeeze. The Ultimate Muscleman felt the deadly power of his opponent. His face was contorted in horrific agony as he bellowed out in excruciating pain. With all his might, Vulcan attempted to crack MightyMan's ribs. "Give up or last thing you hear be spine cave in!" he roared again as his face winched from his great effort.

MightyMan knew he was in dire jeopardy, as the blond muscle god increased the pressure, putting him out of gear. He screamed for all he was worth as his arms and legs flailed wildly about. His handsome visage, already distorted by the pain, easily gave every spectator an idea of the immense physical pressure his great body was under. The Mighty Vulcan continuously poured on more pressure. The Titanian muscleman's back and ribs, bruised beyond all recognition, were being systematically softened up for the kill. His breathing was being constricted from entering into his mountainous chest. A helpless MightyMan was feeling his stamina being drained from his great body as his head rolled about his thick bull neck.

Once more, sliding his head under his opponent's arm pit, Vulcan calmly tightened his grip, crushing the Ultimate Muscleman's back and ribs even more. "Give up!" snorted the powerful Norseman. The squeezing force of Vulcan was unbelievably powerful-- stronger than anything MightyMan had ever experienced. He felt like he was dying in Vulcan's strong arms-- arms that

were steadily, inexorably driving him toward submission and ignominious defeat. “You no match for me,” gloated the mighty Nordic muscleman. “I crush life out of you!”

Vulcan had, by now, become totally aroused, as he took complete control of MightyMan, showing him how it felt to be bearhugged without mercy by a much stronger man. His own mighty cock, drooling heavily with pre cum, started to punch and viciously prod MightyMan’s ball sack, adding further torturous pain to his already overwhelming discomfort. With each mighty squeeze and blow to his nuts, MightyMan wailed for all he was worth as his body jerked, tugged and pull vainly trying to find an avenue of escape. Whenever he’d put his hands under Vulcan’s jaw and attempt to push the Norseman’s head and body away, the Nordic muscle god simply powered-up his hug and squeezed ever harder. MightyMan would scream and drop his arms. He had never known such bone crushing pressure on his back or ribcage before. Vulcan was driving him toward submission.

“Give up!” ordered the blond Nordic hunk once more. “Take fuck like man. Don’t be pussyboy. Be real man.”

The thought on every spectator’s mind was how long MightyMan could endure the excruciating power of Vulcan’s mighty squeeze before his ribs and spine gave way. He no longer had the strength to fight for escape. His torso was leaning backwards as was his head; his mouth was wide open; his breathing was laborious and disconcerting to hear; his arms hung lifeless at his sides, and his legs barely supported him. He appeared as if he were out cold on his feet. Even Drago, comfortably seated high up in his skybox wondered the same thing out loud. “Doctor, how much longer before MightyMan gives up? This is inhuman the pressure he’s under. No man can withstand such phenomenal forces, let alone the beating he’s been taking,” he asked with a broad, confident smile plastered across his face.

“Don’t forget, he’s not human, but from another world, which is why he probably can withstand Vulcan’s might longer than anyone else,” replied Dr. Szatkowski.

“But not forever, not with Vulcan on Formula 352 ... can he?”

“That I can’t answer, without first examining him, which, if Vulcan is successful, I’ll be able to do, and give you a definitive answer, to that and many other questions.”

“Oh, you’ll get your chance,” chuckled a joyous Drago. “You have to admit that Formula 352 is working wonderfully. It’s working! It’s working! Vulcan is destroying him handily. He’s wiping the ring with him. That-a-boy, Vulcan! Squeeze that fucking cock-sucking bastard until his head explodes!” hollered Drago with all the ecstatic exuberance of a child on Christmas morning.

MightyMan continued to cringe in pain as he continued to feel the power of the blond’s hug sapping the strength from his mighty body.

Standing straight up in front of his opponent once again, Vulcan sneered in his face, hissing spit from the corners of his mouth. “Now who strongest? Who real leader of League? Huh? Who?”

But there was no reply. The Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe was far too weak to respond. With his breathing severely labored, his eyes closed. MightyMan totally collapsed backwards in the arms of his mighty tormentor, which gave his overpowering opponent even better leverage in his deadly hug. Only Vulcan’s immense strength prevented the Caped Knight from falling to the ring floor. As he collapsed in his mighty tormentor’s arms, MightyMan’s huge cock popped straight up between them. Holding his ever-weakening rival with only one arm, a gloating Vulcan reached down to grab MightyMan’s mammoth cock. He began to violently jack him off as he viciously squeezed the great tool, as if trying to choke it to death. The Ultimate Muscleman quickly clasped his hands behind his head, his massive biceps bulging to the max, the veins bursting almost through the skin. He howled with all his might in pain and pleasure. The Nordic muscle hunk grinned with intense pride at his destruction of the mighty superhero. As he forced the Caped Knight to bend farther backwards Vulcan bellowed triumphantly “After I make you shoot loads, I break you in half ... then fuck you!”

The spectators boisterously cheered and clapped their encouragement as their chant of, “FUCK HIM! FUCK HIM! FUCK HIM!” circled the entire arena.

Still holding MightyMan with only one arm about his waist, Vulcan continued his vicious jacking of the superhero’s cock as he squeezed and tugged away at it, driving his prey to near erotic hysteria, trying to force the Ultimate Muscleman to shoot off his pent up ocean of cum that had been simmering in his balls since the beginning of the match. The crushing pain to his cock seemed to revive MightyMan. His eyes popped wide open as he righted himself in Vulcan’s arms, to be met with the hard, cold stare of his adversary.

“SUBMIT!” demanded Vulcan. “Submit or tear cock off!”

With what strength he had left, MightyMan raised his hands high above his head, interlaced his fingers together into one giant fist, and brought it down with titanic force on the top of Vulcan’s head. The blow momentarily stunned the mighty blond, but not enough to allow the Ultimate Muscleman to escape. It did, however, allow the release of his abused cock, that once more became buried between their two magnificent bodies.

Quickly, another big squeeze from the relentless Nordic strongman seemed to prevent all hope of ever breaking the hold. A helpless MightyMan dropped his arms as if they were made of lead. He cringed as he cried out in agony. Once more the Caped Knight was steadily being driven toward surrender. MightyMan once more lifted his hands upward as if he was finally surrendering. He threw his head back to bay at the arena ceiling in sheer agony.

The only retaliation left open to MightyMan was a savage head butt that reopened the bloody gash on Vulcan’s forehead. Blood again began to flow freely down his face. The blow was so powerful that it staggered the blond wrestler. The Caped Knight hurriedly followed it up with a series of stiff

punches and elbows to his opponent's head that rocked him on his heels. Another vicious head butt finally broke the hold, enabling MightyMan to escape the deadly embrace of his blond rival.

MightyMan staggered backwards, struggling to catch his breath as he wrapped his massive arms around his battered chest for protection. Slowly, he made his way to a corner where he leaned his immensely broad back against the turnbuckle, still gently hugging his bruised chest and gasping for air. There he stood, motionless-- his head hung down as if in a self induced trance trying to recoup his lost energy and strength.

Vulcan, having back-peddled to the ropes, quickly recovered. He stormed back toward his opponent and hit a startled MightyMan, awakening him with such a powerful backhanded slap that it nearly took his head off. The blow straightened MightyMan right up so Vulcan could easily reapply his brutal bearhug. Immediately MightyMan reached skyward with both hands. He flexed his mammoth arms to gather up his strength. Then he rammed his arms down in between the blond muscle god's arms and started to power out of the savage, crushing hold.

Feeling his mighty arms begin to be pried apart and MightyMan slide out of his sweaty bearhug, Vulcan lifted his musclebound prey off his feet and raced toward the corner turnbuckle where he plowed MightyMan's broad back into it. The Ultimate Muscleman wailed from the powerful impact arching his back as he screamed out. Then Vulcan drove a series of shoulder blocks into MightyMan's stomach. Using all his weight, the blond Norseman followed this up in a classic American football style with a series of running, jumping shoulder slams, into his rival's abs, as well as a tremendous series of gut-wrenching punches to his mid section, before again recapturing his weakened opponent in a new deadly squeeze.

Vulcan again bearhugged a near stupefied MightyMan as he totally over-dominated him. He wasted no time in applying a more powerful squeeze on the already damaged ribs of his adversary.

Once more Vulcan locked his massive arms around the waist of MightyMan. The Ultimate Muscleman repeatedly cried out in agony as the powerful arms squeezed his already battered body. The blond Nordic muscle hunk, sadistically playing with his opponent, like a cat with a mouse. He released his hold, stood back for a moment to admire his brutal work as MightyMan slumped helplessly against the ring post while hanging onto the ring ropes for dear life. Again the blond muscle god slap on another tight bearhug. Now was the time to prove that he had not only over-powered and dominated this superhero, but had also over-muscled this self proclaimed mighty Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe.

Pressing their musclebound bodies together, Vulcan-- grunting with glee-- slowly, ever-so-slowly, built up the pressure, deliberately prolonging his savage torture. At the same time, the blond Nordic wrestler used his great fuckpole to bash away at the underside of MightyMan's cock as he compressed it up between their two magnificent physiques.

MightyMan's eyes rolled about his head as excruciating pain furrowed deep into his face. He moaned and cried out in the twin sensations of pain and pleasure as Vulcan sadistically hammered

away the under carriage of his sex tool and systematically ratcheted up the intolerable pressure of his deadly bearhug. The Caped Knight's body began to go limp in Vulcan's master embrace. "I told you. I want feel your gigantic muscles surrender one-to-one to my gigantic, superior muscles," grunted the blond Norseman.

MightyMan desperately struggled, but couldn't find an opening to release himself from the excruciating bearhug and avoid the impending humiliating submission.

Swirling around his brain, as he battered away at the underside of his rival's cock, Vulcan could only think about the hot image of MightyMan surrendering in a pose of suffering as he begin to pass out from his impossibly tight, deadly hug.

But MightyMan was refusing to die! A wounded beast is always the most dangerous! MightyMan was a man in a desperate situation-- and he was a man who never quit.

In a desperate move, the Ultimate Muscleman locked both his hands on the back of Vulcan's head. He then dropped to his knees, dragging his blond opponent down with him. Vulcan's chin hit violently hard on MightyMan's head. On impact a stunned Vulcan released his hold as he fell over onto the mat holding his fractured and bleeding jaw with both hands. He continually rolled around on the mat clutching his chin with both hands, spitting out blood in the process as he bellowed out in pain. MightyMan, too, also was lying on the mat desperately gasping for breath, his bruised ribs plainly visible. Slowly MightyMan collected his thoughts. He started to crawl toward the ring ropes, which he used to struggle to his feet. Both musclebound gladiators needed a breather from their titanic battle.

But the spectators didn't pay good money to just sit and patiently watch these two muscled-up fighters, one slumped against the ropes, the other writhing about on the ring floor. Catcalls and a tidal wave of boos cascaded down on the ring as did a storm of debris that rained down on the two combatants, cluttering the ring floor and surrounding area. Drago, too, was puzzled by his champion's seemingly exhausted condition. "That can't be! Doctor, what's the matter with Vulcan? He appears ... exhausted! It can't be!!"

"Just give him a couple of minutes," advised Dr. Szatkowski "He's been going at a full blown pace for over forty minutes. Don't forget, MightyMan isn't just any pushover. He's the ultimate in physical development and strength. We've gone to extraordinary lengths to get him here. It may take a while to achieve our victory, but everything is going according to Vulcan's plan. He's deliberately wearing him down for the kill."

"I trust you're right, Doctor. Everything depends on Vulcan and Formula 352."

Back in the ring, MightyMan began to show miraculous signs of recovering. His breathing was returning to normal, even the dark, ugly bruises that girdled his ribs were fading away as he stood, propped up against the corner ring post. From the mat, Vulcan looked up at his rival. He was

surprised by the speed of MightyMan's recovery after the devastating bearhug and some stiff punches to his rock hard abs. MightyMan's stamina was phenomenal.

Realizing he had to get back into the fight, the blond muscle god rolled over to the ropes through the debris field of used paper cups, cigarette butts and candy wrappers, pop corn boxes and numerous other food items. Using the ropes, he lifted himself up as two beefy ring attendants entered with industrial brooms to sweep the ring clean of trash. Once done, they hurriedly departed.

Newly recharged, MightyMan jetted forward out of his corner catching Vulcan still in his with a mighty clubbing straight arm that smashed down across the blond muscleman's massive chest, nearly fusing the Nordic warrior into the steel ring post. Vulcan let out an ear-shattering yowl as he was taken off his feet by the force of the blow. A huge welt formed diagonally across his left pectoral muscle, beet red and blistering. Before he could regain his feet, MightyMan hauled him up by his hair. With the speed of a machine gun he turned his rival into a human punching bag rifling blow after blow into Vulcan's stomach with powerful lefts and rights driving the blond muscleman back to the corner. With a terrific burst of exploding strength, MightyMan kept up the attacked with a devastating series of tremendous punches that left Vulcan in a bloody stupor. The beautifully handsome face of the Nordic hunk was quickly demolished and hidden behind a veil of constantly flowing blood. Next MightyMan concentrated on Vulcan's abdominal muscles pounding away at them with the titanic force of a rivet gun, first breaking down the muscle and flattening the steel hard eight pack abs, then rupturing the stomach lining until a swollen extended beer gut developed. By the time he was through, Vulcan was almost out on his feet, a bloody rag doll, hanging for dear life from the corner ring ropes. The Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe stepped back to admire his work. "I've taken the best you had Vulcan and I'm still here fighting. I told you, I'd withhold none of my strength. I could keep this up all night. Now why don't you just concede and we'll call it quits and let everything return to the way it was before. What do you say?"

Lifting his blood soaked dangling head up, an exhausted Vulcan, managed to gurgle through spitting up blood, "NO! ... I take ... whatever ... you give ... and ... still beat ... shit out ... of you. Before night over ... I ... destroy you ... fuck you. Take ... take your ... pride ..." His head flopped down again. Blood dripped from the ends of his shoulder length hair down across his torso in a steady stream to the ring floor. MightyMan backed away as his rival valiantly struggled to his feet and staggered from the corner. He lifted up his head, furiously shook it, spraying MightyMan and those in the first few rows with pellets of blood. The Ultimate Muscleman could only shake his own head in disbelief. He had no choice left open to him. The battle had to go on to the end. MightyMan took hold of Vulcan's arm. He sling shot him into the ropes. On the rebound he flattens him to the mat with a mighty clothesline that took the blond muscleman off his feet. He landed with the full force of his 350 pounds, slamming down on the canvas with a resounding smack of the flesh. Slowly Vulcan staggered to his feet only to be met with an elbow drop to his already fractured jaw that sent him down to one knee. A knee strike to his chin finishes the job, catapulting him onto his back once more.

The spectators were dumbfounded by the spectacle they were now witnessing. After his tremendous beating and the devastating series of bone crushing bearhugs by Vulcan, MightyMan seemed to have risen from the dead and was now willingly giving his blond rival better than what he had received in the pain department. As Vulcan laid spread eagle on the mat, his throbbing cock jetting straight up in the air, the Cape Knight dropped his knee onto his forehead. Furthering damaging his

once beautiful face. Then he picked his opponent up in his arms only to body slam him down across his knee in a torturous backbreaker. As he bent him into an intensely harrowing bow, that sent bolts of shocking pain coursing throughout Vulcan's massive body, MightyMan wrapped his lips over and around the Nordic muscle hunk's furiously pulsating cock. With the skill of the best, most expensive whore, he began to suck, lick, gnaw and prod the great tool and its slit with his tongue, quickly bringing the weakened Vulcan to climax. With one horrific scream after another the blond muscle god unloaded one tsunami of cum after another down his rivals throat as he emptied the dammed up reservoir of hot boiling jism stored in his churning balls. With each powerful body jerking blast Vulcan felt his great strength being forcibly siphoned out of him. There was so much exploding cum that MightyMan was unable to swallow it all. He lifted his mouth off the rupturing cock and proceeded to jerk his adversary dry to the awe struck spectator's sighs and groans of disappointment.

Those 100,000 plus in the audience and the billions watching at home were stunned senseless as their champion was being milked like a prized cow at a state fair as he screamed and violently spasm his massive body but to no avail. MightyMan had him securely imprisoned across his mammoth leg. Once Vulcan was drained dry, MightyMan contemptuously pushed him off his knee to stand up. Still shrieking, the Nordic muscleman laid writhing on the mat, cupping his flaccid cock with both hands, thoroughly drained of his great strength as the Ultimate Muscleman took a little stroll around the ring flexing and posing his phenomenal body. Most in audience booed, hissed and catcalled him vicious names.

Up in his skybox, a hysterical Drago was screaming at the top of his voice. "WHAT THE FUCK! WHAT THE FUCKIN' FUCK WENT WRONG!" With his rage out of control he went totally berserk picking up the furniture and smashing it against the bullet proof plate glass windows of his suite. Tables, sofas, chairs, lamps, everything was destroyed. He even grabbed Dr. Szatkowski by the neck, lifted him up with one hand and was about to squash him against the great picture window, like a bug on the front windshield of a run away semi, when for some reason he thought better of it. He merely released him, allowing the Doctor to drop like a stone to the debris covered floor. Putting his foot on the good Doctor's throat he pressed down ever so slightly but firmly. Through clenched teeth he snarled, "I want you to go down to ringside and find out what the fuck has happened. You find out and correct it immediately or it will be the last thing you ever do in this life!"

Struggling for breath the Doctor nervously asked, "What can I do?"

"You can go down there and give Vulcan some more formula in some Gatorade to boost his strength level."

"No good," replied a squirming Doctor with his hands wrapped tightly around his boss's shoe as he struggled to lift it up.

"WHY NOT!" barked Drago

“It takes twenty-four hours for the formula to be absorbed and processed by the body. That’s how powerful it is. If I gave him anymore now, it would have no affect on him until tomorrow.”

Drago hesitantly lifted his foot off the good Doctor’s neck. Szatkowski, his pants soiled, scurried to his feet. “What’s gone so horribly wrong?” sighed Drago as he shook his bald head. He looked at the Doctor, plaintively asking, “What?”

“I can only make a guess as to what has gone wrong.”

“What ... what’s your best guess?”

Clearing his throat as he rubbed it, the Doctor gave his best estimation. “We know MightyMan is the best physical specimen on Earth. He’s super strong. It could be that Vulcan used up all the formula in his body trying to defeat him. Think of it like a car race. Vulcan has been going at top speed, for a very long time using up his energy at a faster and faster rate until there’s nothing left in the tank. That’s what you see now, a drained Vulcan reduced to finishing the fight on fumes and only fumes.”

“FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!” raged Drago as he pounded one hole after another into the concrete wall of his skybox

Back in the ring, MightyMan stealthily approached his prone rival. He doubled up his fists taking careful aim at Vulcan’s forehead, then dropped to his knees. But the blond muscleman rolled out of the way. The Ultimate Muscleman missed his target ramming his fist deep into the mat. Vulcan escaped his musclebound adversary’s devastating knuckle sandwich, leaving MightyMan to shake out his aching hand as the Nordic muscle god did a leg sweep that flipped him over onto the canvas. The surprise move momentarily stunned MightyMan. As he looked up he saw Vulcan’s knee dropping down on his forehead with all the force of his rival’s 350 pounds. SMACK! MightyMan was laid out motionless on the mat. He saw stars. Vulcan, his face still bleeding stood over him, flexing and posing his fabulous muscles as blood dripped down onto his dazed opponent. “I take whatever you give. A little blood nothing. I no quit! I still man enough destroy you ... fuck you. I am THE MIGHTY VULCAN!” he roared as he beat his mammoth chest with his fists. His words electrified the entire arena. All 100,000 plus in attendance stood up to cheer and holler themselves hoarse. Even Drago found renewed encouragement and optimism. What a turn around! Vulcan was looking ironically to his fallen opponent lying flat on his back between his massive legs. “Did you think you finish me off? Now I destroy you, like before. You no match for me!”

Reaching down Vulcan scrapped MightyMan off the mat, catching the groggy superhero off guard. He easily lifted him up under his arms for a powerful back buster. The Ultimate Muscleman hit the mat with a deadly crash, knocking the air out of his massively muscled body. Quickly the blond muscleman laid across his opponent, taking MightyMan’s cock into his mouth as he roughly massaged his balls. The Caped Knight moaned loudly in erotic pleasure as his rival continued to suck, lick, and tongue his great beast of flesh. An ocean of pre-cum flooded up and over the huge

cockhead. Vulcan voraciously lapped it up, swallowing every drop to replenish his depleted strength. But as hard as he tried he cannot force MightyMan to shoot off his loads.

Disgruntled, the blond Nordic muscle stud stood up. He attempted a mighty elbow drop to MightyMan's head. But his beefy opponent rolled out of the way just in the nick of time. MightyMan bounced to his feet. As Vulcan leapt to his feet he was caught in another slingshot, only this time he reversed it, sending the mighty superhero into the turnbuckle face first. MightyMan's great chest took the full brunt of the blow. He bellowed in pain as his upper torso sagged over the ring post and his arms over the ropes. Vulcan charged forward intending to perform a full body splat but MightyMan, holding onto the ring ropes, raised up and kicked his mammothly muscular rival in the head. Vulcan fell like a chopped tree to the canvas. The Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe quickly climbed the turnbuckle and propelled himself at his downed opponent. With his massive body flying at full extension, Vulcan capitalized on his advantage, lifting both knees up and sinking them deep into MightyMan's exposed abs as he landed on top of him. The Caped Knight's flying body bomb backfired, leaving him doubled over on the mat, gagging for air. Vulcan scrambled to his feet. He savagely kicked MightyMan in the gut and groin, even stomping down with full force on his cock as he laid spread eagle flat on his back. There was great jubilation throughout the arena and up in Drago's skybox. "Perhaps Vulcan has a reserve of the formula that's just kicking in," surmised Szatkowski. "This could be the decisive turning point in the match. Anything can happen now"

As Vulcan continued manically kicking and stomping his downed rival, MightyMan, doubled over to protect himself as best he could, waited for an opportunity. It came quickly. As Vulcan stopped for a second to change feet to resume his attack, MightyMan rolled over, grabbed his rival's leg and flipped him to the mat. This gave him time to get to his feet. Patiently he waited until Vulcan was standing. Suddenly MightyMan charged. While Vulcan went high, he went low to avoid the Norseman's mighty arms. He went under them, placing Vulcan in a powerful bearhug. Now it will be over, thought MightyMan. He knew that his strength in this devastating hold would be too much for the blond Nordic muscle stud. No force in the universe could break his grip. Vulcan began to suffer the greatest pain he had ever known. He cried out in agony as his heavily muscled body was smashed up against the solid iron frame of MightyMan. He felt his spine being crushed. He swung his arms wildly to free himself but he was held too fast and too tight. He knew his back was weakening. Even he could not withstand this pressure forever. To add insult to injury, MightyMan was able to ram the head of his massive cock into the underside of the Mighty Vulcan's massive manmeat, forcing it up and back into the Norseman's own stomach. As he steadily applied more and more pressure to his brutalizing hold, he viciously humped his cock into Vulcan's stimulating the Nordic strongman to the irresistible urge to cum and shut off his load in one massive explosion. With his ebbing strength Vulcan fought the overwhelming erotic temptation as best he could. His agonizing torment etched on his face for all to see. MightyMan grinned into the pain-ravaged face of his blond challenger. His arms fully flexed around the musclebound Norseman's waist as he forced Vulcan's mighty chest deeper into his nipples, which, to the blond strongman, felt like two massive iron spikes drilling into him. To add further distress, the Caped Knight flexed his pecs, scrapping his large nipples across his opponent's sending electrical charges of erotic stimulation throughout the blond's body. The Nordic powerhouse's brain was being fried with wanton lust as well as the overwhelming urge to succumb to his beefy protagonist. The Ultimate Muscleman shook Vulcan like a rag doll from side to side. The excruciating pressure on his back increased as Vulcan continued to scream at the top of his lungs. MightyMan put all of his might into the hold. His muscles swelled to new dimensions. His massive lats widened so broad, like

twin barn doors, that they nearly bloated out Vulcan from view. The Nordic muscle god slowly maneuvered his hands down into MightyMan's bearhug, forcing his massive arms inside the pulverizing vice grip that was quickly grinding the life out of him.

Now another test of strength was on. Vulcan pushed outward with his huge arms as MightyMan flexed and tried with all his might to crush the life out of his rival. Then, using his reservoir of incredible strength, in one swift move, the mighty Norseman powered out of the deadly bearhug.

MightyMan was shocked beyond belief but immediately reapplied the hold as his opponent staggered backwards. Vulcan felt the unbearable punishment once more. This time, MightyMan followed up with a head butt as he again constantly rammed his fuckpole into the blond beast's manhood causing Vulcan to once again experience the uncontrollable urge to cum. The Ultimate Muscleman's forehead hit the bridge of the Norseman's nose opening a wound that began to bleed. Vulcan's head snapped back from the impact. He was dazed for a moment. He had broken this all-powerful pulverizing bearhug once before, proving he could power out of MightyMan's strongest hold. As he shrieked out in torturous agony he again called on his reservoir of strength. He reached forward placing his powerful hands on MightyMan's massive bolder size deltoids. He applied as much pressure as he was able to the muster. MightyMan could not believe it. After only seconds in his bearhug, Vulcan should have been begging for mercy. Instead, he had been humped and smashed for several minutes and powered out. Now he was fighting out of it again. MightyMan felt his own shoulders giving under the relentless pressure of the mighty Norseman's powerful hands. MightyMan's bearhug fell away as he lost feeling in both his arms from Vulcan's strength. The Ultimate Muscleman mighty arms fell helpless to his sides. He would have dropped to the mat but Vulcan's steel claw hold on his shoulders held him upright. He looked into the blond hunk's face. Vulcan was grinning from ear to ear at his noticeable suffering and his own obvious superior strength. In desperation MightyMan kicked Vulcan in the abs. The blond Norseman released his claws as he stumbled backwards.

MightyMan could not, however, follow up. His arms needed to recover first. He shook out his delts and arms, trying to regain feeling. This was not what he had expected at all. He had not been holding back. No man had ever stood up to his strength and massive muscular size before, but he was barely holding his own against this blond muscle stud. He felt humiliated before the world and ashamed of himself.

He was invincible! He was the strongest man in the entire universe. There had to be a reason for this disastrous turn of events.

After several minutes of stalking each other in circles, the two superheroes locked up in a traditional collar and elbow tie-up. MightyMan pulled Vulcan toward him, driving his knee into the Norseman's bloated stomach, the one he had created. The flabby tissue held but Vulcan was winded. MightyMan immediately followed up. He pounded on the blond's stomach again and again, each time his fist sinking deep into the flabby flesh. After landing a half dozen solid blasts to Vulcan's midsection, the blond muscle hunk doubled over. He fell to his knees before his mighty attacker. He puked his guts out, covering the canvas with a great quantity of vomit and blood.

MightyMan's self confidence rose. He knew Vulcan could not handle his savage assault for long. Finally the fight seemed to be going his way.

Viewing the brutal action from his plush skybox Drago was, once again, astonished by this dramatic reversal for his champion. "No! No! No! This can't be!" he lamented as he stormed around the lounge. "Something has gone terribly wrong again. Szatkowski get down there and find out what the fuck's gone wrong and don't come back until you do."

The Doctor raced out of the skybox and down to ringside arriving just in time to see MightyMan slamming Vulcan's head into the turnbuckle ten times as the spectators verbally counted each one. When the Ultimate Muscleman released the Nordic stud from his hair pull, Vulcan spun around on buckling legs to reveal his face covered in so much blood that the ends of his shoulder length blond hair had turned pink. He slumped down onto the mat on his muscle butt, his back resting against the ring post. He was nearly unconscious.

MightyMan backed off. "I told you I wouldn't withhold my power," stormed MightyMan. "Give up now and save yourself any further embarrassment, injury and pain."

"Fight not over," gasped Vulcan as he spat out teeth and blood from his mouth as he spoke. "Match go on," he stated breathlessly as he waved his hand for MightyMan to move away.

With great difficulty the mighty Nordic hunk climbed to his feet holding onto the ring ropes for support. He shook his head to regain his senses, again splattering blood in all directions. He wiped the blood from his eyes with his massive forearm. He went into a crouched position and charged, ramming his shoulder into MightyMan's midsection, knocking him off his feet and onto the mat.

The Ultimate Muscleman had the breath knocked out of him. As he laid in the fetal position with his arms wrapped around his stomach, Vulcan repeatedly hit him with a series of flying elbows and powerful leg drops that struck deep into MightyMan's massive chest and abdominal muscles, laying him out, flat on his back on the canvas.

But Vulcan overplayed his hand. When he attempted another flying elbow, MightyMan rolled out of the way. Vulcan came crashing down on the mat. He was momentarily stunned. Both warriors slowly got to their feet. Vulcan again charged forward, blood still dripping from his face, mouth and hair. When he came in close, MightyMan karate kicked him hard in the groin, smashing his fully erect cock and balls. This felled the blond Norseman like a stunned ox to his knees. MightyMan reached down, grabbed him by his broken chin, lifted his face up only to plow his fist into it, sending him crumbling down to the canvas. More blood splattered from that once so beautiful face.

MightyMan went down and sat across the Norseman's massive thighs. He began to pummel away at his abused abs with such brutally vicious blows that Vulcan's stomach turned completely to jelly. With each hit the blond hunk's body jerked up only to be met by MightyMan's fist to his face that sent him back down. The Ultimate Muscleman then started to concentrate on Vulcan's

mountainous chest, slugging away like an out of control sledgehammer until those great pectoral muscles began to sag and lose their shape. Through clenched teeth he pleaded to the near defenseless blond hunk. "Give up Vulcan. I'm too powerful for you. Give up and spare yourself any further damage or pain."

But the mighty blond only shook his head in defiance.

With no choice left open to him MightyMan moved in to continue the savage devastation of his former colleague. He rolled the pulverized Vulcan over onto his stomach and proceeded to apply a Boston Crab, yanking Vulcan's head back by his fractured chin. To increase the torment, MightyMan rocked back farther and farther as the beefy Nordic hunk bellowed out in pain. He could have easily snapped Vulcan's spine. but after several excruciating minutes he released the hold to stand up.

Vulcan lay between MightyMan's massive legs coughing up more blood and choking with every breath he took.

MightyMan grabbed a hold of both legs to apply a double crab. He slowly bent backwards sending more tremendous shock waves of pain throughout Vulcan's ravaged body. The Ultimate Muscleman dropped one leg to concentrate on the other. He pulled back on it, wedging his knee behind the kneecap and crunched down. Vulcan's body tensed as he futilely attempted to throw his mighty attacker off. MightyMan eased off on the hold, then clamped down again with such brutal force, everyone in the arena heard the leg snap.

Vulcan's harrowing shrieks were deafening. The sound of this massively-built hunk, moaning in pain at MightyMan's supreme power, sexually aroused MightyMan as nothing else had ever done before. His mighty cock pulsed out of control. His cockhead was flooded with pre-cum. It ached to make a home up Vulcan's muscle butt.

Slowly MightyMan was falling into the alluring throes of a sadistic, lustful, bestial passion. He was caught in a roid-rage of uncontrolled testosterone lust. His wanton physical destruction of the blond superhero was getting the better of him. He savored every barbaric hold.

No one will ever dare challenge me again ... I AM invincible, he thought to himself. He could have easily snapped Vulcan's spine, but he wanted to punish him even more before ending the match. He let the broken leg drop. He could have broken the other, but MightyMan wanted Vulcan to stagger around the ring knowing that he was doomed to inevitable, ignominious defeat.

The once-mighty Vulcan pathetically crawled to the ring ropes. Hanging tightly onto them he forced himself to overcome the torturous pain to stand up. He hobbled around for a few seconds, favoring his broken leg.

MightyMan moved up behind him and grabbed his head to apply a powerful headlock. But Vulcan was a fierce warrior. He reached back to grab MightyMan's head. It took everything he had but he flipped him over his shoulder. The Ultimate Muscleman hit the mat with tremendous force, knocking his wind out once more. But as Vulcan reached down to lock MightyMan in a sleeper hold, the Ultimate Muscleman caught hold of his wrist. With one mighty pull he snapped Vulcan's hand, breaking the wrist.

Vulcan immediately let go of the hold, as MightyMan sent an elbow crashing into his chest, sending him flying backwards. Remarkably, the blond Norseman did not fall over, but painfully staggered to keep his balance.

Quickly MightyMan went over to him. He monkey-flipped Vulcan to the canvas. The Ultimate Muscleman could sense victory was at hand. He grabbed Vulcan up by his hair and hoisted the Norseman up over both his massive shoulders in a torture rack. He pressed down on the Nordic muscleman's bull neck and legs, bending the blond hunk almost in half. As he did so, the sound of snapping spinal disks could be heard. Vulcan roared out in excruciating torment as MightyMan kept pressing down, then releasing, then down again, releasing, repeating the torturous maneuver over and over again and again before dropping the spent Nordic hunk to the mat.

The Ultimate Muscleman wasted no sympathy on his fallen rival. He put Vulcan in the horrendous "Indian leg death lock." Vulcan's massive arms repeatedly pounded the mat as he roared out in terrible agony. As he raised his head to face MightyMan there was no hint of fear in his eyes, only hate and defiance for the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe. He used his free and unbroken hand to clutch and claw at MightyMan's mammoth legs and batter his mighty thighs, but this only made MightyMan press down even harder until the one unbroken leg snapped under the pressure.

Vulcan let go an ear-splitting cry as MightyMan stood up, pleased with his work. Smears in the blood of his opponent that glistened and highlighted his monumental physique even more, the Cape Knight of Right looked totally massive, erotically impressive, and absolutely magnificent-- like a conquering hero over his fallen, monstrously huge, annihilated challenger. He posed his fabulous body to the cheering throngs of new converted worshippers.

After twisting and turning about on the mat, Vulcan crawled to the ropes again, but his mighty tormentor pulled him back by his broken legs. MightyMan reached down to scoop the broken, bleeding blond muscleman up in his arms, only to lay him down on the top ropes surrounding the corner ring post. He pressed down on Vulcan's chest with one hand and his broken legs with the other, as he took the Norseman's throbbing, pre-cum soaked, foot-long cock into his mouth once more and began to suck the life out of it.

There was no more fight left in the once-mighty Nordic warrior. He easily gave up his man juice, shooting one massive load after another down MightyMan's throat until he was thoroughly drained of all his remaining strength. Once he was satisfied that Vulcan was dry of all his cum, MightyMan, hoisted him high over his head in a gorilla press. He took a victory lap around the ring before body-slaming the defeated Nordic strongman to the canvas with such force that Vulcan's body cracked

the flexible plywood base of the ring floor. The shock waves from the violent impact collapsed the ropes.

The squared circle had been destroyed with a deep sunken spot in the center of the ring.

MightyMan stood over the once-powerful Norseman and again posed his mammothly-muscled body just for Vulcan. "And you thought you could defeat me," he thundered for all to hear. "I am the strongest man in the universe. The strongest man EVER ... AND YOU ARE NOT! I'M STRONGER THAN THE NEXT TEN STRONGEST MEN PUT TOGETHER! HELL ... I'M STRONGER THAN HERCULES EVER WAS!"

With that he grabbed Vulcan by his blood-drenched hair. He dragged the Nordic stud's near lifeless body up out of the sunken pit, capturing him in a full nelson. The once muscularly-taught body of Vulcan slumped down in the agonizing hold as his broken jaw was forced deep into the top of his own devastated chest. MightyMan growled like a mad gorilla as he rammed his mighty fuckpole up into Vulcan's muscle butt, impaling the screaming, squirming blond muscleman on it. He began plowing the virgin ass like a farmer his field.

The Nordic muscleman cried tears as he was crucified on MightyMan's super cock. As he ruthlessly squeezed down on Vulcan's thick neck, breaking it in the process, MightyMan kept up the savage rear assault, slamming his mammoth fuckpole up into the defenseless Champ, tearing his ass lips to bloody shreds as he decimated his sphincter muscle, ripping his prostate to pieces. As his butt hole was being massacred, Vulcan's own mighty sex tool strained straight out in front of him. It throbbed out of control as it began to pulsate out one massive load of cum after another, like an out of controlled fire hose.

The leader of the League of Superheroes began to slowly spine around, as Vulcan continued to blast out one torrent of cum after another, spraying the first three ringside rows of spectators. So great was the pressure on his heavily-veined cock that it started to pound out both blood and pink, thick cum signifying a broken blood vessel in the urethra. The Nordic strongman wailed for all he was worth as his face became petrified in abject agony. If this weren't horrifically bad enough, blood continued to gush from his abused torn asshole, covering the mat in a sea of red. Eventually Vulcan's wildly pulsating manmeat deflated, like a flat tire, as he ceased cumming. From that point on, only an occasional pellet of blood seeped slowly out.

MightyMan got caught up in his victory fuck at the brutal expense of his adversary. His massive hunky challenger had tried ardently to physically annihilate him, which only added to the overpowering sadistic, carnal pleasure of his glorious victory fuck. He surrendered to the hypnotic allure of his primal lust. Still he hungered for more sexual humiliation and disgrace to be heaped upon this upstart blond muscleman who had dared to challenge him. Contemptuously he pushed the nearly unconscious Vulcan off his indomitable cock, still hard with manly excitement and desire.

As Vulcan tumbled forward, MightyMan caught hold of him by the waist, turning the semi-conscious Nordic muscle god around. He grabbed him by his pulverized pecs, hoisted him up off

his feet and began to violently shake him like a rag doll until his pectoral muscles were ripped clear off his chest plate. The blond muscleman's plaintive cries of anguish pierced the hearts of many spectators who felt that this continuing punishment was unnecessary.

MightyMan had already proved his superior dominance over the former champion. Once he had totally obliterated Vulcan's chest muscles, the Ultimate Muscleman-- still holding onto the torn pecs-- lifted his mutilated rival straight up in the air and held him aloft for a few agonizing seconds before slowly bringing him back down in front of him, working his monstrous tool directly under Vulcan's abused sex organ. He maliciously began cock-fucking Vulcan's flaccid manmeat, shoving Vulcan's limp cock up into his lower abs. With the first sharp shock of pain, Vulcan's fuckpole swelled to full erection again. As MightyMan's cockhead pressed hard into the underside of Vulcan's ravaged fuckpole, burying it deep into his own flesh, the blond muscleman let loose a string of whimpering cries.

His body jerked and twisted like a worm on a hook, in a futile attempt to get away, but he was caught up in MightyMan's vice grip. The undisputed leader of the League of Superheroes gloated in the face of his pain-ravaged opponent. With one mighty ramming, humping punch after another, MightyMan brought Vulcan to climax in no time. The blond beefy Nordic warrior exploded one geyser of blood-soaked cum after another as MightyMan's super cock kept up the total destruction of Vulcan's once mighty phallus, turning it into a demolished piece of useless putty.

Harrowing shrieks howled from Vulcan's throat with each powerful ejection, as his limp body hung slightly backwards in his tormentor's mighty hands, his head constantly jerking back on his broken neck with each horrific bludgeoning strike, his arms dangling lifeless at his side. Vulcan's shower of bloody cum rained down on both muscle titans. With the last of his strength forcibly expelled, the blond Norseman totally collapsed backwards, exhausted in MightyMan's hands that were clutching his waist. Only the phenomenal power of his conqueror's grip held him upright.

Still there was one more sadistic act of degradation that MightyMan had in store for the battered Norseman. He viciously grabbed Vulcan by his hips, hauled him up off his feet only to instantly power-slam him back down onto his throbbing, waiting super cock. Vulcan loudly squealed from the pain as MightyMan wrapped his 34-inch python arms around his chest in a devastatingly brutal bearhug. The force of his mighty arms expelled the breath out of Vulcan's body as his ass was again viciously pummeled into a bloody, raw mess. More screams and bellowing shrieks roared from Vulcan as his head jerked from side to side, his eyes winching in excruciating pain, his face petrified in agony and his broken arms and legs dangled useless at his side. With each savage penetration up his butt, his body buckled and shuddered, and his head violently jolted backwards like a bobble head doll.

With pure malicious delight MightyMan growled scornfully, "And you thought you were man enough to fuck me. How's it feel to have a real muscleman tearing your ass up? HUH VULCAN? HUH? HUH? I'm going to destroy you on my cock, the mightiest cock in the universe." With each taunting word, MightyMan viciously bulldozed his mighty killer fuckpole up into Vulcan.

Both musclebound gladiators were bathed in their own sweat from their strenuous exertions, while Vulcan's blood coated both warriors from head to foot. Their hair was matted down like a concrete highway along the sides of their thick bull necks. To add insult to injury MightyMan even began to lick the salty sweat off his hunky victim's chin and throat. Some primitive lustful instinct had overtaken the Ultimate Muscleman. It had an irresistible grip on him. It completely obliterated his usual common sense. He was hopelessly caught up in the erotically overpowering sexual roid rage of the moment. All his high moral principles had been wiped clean away, replaced by an unrepentant bestiality, a pagan lust for total domination of another huge muscleman-- to make him his sex slave, then sexually destroy him for his own selfish gratification. Nothing else mattered for the moment; only the fulfillment of this overwhelming, primal, lustful urge-- and MightyMan readily succumbed to its siren cry.

With one mighty barbaric hug after another, MightyMan cut off Vulcan's ability to breathe as he started to shoot his pent up cum deep into the bowls of his beefy prey, not realizing how powerful he was squeezing his blond rival.

Vulcan's rib cage cracked and snapped ... his spine splintered, as his flaccid cock sprang painfully back to life. Holding the defeated muscle hunk with one arm around his waist, MightyMan began to viciously masturbate Vulcan with bone crunching, squeezing strokes as the once mighty Nordic muscle god, unable to draw a single breath, whimpered like a beaten dog. His whole body convulsed as his cock violently wretched up more blood and cum, spewing it like Old Faithful all over the ring. MightyMan's hold on the blond hunk's tool was so strong that he unconsciously smashed it, totally obliterated it to smithereens.

The large cockhead literally exploded into numerous pieces from the pressure of MightyMan's grip, and the stem was only attached to Vulcan's groin by a couple shredded strands of frayed flesh. Looking down at the destroyed sex tool, the mighty superhero sarcastically scoffed, "And you were going to fuck me!" He lifted his hand up in the air for all to see, before running his fingers through his rival's blood-drenched hair to wipe the chunks of cockhead off.

"Now for the coup de grace!" said MightyMan menacingly as he rejoined both his hands together in his bearhug.

Vulcan's entire insides had been ruptured apart; his prostate ripped in half on the crucifying super cock of Ultimate Muscleman. More violent body jolts followed, as more blood vomited from his mouth, nose and ears. Then his once great body tensed, spasm, and then went completely limp in his conqueror's massive arms. His head, covered in blood and sweat, fell onto MightyMan's mountainous shoulder. His eyes were wide open but vacant.

He was dead.

MightyMan kept squeezing and squeezing for the longest time, before finally releasing his bearhug. Vulcan's lifeless body fell off the Ultimate Muscleman's still-hard erection, crumbling to the mat

before him, lying in a heap at his feet, a pile of broken bones and mutilated muscle, clear evidence of who was, in fact, the strongest man in the world.

As if he were slowly emerging from a thick sightless, soundless fog, MightyMan began to hear voices all around him shouting, cheering, screaming and applauding his great marathon victory. All of these sounds now entered his consciousness as the members of the League of Superheroes crowded into the ring to congratulate their leader on his stupendous victory. MammothMan and Gladiator hoisted him up on their shoulders to parade him around the destroyed ring to the boisterous jubilation of the 100,000 plus spectators. MightyMan was still having difficulty discerning what was happening. It was like he was just coming out of a drug induced coma.

Backstage MuscleFreak stood watching the ceremony with his mighty cock in his hand. He had jacked himself off many times during the match, especially when Vulcan was in trouble. He had a self-satisfying smirk scrolled across his rugged, pockmarked face as he muttered out loud to himself, "I did it. I helped MightyMan win over that blond bastard by switching the Gatorade. Next time it will be me in the ring. I'll drink that formula and destroy MightyMan before the whole world. I'll become the UWA wrestling champion. I'll be acknowledged as the strongest man in all the world. Then even Drago will have to deal with me on a more equitable ..."

As he shot off another load he looked around, only to find BicepBoy standing next to him. The twenty year old superhero bodybuilder had heard everything-- but before he could turn to get away, MuscleFreak caught a hold of him. He viciously wrapped his massive 31" arms around the struggling hunk's neck and squeezed, strangling the young muscleman to death on the spot. He picked up the dead body and carried it to a nearby storage room where he maliciously raped the dead boy's muscle butt, barbarically tearing it in half and loading it up with his cum. "Best thing you ever did in your miserable life BicepBoy was to be my fuck bitch," snorted MuscleFreak as he stuffed the remains in a laundry hamper.

Back in the ring, the wild celebration continued. Stubby Smith, microphone in hand, called for silence. "The winner and new UWA world heavy weight champion, MIIIIIGHTYYYYYYYMAAAAAAN!"

Again the audience erupted in a frenzy of uncontrolled exaltation.

MightyMan looked around. "Where's BicepBoy?" he asked, but even those closest to him couldn't hear him over the din of celebrating noises. MammothMan and Gladiator put him down. MightyMan still felt groggy, like he just was coming out of a heavy dream. He hastily departed the ring for his dressing room, followed by the League members serving as his security escort.

Shortly after the ring was cleared, Dr. Szatkowski had the annihilated corpse of Vulcan carried out of the arena and back to his lab where he would spend the night performing an autopsy. Up in his skybox, Drago kept banging his bald head against a wall, cracking the plaster with every blow, swearing and cursing at MightyMan, vowing to somehow, some way get his revenge once and for all.

Chapter Nine: Aftermath

The first rays of dawn found MightyMan sitting atop a rocky promontory on the seacoast with the waves battering themselves against the boulders below. Occasionally the spray from the force of the incoming tide jetted straight up to shower the Cape Knight of Right as he tried to earnestly process all the events of the previous day. This spit of land with its hidden cave, cut deep into the overhanging cliff was his Citadel of Peace, his sanctum sanctorum. It was here that MightyMan would retreat to think, meditate and relax whenever he could. Only a few miles outside of Municipal City it was an ideal location for this purpose, isolated and hidden from view. Only BicepBoy of the League members knew of its existence. He and his sometime lover had spent many days and nights there in each other's company. MightyMan had turned the cave into a comfortable living space with rugs covering the natural stone floor, overstuffed furniture was placed everywhere, a complete library with mahogany bookcases, a free standing fireplace in the center of the area, a huge four poster imperial-size bed of solid oak, a fully equipped gym, even electricity provided by an inside waterfall and a power generator. This was his home away from home and the flat top rock he was perched on was his favorite spot in the whole world. There he sat reflectively, with his knees drawn up tightly against his massive chest, his mighty arms wrapped around them, his chin resting on top of his knees, his eyes staring endlessly out over the water at the breaking dawn.

He felt almost as if he were anesthetized, lost in a cocoon where he could sense nothing, feel nothing. He felt like a castaway on a sea of senselessness. Yet one thought did seem to keep bubbling up into his numbed consciousness. How could he have nearly lost the fight? He was undisputedly the strongest man in the world, the whole universe, and yet he was barely able to hold his own against Vulcan. He threw everything he had at him and still his former superhero colleague kept coming back for more. How was that possible? But what really nagged at him the most was that he was hardly able to take, let alone survive, the phenomenal punishment and power of Vulcan. How could that be? He was supposed to be superfluous to pain. Yet each strike, each hold by Vulcan caused him immense pain like he had never felt before. Vulcan should have been screaming for mercy from the opening bell in their test of strength, or with his first brutal punches, definitely when the blond muscle hunk was caught in his deadly bearhug. Yet Vulcan continuously fought back, even powering out of his holds. How could that be? Was he, the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe, really the strongest man on Earth as he had always claimed? These questions totally perplexed the Man of Iron. Even though he eventually won the match, at the expense of Vulcan's life and, perhaps, even his own clean as a whistle image, was it truly worth it? It was terribly hard for MightyMan to justify the horrific cost of winning. And how could he have willingly allowed himself to be swallowed up by the brutality of the match?

Added to this dilemma was the question, where was BicepBoy? Why had he disappeared? Was he upset at the savagery of the fight or that he had barbarically slaughtered Vulcan in the most demeaning way? Was Vulcan the only causality from last night's match or had he also killed BicepBoy's love and devotion for him? And then there was the unmistakable, degrading fact that he was now working for Drago. It all did not add up or make any sense to him. He just couldn't make any heads or tails of it.

As the sun rose higher in the bright, clear morning sky, MightyMan stood up, shook himself dry from the ocean spray. He had work to do back at League headquarters. Perhaps by throwing himself back into crime fighting he could forget all his doubts and worries. Work just might set him free. In a flash he was air borne, flying back to the city and whatever would come next.

That morning Drago was still fuming as he stormed around his penthouse office. When Dr. Szatkowski entered he raged, "So what the fuck happened last night? What the fuck went wrong? Why didn't the formula work?"

Screwing up his courage, the beefy Doctor nervously replied, "There was no trace of Formula 352 in Vulcan's system."

WHAT?"

"No trace at all," repeated Szatkowski. "I've spent all night performing an autopsy on his body. I can't find any evidence of Formula 352 in his system. He's totally clean."

Astonished by the Doctor's report, Drago, his mouth agape, slumped into his desk chair. "How can this be? We put the formula in the Gatorade and gave it to MuscleFreak to give him ... right?"

"Correct."

"So how could it not be in his system?" demanded Drago.

"The only logical explanation is ... he never drank it."

Drago angrily reached for the phone. "Get me MuscleFreak - NOW!" He slammed the receiver down so hard the plastic cover crumbled.

Within a few minutes MuscleFreak casually sauntered into his boss' office. "You wanted to see me?"

"Did you or did you not give Vulcan the formula-spiked Gatorade?" thundered Drago as he jumped to his feet.

"Yeah ... sure ... right after his last workout ... like you said," answered the thickly muscled henchman.

"You're sure?" Drago shouted accusatorially.

"Yeah, like you said, I gave him the Gatorade," MuscleFreak stated defensively.

"And he drank it?" inquired Szatkowski.

"Yeah, he drank it," replied the ex-con shrugging his massive delts.

"In front of you?" Szatkowski asked.

"Yeah, right in front of me ... the whole bottle in a few swallows."

Scratching his head, the Doctor sputtered, "I just don't understand it." He looked at Drago. "It doesn't make any sense. If he drank it, there should be traces of it left in his system - there's none."

Drago abruptly dismissed his musclebound minion. He then called for the security video from the gym for that last workout session. "We'll just see if that musclehead is telling the truth or not."

An hour later the video arrived. Drago popped it into the VCR and pushed play. The huge television screen lit up showing Vulcan as he first strolled into the well equipped, state of the art gym located on the first floor of corporate headquarters. Drago hit fast forward. The video sped up, flipping scene after scene after scene of Vulcan going through his workout routine as MuscleFreak looked on, undisguised contempt glaring from his eyes. As Vulcan completed his routine, Drago slowed the tape down to normal speed. Vulcan, sitting on the end of a weight bench in his perspiration-drenched sweatsuit, was toweling himself off. Szatkowski and Drago watched as MuscleFreak handed the champion a bottle of Gatorade. Vulcan ravenously gulped it all down and handed the empty bottle back to the ex-con. Drago pushed the stop button. The television screen went dark. The two puzzled men looked quizzically at one another. "It just doesn't make sense," Szatkowski repeated.

Across town MightyMan sat in his office at League headquarters. He was still in a quandary over last night's fight with Vulcan. He had a hard time coming to terms with his brutal sadistic punishment of the fallen blond superhero. He never thought himself capable of such wanton barbarism or killing. But that's what the UWA stood for and was famous for. It was their hallmark. And now he was their world heavyweight champion. What rankled him even more was that he was now Drago's employee. He was working for the most evil, corrupt, heartless crime boss in the city, his arch enemy. This would ruin his clean-as-a-whistle reputation in the public eye if it ever got out.

Being a law-abiding citizen he was legally bound to the contract he'd signed with Vulcan. If he won the match, he was legally obliged to fulfill all the contractual obligations the UWA would make in his name as their world heavyweight champion. He'd have to fight whomever they chose to be his opponent. For a man of honor, like MightyMan, there was no way out. He'd have to fight until he

was defeated and lost the title. But every former champion had been killed in the ring, fucked to death before countless millions watching on pay per view. And since there was no mortal alive who was strong enough to beat him, MightyMan was hopelessly chained to this contract for the rest of his life.

As he fussed and brooded over his predicament PowerMan came in with his head bowed low. "I have some disturbing news," he said softly. "BicepBoy's body was found earlier this morning stuffed in a laundry hamper in a storage room at the UWA Arena. He's dead. He was strangled ... then brutally raped. His glutes were viciously torn apart. The police said there was still semen bubbling up from his butt hole. I'm so sorry to have to tell you this." PowerMan put a sympathetic hand on MightyMan's massive shoulder.

Stunned by the news, MightyMan could only sit in total disbelief. His sometime-lover was dead. That beautifully muscular youth, who had touched him as few others had been able to do, was no more. And his manner of death was just too horrible to contemplate. Eventually he was able to mutter, in an emotionally choked voice, "I wondered what happened to him ... why he wasn't around for the end of the match." It seemed to MightyMan that his whole world was crashing down around him: the fight with Vulcan, his killing of his former friend, Drago, and now this. It was all too much to take in at once. He needed to get away. He needed some peace, tranquility in his life. He needed time to be by himself, away from the turmoil of city life. He wanted to go home to his parents, to the ranch. He went outside. Looked up to the sky, closed his sparkling tear-stained blue eyes. Lifted his mighty arms heavenward and shot up like a rocket into the air, circled the city's skyline once, like a homing pigeon, then flew off to Texas.

The news of BicepBoy's brutal murder reached Drago in his office. Immediately he suspected MuscleFreak of the sadistic crime. "It sounds like his MO," he said out loud to himself. Not wasting a second he ordered the security tape for the arena to be brought to him ASAP, " ... before the cops confiscate it."

When the tape arrived Szatkowski was in conference with his boss in the penthouse office. Drago, put the tape into the VCR. A dimly lit backstage hallway appeared on the wall size television screen. Clearly visible was MuscleFreak standing in a shadowy entranceway, looking out into the arena at the match between Vulcan and MightyMan. His blue jeans were down around his ankles, his muscle butt in full view, his firm, round glutes pulsating as he repeatedly jerked himself off as he watched the action in the ring.

Then from out of the shadows emerged BicepBoy earnestly watching this muscular behemoth masturbating himself. So erotically appealing was MuscleFreak that BicepBoy got an erection. He too withdrew his cock from his posing trunks to silently joined in as he stared at the pulsating glutes of this musclebound killer, transfixed, totally mesmerized and oblivious to his surroundings. Then MuscleFreak's deep raspy voice was heard. Drago turned up the volume. "I did it." said the beefy ex-con. "I helped MightyMan win over that blond bastard by switching the Gatorade bottle. Next time it will be me in the ring. I'll drink that formula and destroy MightyMan before the whole world. I'll become the UWA wrestling champion. I'll be acknowledged as the strongest man in all the world. Then even Drago will have to deal with me on a more equitable ..." As he shot off another load he looked around to find BicepBoy standing next to him. The twenty year old

superhero bodybuilder had heard him, but before he could turn and get away, MuscleFreak caught a hold of him. He viciously wrapped his massive 31" arms around the struggling hunk's neck and squeezed, strangling the young muscleman to death on the spot. He picked up the dead body, slung it over his shoulder like a sack of meal and carried him down the darken hallway out of camera range.

Drago had seen enough. He stopped the security tape. Seething with righteous indignation he slammed both his fists through the four inch thick mahogany desk top. "I'll personally kill that fuckin' bastard. Who the fuckin' hell does he think he is to countermand my orders ... to put my plans in jeopardy. I'll see his testicles torn off and his intestines ripped out through his asshole before I'm through with him."

Just then another one of Drago's prize winning scientist came bounding into his office unannounced. Dr. Bruce Petterson, a 6'3" tall 275 pound failed bodybuilder with 21" arms, was a molecular biologist dealing with the ultimate physical and chemical composition of living matter. He apologized for the abrupt intrusion, "But I have the most fabulous news. We've done it!" he said effusively.

"Done what?" snarled Drago.

Perplexed by the question, Petterson looked at his boss in disbelief. "We've done it!" he repeated as if that would explain everything. "We've be able to isolate individual molecular structures and replicate them in our Excellatron."

"I have no fuckin' idea what the fuck you're talking about, Petterson," shouted an irate Drago.

The Doctor looked for guidance from his colleague and close friend Szatkowski but got none. Then he looked back at his boss. ... finally realizing that Drago had no idea what he'd been working on. "Oh!" he said knowingly. "Let me explain."

"Please do," insisted Drago.

"All living matter gives off molecules. We radiate them, thousands at a time, when we speak, move, even while we're sleeping-- and they last in the atmosphere virtually forever. Theoretically, if we can isolate specific molecules, we can extract their DNA and replicate them, recreating ... say Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in his own voice, if not Lincoln himself." Pleased with his succinct explanation, Petterson stood back waiting for the praise he fully expected. Only Szatkowski fully comprehended the monumental importance of this discovery. He heartedly shook Petterson's hand, patted his broad back and profusely congratulated him while Drago stood totally dumbfounded and in the dark.

"I take it ... this is an important breakthrough of some kind?" he asked.

"I should say so," beamed Szatkowski. "Petterson and his team should get the Nobel for this. That's how important it is."

"Well, excuse me for being a fuckin' ignorant dumb-ass but what the fuckin' good is this discovery?"

Dr. Petterson enthusiastically responded. "Imagine being able to hear the great orations that have been made throughout the centuries ... Marc Anthony over Caesar's body in the Forum or hearing Chopin or Mozart actually playing their own compositions. All those molecules are here floating in the air that surrounds us. All we have to do is gather them up, like so many rose petals, pipe them through the Excellatron and we can hear them for ourselves." The molecular biologist's face beamed with pride as he spoke.

"Why would I want to do that?" Drago sarcastically asked.

"Why?" The heartless nature of the question shocked Petterson. "Why? Because it's all part of our shared human history ... the great human experience since the dawn of humankind. They're only the building blocks of our culture and human civilization ... our collective inheritance from the past to the present."

"And there's money in that?"

The mercenary attitude of his boss put Petterson off. "Is money the only thing businessmen think about?"

"If it isn't, then they're not very good businessmen. The bottom line rules everything," explained Drago.

Szatkowski interjected, "Yes ... there's money to be made there. What history class wouldn't want to hear the great historical speeches or get a first hand account of some monumental event ... the Trojan Wars, Waterloo, the American Revolution from those who were actually there. The benefits to society are endless, not only for educational purposes but for science, engineering, business, any field you can imagine. To be able to probe the minds of those great people ... Galileo, DiVinci, Pasteur, the Curries ... would benefit us all."

Drago just shook his head. "It's all too scientific for me to fully comprehend ... but if you say it's beneficial and there's money to be made here, then do whatever you need to do to perfect it."

Petterson gratefully pumped Drago's hand as he profusely thanked him.

Later that evening as he lay in his ornate canopy bed, in his gilded bedroom with its coffered ceiling, Drago's mind overflowed with enmity for MuscleFreak. His sick, sadistic mind kept coming up with one torturous death after another, each one more gruesome than the last. How could that musclehead minion of his, out of sheer jealousy for Vulcan, destroy his dream of revenge and domination over MightyMan. He'd pay for that, with his life.

Unable to sleep, Drago pushed a button on a control panel on a nightstand next to his bed. A television rose out of credenza at the foot of his bed. He turned it on with the remote. He started channel surfing. In rapid succession he flipped from Leno to Letterman, the news, a cooking program, a Hercules movie, sports broadcast, a classic movie, more news, home decorating, the History Channel, the Cartoon Network, a western.

He stopped abruptly. An idea was germinating in his mind. Rapidly he backtracked to the Hercules movie. He stared intently at the television screen as Steve Reeves single handily pulled down a massive city wall. As he continued to watch, the idea began to grow and take shape as Reeves pulled down a temple by pressing his hands against two columns.

The idea began to blossom until it was full blown. He reached for the bedside telephone. He called Petterson. "Just tell me one thing," he barked as he woke the scientist up. "Would it be possible to say ... bring someone back from history ... I mean that actual person like Washington or Lincoln-- using your discovery?"

"Theoretically ... yeah, sure, anything is possible," replied a groggy Petterson still half asleep.

"How?"

"Since all the molecules we expend stay in the air, you just have to isolate the ones you want, extract the DNA, then put that DNA through the Excellatron and presto ... that person is standing in front of you."

"I want to see you and Szatkowski in your lab ... NOW!" commanded Drago as he slammed the receiver down. Immediately he jumped out of bed, dressed and hurriedly made his way to corporate headquarters through the underground tunnel.

Within an hour Szatkowski and Drago were in Petterson's lab. The molecular biologist proudly showed off his Excellatron, explaining in ad nauseam detail every technical aspect. After a while Drago cut him off. "So if I wanted to say ... bring back Hercules ... how would you go about it?"

Taken aback, Petterson stuttered and stammered before starting to make any sense. "First ... we ... need to get ... his molecules."

"How?"

"Well, if there's a body, simply by scrapping them off the bones or flesh."

"And if there isn't a body?"

"Then you go to where that person lived and gather the necessary molecules from things he's physically handled, touched."

Szatkowski was way ahead of Petterson. He had already figured out what their boss had in mind. "There is in the museum at Mt. Olympus a great bow, a discus and javelin said to belong to Hercules. By doing scrapings on these objects, collecting the molecules and retrieving the DNA samples, you'd be able to place them in the Excellatron and bring Hercules back to life?" he asked knowingly.

"Theoretically, yes ... but ..."

"No time for buts ... better get going ..." ordered Drago.

"Go where?" asked a perplexed Petterson.

"Greece, of course. I'll have a corporate jet made ready for your use. Fly to Greece, go to that museum, do these scrapings and get back here just as fast as you can," instructed Drago.

"But ... but ..."

"No buts, Petterson, just get going. This is of vital importance. The fate of the world depends on it. And Doctor, not a word to anyone about this project ... tell no one!" stated Drago as he shoved the scientist out the door. A certain feeling of exhilaration and self satisfaction overtook the crime lord.

"Do you think it will really work?" asked Szatkowski.

Drago looked piercingly at him. "If it does, MightyMan will be mine. I'll have my sweet revenge."

"And MuscleFreak?"

"At the moment he's small potatoes ... but I haven't forgotten about him either ... not by a long shot."

"Just think, the real Hercules, here," daydreamed the Doctor out loud as he stroked his crotch. "It's getting me hot and horny just thinking about it. All that might and muscle in this invincible, unconquerable man. MightyMan won't stand a chance."

Another idea flashed through Drago's head. His eyes light up. "May be we could use Hercules' DNA for the anabolic steroid serum. Then we wouldn't need MightyMan's. We could milk Hercules' cum from him ..."

"Sorry to disillusion you, but ain't no way, boss."

"Why?"

"Because human beings can't digest the all powerful cum of the gods. It would kill them right on the spot. You'd implode and there would be nothing of you left."

"Oh," said Drago softly as his idea was dashed to pieces by the Doctor's words. "Well, then back to our plan of action. We'll get Hercules to fight MightyMan, beat him senseless, jack him off and extract the DNA that way." Both men smiled broadly at one another. Drago began to feel himself up as he watched Szatkowski massaging his groin. "How about you and me going to the gym and wrestle?" he suggested.

"You read my mind, boss. I need to do something to get rid of this boner of mine, and you're just what the doctor ordered," joked Szatkowski. Both musclemen laughed as they made their way to the gym.

Ten hours later Dr. Petterson was in Greece. Tired and worn out by jet lag, it was still another couple of hours by helicopter to the Olympus Museum where he was met by the curator, Paul Michael Levesque, a former gold medal Olympic heavyweight wrestler and bodybuilder. He stood 6'4" tall and weighed in at nearly 300 pounds of pure muscle. At the age of thirty-eight he was still a behemoth of muscle with boyish good looks, a welcoming smile and long blond hair that fell in straight sheets to his massive shoulders.

Levesque was costumed in an exact replica of an ancient Greek athlete: tunic, sandals and crisscrossing leather chest straps that displayed his massive pecs to perfection. The straps were held together in the center of his chest by a metal ring. He also wore a pair of leather wrist bands. He explained to his beefy visitor in perfect English, "I wear this for the tourist, to educate them on what the Olympian athletes wore as their daily attire."

Petterson responded politely, "It certainly shows off your magnificent physique. You're most impressive."

"And you look physically fit as well, very muscular and powerful," replied the curator as he felt his manmeat becoming harder by the second as he ogled his guest. The Doctor, too, developed a raging hardon over his host's extremely muscular build ... the front of his slacks tenting outward. Out of politeness and erotic curiosity he asked what his measurements were.

Levesque answered unabashedly, "My arms are 26 inches, chest 70 inches, waist 34 inches, which gives me this phenomenal V-shape," he boasted as he flexed his biceps and posed his body. "Show me what you got."

Petterson removed his short-sleeved pullover to flex his 21-inch guns and show off his 65-inch chest. It was all the horny curator could do to gulp down his drool. Yet his eyes could not conceal his growing wanton lust for the scientist's body as his throbbing cock punched away at the front of his tunic.

"As pleasant as this is, I'm here on a most serious matter," explained the hunky molecular biologist as he put his shirt back on. Skillfully, without revealing his true purpose, Petterson stated he needed to take some sample scrapings of the Hercules' objects to compare the molecular structure of an ancient athlete to those of a modern day athlete in a scientific experiment to compare and contrast their make-up so that today's Olympians could perform better in competition.

The muscular curator bought his explanation. He eagerly led his guest to the exhibit. Petterson marveled at the great bow, the javelin and discuss securely locked away in their air-proof, sealed display case. Proudly, Levesque declared, "You know that Hercules was the founder of the Olympic games in honor of his father, Zeus."

Petterson acknowledged he was aware of that fact. He went on to ask, "When may I start taking the samples?"

Taking a minute, the curator answered with a salacious grin plastered across his face, "Technically ... you can't. Greek law prohibits such things. Our ancient artifacts cannot be disturbed once on exhibition because of the pollution and air borne contaminates."

Disappointed by the curator's statement, Petterson stood nervously beside the display case. He had come so far and was only inches away from achieving his goal, only to be stopped by some governmental red tape. A deep sigh of regret escaped his lips. He almost wanted to cry, but that was just his jet lag talking. He was so tired and weary that all he wanted to do was to go back to the plane and fall fast asleep on the return flight back to the States. He also didn't relish the prospect of having to inform his boss of his mission's failure. He just stood there shaking his head and sighing in despair. "There's absolutely no way I can get any samples?" he asked in desperation.

Seeing the scientist's disappointment registered on his face, Levesque asked, "I take it that these samples are critically important for the success of your experiment?"

"Most critical! You might say my life depends upon it."

"Then I have a proposition for you. The museum closes shortly. You and I will be all alone. I'll be willing to look the other way while you take these samples ... provided, first, we wrestle. I have a small gym in the back. If you can beat me, you can have all the samples you want. If I win ... I get your ass. What do you say? Is it a deal?"

What choice did he have... He certainly didn't want to tell Drago he'd failed. The beefy curator's proposition was a chance of success against the certainty of failure. Petterson agreed.

Although he hadn't wrestled since his college years he looked forward to testing his strength against this powerfully built man. This muscle against muscle match excited him ... to feel their bodies colliding together in a contest for domination stirred him sexually to the point of popping another very hard erection. Coyly he added another stipulation, "I think it's only fair that if my ass is on the line, yours ought to be too, as well as the sample scrapings." The salivating curator readily agreed.

Once the museum closed, both men made their way to the back room gym. Petterson was amazed at the completeness of the workout room with its supply of free and machine weights. There in the middle, among this tonnage of iron plates, stood a professional wrestling ring. The disturbing thought that he was in over his head-- flooded Petterson's mind. He was beginning to regret his decision to wrestle this modern day muscle god. Levesque insisted they fight in the nude, " ... like the ancient Olympians did." Petterson asked what the rules were. The muscleman curator stated flatly, "There are no rules ... it's to total submission ... anything goes." The scientist gulped hard as he agreed.

Once they had undressed and faced one another, Petterson saw a monster cock pulsating between the massive thighs of his opponent. It had to be more than a foot long and almost eight inches thick. It was the biggest cock he'd ever seen. His face grimaced momentarily as he thought of the excruciating pain and damage that killer cock would do to his buttock if he lost. He mustered up his courage.

No such look of disconcertion on Levesque's face as he looked at Petterson's considerably smaller penis. It looked almost minuscule compared to his. It took all his will power not to laugh right out loud. Even if he should lose, his opponent's cock wasn't big enough to penetrate the outer limits of his muscle butt cheeks, let alone his butt hole. The curator smiled broadly and motioned Petterson to the ring to begin the match.

Chapter 10: To the Victor ...

Petterson, expecting a traditional scientific Greco-Roman style match, came out of his neutral corner. Levesque charged out from his, flinging himself into the air for a flying drop kick. The

doctor instinctively ducked to one side, avoiding a foot to his face. Levesque slammed onto the canvas with a mighty thud. He quickly scrambled to his feet.

Realizing this was not going to be a scientific match but more like a UWA fight, Petterson caught his opponent as he rose with a couple of hard blows to the kidneys.

Levesque winched, then straightened up. "That's going to cost you," he snarled. The curator flung his mighty arms back for a tomahawk chop, but Petterson pounded a few solid shots to his exposed abs that did little more than vibrate his mid-section. Levesque's arms remained raised when he chopped them down, slicing deep into Petterson's traps.

The scientist tried to step back as he crunched his shoulders up. The blow had hurt him badly.

The curator hit him with a roundhouse right into his abs that totally doubled him over. He fell to his knees as he wretched, almost vomiting onto the canvas. With both hands he held his stomach. Levesque raised his powerful arms up, clasped hands and hammered Petterson across his broad muscular back. It took four mighty blows to fell him face down onto the mat. Petterson tried to grab the curator's ankles but was savagely kicked in the face. Blood began to seep from his mouth. Levesque then brutally stomped on the back of his head. For a minute Petterson's head was splitting as he grabbed the ring ropes to force himself to stand up. Levesque stepped into him with a leg-lift that straightened the doctor up on the ropes. Then the curator roared and connected with a right hook to the jaw. Petterson's body seemed to turn instantly to jello over the ropes. His fatigue from jet lag was working against him.

A vicious left hook followed, bouncing him and flapping his great arms in the opposite directions. Petterson was hanging on the ropes for dear life. Levesque sadistically smiled at his muscular victim with a crazed lecherous look in his eyes as he slowly began to circle in front of him. He had his right fist clenched as he rotated his forearm while he circled. He then slammed his fist under Petterson's jaw. Mass quantities of bloody spit went flying into the air. Petterson's body tipped almost past the point of balance on the top rope then flung forward in an arch landing face first on the canvas. Levesque roared with delight as he hit a most muscular pose over his fallen opponent.

The mighty curator began to mock Petterson by strutting around the ring, stroking his mighty fuckpole with one hand while flexing his other arm and kissing his biceps. Levesque stood looming over the beefy scientist as Petterson struggled back up onto all fours shaking off the cobwebs.

Levesque put his hand on the back of Petterson's head to yank him up to his knees facing him, practically ripping his long bleached blond hair out. He slammed his mighty manmeat into Petterson's mouth yelling, "Service me!"

The doctor, with no other option open to him, began to suck for all he was worth on the powerful cock, as Levesque began to savagely face fuck him. Gleefully the curator jeered, "I bet you wish you had this monster instead of that tiny pecker you've got."

Petterson, angered over the insult, pulled his mouth off the cock. He fired a shot into Levesque's balls that doubled the curator over. Instantly Petterson dropped him to his knees. The curator violently gagged as he threw up a mass of spit. Petterson jumped to his feet. He followed up with a knee to Levesque's face, splitting his lips. Blood spewed out. Without hesitation the doctor began to pummel his opponent's face with vicious lefts and rights, opening cuts and gashes that began to drench the curator's face with his own blood.

Nearly unconscious from the barbaric beating, Levesque reeled about on his knees but Petterson caught him by his shoulder-length hair, forced his face upwards, and rammed his cock into the curator's mouth screaming, "Now you service me, you fuckin' bastard!" Levesque began to suck, swirling his tongue all over the scientist's fuckpole, licking it, covering it completely with his saliva and invading the piss slit with his tongue tip sending Petterson into a swooning sighing stupor of erotic lust.

Caught in this sexual haze Petterson never realized his crotch was fully exposed. Levesque reached up. He grabbed the doctor's balls. He ferociously squeezed them, almost crushing them in his mighty hand. Petterson shrieked out for all he was worth as he doubled over, running into a powerful right cross to his face that opened a cut on the bridge of his nose. The curator quickly got to his feet, clutched a hunk of Petterson's long dyed blond hair by its dark roots, stood him upright and plowed his great fist into his forehead. Petterson flew backwards, falling through the ring ropes crashing onto the concrete gym floor. The curator pushed the top rope down to jump to the floor. He scooped the beefy doctor up, carried him over to a nearby solid wood table. He viciously body-slammed him down onto it.

Petterson wailed out in pain as the table cracked and disintegrated under his muscular bulk. Levesque yanked his opponent off the crumbled table by a fistful of hair. He led him to the steel ring post as he attempted to whip him into it. Somehow Petterson was able to get hold the curator's arm to reverse the process, sending him barreling into the steel pole instead. Levesque bounced off as if he was a rubber ball. He was severely dazed. The red swollen imprint of the post was noticeable on his massive chest and abs. He staggered about for a few moments. Petterson, having been barbarically punished didn't look much steadier, but was able to scoop the curator up. He body-slammed him into a couple of steel folding chairs. Levesque, tangled up in crumpled steel, screamed as he arched his back. The intense agony seemed to revitalize him as he swore up a storm.

"I'm going to rip you in half on my cock, you cock sucker!" he railed. Slowly he got to his feet, stretched out his massive body, roared out a mighty bellow as he crunched a most muscular pose that sent a frightening shock wave throughout Petterson's mind and body. Menacingly the curator approached the scientist, backing him up to the ring as Petterson pleadingly put out his hands in front of him.

"No! No! This was to be a friendly match, not a war."

"Remember ... no rules," stormed Levesque as he started to pummel one mighty blow after another into Petterson's gut, quickly rendering his cobblestone abs to mush. Then he scooped him up in his arms in an overhead gorilla press, and threw his body back into the squared circle over the top ring rope. Petterson landed with a powerfully resonating thud, rendering him almost unconscious.

In self-defense the doctor scrambled to his feet as the curator slithered into the ring under the bottom rope. He lunged at the curator but was met by a fist to his face that jolted his head back with a loud snap. Petterson went over fast, landing flat on his back. Levesque strutted around him, still trying to shake off his own pain. He shook his right arm out while standing over the fallen muscleman, flexed it, then dropped it like a falling boulder into Petterson's jaw.

Petterson's arms and legs flew up then back down to the canvas from the power of the impact. The curator smiled as he put the entire palm of his hand over Petterson's face, squeezed with an iron grip, forcing him up to his feet. Nearly senseless, the doctor barely was able to stand on his buckling legs.

"I want to see you worship my body," ordered the curator as he started to pose his magnificent physique in front of his opponent. The scientist staggered forward. He collapsed into Levesque. For an instant they stood cemented together, chest to chest, nipples to nipples, abs to abs, hard cock to hard cock. The erotic sensation was too much for both musclemen. Together they sighed out loudly, moaned in wanton lust for one another.

The curator shook his head, trying to gather his senses, then grabbed Petterson up in a mighty bear-hug as he began to savagely cock fuck his beefy opponent into submission. Petterson screamed as he felt his cock compressed into his own flesh as Levesque's powerful fuckpole tore into the underside of it, viciously bashing away. He struggled to free himself, putting his hands on the curator's massive shoulders and arching his back to break the devastatingly crushing hold. Again and again he tried as his face grimaced in total agony. He felt himself succumbing to the sexual torture as his balls churned and churned producing more and more cum, bloating themselves to twice their normal size. He fought with all his remaining strength to not shot off his load but to no avail. When Levesque applied all his might, nearly snapping Petterson's spine, plowing the doctor's cock deeper and deeper into his own flesh, Petterson was lost. He erupted like a volcano, ejaculating a tidal wave of hot creamy lava over both of them. The curator grunted in erotic pleasure as he began to pulsate his bear-hug, forcing every last drop of his opponent's cum out of his body. Petterson, drained and lost in a haze of rapture, slumped in the mighty arms of his tormentor. His head dropped onto the curator's massive delts, his arms hung lifeless at his side, his legs ceased their flailing, his eyes wide open but vacant. When he had been cock fucked dry, Levesque released his beefy prey. Petterson dropped to the canvas in a heap of exhausted muscle at the feet of the more powerful man.

The depleted scientist slowly struggled up onto all fours. His body trembled uncontrollably as he tried to stand. He fell back down. Each time he went to get up, he stumbled, falling closer to the ring post. Levesque roared with laughter as he watched Petterson fumbling about. He scooted in front of his struggling opponent, jumping up on the ring ropes, sitting on the top of the turnbuckle. When the beefy doctor was a foot away, the curator stood up on the second set of ropes. He leaped off with an elbow smash to the top of Petterson's head. The American scientist's massive legs

spread a mile wide, but he miraculously remained standing as he reeled about on his heels. Levesque bent over to hoist Petterson up over his shoulder. He carried him to the corner. He propped him up against the turnbuckle, throwing his arms over the top ropes. He stepped back. He sadistically grinned as he patted Petterson's gut and jabbed his still erect cock into the doctor's groin, smashing Petterson's flaccid cock and balls as he laughed out loud at the helpless hunk. Petterson grew furious as he realized, through the fog of his pain, that he was being turned into a sex toy for this overly muscled-up man.

He started to step forward when he was struck by a mighty blow to his abused abs. With a rapid-fire attack, Levesque mercilessly pounded away at Petterson's abs. His fist sunk deeper and deeper into what was left of this once great wall of muscle, quickly breaking it down into what looked like a beer gut.

The curator abruptly stopped. He laughed again at Petterson gasping desperately for breath, his face contorted in pain as he gagged up dry heaves.

To taunt his beaten opponent, Levesque patted his own ripped abs, then kissed each biceps. He stepped back even farther, shook his head in disgust as Petterson, slumped in the corner, was hardly able to hang onto the ropes to keep himself upright. Suddenly he fired a left uppercut to Petterson's jaw. The doctor flew up. His body arched backwards as his head slammed into the top of the steel ring post. Instantly he bounced forward, tumbling into Levesque, his right arm draping over the curator's left shoulder while the other hung lifeless at his side.

Levesque wrapped his mighty arms around Petterson's waist and crunched him back into the corner where he started to viciously hump him, ramming his massive sex pole into Petterson's groin, decimating the doctor's cock and balls. With each powerful cock attack, the doctor's body jolted, shook and shuddered. Petterson was so far out of it he was not aware of what was happening. To add insult to injury, as Levesque kept up his assault he flexed both his mighty arms right in his victim's face.

"Kiss them," he demanded.

The groggy scientist fell forward. His slobbering mouth hit the curator's flexed arm. Levesque smiled, then bent down, lifted Petterson up in a torture rack over his shoulders. He strutted around the ring constantly bending his opponent almost in half. Petterson screamed, shrieked and begged for mercy.

"I submit!" he roared out in pain. "Fuck it! I SUBMIT!!"

Maniacally Levesque bellowed back, "You're through when I'm finished with you and not before ... and I've only just started!" He pressed down even harder as his beefy prey wailed out in agony. The curator eventually let Petterson slip from his shoulders to slam down onto the canvas where he writhed about in pain, pathetically trying to clutch the small of his back.

Levesque grabbed hold of one of the American's legs. He dragged him to center ring. He flipped him over onto his back. He mounted Petterson's mammoth thighs. He began to pound away at the doctor's mighty pecs with jackhammer efficiency ... left, right, left, right alternating so hard that Petterson's body seemed to vibrate beneath him with each powerful blow. The curator had Petterson's arms trapped under his monstrously huge thighs. The scientist gritted his teeth as his head flailed helplessly from side to side. He desperately tried to hold his pecs hard. His face reddened from the strain as the chest attack continued with slug after viciously powerful slug. Finally Levesque swung his legs off and stood up. Petterson's pecs were quivering. The curator smiled over his demolition work.

The doctor, shaking, slowly got up as he listened to his musclebound tormentor gloating. He tried to flex his demolished pecs but they weren't moving at his command. They were red, blotchy and quivering. As Petterson struggled to get his footing, Levesque laughed out loud. This angered the American. On buckling legs he lunged at the curator. Levesque easily sidestepped him. Petterson stopped short, turned and lunged again. Once more the curator sidestepped him. Petterson felt embarrassed, humiliated. He was getting more and more steamed ... his gut was pumping hard from the furious intake of air as his cheeks continuously puffed out. He went to lunge again, but again Levesque easily sidestepped away.

Petterson clutched the ring ropes to catch himself from falling and to steady himself. As he turned to face the curator, he was hit square in the jaw by a powerful right cross that spun him completely around. He fell back against the ring ropes, hardly able to stay upright. Blood started to gush from his mouth. Again and again he was struck by one mighty body blow after another ... his face, chest, abs the helpless target for total destruction.

Then a left hook snapped his head back. His eyes widened in shocked pain. His arms flailing wildly about, hitting nothing. His legs wobbled as he fell back into the corner, slumping down to the canvas on his naked muscle butt, his face a bloody mess, his whole body covered in blistering red welts.

The mighty curator stood in front of him again posing his magnificent body. Even in this thoroughly devastated beaten state, Petterson popped an erection as he looked through smears of blood in his eyes at this sexually desirable muscleman. Levesque noticed his hardon, smiled, reached down and hoisted the doctor up. He cradled him in his great arms against his chest as he laid Petterson out across the top turnbuckle ropes. With one hand holding down his chest and another his leg, Levesque took the throbbing cock of the American into his mouth as he began to savagely suck and bone Petterson into a screaming frenzy of oral euphoria. With no physical stamina left in him, Petterson soon began to shoot his loads down the hot, horny throat of the curator. Levesque sucked and harshly boned the doctor's manmeat, gnawing on the head, digging his tongue tip roughly into the piss slit as Petterson wailed out in total sexual agony. The oral torture seemed to go on forever, even after the last of his cum had been ejaculated and the American was shooting only blanks.

Finally Levesque removed his mouth from Petterson's shriveled, mangled cock. With little effort he hauled the beefy scientist up over his head, walked around the ring once, then power slammed him, with authority, to the canvas. Petterson's whole body literally bounced up and down off the mat three times from the force of the slam. He laid there, face down, not quite unconscious. Levesque mounted his back as he began to dry surf the devastated scientist. He leaned forward with his hands on either side of the doctor's battered face. He purred in Petterson's ear as he playfully humped the outside of his muscle butt, "Now for the prize ... your ass."

The defeated doctor felt the first sharp prick of the curator's giant cock-head ram past his ass lips, ripping open the entire length of his asshole and love tunnel. Harder and harder, deeper and deeper his butt was torn open as muscle and tissue were shredded and bled. Petterson cried, screamed for all he was worth, but his torment only wetted the sexual appetite of the curator, who continued to brutally bulldoze his massive cock into the destroyed, beaten American. With each brutal penetration Levesque grunted out in pure delight and joy with every barbaric thrust of his monster tool. The victory fuck lasted for a full hour until Levesque finally, mercifully unleashed his pent-up massive loads deep into the bowels of his beefy prey. So violently powerful was his ejaculation that both he and Petterson passed out from it.

For many hours both unconscious musclemen laid on the canvas with the curator's cock still slammed deep up into Petterson's muscle butt. When they eventually came to, Levesque was so satisfied with the match and his victory fuck that he allowed Petterson to take his scrapping samples of the Hercules' objects. As Petterson was about to depart, the curator took him in his arms, kissed him most tenderly on the lips and said, "You have been the best I've ever had, as a wrestler and as a fuck. Anytime you want to come back for a rematch, you know where I am."

The scientist, in a hurry to leave, said nothing.

Once back stateside, the bruised, cut, bashed Petterson made his way back to his lab where he reported the success of his mission to a pleased Drago, who couldn't help but notice the beaten-to-a-pulp condition of his scientist. Petterson explained the details of what had happened, only changing the actual outcome of the fight. In his version, he won and was therefore able to retrieve the necessary samples. Drago was delighted with the tenacity, endurance and selfless dedication of his scientist, promising him a large reward for his efforts. Petterson begged to be excused, citing he needed sleep to recuperate so he wouldn't make any mistakes or miscalculations in performing the delicate experiment the following day. Although Drago was most anxious to get started immediately, he nevertheless understood the necessity for Petterson to be well rested for the success of the operation. "Go home ... get your sleep but be here first thing tomorrow morning and we'll get started."

Chapter 11: The Legend Lives

For Drago the morning could not come soon enough. He had stayed up most of the night, too filled with wanton anticipation of a successful outcome.

Like a child with unlimited adrenalin on Christmas Eve, he enthusiastically plotted the total demise of his arch enemy, MightyMan. This attainment of his ultimate goal erotically overwhelmed him so completely that with each diabolic torturous death scenario he came up with, he was forced to masturbate himself off to relieve the overpowering sexual tension. Every one of his murderous sex fantasies-- of ripping MightyMan limb from limb. splitting him in half on his monster fuckpole-- of tearing his arch enemy's super cock off, eating it in front of him, then fucking MightyMan in the wound, like a cunt, decimating the Ultimate Muscleman in his pulverizing bearhug as he crushed the life out of him, listening to his ribs and spine shatter in his mighty arms-- simply filled Drago with such an uncontrolled lust that he jerked himself off until thoroughly exhausted.

By morning his bed-sheets were so saturated with a sea of frothy cum that his whole magnificent body was bathed in sloppy sperm from head to foot. By six in the morning Drago literally slid out of bed through a massive pile of his own cum. With a quick shower to revive him-- no breakfast-- he made his way to the lab through his secret tunnel, where he was met by Szatkowski.

The two men entered the lab. They proceeded to hover over Petterson, intensely watching him prepare the sample scrapings. Because of the super secret nature of this experiment, Petterson, Szatkowski and Drago were the only ones allowed in the lab. No one else was permitted to come within a hundred yards of it. Security was tight, with a squad of beefy guards, guns drawn, standing outside the door and patrolling the adjacent hallways. The two observers were salivating at the scientist's every move, impatient to see if this experiment would be successful or not.

"I don't mean to rush you doctor, but you have no idea how vitally important the success of this operation is to me personally," exhorted the crime lord.

"Such things can't be rushed, Mr. Drago," cited Petterson as he slowly, methodically finished extracting the last of the DNA samples. "One tiny mistake or one slight miscalculation and the entire process will be ruined." He finally finished his task and said, "There!"

"You're done?" Drago eagerly asked.

"No, this is only step one. Now I'll have to compare these DNA samples."

"Why?"

"Over the centuries many people have handled those objects. I need to isolate all those DNA samples that are the same, putting them into groups. Since I want to reduce the number of groups to the most irreducible factor, I will look for those samples that were found on the bow, discus and javelin. Hopefully there will be only one such set. If that is indeed the case, then it is quite possible that those will be the molecules and DNA from Hercules. Those will be the first set I'll process through the Excellatron. But this will take time. It all depends on the number of groupings I collect. It will take a day or two before I'll be ready for the final stage. Please, be patient." Disgusted with the slowness of the process, Drago went to his office, leaving Szatkowski to assist Petterson, after admonishing them both, "Remember, this all must be kept secret. No one but the three of us must ever know. Any leaks will be punishable by an extreme death. I'll feed the informer to my UWA wrestlers, to be torn apart in the most heinous manner possible. Do I make myself clear gentlemen?"

Both scientists nodded their heads in compliance. At the end of the day a weary Szatkowski staggered into the penthouse office. He exhaustedly collapsed into a chair. "So?" asked Drago. "So what's happened?"

The Chief of Scientific Research yawned. "We've got over thirty different groupings."

"And ... any found on all the objects?"

Sadistically savoring the moment, as if he was getting back some of his own, Szatkowski took his time in responding. Eventually saying, "Yes."

"Well ... how many dammit!" shouted a frustrated Drago.

"One ... just one."

The crime lord's face lit up, his eyes widened. He smiled. "And those are Hercules?"

"There's no assurance that they are," cautioned Szatkowski. "I wouldn't get your hopes up too high. There is no real evidence that the bow, discus and javelin actually belonged to Hercules. It's just legend. There's no concrete proof that they did."

"But it's possible, right?"

"Anything is possible."

"When is Petterson going to start processing that grouping through the Excellatron?"

"He wants a good night's sleep to rest. He's worn himself to a frazzle. He'll be back in the lab at ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

Drago clasped his hands together loudly as he walked from behind his desk. He glanced at his watch. "In just twelve hours I may have the key to achieving my goals ... the destruction of MightyMan and then, the world will be mine!"

Hard by the banks of the confluence of the Liano and Colorado Rivers, in the Texas Hill Country, stood the sprawling 90,000 acres of the McAllister ranch. The mild climate, rolling hills and fertile prairies reminded the exiled family of their former home planet.

Here were planted endless acres of cotton, citrus fruit and pecan trees. More acres were devoted to raising all kinds of vegetables. Andalusian horses were raised here, as five thousand Santa Gertrudis steers freely roamed thousands of acres of open range. Far off in the western section of the ranch, a forest of oil derricks pumped up black gold from the bountiful earth. A large, comfortable, white two-story farmhouse, with a gabled roof and a wrap-around veranda, sat in the middle of the property, surrounded by giant oak trees on all sides, that kept the interior refreshingly cool during the summer months.

The nearest city, Austin, lay fifty miles to the north.

It was to this idyllic location that MightyMan fled to recapture his lost humanity and reestablish a sense of balance in his life. But even here, within the loving bosom of his mother and father, he

continued to feel upset and uneasy, lost and alone. His sullen mood and his desire for isolation greatly worried his parents.

For endless hours he would disappear, sequestering himself in his childhood hideout, the high loft in the ranch's largest hay barn. Here he tried to recapture something of the innocence and normalcy of his youth. Hidden in a large, studded leather chest, buried beneath a mountain of hay bales, was his childhood memorabilia-- a treasure trove of Marvel comics: Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Ivanhoe*, Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, stories about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table and his favorite reading material of all, *The Seven Labors of Hercules*. Here too were countless movie stills from the sword and sandal films of the late fifties and sixties. Even as a child he was able to easily haul the weighty bales up and over his head to get to his sequestered treasure chest. Now with bales in each hand, he tossed them around as if they weighed nothing.

It was here, late on the morning of the third day of his visit, that his strapping, husky father, wearing only a pair of worn blue denim overalls and work boots, climbed the steep wooden loft ladder in search of his only child. His wide-open face was flushed. His long white Fu moustache bounced up and down with every step as he huffed and puffed on his way up. A paisley print bandana covered his balding head. From underneath, the thinning strands of his white shoulder-length hair hung straight down covered in sweat. He was still a powerful figure of a man, standing six feet five inches tall, weighing in at three hundred and two pounds of solid beef. Although his sixty-eight inch chest was beginning to sag toward his ever-increasing waistline, he nevertheless continued to sport an impressive pair of twenty-seven inch arms. Gravely concerned for his boy's welfare, he wanted to try to draw him out, to find out what was troubling him.

"So here you are. I thought I'd find you here," he sighed heavily as he stepped up onto the loft from the ladder. "That's one hell of a climb straight up. What are we... three stories up," he asked rhetorically as he wiped his brow of perspiration with a red checker handkerchief.

He sat down on an overturned bale of hay next to his son. "When you were a child, and I couldn't find you, you were always up here reading or playing-- pretending this was a great fortress and you were a knight defending it with your sword made out of an old wooden plank, slashing away at the air at some imaginary enemy." He smiled as a sharp, short laugh escaped his lips. "There are moments your mother and I would like those times back again." He tenderly placed his meaty hand on his son's shoulder.

"Me too Dad," replied David softly as he longingly looked up at his father.

"You know your mother and I are worried about you, son. Since you've been home, all you do is mope about the place and disappear for hours on end. You're quiet, non-talkative-- not your usual upbeat self." Following a brief pause he asked, "Anything you want to talk about son?"

"Oh, Dad! I'm... so confused."

“About what?”

“Everything.”

“That takes in a lot of territory son. Could you be more specific?”

Following a lengthy silence David blurted out, “The fight!”

“The one against Vulcan?”

“Yes. It’s got me all tied up in knots inside. I can’t think straight. I don’t know what to do.”

Again putting a comforting hand on his son’s broad shoulder he inquired, “What about the fight troubles you?”

With anguish flooding every word, the younger McAllister replied, “I’m suppose to be the strongest man on the planet. That’s why they call me MightyMan. Yet I was barely able to hold my own against him. There were moments, Dad, moments that I had actual doubts I could win. I never had that before. Vulcan was incredibly strong and he physically hurt me. I mean really hurt me. I never knew such pain before in my entire life.”

Sympathetically David’s father stated, “Well son, you usually fight much smaller men than yourself, mere earthlings. There was no way they could ever match your strength or really harm you. It’s only natural when you went up against someone the size and power of Vulcan, it would be different, far more difficult. He was actually the first man to really challenge you for the first time in your life. It surprised you, shocked you, pushed you out of your usual comfort zone as Dr. Phil would say.”

Both men chuckled at the reference.

“This cumulative effect unnerved you and put you off your game. That’s all.”

“You don’t understand Dad! I could have lost,” shouted David. “He was that powerful. He could have won! I could be dead right now... fucked and crushed to death! I’m suppose to be the strongest muscleman in the entire universe. He shouldn’t have been able to do to me what he did!”

“You don’t need to raise your voice. I’m right here,” calmed his father. “Let me ask you one question. Who won the match?”

Taken aback by the surprise question, David stammered, “What ... do ... you ... mean? I ... won.”

“Exactly!” declared the former ruler of Titania triumphantly. “You won, and proved to the whole world that you ARE the strongest man on Earth.”

With a shy smile caressing his lips, David meekly replied, “Yea, I guess I am.” But just as quickly, a sullen mood again took hold of him. “But it’s more than that, Dad.”

“Yes, what?”

“I don’t think I can discuss it. It’s far too personal. I’d be ashamed and embarrassed to say.”

“David, I’m your father. I love you. You know that. There isn’t anything you can tell me that would alter that. There isn’t anything you can’t talk over with me.” Gently shaking his son’s shoulder he prodded. “Now tell me. What is it?”

Hesitantly, with his head drooped, David slowly responded, “The fight ...”:

“What about the fight?”

”I ... killed a man, with my bare hands. I’ve never done that before, actually, deliberately take another person’s life. It was wrong of me to do that, so terrible wrong.”

“Son, you did nothing wrong. From the opening bell it was a fight to the death, a matter of life and death ... kill or be killed cause Vulcan had one thing and only one thing on his mind, to kill you in front of the whole world. That was the only way he could rightfully claim the leadership of the League of Superheroes. And gain the respect of the criminal world. Your death was his ticket to fame, immortality and for his own self-gratification. His killing would make him the strongest man on Earth and the Ultimate Muscleman in the Universe, which is ultimately what he wanted. You were defending yourself in the only way possible – you or him.”

“That may be father, but there is more, something hidden deep within me that scares me. I dare not even say it out loud, not even to myself.”

“Trust me son, you can confide in me. You have my word on that.”

Desperate to unburden himself, David took his father at his word. “The sadistic bestiality... got to me.” As if a dam of reserve had been broken, the words came flowing out in a torrent. “I found myself responding to it. I ... liked it! I like it a lot. Once I had beaten him down and I was sucking the strength out of his body, I could feel his might coursing throughout mine. With each blast of his

hot, juicy cum down my throat I was becoming stronger and stronger as he was growing weaker and weaker. That erotic sensation was phenomenal ... totally overwhelming. I was in total control. And the no holds barred physicality of the match ... of feeling his great body in my arms tightly pressed against mine ... his life being crushed out of him as I fucked him senseless, tearing his ass apart on my cock ... mutilating his insides, then blowing one humongous wad of cum after another up into him ... letting myself lose all control until I had smashed the life out of him. It was exhilarating. Absolutely exhilarating! I've never known any sensation like that before. The blood rushed to my head. I became another person entirely. I became a living god among mere men with the power of life and death. I never wanted it to end. I wanted it to go on fucking and crushing Vulcan forever!"

Taking a needed breath, David paused for a few seconds before going on. "Father, what's the matter with me? How could this have happened? It goes against everything I believe in ... have fought for ... defended. What's the matter with me," he pleadingly asked. His question was rife with angst.

Looking disquieted, his father replied, "It's not your fault son. It's mine." Taking a deep breath he continued. "There are things I should have told you years ago. Things you need to know. Things that are your right to know. Things you have to know. I've been remiss in not telling you."

"What are they Dad? Tell me, please."

"You were an infant when we left Titania, so you're unaware of certain things-- traditions, if you will.

"In the center of our beautiful capital city of Terrania, with its twenty million inhabitants, there is a mammoth stadium called the Galactic Nation Coliseum. It seats over one million people. In the center is a huge pit that is popularly called the Slaughter Pit. I have to preface what I'm about to tell you with this ... for many centuries our people were divided into murderous tribes. Civil war was the norm. There was constant warfare. Blood flooded the landscape as one tribe indiscriminately massacred another. Any life was fair game to be hunted down and killed. It was our clan, the Bogdonovichi Family, who-- over ten centuries ago-- finally brought about peace and stability to Titania and our neighboring planets, to create the Empire of the Federation of Galactic Nations with its thirty billion population.

"Shortly after our ascension to power, the Imperial Council of Wisdom and Enlightenment decreed that since there is this inbred tendency toward violence with wars, rapes and murder-- in all of us-- there was a desperate need to channel such aggressive tendencies to prevent their outbursts from affecting the populace at large, and to maintain peace among all our people.

"So they devised pit fighting as a solution. Once every lunar cycle-- forty-five Earth days-- we held these fights in which men and women entered the arena and fought to the death. Sometimes they fought in single combat, other times in groups, sometimes with weapons, other times with only their bare hands. A million or more of our subjects would flock to the coliseum every fight day, filling it to overflowing. Throughout the nations there was a holiday so people at home could watch these matches on their home vision-view, a far more advance form of Earth's primitive television.

“The last time I attended one of these fights, you were just a few months old. How proud I was when I entered the imperial enclosure and held you up for everyone to see. You were the living assurance that the dynasty would continue-- and peace and prosperity would continue for all our people. Can you image the deafening roar of a million voices as they cheered and applauded! It was most gratifying, emotionally moving. How proud I was as I held you high in the air. And you weren't afraid one bit. You even giggled, accepting this heartfelt adulation as your birthright.”

“Father ... did you ever fight in the pit?”

“Yes, when I was younger-- about your age.”

“Were you ever afraid?”

“Afraid? No, not really because I was the biggest and strongest Titanian.”

“And you won all your matches?”

“If I hadn't ... you'd have never been born.”

“Were all your fights ... to the death?”

“Quite a few, yes. They were very much like the ancient Greek pancratium matches or the Roman gladiatorial fights. Only the strongest and most skilled survived. And the populace got rid of their pent-up aggression by watching these matches, shouting themselves hoarse and applauding until their hands were bloody raw.

“So you see, it worked. The crime rate was low, as were murders, and war was all but forgotten. For over ten centuries we had relative peace and prosperity.”

“How long did you fight?”

“I didn't compete that long-- just long enough to establish the fact that I was the greatest pit champion ever, and the undisputed strongest man throughout the Federation of Galactic Nations. Once that was firmly established, my father-- your grandfather-- made me quit for the sake of the dynasty. At the time, I was the last of the Bogdonovichi. So my father wanted me to marry and have children, so our line would continue to reign throughout our solar system. Without an heir to continue the dynasty, the nations would once again descend into chaos and civil war.

“I didn’t want to quit. Like you I was hypnotized by the physical eroticism of the fights-- especially the one-on-one matches. The awesome power of my body just got to me. I was invincible. My hubris just blinded me to everything else.”

“So how did you overcome that overpowering desire to continue?”

“It took a lot of effort on my part, a great deal of personal perseverance. But my father was right. I had a higher duty to the Federation of Nations, to continue our line and to ensure the survival and freedom of our people. Duty, my son, is a most powerful incentive. It forces you to rise above yourself and your self-interest.”

“And you were born to those duties, right Dad?”

“As were you, my son. It’s the price we pay for our exalted position in this life.”

“How did grandfather die?”

“He died on the front steps of our palace, fighting to the last for our people, and to give us time to escape from the Manchu’s forces. Your mother held tightly onto you, as she and I hurried to the palace basement, where there was waiting a time-travel pod. As the Manchu’s forces were breaking into the chamber, we blasted off and out of their reach, thereby saving the dynasty from extinction, and keeping alive our people’s hope of eventual salvation. In less than twenty-four hours we traveled over eighty billion light years here to Earth.”

“Grandfather was certainly a brave man. But Father, do we still have that pod? How would we ever get back without it?”

“Not to worry son. It’s in a safe place.”

“Where?”

Pointing to the barn floor David’s Dad stated, “Down there, under twenty feet of soil. All we’ll have to do is dig it up, dust it off and we’re good to go.”

Quizzically David asked, “Why did we come here to Earth?”

There was a great methodical silence from David’s father before he spoke. “What I’m about to tell you son is, perhaps, THE most guarded state secret of them all. You cannot tell anyone of this-- ever. Do I have your oath on that?”

“Of course father. I’ll never tell a living soul ... ever.”

“All right then. Did you ever wonder why these earthlings look and act so remarkably like us?”

“No! Why should I?”

“There is a reason for this resemblance. It’s not just coincidence. Many millennia ago our scientists discovered a way to travel great distances in a fraction of time. From that moment on, our forefathers sent out exploratory expeditions throughout all the known galaxies. On those planets that living conditions were similar to our own, they colonized. Most had no living organisms like us, but they did have water, breathable air, fertile ground for planting food, natural vegetation-- things to sustain life if we ever needed to use them.

One such planet was called Little Titania because it was almost an exact copy of our home planet. It was referred to as ‘little’ since it was 800 times smaller than our home planet. In state papers it’s referred to only as LT and its location was a top state secret. Only those who needed to know, knew. Besides the air quality, water, sunlight, vegetation and fertile land, it had one thing all the other planets we had explored didn’t have: It had a living organism with the potential to develop into a usable species. That planet you know as Earth.”

“Earth!?”

“Yes David, Earth. We came here in droves to colonize it. Erich von Daniken in his book, *In Search of Ancient Astronauts* had no idea how close to the truth he really was. We settled all over the planet. In every section we found these near ape-like creatures in the early stages of their evolution. Our scientist took these hairy, strong beings and artificially inseminated them with our DNA. They gave birth to-- let’s call them Group A. Then Group A was artificially inseminated and produced Group B and B begat C and C had D and so on, over a process of many centuries, until present day human beings were created.”

“My stars, father. Do you know what you’re saying? You’re telling me that we-- our forefathers-- are, in fact, the creators of these earthlings. We’re their ... I can hardly bring myself to say it!” David took a deep breath and a hard gulp, then impulsively blurted out, “We’re their god!”

“It goes even deeper than that son. Once we found they had intelligence, we set about training these beings, imparting our technology, customs and traditions. Why do you think the pyramids of Egypt look so much like those of Central and South America or those in Asia-- half a world away? Our forefathers taught them the rudimentary elements of mathematics, language, the alphabet, writing, architecture and the sciences. We gave them the wheel, irrigation, the concept of sports in all its various forms, sailing and ship building, settled agriculture, the construction of cities and governments, the concept of art -- all of these and more, we taught them. We civilized these people.

“In the middle of the Atlantic Ocean there existed at this time a great continent that history calls Atlantis. We civilized those savage Atlantians until they became the most productive and intelligent beings on the planet. We even gave them the basis for fusion energy-- but they abused it, creating weapons of unimaginable destructive power. They wanted to conquer all of Earth.

“We had no choice. To save the planet from such devastation, and to preserve its existence, we were forced to destroy Atlantis. The continent and all its people-- and the technical secrets we gave them—all went to the bottom of the ocean floor in a massive, cataclysmic earthquake.

“But from that we learned a valuable lesson: Not to teach these beings more than they could easily handle. They needed to mentally develop, mature, become far more sophisticated and conscious of their responsibilities to their fellow beings.”

Taken completely aback by his father’s disclosure, David was barely able to speak. “I’m speechless! I don’t know what to say. I’m stunned.” Taking a few moments to gather his thoughts, David finally asked, “Besides you, mother and myself, are there any other natural Titanians still living here on Earth?”

“No, we’re the only pure-bloods on the planet. The last of our race departed a couple of thousands years ago. Occasionally our astronauts have returned for brief visits to investigate and report on how the people have developed and the conditions of life here on Earth. Sadly our experiment hasn’t turned out as well as we had hoped. Left on their own these humans have botched just about everything. From where we left them to today, it’s a real tragedy.

“But to answer your question, there may be some humans who, through recessive gene traits, come close from time to time to being a Titanian. I suspect Vulcan was one such mutant. He probably was a direct descendant of Odin, one of the band of Titanian settlers who made his home in the northern regions of Earth. He was the father of Thor and all the pantheon of the Nordic gods. There could be more. Zeus and his band of settlers lived in the southern regions. Unlike Odin and his settlers who staid pretty much within their own kind, they mingled with the humans all the time and had many off-springs. Your childhood hero, Hercules, was one of them, half human, half Titanian. All the original Greek gods were pure-blood Titanians, who came here to Earth. On the African continent there was Ra and his Titanian followers to settled the Nile River Valley. The same scenario happened all around the world. It’s little wonder the unsophisticated humans thought they were all gods and goddesses.”

“Really?! Then what you’re saying is, if Vulcan was one of those mutants, I was fighting another Titanian. Someone close to my physical stature-- and that’s why it was such a hard and even match.” David pondered this information for a long, long time before a broad smile brightened his handsome face. “Thanks Dad, I feel much better about the whole matter. I can live with that. I now understand. It was like fighting my clone, only since I WAS a pure-blood and he wasn’t, I had the power to conquer him in the end. No wonder his cum infused me with greater strength. It was like 90% Titanian cum. WOW!”

Bolting up to his feet, an ecstatic David danced and whooped it up all around the loft, as he tossed hay bales, left and right, all over the place. It took his dad quite a while to calm him down, but when he did, father and son climbed down and exited the barn with their arms around each other's broad shoulders.

At ten o'clock on the dot, Drago, followed by his long-haired beefy masochistic sycophant, Szatkowski, entered the lab. Petterson was already busy at work. The huge, shoe-box-shaped Excellatron was humming loudly, almost deafening. At one end was a giant transparent Plexiglas cylinder tube some ten feet tall and six feet in circumference. Large plastic hoses connected the cylinder to the Excellatron, as did wires running from electrodes on the Excellatron to their counterparts on the cylinder. Electric charges sparked from one metallic orb to another as a milky colored gas began to fill up the cylinder. Three large backup generators sat silently by. Their appearance sparked a question from Drago. "Petterson, why do you have those extra generators?"

"They're backups in case there is a loss of power from the main generator."

"So what?"

Petterson could only shake his head by the ignorance of his boss' question. "If I am successful today and am able to replicate Hercules, his three-dimensional image can only be sustained with the energy provided by the Excellatron. If that energy is interrupted, he dissolves right before our eyes. These extra generators insure the continuation of that energy which sustains his life force, incase something goes wrong with the Excellatron's main power supply."

"I guess it's better to be prepared than not," said Drago.

There was so much static electricity in the lab that the hair on the two scientist's heads stood straight up, making their boss laugh out loud as he patted his bald head.

Petterson, taking the test vile of a DNA sample, poured it into a receiving cup on the Excellatron. He looked at Drago, then at Szatkowski. "Cross your fingers gentlemen," he said as he pushed the intake button.

Immediately the liquid containing the selected DNA was consumed into the machine as the motor started to race louder and louder, as more sparks flew faster and faster, as the gas entirely filled the cylinder. The overhead lights started to flicker and dim as more power was force-fed into the Excellatron. The vibration became so intense that the very walls and windows of the lab shook violently. Tables rattled as test viles fell off of them, shattering as they hit the floor, spewing out their contents. Anything not nailed down went falling onto the concrete flooring. More sparks flew between orbs, more buzzing and hissing of electrodes ... the lights dimmed until they were out,

bathing the room in darkness, with only a mysterious glow from the gas in the cylinder, now an iridescent green, casting eerie illuminations.

All eyes were transfixed on the cylinder as something began to take shape among the green mist. As more and more of the shape appeared, the Plexiglas began to violently vibrate. A blinding flash and then the deafening roar of an explosion that sent everyone sprawling to the ground ... the cracking and shattering of glass was followed by the lab becoming engulfed in a thick, choking green fog. The three startled men slowly got to their feet as the smoke began to lift. Like a curtain going up on a stage, as the blinding haze lifted, there standing before Drago, Szatkowski and Petterson was the most heavily muscled naked man they had ever seen ... a human mastodon of mammoth muscular proportions. Standing impassively on the cylinder platform among shards of Plexiglas and debris, the musclebound colossus remained motionless, like a granite monolith.

Petterson was the first to regain his composure and slowly approach. The closer he got, the more sexually aroused he became. This mammoth monster of pure muscle turned him on as nothing had ever done before. His painfully throbbing erection almost punched its way through his lab coat and pants. With his mouth wide open, he cautiously walked forward. The beefy giant's eyes were closed but his nostrils gently flared with each breath he took. "He's alive," Petterson stated passively. "He lives." Drago and Szatkowski scurried to the platform. Like Petterson, they too were acutely stimulated by the overpowering physique of this beast of muscle. "Is ... it" sputtered Drago, to overcome with emotion to say anything more.

"It's got to be," replied Szatkowski drooling with every word. "Who else could it be?" All three men stood dumbfounded, in a state of shocked exhilaration, as they marveled at this most overwhelmingly impressive muscleman ... the front of their pants and lab coats tenting straight out ... saturated with pre cum. Long black luxurious hair fell in ringlets to the most massive set of traps and delts ever seen. His manly face, framed in a finely trimmed beard and moustache, was wide open with lush full lips, and a perfectly formed nose like a classical Greek statue. A wide chin was offset by a broad, thick bull neck that was anchored to two huge angle iron traps ... themselves bolted on to the largest set of deltoid muscles any of them had ever seen. The monstrous pecs were more than massive-- they were mountains of muscle with a defined clef between them, so deep a person could lose their whole hand in it up to their wrist. The huge chest then tapered down to a set of eight pack abs, so pronounced that they resembled a cobblestone road. The waist was so small as to accentuate the mind-blowing V-shape of his entire torso. His arms were more than mammoth ... more than colossal ... they were simply unbelievable in their girth. Petterson surmised they were at least 45". The forearms were equally impressive. Below the waist exploded thighs and calves like the mightiest sequoias-- massive columns of muscle that easily supported this giant of a man. And in between them, what struck all three men, was the greatest, thickest, largest piece of manmeat imaginable. Petterson went over to the Excellatron to retrieve a digital printout on this behemoth. As he read it his jaw dropped in astonishment. "Listen to this," he shouted. "He's 7'2" tall ... weighs in at 550 pounds ...his chest is ...," he gulped, " ... 82" ... his arms 50" ... waist 36" ... thighs, 50" ... calves, 35" ... neck, 30" and his ..." another hard gulp, " ... 18" long by 12" in circumference." Drago and Szatkowski could only stand motionless ... awestruck into silence, their eyes frozen on that beefy monster's cock ... their mouths watering like a leaky faucet.

Petterson moved back to the giant. Gently he took his wrist to measure his pulse. No one noticed the muscular colossus as he opened, first one cobalt blue eye, then the other. A look of puzzlement crossed his face, then bemusement as he looked around at this strange environment, and at the

mortal holding his arm. A deep-throated growl emanated from him as he easily threw Petterson off, sending the Doctor hurtling the full length across the lab where his back slammed up against the cinderblock wall, knocking the breath out of him. Petterson then dropped like a ton of bricks to the floor.

Drago and Szatkowski were startled to their senses as the muscle monster jumped off the platform toward them, growling like a demon with every step. Before they had time to run, the beast was upon them, effortlessly lifting them both up, one in each hand, over his head to toss them across the room, where they landed in a pile on top of Petterson. Although shaken and hurt, the three men scrambled to their feet to attack the giant just as he reached the double metal doors to the hallway. Drago jumped on his massively broad back, wrapping his mighty 28" arms around the being's neck, as the two doctors attached themselves to his monstrous arms.

Handily, this giant of muscle shook the two scientists off, sending them flying in opposite directions. He grabbed Drago's arms, ripping them from his throat as the crime lord bellowed out in pain. The muscle monster then bent forward with such force that his attacker went soaring, head over heels, across his shoulder, his back crashing into the two metal doors. The impact was so severe that for a moment Drago was glued to the doors upside down, like a bug on fly paper, before he slid headfirst to the floor. Dazed, and bewildered, Drago struggled to his feet only half conscious. He staggered about on wobbly legs. He looked at the metal doors. His imprint was plainly visible. He shook his head to regain his senses. A great hand caught him by his throat, lifted him up off his feet and power slammed him through a solid oak lab table, splintering it to pieces. The crime boss lay unconscious on the floor. Meanwhile, the two doctors managed to get to their feet. "Keep him occupied," ordered Petterson. "I'll get a hypodermic needle with a sedative to put him out." Szatkowski raced to the giant, attacking him with a flying cross-body block. He bounced off screaming. It was like hitting a solid wall of concrete at a hundred miles an hour. He dropped like a stone at the muscle monster's feet. The next thing Szatkowski knew he was being lifted straight up by one arm to dangle helplessly before the giant's face. Two great glaring eyes curiously inspected him. With his free hand the giant began to poke and prod the doctor with his index finger, tearing away Szatkowski's lab coat and clothes, stripping him naked. With the same finger he began to explore the beefy body of his prey, playing with Szatkowski's cock and balls, causing the scientist to pop a ravaging hardon. Bemused by the throbbing cock pulsating before his face, the musclebound behemoth began to suck on it with such force that he nearly tore it from the doctor's groin. Helplessly caught in a torpor of masochistic lust Szatkowski, shooting one massive load after another, wailed for all he was worth, "He's sucking the life out of me! HELP!!" He's sucking me to death!"

Neither of his cohorts came to his rescue. Drago was out cold, slumped on the floor in a crumpled pile of damaged muscle. Petterson was nowhere to be seen. The titan of muscle then took his index finger. He started to probe the Doctor's asshole, finger fucking him, impaling him on, first, one finger, then two, then three, before viciously shoving his entire massive fist up to his wrist into the shrieking scientist's bleeding butthole, ripping his glutes apart. He sadistically lifted Szatkowski high over his head like a trophy on display for all to see. Szatkowski bellowed out in licentious agony as he fruitlessly twisted and squirmed to get off the huge fist rammed up his muscle butt. Obviously enjoying himself, the giant kept rotating his hand farther and deeper inside his hunky victim's rectum causing more screams of torment, as he reeked more internal destruction. Then the behemoth felt two hands wrap themselves around his monster cock as a pair of lips began sucking on his oversized piss hole. Drago had regained consciousness and was vainly attempting to suck off

the giant to weaken and calm him down. But the cockhead, a perfectly shaped mushroom and the size of a grapefruit, was too huge to completely fit into his mouth. Drago had to settle for sucking on just the very tip ... the piss slit ... reaming his whole tongue deep into the hole to swirl it around inside. The great muscle beast roared with erotic delight as he continued to crucify Szatkowski on his fist. Suddenly a look of shock and surprise flooded across the giant's face. "Huh!" he grunted. His eyes slowly went blank. So heavily did he drop to his knees that he cracked the concrete floor. His hands fell to his side. Szatkowski scurried off his fist, running away clutching his brutalized, bleeding ass. Drago hurriedly backed away. With a look of numbness clouding his features, the giant fell forward onto the floor, revealing Dr. Petterson holding a large horse needle that he'd dispensed into the beefy beast's muscle butt. For the next three days as the legendary Prince of Power slept, strapped to a metallic table, Petterson and the recovering, anally-abused Szatkowski, measured, weighed and examined the monolith of massive muscle before them. The musclebound leviathan was in perfect health with less than 2% body fat. Petterson reconfirmed the digital print out's initial measurements. He was 7'2" tall, weighed 550 pounds. His chest measured a staggering 82", arms were 50", the neck was 30", calves also came in at 35", the thighs were 50" and that monster fuckpole even when soft was a full 15" long. To see how massive it would be when fully erect, both scientists wrapped their lips around opposite sides of it, running their salivating mouths up and down the deeply veined shaft, taking turns sucking on the mammoth head, inserting the whole of their tongues deep into the piss slit, swirling it around, bringing the moaning, panting musclebound slumbering colossus to a full erection of 18" long and 12" in circumference. As this sleeping titan of muscle began to erupt mass quantities of cum, the scientists engulfed both sides of the throbbing shaft with their lips as they masturbated him with their tongues, fully aware that no mortal could survive on the Olympian power of his semen. As their mouths, stretched to their limits, straddling the mighty shaft, they began to kiss each other passionately as they scrupulously avoided the sea of cum exploding from the monstrous cock-head. Caught up in the throes of erotic wanton lust, Petterson hoisted his muscular colleague up over his head in a gorilla press, body slammed him down on a nearby metallic examination table, tore his lab coat, pants and bloody butt bandages off as he stripped himself naked. He began to unmercifully fuck the long haired pony tailed Szatkowski, throwing his meaty legs up over both his massive shoulders, ramming his own powerful cock in and out of the already ravaged and bleeding butt hole, like a pile-driver gone berserk. Szatkowski screamed his guts out in a crazed stupor of lascivious passion. Both muscular scientists went at it tooth and nail, like sex starved gorillas, until Petterson brutally jacked off his physically writhing colleague at the same moment as he exploded inside him. Both men shrieked out in erotic lust for one another. When both had finished shooting off their loads, Petterson collapsed on top of Szatkowski, nearly crushing him against the cold steel of the table. Both were thoroughly exhausted as they kissed one another in an ardent embrace. During those seventy-two hours in which the Greek hero slumbered, Petterson had headphones placed over both the mighty titan's ears. He played a language tape on a recurring loop, allowing the massive muscleman to learn modern English subliminally. When the moment arrived to awaken the mighty giant, Drago - his arm in a sling and neck in a brace-- and his two hunky scientists stood around the metallic examination table. Petterson cautiously administered the antidote. Ever so slowly the monster of muscle began to stir. As his massive body began to move slightly from side to side, the thick leather restraints around his wrists, chest and ankles ripped free from the table falling to the floor. Suddenly the naked muscle monster sat straight up, startling the three observers by the unexpected motion. He opened his deep blue eyes wide. As his senses started to be restored he eagerly looked around, first at the three strangers gathered about him, then at the unfamiliar surroundings. He bellowed, "Who dares awake ME from the sleep of ages?" He swung his massive legs to one side of the table closest to Drago.

"Hercules?" called the muscular Russian mafia boss. "You are Hercules, aren't you?"

A deep-throated grunt was followed by the nod of his head. An audible sigh of relief escaped the three men's lips. Quickly Drago and his two scientists introduced themselves and began to explain the situation in clear, concise and calming words so not to anger the giant. "There's someone living today who claims to be the biggest, most muscular, most powerful man who has ever lived," indoctrinated Drago. "He boasts that he is bigger and mightier than you ever were. He has publicly insulted you and your legend as tripe. He's trashed your name all over the world."

"Who's this man?" raged Hercules. "Bring him to me. I will destroy him with my bare hands. No man denigrates the name of Hercules and lives!"

"MightyMan is his name," replied a smug Drago.

"That's why we brought you back," interjected Szatkowski, "... to give you the opportunity to defend your name and reputation as the greatest and strongest man of all time."

Jumping down off the table, Hercules rampaged about the lab, overturning tables, chairs, smashing counters and bookcases as he roared out his anger, turning the room into a total disaster area. "I will kill him! I will rip him to pieces with my bare hands. I will fuck him to death on my mighty tool, the strongest phallus ever!"

"You'll have your chance for revenge shortly," calmed Drago. "But first you must rest and learn about our way of life, our modern civilization. We will teach you all you'll need to know so when you fight MightyMan, you'll be able to crush the arrogance out of him, conquer him, disgrace him before the eyes of the world on your great sex pole, forever destroying all his credibility."

Somewhat appeased by all these reassuring words, Hercules started to calm down.

Chapter 12: A Superhero's Dilemma

MightyMan, sequestered incognito at his father's Texas home, happily lost himself in the daily chores of the ranch, riding his Andalusian horse, Sorrel Beauty, and roughhousing with the ranch hands. At night he'd visit the bunkhouses where he'd drink beer, listen to tall tales and cowboy songs. To amuse himself he'd arm wrestle the biggest and strongest of his father's hired help. Every beefy cowboy who challenged him went down to a quick and decisive defeat. More than one ranch hand walked away with a severely sprained wrist. A couple wound up with a broken arm or a crushed hand.

One of those who challenged him was Andy Bick, the biggest of his father's hired hands. He stood 6'4" tall and weighed 280 pounds of solid muscle. His 24" arms, 62" chest and 32" waist stood on giant legs of 36" thighs and 26" calves, making him a most imposing cowboy to behold. His cowboy clothes wore like a second skin, leaving nothing to the imagination. Even the outline of his great cock shown through his tight jeans. Among the ranch hands he was a bully to be feared and avoided if at all possible. Never one to back down from a challenge or a perceived insult to his overall physical abilities he readily accepted the challenge to arm wrestle David.

As the two muscled behemoths sat down at the bunkhouse table, Bick sadistically snarled right into David's face, "I'm going to eat you alive for my evening snack ... boy! This is MY game! I've

never lost. Just ask anyone here. Right Guys?" All the cow hands in the room nodded their heads, a few managed to muster a faint "Yes."

"I'm going to rip your arm off and smack you senseless across your pretty boy face with it ... boy."

David only smiled back. "We'll see," was all he said.

The two settled into position. They clasped hands with their massive forearms welded tight up against each other's. Someone in the crowd that had gathered around them shouted, "Go!"

Instantly Bick pressed all his might into the attack, looking for a quick, decisive win against this muscled up punk. He pressed and pressed, powering all his might into his arm. His biceps strained to the max. The striations burst under the leathery, tanned skin. His eyes winced shut, as his face scrunched under his tremendous effort. Sweat poured from his deeply furrowed brow to mix with the steady stream of saliva spitting from his gaping mouth.

"AAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!" he growled through clenched teeth. But as hard as he tried, he was unable to budge David's arm one inch.

"Tell me when you want to start," mocked David. "I'm ready any time you are."

His sarcastic tone infuriated Bick who threw his massive shoulder into the action, leaning forward to apply more pressure. Still David's arm remained upright.

David yawned. "I've had enough of this," he said as he effortlessly pressed his hand forward slamming Bick's hand hard to the tabletop and at the same time throwing him out of his chair to the dusty bunkhouse floor. All the onlookers gasped in complete astonishment as they watched Bick writhing around the floor screaming as he clutched his wrenched arm. "You fuckin' broke my arm, you cock sucking bastard," he wailed.

"Don't play with the big boy if you can't take it," chortled David as he got up to walk away.

"You'll pay for this, you fucker! I don't care if you are the boss' son. You'll pay for this!" yelled Bick at the top of his voice as David departed the bunkhouse.

A couple of days later David was swimming in the nude at his favorite swimming hole, a deep, clear blue water lake up in the foothills of his father's ranch. Secluded and hidden from view by a forest of pine trees on three sides and a steep hill of huge flat boulders on the other, it was an ideal place to swim naked and sunbathe in the nude on the rocks.

Following a refreshing swim David climbed up to the top of the flat rocks. He spread out his huge multi-colored beach blanket. He lay down to soak up the summer sun and get a tan. Quickly he fell

asleep. Some time passed when a great shadow blocked out the rays of the sun. Startled, David opened his eyes. Standing over his naked body was Andy Bick, with one of his hands down the front of his unbuckled jeans, stroking his cock. He glared down at David. "Does pretty boy want to get fucked by a real cowboy?" he sneered.

Hurriedly David sat up only to be hit hard in the jaw by Bick's knee. He fell back, dazed by the powerful blow. Before he knew it, Bick had his pants off. His great fully erect cock, 9" long and 4" thick, pulsed up and down as the cowboy removed his western shirt to reveal his magnificent 62" chest with its perfectly rounded pecs. David stared in wonderment at the man. Bick couldn't help but notice David's own great cock rising to the occasion. Playfully he bounced his mounds making them dance. He then flexed his guns, sensually licking them one at a time. He followed it up with a jaw dropping lat spread and a most muscular pose. "Do I turn you on ... boy," he said as he pursed and licked his lips. "Want to feel a real cowboy on top of you pressing his muscled body up against you? Want to be fucked by a man ... real man? Huh, do ya?"

Straddling David's naked frame, Bick sat down on his mammoth chest, his knees pressing hard into McAllister's massive shoulders. Bick's great cock lay directly over David's face to his forehead; his ball sack draped over David's chin. As he flexed his 24" arms he bounced his cock up and down, constantly smacking David in the face.

David winced as he tossed his head from side to side trying to avoid that heavy truncheon of flesh beating his face. And all the while Bick was laughing, having a great time humiliating his boss' son. "Okay pretty boy, open your mouth. You're going to service a real man," ordered the cowboy.

"NO!" said David defiantly, trying not to open his mouth too wide and swallow his tormentor's ball sack.

"Oh yes you will," stormed Bick as he moved his body down to rest on David's impressive eight pack abs. He could feel McAllister's monster of a cock riding up his butt crack as well as his back. He grabbed David's large nipples and began to viciously twist them as if he were going to tear them off. David hollered out in pain, unaware his mouth was wide open. Bick instantly rose up on his haunches. He leaned forward placing his hands on both sides of McAllister's head. He shoved his great sex beast into the open mouth. David's eyes bugged out of his head as Bick rammed his fuckpole all the way in, cramming the cockhead against the back of his throat. Sadistically the cowboy began to ravenously face fuck his beefy prey. "Ahh, that's it pretty boy, suck that cock. Oh yeah, suck it boy, suck it real good ..." moaned Bick. He sat straight up as he kept up his face fucking, powering his hips like pile drivers to push and pull his great manmeat up and down McAllister's throat. As David got into sucking the cowboy's cock, licking it, sucking the constant load of pre cum that covered the head, swirling his tongue all over it, Bick posed his fantastic body, flexing his arms, doing a lat spread, most muscular poses, pinching his own nipples, clasping his hands behind his head as he continuously groaned in total erotic ecstasy. "Ahh, you suck cock good, real good boy. Keep it up. You're the best cock sucker I've ever had. I think I'll make you my full-time bitch ... boy. Would you like that, to be my full-time bitch?"

Unable to respond with a mouth full of manmeat, David let the question drift off in the air. "I bet you'll make a great fuck bitch too," crowed Bick as he withdrew his saliva coated cock from McAllister's mouth.

"I bet you'd make a pretty fair fuck bitch yourself, Bick," cited David with a lecherous gleam in his eyes. "Why don't we find out." Before Bick could respond, David blasted his arms up, throwing his assailant off of him. Bick flew up into the air like a skyrocket. When he came down David was standing up and ready for him. He caught him in his arms, hauled him over his head in a gorilla press, smacked his lips as he looked at Bick's great sex tool dangling over his face. "You want to get sucked off? Okay! I'll suck you off. Then I'm going to rip your ass wide open as I fuck you into oblivion," promised David. Ominously he added, "You'll be lucky if you survive."

Opening his lips wide he lowered Bick down until all his cock was in his mouth. Like a super powered vacuum cleaner he sucked on it, Bick cried out in erotic pain. Slowly David pushed him back up as his tongue plied the withdrawing tool. He held his cowboy prey aloft for a few seconds, then lowered him down again, taking his cock deep into his mouth once more. Again he sucked hard, drawing Bick ever closer to eruption. Another slow withdrawal was followed by another sucking session as Bick squirmed, vainly trying to escape his inevitable fate. But David's strength was so overpowering that there was no way the doomed cowboy could free himself. "You don't like that, Bick? No? Then how about this..." taunted MightyMan's alter ego as he slammed the cowboy down across his knee in a bone shattering backbreaker.

Bick yowled for all he was worth as David pressed him into a back-splitting bow. When he took the cowboy's throbbing dick back into his mouth all Bick could do was whimper like a beaten dog. "Please don't, man," he begged. "Pity please ... don't." But his pleas went unheeded as David sucked and sucked and sucked for all his might. When he roughly inserted his tongue tip into the cockhead slit, Bick was lost and knew it. He shot mountainous load after load down David's hot, hungry throat until he was thoroughly drained dry. When David lifted his mouth off the ravaged cock, the tool was shriveled up beyond all recognition.

Contemptuously David shoved Bick's violently shaking body off his knee. He stood up as the beefy cowboy curled up in the fetal position at his feet. He let out a victory roar as he thumped his mighty chest. For a few moments he let Bick writhe about before he reached down, grabbed a handful of his ball sack to force the shrieking cowboy to his feet. As Bick stood before him on shaking legs, David walked behind him. He slapped on a neck breaking full nelson at the same time that his hard as a rock cock plowed itself up into Bick's exposed muscle butt. The cowboy screamed with all his might. With each savage penetration Bick's horrific cried filled the air to David's delight.

"RAPE! RAPE! RAPE! bellowed Bick at the top of his voice.

"Scream all you want cowboy," David sadistically jeered. "Ain't nobody going to hear you ... no way ... no how. You're my fuck bitch ... BOY! Now and forever, so take this ... and this ... and this ... and this ... and this ..." he growled as he released an ocean of cum up into the cowboy's butt.

As David continued his brutal ass attack, pouring a ton of cum into him, Bick's mangled cock sprang back to life. When David leaned back, taking him completely off his feet and thoroughly skewering him on his killer fuckpole, Bick's sex tool exploded once again as the cowboy's face became petrified in sexual torment. His roaring screams frightened the birds in the trees. They took flight, hundreds of them fluttered up all at once only to disappear into the sky.

When David straightened up and Bick's feet touched the ground once more, he forced the cowboy to his knees, then down onto his stomach-- all the time his cock was still crammed up into him. Sprawled out on top of the flat rock, Bick had nowhere to go. The massive, solid weight of David's mammoth body pinned him to the cooling stone surface. Then David started to mercilessly hump him with such violent force that Bick's arms and legs flailed wildly about as he screamed himself hoarse. The power of David's body and his fucking smashed Bick's own fabulous physique into the rock's surface, leaving a faint imprint in solid stone. The cowboy's face was pressed so tight against the rock that his cheekbone became fractured. Between his shrieks of agony he continuously pleaded, "Please stop. No more man. I give. I fuckin' give."

But it did no good. David kept up his insane doggie style ass fucking as Bick's body shuddered uncontrollably and spasmed under him.

When he got tired of the doggie position, David roughly flipped his cowboy sex bitch over onto his back. With his killer beast still shoved all the way up into him, McAllister lay flat on top of Bick, his arms wrapped tightly about his head and neck. Once more he began to power fuck the bejesus out of him as the sexually tortured cowboy wailed for his life. "You're fuckin' killing me. Pity please ... stop. I can't take it anymore. You're hurting me too much. You're cock is tearing me up inside. You're too big. For god sake's stop!!"

As before, there was no cessation. David kept right on sexually ravaging Bick as blood flowed freely from the cowboy's shredded asshole.

Sadistically imitating Bick only a few minutes before, David mimicked his words. "Want to feel a real cowboy on top of you pressing his muscled body up against you? Want to be fucked by a man ... real man? Huh, do ya?" Bick could only cry out in erotic torture as tears flooded down his constricted face.

With his great body depleted of strength, Bick could only endure the sexual torture being deliberately inflicted on him. His insides were growing numb from the constant bull dozing of David's mighty cock up into him. Even the smacking sound of McAllister's ball sack against his butt cheeks was becoming dim to his hearing as were his torturer's constant grunts of erotic delight. He was slowly succumbing to the anguish sexual haze of being totally fucked into unconscious.

Sensing he was losing his fuck toy, David, his face pressed up against the side of Bick's, cooed into his ear, "Now for the coup de grace ... boy." The foreboding portent of McAllister's words sent shock waves throughout the cowboy's body. David wrapped his mighty arms around Bick's waist. He scooped him up in his mammoth arms and stood up. Bick was now in David's deadly bearhug.

“I’m going to crush you to death while I decimate your ass to pieces,” threatened David as he began to squeeze. Bick, too frightened to speak, could only shake his head “no” as he leaned as far back in McAllister’s arms as he could. His hands pressed against David’s pecs in a futile attempt to push himself away and escape to safety. David simply ratcheted up his squeeze. With a mighty scream, Bick’s arms collapsed to his sides. His legs hung down lifeless, as his ass was constantly being stuffed with David’s massive cock. “I’m going to fuck you into oblivion ... boy! And love every minute of it,” David ominously stated into the pain riddled frozen face of the cowboy.

As he increased the power of his hug, David also increased his humping action, turning his hips into an atomic boring machine, drilling his cock all the way into his victim’s brutalized butt. Once more he released a tidal wave of cum deep up into Bick’s guts as the cowboy’s body bucked and jolted with each and every savage penetration.

“No! No! Please don’t man ... don’t kill me,” beseeched Bick with tears crowding his eyes. “I never meant to really hurt you,” he breathlessly cried through shrieks of pain. “I just wanted to pay you back for humiliating me in front of the men. Let me go man. PLEASE! For Christ sakes, let me go ...” he wept as tears cascaded down his face like a waterfall.

“Are you going to behave from now on?”

“Yes,” said Bick with a trembling voice.

“No more terrorizing the other cowboys?”

Bick nodded his head in compliance.

“No more being a bully?”

“No, I swear.”

“I have your word on that, cause if I hear any report that you’re acting up, I’ll find you wherever you are and finish the job on your ass once and for all. You got that ... BOY?”

“I Swear. I promise. I swear. Please let me go ... Please!” pleaded a violently shaking Bick.

Following a dramatic moment of hesitation, David finally relented. He pushed Bick off his killer cock. The cowboy staggered about nearly falling down as he pissed himself up out of pure fright. “All right. Get your clothes and get the fuck out of here before I change my mind and butcher you to death on my cock.”

Not wasting a second, Bick scurried about gathering up his gear as David's cum kept oozing out of his abused asshole in great bloody globs to slide down the back of his legs. He fled the scene as fast as he could, never looking back. If he had, he would have seen David rocking with laughter over the scare he had played on him.

Yet such pleasantries were but a momentary distraction. Despite his father's explanation about their forefather's colonization of Earth, there was still one nagging thought that constantly kept reoccurring: his contract with the Underground Wrestling Alliance. It called for him to defend his World Heavyweight Championship title at least once every six months, if not more. This thought, along with the senseless, unsolved murder of BicepBoy, plagued the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe as he pondered his life and the severe turn of recent events as he continuously sought sanctuary and peace at his parent's home. His self-imposed hiatus, his respite from crime fighting, the senseless murder of BicepBoy and his UWA contractual obligations tormented him. He felt a deep, abiding sense of having betrayed the trust of the citizens of Municipal City and a complete abandonment of his principles and the code of the League of Superheroes, To fight for justice, life, liberty and happiness. For the first time in his life he felt unsure of himself. He needed time to recover his balance and perspective on life and his place in it. But what persecuted his thoughts the most was the lingering sensation of the erotic thrill of actually being able to totally defeat and totally dominate a mighty adversary, fuck him into sexual submission and literally crush the life out of him in his powerful arms. The savage, barbaric primitiveness of it, the mesmerizing wanton lust of it constantly made him hard, engorging his monstrous fuckpole to the point of ejaculation, staining the front of his tight blue jeans and his bed sheets.

Without a doubt he was the strongest man on Earth. Without a doubt he had the most muscular body on Earth. Without a doubt he was unbeatable, truly invincible. In spite of himself, these thoughts fed his massive ego like a drug to a starving addict. After all, he was a Titanian-- and not just any Titanian, but a prince of the blood. Those thoughts readily fed his sexual craving for total domination of another powerful man. That one match against Vulcan, his former friend and colleague, had completely altered his life, his outlook, his goals. UWA wrestling was so utterly different than the SuperChallenge Wrestling he was use to. It was totally barbaric, unruly and physically destructive. But it spoke to some inner, primitive need within him, a throwback to the Titanian slaughter pit. Slowly he came to believe he could use this new attitude to still fight for good.

Perhaps Vulcan was right after all. Perhaps evil had to be fought with overwhelming ruthless might. He could continue to battle villainous forces, but in the squared circle and not on the streets. Perhaps he could use the UWA for these ends, since Drago was the crime lord of Municipal City and all the local criminals worked for him. He could take these up-and-coming musclebound lawbreakers, defeat them in the ring, humiliate them and their evil pride by fucking them into submission, thereby saving the taxpayers the expense of a trial and imprisonment and at the same time block Drago's nefarious plans, whatever they were. This would also satisfy his growing carnal hunger for total erotic domination and sexual superiority. His barbaric fucking of Andy Bick only heightened that overwhelming longing. Meanwhile back in Municipal City, Drago secretly housed Hercules in a sumptuous underground bunker beneath his palatial mansion. He had it decorated with Grecian columns, period furniture and frescoed paintings of the Greek countryside that covered the walls. Monumental nude statues of all the great Greek heroes cluttered each room, all to

help ease the Prince of Power's transition into the modern world. Televisions were placed in every room, constantly showing UWA wrestling matches, interviews with MightyMan boasting he was the biggest and strongest man ever, all to indoctrinate the Greek muscleman, inciting his passionate, lustful desire to destroy the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe. When Drago and his two hunky scientists, Szatkowski and Petterson, thought he was ready to begin his UWA training, several professional wrestling jobbers were hired at great expense to do battle with the legendary strongman. In turn, each of these powerfully built men were sadistically used as human sacrifices for Hercules to practice on. Taking aside their boss, Szatkowski and Petterson warned him, "If Herc uses that killer cock of his, these guys will die in the ring, either from the agonizing pain or he'll literally split them in half on it ... either way it will be murder plain and simple."

Drago dismissively retorted, "Murder is neither plain or simple. These jobbers know that every time they enter the squared circle they're taking their life in their hands. The UWA means kill or be killed. Besides, down here in my basement, no one will know. They'll merely disappear." The two scientists knew better than to argue with their boss, especially when he had made his mind up about something.

So twice a day, one by one, these musclemen wrestlers became human fodder as they were physically demolished in the bunkers wrestling arena as Hercules beat them down, sucked the strength out of their muscular bodies, tearing them limb from limb as he ripped their muscle butts to shreds on his giant killer cock, pulverizing the life out of them in his mighty bearhug as ribs cracked, spines snapped and hips shattered by the awesome power of the Mighty Greek. One by one their mutilated corpses were dragged through the underground tunnel from the ring to be disposed of in the crematory furnaces in the basement of Drago International Headquarters. After each match, Hercules would stand triumphantly over the exterminated muscular bodies of his victims, one foot on their crushed chests, flexing his massive physique, as their blood streamed down like a red waterfall across his mighty frame, a broad smile of pure elation on his face. With each victory he had reaffirmed once more his legendary status as being the strongest of all men. While Hercules was in training, MuscleFreak, Drago's massively built enforcer, was making a name for himself in the UWA. With Drago's encouragement he was a rising star in the wrestling world, handily destroying every opponent that came his way by maiming their bodies, raping them on his massive fuckpole as he mashed the life out of their bodies in his deadly bearhug. Never in his life had he felt so powerful or more invincible, more superior to all those around him, his boss included, which was what Drago wanted.

As the crime lord confided to Szatkowski and Patterson, "I'll build him up as the strongest of the strong. I'll have him take on every member of the League of Superheroes and fuck them to death in the ring on live television. That will get MightyMan's attention and force him to return to defend what's left of his friends and his precious League. Then I'll feed MuscleFreak to MightyMan to annihilate. I'll make it a point that MightyMan knows who killed his pretty BicepBoy. That will get him mad and seek the ultimate revenge on MuscleFreak. I'll see to it personally that the Gatorade bottle with the formula in it is switched and MuscleFreak only drinks regular juice. Then I'll have my revenge for his interference in the Vulcan match. MightyMan will physically massacre him in a worldwide television fight.

"Then for his next fight I'll have him face Hercules in a championship bout. I'll then have that self proclaimed Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe right where I want him ... in my power. Hercules

will destroy him, smash him to bits but not kill him. I'll have his butchered carcass dragged back here. He'll be strapped to a surgical table and a milking machine attached to his cock where for 24 hours a day it will pump him of all his mighty cum, leaving him far too weak to resist. You, Szatkowski, will make a potion from his cum that I will drink. It will make me stronger by the day as my muscle size increases to match-- and then surpass-- his. Then, when the time is right I'll come out of retirement and before the eyes of the world end MightyMan's interference once and for all in my plans, and obliterate for all time his reputation as a superhero for good. Then no one will dare stand in my way." Under Drago's direction MuscleFreak publicly challenged each of the members of the League of Superheroes to face him in the arena in a death match. "MightyMan has abandoned you," he raged. "You are all weak copies of him, cowards who hide behind his cloak of invincibility. You're not worth the sweat off his balls. You're nothing without him to lead you. If you were truly superheroes, you'd stop me and my reign of terror on Municipal City. But you're too weak and craven sissies to face me one on one, man to man. If I lose, you'll end my crime spree of rape and pillaging. If I win, I'll continue my criminal ways until someone defeats me. But you're all cowards ... not men enough to even try, waiting for MightyMan to return to do your job for you. But he won't come back. He's too much of a chicken shit and scared of my might and body." To back up his boast, MuscleFreak began to rob banks in broad daylight for all to see. On one such heist, PowerWoman attempted to thwart his holdup. "At least there's one person among the League of Superheroes that has balls, even if it is a bitch," scoffed Drago's enforcer with his hands on his hips as he stood nonchalantly before the only woman in the League. "PowerWoman you're more of a man than your cohorts." When MuscleFreak ignored her order to "cease and desist," she began to rain down blow after blow on his muscular torso. The steroid freak just stood there, taking every strike without flinching, laughing at PowerWoman's futile attempt to stop him. Tiring of her attack, MuscleFreak leveled PowerWoman with one punch to her head that sent her hurtling backwards into the brick facade of a store, the concussion of the impact shattering the plate glass front window.

A large crowd of spectators had formed to witness the fight that was quickly over before it had a chance to begin. Strutting over to the fallen superheroine, MuscleFreak forced her to her feet by pulling her up by her long blond hair. Dazed and disorientated, PowerWoman staggered about on buckling legs, swinging widely in the air, hitting nothing. The musclebound enforcer grinned a sadistic smile as he crept up behind her, catching the heroine in a debilitating full nelson, lifting her off her feet. With one mighty squeeze he snapped her neck. PowerWoman's body instantly went limp as she dangled lifeless in his massive arms. MuscleFreak released her. PowerWoman's corpse crumbled to the sidewalk. The picture on the front page of that evening's Municipal City Gazette showed MuscleFreak standing triumphantly over the dead superheroine, one foot on her chest as he flexed both his 31" python arms. The caption read, "Die Bitch - No One Can Stop Me!" Over the next few weeks MuscleFreak continued his crime wave, terrorizing the city and all its inhabitants. Indiscriminately he raped men and women on the street and in their homes. With his bare hands he strangled and slaughtered innocent victims picked at random. The police were powerless to stop him, their officers cringing behind their desk or in their patrol cars whenever a call for help came in and MuscleFreak's name was mentioned. City officials called upon the League to take up the challenge. Forced against their will by the overwhelming public outcry, the leaderless superheroes had no choice but to accept the massively muscled enforcer's deadly dare. MuscleFreak systematically began to take apart the League of Superheroes in weekly UWA battles broadcast live from the Arena of Pain. "This will draw MightyMan out," pronounced Drago to his overly-muscled minion. "To stop you from completely destroying his precious League, he'll have to challenge you. That will be your shot at the championship."

MuscleFreak bought his boss' duplicity hook, line and sinker, salivating at the prospect of becoming the UWA World Heavyweight Champion over the demolished and desecrated body of MightyMan. Such temptation kept his cock hard, his pants tenting to the point of shredding, cum stains prominently covering his crotch. How he could feel his mammoth foot long, 10" thick cock tearing apart the Ultimate Muscleman's butt, as he screamed and begged for his life. Several times a day he jerked off to this fantasy to relieve the unbearable pressure, violently erupting, straining his body to the max, sighing heavily after each volcanic release. The first of the League to face MuscleFreak's murderous rage was PowerMan whose yellow and red form-fitting body suit accentuated his muscular physique. Crowded in the front row were his colleagues from the League, Warlord, Gladiator, Eagleman and Mammothman all in full costume. From the opening bell the superhero was completely out matched in strength and wrestling skills. MuscleFreak roared out of his corner, viciously, sadistically attacking his stunned opponent with bludgeoning punches, body slams, over the shoulder backbreaker and over the head gorilla presses. Bit by bit the underworld enforcer took PowerMan apart damaging both his deltoid muscles with the force of his full nelson, breaking his arms with brutal hammer locks, ripping his costume off, exposing his powerful chest, biting both nipples off causing blood to flow freely from the wounded pecs, manically gut punching PowerMan's exposed six pack abs until they sagged, causing the superhero to violently wretch blood all over the ring as he back pedaled to escape the savage onslaught.

But the mighty enforcer would not let him go. Next MuscleFreak tore open the crotch of PowerMan's uniform, exposing his hard, throbbing cock and balls. Savagely Drago's muscleman went to work on his groin, pummeling his balls with one mighty blow after another before hoisting the defenseless superhero high over his head, only to viciously body slam him across his massive thigh in a bone shattering backbreaker. Taking the wounded hero's sex tool into his mouth, MuscleFreak sucked PowerMan's 8" long, 3" thick cock dry in no time, while constantly squeezing his nuts until they popped in his mighty grip, the sound reverberating throughout the arena as did the pathetic whimperings of PowerMan. Several of his League colleagues had to be forcibly restrained by burley security guards from jumping into the ring to protect their fallen comrade. For rest of the match they were prevented from interfering by a cordon of guards standing in front of them. The quick finish came when MuscleFreak forced the visibly weak and staggering superhero to his feet. The enforcer grinned sadistically as he reached down to barbarously rip his cock off, holding aloft the dismembered tool for all to see as PowerMan shrieked and fell to the canvas in a fetal position, holding his devastated groin with both hands as he writhed about in excruciating agony. With a look of crazed licentiousness MuscleFreak lifted his pain-riddled opponent up, slapping on a brutal bearhug as he rammed his monster cock deep into the newly formed cunt wound, impaling PowerMan on all 12" of his killer fuckpole. With pure primitive savagery he began to hump the physically mutilated superhero as he crushed the life out of him in his 31" arms.

PowerMan's bellowing screams filled the arena as his ribs and spine were heard shattering. More blood gushed from his mouth as he felt the killer cock burrowing deeper and deeper inside him, demolishing his groin, tearing muscle and pulverizing bone. He saw his musclebound executioner's eyes filled with wanton lust as MuscleFreak licked his lips and grunted out erotic sounds of sexual satisfaction with each brutal hump. Becoming bored with his easy prey, MuscleFreak applied all his might to one last devastating hug. PowerMan's eyes went vacant as his muscular body collapsed backwards, limp in the enforcer's arms. He was dead.

Contemptuously MuscleFreak opened up his deadly grip to let the superhero's corpse fall off his fuckpole, dropping to the ring floor in a heap of broken muscle before the victor. The audience

went wild with rejoicing as MuscleFreak took a victory lap around the squared circle, strutting and flexing his great body right in front of the other stunned superheroes sitting in the front row. Drago's man basked in the acclamation of the crowd as blood and cum flowed off his still erect monster hardon. Posing his blood-stained body, MuscleFreak pointed at the visibly shaken superheroes shouting, "Which one of you will be my next victim?" as he stroked his killer manmeat and licked his lips. Again the guards had to forcibly restrain them as they hustled the remaining League members out of the arena. The following week, the next to fall was MammothMan in his lion skin loin cloth and sandals that strapped to just below his knees. Reminiscent of a circus strongman, he fared no better than his predecessor, although he did briefly manage to hold his own in the opening moments of the bout. He was even able to slug it out, toe to toe, with MuscleFreak, sending the big man backwards, reeling on his heels-- to the great cheering delight of his superhero colleagues, once again in attendance in the front row. His massive blows momentarily staggered and disorientated the underworld enforcer enough to wrap him up in a devastating bearhug, squeezing the menacing brute as he humped the underside of MuscleFreak's mighty cock, causing him to squirm and cry out in pain.

With the same barbaric savagery used by his sadistic opponent on PowerMan, MammothMan viciously cock fucked the ex-con, bringing him to the point of ejaculating as mass quantities of pre cum flooded MuscleFreaks' cockhead. He groaned out loudly in the erotic haze of sexual passion, twisting and turning his body to extricate himself from the powerful grasp of the superhero strongman. "I'm going to fuck you senseless," bragged MammothMan through gritted teeth as he applied more pressure on his brutalizing hug.

"Fuck you cock sucker," growled a tormented MuscleFreak. "We'll see who fucks who."

Feeling humiliated, the mighty enforcer summoned all his great strength in a roid rage to explode out of the deadly hold. Breathlessly standing in front of his stunned would be conqueror, his massive chest heaving as he desperately fought for air, MuscleFreak ferociously roared a defiant howl as he hit a most muscular pose. Then he began to throw one demolishing hammer blow after another rendering his superhero opponent nearly unconscious. Calamitous body blows were followed up with a facial attack that made MammothMan's features an unrecognizable mass of bleeding putty. Next, MuscleFreak went to work on the superhero's great chest, bashing away at his massive pecs until they began to sag like an old woman's breast. Gut punching turned his cobblestone abs into mush. Then Drago's stooge lifted the vulnerable superhero over his head in a series of gorilla presses taking his long thick cock into his mouth, savagely boning it on the withdrawal until MammothMan could take no more and shot massive quantities of his loads down the willing throat of his tormentor.

With his strength siphoned from his body, the superhero was viciously body slammed to the canvas where he laid sprawled out, defenseless and at the mercy of MuscleFreak. To save their friend from any further physical destruction the three remaining League members, EagleMan, Gladiator and WarLord rushed to the ring from their seats only to be roughly pushed back once more by the ever present beefy security guards. Once they were thrown back into their seats they saw the massive enforcer give them each the finger as he glared contemptuously at them.

Wasting no time to end the match, MuscleFreak began to work on his fallen adversary's legs, enfolding them under his mighty arms in a Boston Crab until he broke them both, the snap echoing

throughout the arena. MammothMan shrill shrieks were ear shattering. He followed this up by brutally dislocating both arms with a standing arm bar, holding the superhero's shoulders to the mat with his foot as he wrenched the muscular arms from their sockets. MammothMan's tormented screams flooded over the arena. His thunderous cries pleased the blood thirsty spectators. To satisfy the audience's carnal lust, the enforcer ripped the superhero's loin cloth off, revealing his massive balls and pulsating cock. The death blow came when MuscleFreak hauled his battered opponent up into his deadly bearhug. As he ground the life out of MammothMan he used his killer cock like a battering ram, smashing the superhero's sex tool to pieces, demolishing it into a gooey bleeding, cum drenched mass of pulverized meat. Mercilessly MuscleFreak hoisted the annihilated superhero up into the air only to slammed him forcefully down on his massive fuckpole, reaming his ass out with fierce penetrations that tore his ass lips apart as it shredded the lining of his rectum. Blood poured out of his muscle butt hole in a steady river of red. One great hug shattered the superhero's spine. Another massacred his rib cage. With no strength left to fight, his muscular body, devastated by murderous pain, MammothMan gave up the ghost, his head falling forward onto his conqueror's massive shoulder. His body tensed, violently spasm, his legs and arms flailed outward, then everything went limp. MammothMan was dead, shooting off a death throe load of cum from his mutilated cock. Taking the destroyed body of his latest victim, MuscleFreak held it aloft over his head as he paraded victoriously around the ring, shouting as he went, "MightyMan, you fuckin' coward, where are you ... show yourself and meet your doom and destruction, you worthless piece of muscle shit!" Scornfully he tossed the dead superhero's remains at the feet of his colleagues in the first row. Tenderly they scooped MammothMan up in their arms to carry him away as MuscleFreak again demanded MightyMan to show himself. The audience took up the chant sarcastically shouting, "MightyMan! MightyMan! MightyMan! MightyMan!" as they stomped their feet and enthusiastically applauded MuscleFreak's latest victory.

Watching the gruesome spectacle back in Texas, David leaped from his seat in his father's den, ready to fly back to Municipal City, but he was abruptly stopped by his father. "No, son. Can't you see this is all some fiendish ploy, devised by that diabolical Drago. From what you've told me, he'll stop at nothing to destroy you. This is just his way to get you to return and put your life on the line."

"But these are my friends, my crime fighting colleagues from the League. I just can't stand idly by and watch as Drago's sadistic henchman tears them apart and fuck-murders them one by one. My honor, my reputation as a protector of the innocent is being destroyed," pleaded David, his voice choked with emotion.

"Don't allow your heart to overrule your head," admonished the former Emperor of Titania. "Your life is most precious to your mother and me and to the billions of our subjects who look to you to liberate our home planet some day. You owe them your first allegiance, not these Earthlings. You were born to this obligation. It is your birthright, your sacred duty. Titania first, all other considerations second."

"But my honor, father ..."

"Is it your honor or your ego, my son? Is it worth your life to allow yourself to be manipulated by Drago? This is his way to force you back. He has something far more vicious and evil in store for you than this overly muscled up MuscleFreak. You know you can take him. I know you can take him. There's nothing to prove here by fighting him. I caution you to wait for the right opportunity in which you're in control, not Drago and whatever nefarious plan he has for you."

“Father, don’t you understand. I am thinking about my obligations to our people. If we return to Titania ...”

“Not if son, but when,” chided David’s father.

“All right, when we return, how can I ask our people to follow me if I shirk my responsibilities to the League and the people here? They’ll think me a coward who abandoned my colleagues, my duty for the sake of my own safety. No one wants to follow a coward!”

“You’re not shirking your responsibilities to the League or anyone, son. Nor are you acting like a coward. You’re recognizing a higher duty, to the people of Titania, your country. Your life and safety are the paramount surety that our people will survive and their freedom will be restored. You cannot throw that away so blithely,” argued his father.

“Dad, you know full well that it will come out that I didn’t go back to defend my friends, my honor, my beliefs.”

“How could it get out? We’re over 80 billion light years away from Titania.”

“It will get out just as it gets out here. Nothing stays a secret very long. There is always someone who’s willing to dig and dig deep to find out everything about anyone of interest. And as a leader of our people, I’ll be their prime target. They’ll leave no stone unturned to get all the dirt and innuendos they can on me and willingly publish it. I’ll be damned if I’ll give them any ammunition, especially over the League, my leadership of the League and my duty toward the League and the people of Municipal City. I will not let my leadership qualities be challenged or besmirched. It would reflect badly on me, our family and on our stewardship of our people. Can’t you understand that? Our whole future is at stake and at jeopardy if I don’t go back and face MuscleFreak in the UWA arena. I’m doing this for our future, the future of our people and our country. Otherwise I’m not worthy of the high position I was born to or of our people’s trust. And that’s the bottom line Dad, our people’s trust and faith in me, in our family’s leadership.

“Then you’ve made up your mind regardless of what your mother or I say?”

“I’m sorry father, I have no choice if I’m to keep faith to those ideals and principles you taught me and to our people. Surely you can see that. I have to return to Municipal City. I’m going back!”

“When?” asked his father choking back tears.

“Immediately. Now in fact, before it’s too late. I have to put a stop to MuscleFreak’s reign of terror and murder, and whatever it is that Drago is ultimately planning. I have to save my honor and restore the people’s faith and trust in me.”

“At whatever cost?”

“At whatever cost!”

“Even the cost of your precious life?”

“Yes father, even if it costs me my life, otherwise I’d be living in shame and that’s no life at all.” “Better to die a hero than live in caution?”

“Caution is just another word for doing nothing. I can’t live like that, knowing full well that I CAN do something.”

“I’ve seen the size of MuscleFreak. You realize he just might be another one of those Titanian mutants, like Vulcan. He’s certainly large enough to be one.”

“MuscleFreak is a steroid junkie. He’s no Titanian mutant like Vulcan. His size and strength is all juice.”

“And you’re willing to bet your life on that assumption?”

“Yes father.”

“And there’s nothing I can say to change your mind?” asked David’s father pleadingly.

“No father. I have no choice, even if MuscleFreak is a mutant. I have no choice. Please see that.”

“You’re our only child, our only son. How can you expect your mother and me to understand this insane death wish of yours. It’s tantamount to suicide. No ... no don’t ask us to understand. Our hearts are breaking and you want us to understand. How cruel. How heartless.” David’s father slumped down into an overstuffed chair with his head in his hands fighting back tears of anguish.

“I’m sorry father,” said David with a comforting hand on his parent’s broad shoulder. “I have to go. Kiss mother for me and tell her I love her. Forgive me if I’ve hurt you. That wasn’t my intention. Someday you’ll realize that in this matter, I was right.”

As David slowly walked away his father bolted from his arm chair. He ran up to his son enfolding him in his mighty arms. He hugged him tenderly as he repeatedly kissed his face. Reluctantly the former Emperor of Titania released his boy and tearfully watched his son leave the room for the front porch. There David stripped off all his cowboy gear to reveal his MightyMan costume.

As evening caressed the late afternoon sky, MightyMan flew off toward the heavens, then abruptly stopped. For a few seconds he hovered over his boyhood home. Using his x-ray vision he could see his father collapsed in his mother's arms weeping uncontrollably. "We have to let him go Alydaar," soothed David's stoic mother as she comforted her sobbing husband. "He is what he is today because of the principles we taught him. We should be proud of the man he has become. He's exactly how we raised him to be." Under her breath she whispered, "May our forefather's look over and protect you son and bring you back home safe and sound to fulfill your destiny, for our country and our people."

MightyMan's heart was full to overflowing with emotion for his distraught father. A momentary pain of regret flooded over his mind, as a cold hand of portent clutched at his heart. Perhaps this would be the last time he'd ever see his home again or his parents, he thought. A solitary tear escaped his eye, running straight down his cheek to drop from his face to the ground far below.

Then, throwing off his thoughts of nostalgia and impending doom, he took off like a supersonic jet into the sky.

Chapter Thirteen: The Return of MightyMan

The thickly-veined, bald headed, mid-thirties, pock-mark-faced crime lord, Alexander Drago, wearing a short sleeved, form-fitting dress shirt, that tightly hugged his 68" chest and accentuated his fabulous physique, sat behind his great desk in his palatial penthouse office. Standing 6'5" tall, weighing 275 pounds of pure beef, with powerful arms that measured 28", he was an intimidating and imposing figure of a man. The sliding glass doors to his balcony were wide open so he could take advantage of the refreshing summer breeze.

As he diligently worked, he slowly came to realize that the breeze had stiffened. The raft of papers that were piled high on his desktop began to stir. As the wind noticeably increased, the papers were tossed about until the breeze reached almost hurricane force when they were gathered up in a mini cyclone whirling around the desk, then the entire office. They were scattered all about the place.

"What the fuck," growled Drago as he fruitlessly chased the flying debris, attempting to snatch the papers in mid air, his great muscular arms swirling around like a crazed windmill.

As the wind increased in intensity, Drago, himself, was picked up and tossed about between the floor and ceiling-- his well-toned, muscular body twisting every-which-way in the strong breeze. He desperately tried to grab hold of one of the heavy legs of a conference table to stabilize himself, but the wind was far too powerful. In a moment he again was airborne, bouncing off the floor and walls like a feather in a fierce gale.

With the ear-shattering sound of a sonic boom, MightyMan landed on Drago's balcony as the hurricane-force wind subsided. Causally, he sauntered into the lair of his arch enemy, in time to witness Drago's battered body drop like a rock to the thickly carpeted floor, with an unforgiving, harsh thud. Drago let out a loud gasp as he landed face first.

For a brief moment the crime lord laid absolutely still. As he began to move, he looked up to see the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe standing just inside his balcony doorway. Shaking his head to revive his senses he groused, "You certainly know how to make an entrance." As he picked himself up, he brushed himself off. He looked about his shambled office. Everything on the bookshelves that lined the walls had been blown onto the floor. Glass shards and broken bric-a-brac were everywhere. "Just look at this fuckin' mess," he bellowed as he strolled through the shattered remains of his office to his plush desk chair to sit down. Looking directly at MightyMan he snarled, "What the fuck do you want asshole?"

With his mighty arms akimbo, the superhero approached Municipal City's crime boss. "I want you to stop MuscleFreak from killing anymore of the League's members. It's me he wants ... and I'm back!"

"What the fuck do I have to do with MuscleFreak?" stated Drago smugly.

"Don't be coy with me. Drago," thundered MightyMan as he slammed his fists down hard on the desk, busting it to bits and pieces. "I know you own the UWA and MuscleFreak. You're the one who put him up to destroying the League of Superheroes just to get me to come back. Well I'm back so the senseless slaughter of my guys stops here and now!"

Seated in his comfortable overstuffed chair, the smashed pieces of his demolished desk scattered about his feet, Drago was momentarily stunned by the news that MightyMan knew he owned the UWA. It had been a closely guarded secret but somehow he knew.

Once he regained his composure, he blasted to his feet. He always believed that the best defense was a strong offense. He roared with all his might, "Why you egotistical cock-sucking bastard," he raged as his face turned beet red. The veins in his thick neck, forehead and on top of his bald head violently throbbed just under the skin. "What gives you the fuckin' right to barge into my office uninvited and tear the place apart? Why you great big musclebound freak of nature, get the fuck out of here ... and do it NOW before I call security and have you forcibly ejected out on your muscle butt!"

"Call whomever you want," placidly replied his hunky adversary. "But I'm not leaving here until we settle this matter about MuscleFreak and the League."

Playing for time, Municipal City's crime boss picked up his office phone from among the desk debris. "Get security up here right now!" he barked.

The Caped Knight of Right grabbed his enemy by his thick neck with one hand as he lifted him up off his feet. Dangling helpless in front of his mighty adversary Drago had nowhere to go as he struggled to free himself. “That won’t help you Drago,” chuckled MightyMan. “You and I are going to settle this here and now with no interference. I don’t care how many of your overly muscled steroid sucking goons I have to beat up. It will all eventually come down to just you and me ... here and now!” he threatened.

As he desperately clutched MightyMan’s massive forearm with both hands to relieve the crushing pressure in his throat, Drago choked out, “You’re ... strangling ... me ... can’t ... breath! You ... can’t do ... this ... to me. It’s ... un ...lawful. I’ll have ... you ... arrested ... for attempted ... murder.”

Just then the office door burst open. In flooded eight powerfully built men in extremely tight fitting tan guard uniforms and black jackboots. The biggest of the troop-- their obvious leader-- a man named Bagwell, ordered the first three to attack. They raced forward. One jumped onto MightyMan’s back, wrapping his big arms about his thick neck in a sleeper hold while the other two pulled his mammoth arms away from their boss. Drago plummeted to the floor clutching his throat, coughing, gasping for air.

With one swift powerful move, MightyMan bent forward, throwing the guard on his back over his head and clear across the room where he bashed against the far wall, then crumbled to the floor unconscious. The two beefy guards on his arms he slammed together with such force that they were instantly knocked out cold. Blood gushed from their foreheads where they collided together.

Bagwell then ordered another two of his men forward. They fell upon MightyMan throwing wild punches and fierce body blows that would render any normal man senseless, but not MightyMan. Easily he defended himself by picking the two hunky gorillas up, one in each hand, tossing them at two more beefy guards who were about to attack, knocking them all to the floor senseless. While all this was going on Bagwell snuck up behind the superhero with his combination taser/billyclub in hand. He jabbed the end of the club into the small of MightyMan’s back. ZAP went the electrical charge sending shock waves of pain throughout the Caped Knight’s fabulously muscled body. It brought him down to one knee as he bellowed out in agony. Momentarily he was stunned. Pain riddled his face. ZAP went another charge to his massive back as every muscle in his body spasm beyond his control, laying him out flat on the carpeted floor convulsing.

Drago jumped to his feet. “Great!” he beamed at the guard. “Hit him again. This time with a full charge and really lay him out,” he ordered.

“But that’ll kill him,” protested Bagwell.

“No, not MightyMan,” insisted the crime lord. “It’ll just make him more pliable, easier to handle. We’ll strip him and fuck him with the taser. Once he’s unconscious you can fuck him with your cock all you want. That will be your reward for your help today.”

Dutifully Bagwell adjusted his weapon for a full jolt. The thought of fucking the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe was too overwhelming for him. He popped a gigantic hardon that pressed hard against his extremely tight pants as it threatened to bust through the fabric. He began to salivate as he looked down at the greatest muscle butt on Earth, lying just between his thickly muscled legs. He rubbed his crotch. Then he took his boot to playfully begin to poke, prod and message MightyMan's ass.

Both boss and guard looked salaciously down at the stilled body of the superhero. Drago too had popped a massive erection. "I just may have a piece of that ass myself, if you don't mind?" he asked as he massaged his 10" long, 5" thick erection.

Bagwell nodded his head in agreement.

"I might have something to say about that," roared MightyMan as he leapt up in a single bound. Grabbing Bagwell's hand with such strength MightyMan forced the powerfully built security guard to drop the taser. Still holding onto the guard's arm, the mighty superhero pulled him backwards and down to the floor, then stomped his stomach so hard that it expelled all the breath from him. As Bagwell's body bolted upwards from the stomp, MightyMan slugged him with a great punch to the jaw. It shattered his chin and rendered the man unconscious.

"So much for fucking my butt," chided MightyMan as he turned toward Drago. Menacingly he approached his arch enemy. "Time to pay the piper, Drago," he threatened as he picked up the fully loaded taser and pointed it right at the crime lord.

Drago back-peddled fast until he hit a wall that abruptly halted his retreat. Putting his hands out in a pleading gesture he begged, "No ... you can't do this to me. I was only defending myself. You have no right. Please! Please don't ... do this ... to me!"

With his wide back plastered solidly against the office wall and no place to go, Drago was at the mercy of MightyMan. As the superhero continued his advance, brandishing the lethal taser, Drago crouched forward lifting his left leg up tight against his impressively muscular body in a standing fetal position. His face scrunched up anticipating the physical agony to come. ZAP! MightyMan hit him in the shoulder with the taser. Drago instantly dropped to the floor, his body jerking wildly.

Pleased with his action, the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe looked down at his enemy with great satisfaction. Just then several of the guards began to stir. With lightning speed he flew about the room collecting them all up in a one great heap near the open office door. With his boot MightyMan slammed the door shut on the gathering crowd that was forming in the outer office. Then, one by one, he picked up each guard, slugged them senseless and threw their bodies down directly in front of the door, creating a wall of unconscious beef-- like cord wood stacked one on top of the other, their hunky bodies cemented the office door shut.

Next he turned his attention back to Drago, still crying and writhing on the floor. He dragged him over to the conference desk. He flopped Drago's upper torso face down on the table. He stripped off the crime boss' expensive pinstriped Armani pants, then his power blue silk underwear, exposing his thickly muscled butt.

Still groggy from the taser shock and only partially aware of what was happening, Drago felt the tip end of the taser pressing directly at his sphincter. ZAP! A horrific shock wave of unimaginable pain shot throughout his entire body, damn near frying his brain. Drago's body violently bolted and shook. He let out a horrifying shriek. Those gathered in the outer office began to bang and pound furiously on the door. Their concerned voices rose in a loud chorus as they repeatedly tried to force the door open. "Mr. Drago! Are you all right?" "What's going on in there?" "What's happening?"

Over the din of the outer office noise, MightyMan, again pressing the taser tight against Drago's butt hole, stated with cold certainty, "As I said, it's just you and me now, Drago. You and I are going to settle this matter ... NOW!"

"What do you want?" asked Drago nervously.

"First, MuscleFreak stops fighting my men from the League. Second, I want a match with him. Right?" There was no immediate response. "Answer me Drago!" demanded MightyMan forcefully.

But there was still no response. Shoving the taser all the way up into the crime lord's ass, MightyMan hit the button. ZAP! Again Drago let out a terrifying shriek as his body uncontrollably jolted about the tabletop like a fish out of water. "Please ... no more ... I can't take any more ..." he wheezed as he gulped for breath.

"Then agree that there will be no more attacks on League members by MuscleFreak, that I get a match with him, or I'll crank this puppy up all the way and let you have it." With his body and bald head soaked in sweat, a gasping, exhausted, pain-ravaged Drago reluctantly agreed. MightyMan withdrew the billy club from Drago's red, swollen, pain-scourged muscle butt.

For a few minutes Drago laid on the tabletop trying to catch his breath as he repeatedly moaned in agony. Finally he slowly pushed himself up. He tried to stand up straight but his powerful legs buckled under him. He caught the side of the table to steady himself. Disheveled, with his torn pants down around his ankles, he comically shuffled in small uneasy steps over to his desk chair. He sat down only to cry out once more. Tears filled his eyes as he shifted in his chair to find a more comfortable spot. "This match with MuscleFreak, is it for the championship?" he asked dryly.

"Yes, for the championship," replied the superhero.

Still shifting his weight in the chair, Drago slowly regained his composure. He fully realized he had snared MightyMan. The Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe was right where he wanted him to be.

Despite the pain that had rifled through his body and the humiliation of being taser fucked, he was holding all the cards. Pleased with himself he played the superhero for a fool. “This championship fight with MuscleFreak, what rules do you want?”

Taken aback by the unexpected question, MightyMan had no answer. Eventually he managed to say, “I didn’t think there were any rules.”

“Generally there aren’t. But as the UWA champion, you get to call the shots. It can be anything you want,” answered Drago passively. Following a brief pause, he went in for the kill. “Of course, I’m sure you know this already, MuscleFreak was the one who killed BicepBoy during your match with Vulcan.”

“What?” asked a startled MightyMan. “What’s that you said?”

“MuscleFreak ... he was the one who strangled BicepBoy to death while you were fighting Vulcan. Surely you knew that?” he smirked.

Stunned by the revelation, MightyMan stammered, “No ... I ... didn’t ... know ... that.” Getting a hold of his emotions he again grabbed Drago by his throat as he sat in his chair. Angrily he lifted him up to his feet. He glowered straight in his face as he spat out, “You fucking lie, Drago. You’re a fucking liar!”

Through his gasping breath the crime lord stammered, “If you don’t ... believe me ... I can ... show ... you. I ... have it ... all ... on tape.”

MightyMan dropped his adversary. Drago roughly dropped back down in his chair, letting out a loud cry as his butt slammed down on the cushion. Although shaken by MightyMan’s harsh treatment, he was nevertheless pleased with himself. He not only had MightyMan right where he wanted him but MuscleFreak as well. He’d use the Ultimate Musclemaster of the Universe to get his revenge on his overly muscled enforcer. Then he’d sign MightyMan for another championship match against Hercules. Yes, everything was working out just as he had planned. Now for the coup de grace.

Reaching down into what was left of a desk drawer, Drago fumbled around until he found the remote control. Taking it out he pressed a button. The great wall across from his shattered desk moved aside to reveal a giant television screen. He pressed another button. The heavy drapes covering the bank of large plate glass windows behind him closed, plunging the office into darkness. Uncertain as to what was happening, MightyMan took a defensive stance. “Easy big boy,” chuckled Drago. “I’m just going to show you the video I told you I had of BicepBoy’s murder.” He hit another button. The giant screen lit up brightly-- its ghostly glow casting the office in an eerie, flickering hue. Drago hit the mute button to prevent his muscular nemesis from hearing the sound and exposing the nefarious plan he had for Vulcan’s victory.

Suddenly, there on the screen was MuscleFreak standing in the wings intensely watching the deadly match between Vulcan and MightyMan. His blue jeans were down around his ankles, his muscle butt in full view, his firm, round glutes pulsating as he repeatedly jerked himself off as he watched the action in the ring.

As the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe watched in shocked horror he saw his former lover carefully sneak up behind the powerfully built enforcer who was so engrossed in jacking off to the action in the ring that he was oblivious to his surroundings. As he shot off one massive load after another MuscleFreak finally became aware of someone's presence. Startled, he quickly turned around to find BicepBoy standing directly behind him. Before the young, very muscular superhero had a chance to defend himself, MuscleFreak was upon him, his mammoth arms wrapped tightly around his neck in a strangle hold. As he applied more deadly pressure, BicepBoy struggled with all his might to break free, hitting, punching, flailing away with one strike after another to the massive arms of his assailant, but to no avail. Quickly BicepBoy's strength began to fade. He couldn't breathe. His punches lost their power as he slowly succumbed to the death hold. His violently twisting, turning body ceased as his face started to turn a noticeable blue. In short order all resistance stopped as great quantities of drool poured from the young muscleman's gaping mouth. His eyes rolled to the back of his head. His tight muscular body went totally limp in the arms of his mighty executioner. BicepBoy was dead.

MuscleFreak looked about to see if anyone else was watching. Seeing the coast was clear, he pulled his jeans up, then he threw the body over his shoulder like a sack of meal to disappear into the darkness of the hallway as he walked away.

Drago hit the stop button. The curtains immediately opened flooding the room with light as the wall closed over the television screen. "Now, do you believe me?" asked the smiling, gratified crime boss.

Dumbfounded and thoroughly stupefied by what he had just witnessed, MightyMan had no reply. He just stood there in total shock. "Hey, big fella, I'm talking to you," sniped Drago. There was still no answer. "Earth to MightyMan, come in," he mocked.

Slowly the mighty superhero began to snap out of his stupefied funk. "What? What ... did you ... say?" he stammered.

"Hey, over here," ridiculed Drago as he snapped his fingers to get his adversary's attention. "So what rules do you want for your title defense against MuscleFreak?"

"Rules! Fuck the rules," blasted MightyMan. "I want him NOW! Get him over here and I'll take care of business. He'll pay with his life for what he did to BicepBoy."

"Can't do, big guy."

"Why not?"

“Cause what you have in mind would be murder and I’d be an accomplice. I could go back to prison if I helped you,” said Drago rationally.

“Then I’ll find him myself and do what I have to do!” retorted MightyMan, his wrath boiling to fever pitch.

“Then you go to prison for the rest of your life and throw away all your good works for the people of Municipal City. You’ll make a lie out of everything you’ve ever preached and taught and done. Is that what you want? Could you live with the look of disappointment in the eyes of all these good citizen? I don’t think so.”

“Since when did you ever give a fucking damn for me or these citizens?” jeered MightyMan.

“Okay. But I do have my reasons.”

“Yeah. What are they?”

“Money!” stated Drago flatly. “Big money.”

“I knew you had to have a ulterior motive,” shot back the Ultimate Muscleman.

“Now, just hear me out.” Drago said calmly as he leaned back in his chair with his arms folded behind his head, his biceps bulging to the max. As he rocked back and forth he continued. “You want revenge on MuscleFreak for what he did to BicepBoy. Okay. Do it in the ring. Offer him a title shot in a no rules match. Two men enter, only one man leaves. Get it. Only in the ring will you be able to do to MuscleFreak what you want to do to him, and it’ll be legal, absolutely legal.”

“And what do you get out of it?”

“I told you. Big money. The entire world will want to watch you and MuscleFreak going at it, tooth and nail, to the death. It’ll be a bigger draw than your match with Vulcan. The two biggest and mightiest men on the planet going at it until only one survives. I’ll make billions on the fight. So you see, you get what you want legally, MuscleFreak in the squared circle, and I get what I want-- big money. We both win. What do you say?”

MightyMan hated to admit it but Drago’s logic made sense, a whole lot of sense. After pondering the situation he finally asked, “When would we fight?”

Drago looked at his desk calendar lying on top of his demolished desk. “How about one month from today?”

“Why so far away? Why not this week, or even tomorrow?”

“We have to promote it,” replied the crime lord coolly. “We have to build up the public’s interest to want to see it, wet their appetite, created a demand. That takes time. Then there are all the technical logistics of getting ready for such a match. No, we’ll need a month to put everything together. Trust me on this. I know the business better than anyone else.”

“You’re as smooth as a snake oil salesman, aren’t you,” jabbed MightyMan. Again he pondered Drago’s offer. “All right then. One month from today. But MuscleFreak doesn’t lay a finger on any of my guys! Right?” he said staring intensely into Drago’s eyes.

“Right. You have my word on that. Everything will be as you want. I have no problem with that.”

“I don’t know why I should trust you, Drago, but I will in this matter.”

“Come over to the Crypt of Doom Arena tomorrow at 2:00 pm and I’ll have the contracts all drawn up and ready to sign. We’ll make it all legal. I’ll have the press there too to cover the signing.”

“Will MuscleFreak be there as well?”

“Yes, of course. Controversy between you two will sell tickets. It will be great publicity. But just don’t lose your cool. Let MuscleFreak do all the baiting with his ranting and raving. You stay calm befitting your stature as the Caped Knight of Right. It’ll make great headlines all around the world. The arena will be sold out within twenty-four hours. But the real money will be made with the pay-per-view. With the right publicity, billions worldwide will clamor to see the two of you going at it.”

“I never thought I’d make a pact with the devil, but in this case, I have no other choice,” groused MightyMan. “But just keep in mind Drago, any deviation from what we’ve agreed to and I wash my hands of the whole deal. I’ll then take matters into my own hands and do what I want to do. Got that?”

“Got it. Got it,” replied the crime boss.

MightyMan walked over to the open balcony doors. He looked back at his arch enemy one last time with a threatening scowl on his face before blasting off into the late afternoon sky. Again a whirlwind filled Drago’s office sending everything and everyone flying about. The eight security guards and Drago constantly banged into one another as their bodies were tossed about in the

maelstrom of wind. Even the office door was blown off its hinges and those in the outer office were vacuumed up into the cyclonic force.

Within seconds, however, the wind died down as the guards, Drago and his office staff careened to the floor with all the debris raining down upon them.

The first to race into the destroyed office were Doctors Petterson and Szatkowski along with a bevy of other office workers and security guards. Quickly they went around assisting those buried under the reams of paper and office rubble to get to their feet. On-call staff medics also arrived to patch up those with bruises, scrapes and cuts and ascertain if anyone had any broken bones or more serious injuries. The only one taken by helicopter to the Municipal City General Hospital was Bagwell, the chief security guard with his broken jaw. Everyone else was treated on-site and sent home for the day.

It was Dr. Szatkowski who found his unconscious boss buried under the remains of his desk. With the help of his colleague, Dr. Petterson, they were able to dig him out and carry him to his private office next door. There, they attended to him. Drago, his face and body scarred and bruised, quickly regained consciousness. His shirt and pants were lacerated to bits. When he stood up they fell off of him, leaving him naked. He went to a closet where he had an entire wardrobe. As he dressed himself the questions began to fly.

“What the fuck happened?” asked Szatkowski.

“Yeah. What the fuck, boss. What happened?” chimed in Petterson.

“MightyMan,” stated Drago with a broad smile smeared across his scratched face.

“MightyMan!” replied the shocked scientists simultaneously.

“He’s back, and I’ve got him right where I want him,” gloated their battered boss.

“What? How?” gasped Szatkowski in astonishment.

Looking through the open door into the demolished office a perplexed Petterson asked, “He did all this?”

“Are you all right?” inquired Szatkowski.

“It was touch and go there for a few minutes,” answered Drago still smiling as he sat down behind his private desk. An uncomfortable look replaced his grin as his weight pressed down on his abused ass.

“Are you sure you’re all right?” repeated Szatkowski.

“My butt is sore,” replied the crime lord as he adjusted his weight. “That musclebound bastard shoved a taser up my ass.”

“Holy fuck!” exclaimed Szatkowski.

“Come on boss. Tell us what happened,” queried Petterson.

“He came through the balcony doors. He was angry, very angry. Somehow he knows I own the UWA and that MuscleFreak works for me. Don’t ask me how he knows, he just does. He grabbed me by my shirt, his fist right up against my face and demanded that MuscleFreak stop killing his precious League members.”

“What did you say?” asked Szatkowski.

“I didn’t. I played for time waiting for an opportunity. When he released me I called for security and you see what he did to them. But it bought me time to come up with a plan.”

“What did you do?” Petterson asked.

“I couldn’t do much at that moment. He had Bagwell’s taser shoved up my butt. He zapped me twice before I pretended to give up.” “Good idea,” agreed Petterson in his usual sycophant tone of voice.

Perturbed by the interruption, Drago nevertheless continued. “I decided to turn his anger away from me and toward MuscleFreak. I showed him the security video of MuscleFreak strangling BicepBoy to death.”

“And that did it?” asked Szatkowski.

“In spades,” answered the smug crime lord as he cupped his hands behind his head and leaned back in his chair. “That big overblown galoot fell for it hook, line and sinker. He’s fighting MuscleFreak a month from today.

“You’re kidding!” said both scientists at the same time.

“A month from today. So we’ve got to get the publicity machine going. We’ll pull out all the stops. We’ll promote it as the greatest epic battle of all times.”

“It’s lucky you had that video handy,” stated Petterson.

“Luck had nothing to do with it,” Drago shot back. “I knew someday he’d show up and I’d have the chance to play it for him. I had it all cued up and ready to go. You don’t get ahead in this racket by leaving things to chance my dear Petterson. You have to take everything into account and plan ahead for every possible contingency. That’s why I’m successful. And that’s why you guys work for me.”

“And MuscleFreak? What about him?” asked Szatkowski.

“MuscleFreak!” bellowed Drago angrily as he bolted forward in his chair. “He’s an end to a means. MightyMan will chew him up and spit him out. It’s payback time for that bastard. First MuscleFreak will feel my vengeance— then MightyMan! I got him,” chortled Drago as he clinched his fists tight. “I’ve finally got him ... got him ... got him!”

“Boss, control yourself,” advised Szatkowski. “You’ll give yourself a heart attack.”

“I knew if I unleashed MuscleFreak on the League that would draw MightyMan out of his hiding place. He’s such an egotistical asshole. I knew he couldn’t just stand idly by and watch his beloved League be destroyed before his very eyes. I’m only surprised it took him this long to grab at the bait. There are, what, only three left, counting MightyMan, four, out of the original League. Oh well, the end justified the means. He’s back and that’s all that counts.”

Turning to his two scientists he instructed, “Now, you guys have to tend to our guest downstairs. Get him as many jobbers as you can. I want Hercules to have the biggest, strongest, most massively muscled, skilled wrestler in the world. Spare no expense. I want him ready to meet MightyMan right after MightyMan takes care of MuscleFreak. Understand?”

Both Szatkowski and Petterson nodded.

“Then go and get him ready. I want him primed to perfection so this time there will be no slip up.”

With their marching orders directly from their boss, the two scientists quickly departed. Drago again leaned back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head. The veins in his bulging biceps throbbed just under the skin. As he stared straight up at the ornate frescoed ceiling he began to rock back and forth. He unconsciously let out a great sigh. “I’ve got you MightyMan. I’ve finally got you! Got you! Got you! Got you!”

Chapter Fourteen: The Die Is Cast

Later that same day MuscleFreak was working out in the first floor gym of Drago International Headquarters when he received word that his boss wanted to see him ASAP. He hurriedly finished his routine, grabbed a quick shower, dressed and headed up to the penthouse office.

His first sight of Drago's demolished office surprised him. "What the cocksuckin' fuck happened?" he gasped as he watched several men scurrying around trying to salvage what was salvageable, otherwise cleaning up the place.

Miss Scott, Drago's middle-aged private secretary, sitting at her desk, replied matter-of-factly, "MightyMan happened."

As he turned to face her MuscleFreak realized she had Band-Aids covering her porcelain face and hands, a black eye and one arm in a sling. "What the fuck happened to you?"

"Same thing, MightyMan," she answered sharply. "If you want to see Mr. Drago, he's in his private office."

"Yea, right. He sent for me," he responded.

Pressing the intercom Miss Scott announced, "Mr. Drago, MuscleFreak is here to see you."

Her boss rejoined coldly, "Send him in."

Uncertain why he was sent for so abruptly, the enforcer sauntered into his boss' private office. "You sent for me boss?"

"You certainly took your fuckin' good time getting here," snapped Drago.

"Sorry!" replied his blond henchman defensively. "But I was in the middle of my afternoon workout when I got your message. I came as soon as I could."

"Well you better start spending your entire day in the gym from now on," announced his boss. "I got some news for you, MuscleFreak. MightyMan's back and he's been here."

“Yea, I know. I saw your office. Your secretary told me. What the fuck happened?”

“That doesn’t matter,” dismissed the crime lord. “He’s back and he’s giving you a shot at his championship title a month from today. So get yourself ready for the opportunity of a lifetime.”

“Wait a minute! Wait a minute! You’re going too fast. I have a title shot a month from today?” gulped the astonished enforcer.

“Seem that’s not so difficult to understand,” giped Drago. “We made a deal. You stop killing his League guys and you get a shot at his title. It’s that simple. I told you at the beginning of all this, that we could flush him out of his hiding place if we kept the pressure on him by taking out his men. Well, it worked and you get your title shot.”

“But what about my upcoming match against EagleMan?” whined MuscleFreak.

“Cancelled,” barked his boss. “You don’t touch anymore of the League men, for the time being that is. Besides, you kill the head, and the body will automatically die. With MightyMan out of the way, those pitiful few superheroes left can be easily taken care of.”

“You’re right, Drago, as always,” praised MuscleFreak. “Whatever you say goes. You’ve been right all along. You’ve taken care of me ever since prison, and I won’t forget that. I’m not like some of these ungrateful bastards that work for you. I don’t forget. I pay my debts and I owe you everything.”

Realizing he was being shined on by his two bit steroid juiced up enforcer, Drago did a little polishing himself. “Here’s an opportunity for you to etch your name in the history books, MuscleFreak. You could be the first man to ever defeat and destroy MightyMan, to fuck him to death on that great killer cock of yours. Your name will go down alongside of those mightiest of men in history, Atlas, Achilles, Ajax, Sampson, Goliath, even the greatest of them all, Hercules. People will be talking about you a thousand years from now. So don’t blow it!”

“I won’t! Believe me I won’t. Wow! It’s really going to happen,” sighed MuscleFreak, his face beaming. Reaching across the desk he vigorously shook his boss’s hand as he gushed, “Thank you Drago! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! This is a dream come true for me. Thank you!”

“Okay! Okay! Don’t rip my arm out of the socket,” griped Drago as he took his hand back. “Be at the Crypt of Doom Arena tomorrow at 2:00 pm for the contract signing. And be as surly towards MightyMan as you want. It’ll be great publicity for the fight. Now go. Get back in the gym and train hard, the hardest you’ve ever trained. Remember, my hopes are pinned on you to be victorious. Don’t let me down or it will be the last thing you ever do!”

Even his boss' implied threat couldn't bring the musclebound enforcer down from his emotional high. "Never fear Drago. I've got a game plan already worked out in my head. I'll win and annihilate MightyMan once and for all," boasted MuscleFreak as he departed.

Once his henchman had gone, Drago chuckled to himself, "A fuckin' game plan! Right! Don't make me laugh, you fuckin' asshole. If you had one single thought in that pea size brain of your, it would die from sheer loneliness." The crime lord let out a great roaring laugh.

Meanwhile, across town at the League of Superheroes headquarters in the basement of the Kent/Lane Building, EagleMan, Gladiator and WarLord were sitting around the conference table mulling over their predicament, when all of sudden the door opened up and in strolled MightyMan. The look of complete surprise on their faces spoke volumes. It took them a few seconds to gather their senses together. The first to step forward to greet their leader was EagleMan. Extending his hand, he exclaimed with an emotionally choked voice, "Are we glad to see you," as he pumped MightyMan's hand. The two superheroes embraced. WarLord and Gladiator quickly followed suite.

Once all the warm greetings were over, it was time to get down to business. The four remaining League members sat down at the table. "We've been at a loss without your leadership," stated WarLord.

"We've tried our best to stem the crime wave gripping the city," explained Gladiator, "but it's so rampant and pervasive and our forces are spread so thin, we just cannot cope. It's beyond our control."

"And this gorilla of Drago's, MuscleFreak, has us cornered into individually fighting him once a week on television," clarified EagleMan. "The public demands it. If we don't show up, we'll be branded cowards and we'll lose all credibility."

"He alone has taken out PowerMan and MammothMan in the ring," continued WarLord. "Before that he killed PowerWoman in broad daylight and got away with it. The police are powerless to prevent him or any of Drago's henchmen from conducting their criminal activities."

"MuscleFreak also murdered BicepBoy," MightyMan added solemnly.

"BicepBoy!" gasped Eagleman. "Are you sure? How do you know?"

"I've seen the video," stated their leader, reigning in his virulent emotions toward MuscleFreak.

"Where? When?" asked a startled Gladiator.

“Just a few minutes ago. I went to see Drago to tell him to stop his attacks on the League. He has a video of the night MuscleFreak killed BicepBoy. It happened at my fight against Vulcan. It was backstage, in the wings. The video was from a security camera.” “Why didn’t Drago turn the evidence over to the authorities so they could charge MuscleFreak?” queried WarLord.

“Because Drago owns him and the UWA. He’s not about to give up his main enforcer to the cops. MuscleFreak is far too important to him to do that. Whatever Drago wants, MuscleFreak does,” surmised MightyMan.

“And I have to meet him in the squared circle in just two days,” stated EagleMan nervously.

“No, no you don’t,” replied MightyMan. “I made a deal with Drago. MuscleFreak lays off harming the rest of you and I give him a shot at my UWA title.”

“What? You can’t,” gulped an astonished WarLord.

“No!” hollered EagleMan. “Don’t risk your life for me, for any of us. We’ll take our chances.”

“You have no chance against that steroid freak,” admonished MightyMan politely. “It’s a rigged match. MuscleFreak, that is Drago, holds all the cards. Besides it was a deliberate ploy to get me to return. Drago was using the League members to get to me. He really doesn’t want you. He wants me, for whatever the reason. He wants me and me alone.”

“Then don’t give in to him. We can fight him together,” advised Gladiator. “The four of us, together, working in unison will be able to curb the crime wave plaguing the city and bring Drago, MuscleFreak and their whole mob to justice.”

“It won’t work that way.” Then MightyMan added remorsefully, “Ironically, Vulcan may have been right after all. We have to fight fire with fire using the law as best we can. I’m wrestling MuscleFreak a month from today. The contract gets signed tomorrow. In the meantime all of you are safe from Drago and his enforcer. I’ve seen to that. That’s part of the deal I made with Drago.”

MightyMan’s words left his colleagues speechless. For the longest time they sat quietly around the great conference table at their headquarters. It was their leader who finally broke the silence. “For the time being, we’ll do the best we can to restore law and order to Municipal City. Wherever there’s crime we’ll fight it. Whenever someone is in harm’s way, we’ll protect them. It’s all we can do for the time being.”

“But what about you?” asked a concerned EagleMan. “You’ll need to be in training, getting ready for the fight. You don’t want to take MuscleFreak lightly. You’re putting your life on the line. He’ll gladly kill you if he can.”

“I’m not worried about that,” confided MightyMan. “He’s just a steroid drinking freak. His movements are thick and sluggish. I’m faster and stronger. What concerns me more is, what is Drago really up to. I got a distinct gut feeling he’s got another plan going on simultaneously. It wasn’t that hard to get him to agree to what I wanted. No, there’s something else going on. I know there is. I just don’t know what.”

“Well we’re going with you tomorrow for the signing as a demonstration of solidarity and as back up, just in case Drago and his enforcer have something planned,” stated EagleMan.

“I appreciate your support, but no,” replied MightyMan passively.

“Why not?” asked WarLord.

“I can’t look like I’m afraid of MuscleFreak,” answered their leader. “It would be a sign of weakness if I brought my posse along to protect me. No, thanks anyways guys. I have to do this alone. It’s a matter of pride and self-respect.”

For the rest of the day the League of Superheroes discussed their strategy for fighting the rampant crime sweeping their city.

That evening MightyMan flew off to his secret Citadel of Peace. In the solitude of his retreat, he pondered the days events. He sat for hours at his favorite spot, a rocky ledge that jettied out over the sea below. As the waves gently collided into the rocks below, their spray rising up to the bottom of his perch, he tried to discern what Drago was ultimately up to and his part in that scheme. Eventually sleep began to fall upon him. He made his way to his great, extra-large, king size bed, stripped off his garments and curled up naked as he cast aside the weight of his thoughts.

The following day at 2:00 PM found MightyMan standing on a dais behind a podium at the Crypt of Doom Arena press room. Wearing his traditional midnight black latex pants that stretched to near shredding across his massive thighs and bright blue boots with a matching blue cape, two solid black bandolier straps that crisscrossed over his exposed mammoth chest and were clasped together in the middle by a silver circular shield inscribed with two interlocking “M’s” and two thick silver wrist bracelets on his arms, he was an imposing figure. At 6’6" tall, 380 pounds, with an 80" chest, 34" biceps, 36" waist, 44" thighs and 24" calves, there was little wonder why he was called the Ultimate Musclemans of the Universe.

He was surrounded by UWA officials on one side, and MuscleFreak on the other, wearing his trademark blue jeans, sneakers and a tight-fitting tee shirt. Standing 6’4" tall and 350 pounds of solid muscle, the crewcut bleached-blond hulk had a rugged face-- not handsome, but thoroughly

masculine. Drago's enforcer kept flexing his 32" arms, as the UWA champion stood motionless, seemingly unconcerned, his arms akimbo, displaying his mammoth chest. He paid no attention to his challenger. Both wrestlers were pumped up to the max.

Lance Spear, the voice of the UWA, stepped forward to make the official announcement. "Ladies and gentlemen of the press, welcome. I'm here today to announce that the greatest championship match of all time has just been signed between our champion, MightyMan, and the number one contender, MuscleFreak."

A loud audible gasp of surprise erupted from the gathered assembly. A volley of flash bulbs popped as a multitude of video cameras recorded this historic event.

"The match will take place a month from yesterday here at the arena. Tickets will go on sale tomorrow at noon. For those who are unable to attend, the match will be broadcast live on the UWA pay-per-view channel. Contact your local cable provider to subscribe. Now if there are any questions, please ask them."

"MuscleFreak! MuscleFreak over here," yelled an overly eager reporter as he furiously waved his hands in the air.

Drago's massively muscled henchman took the podium. "Yea, what the fuck do you want?"

"How do you feel about this fight? Are you ready for it?"

"I feel fine about this match," replied the cocky challenger as he again flexed his arms. "I'm only surprised that MightyMan has the guts to finally meet me that's all. I've been screaming for this match for a long time while he cowered in some dark dank hiding place, too afraid to show his face, while his men from the League bravely substituted for their gutless leader."

Turning towards MightyMan, MuscleFreak scornfully added, "It took you long enough to grow a pair of man size balls, boy. I'm going to have the time of my life tearing them off of you and ripping you apart before the world, and when I'm done with you, I'm going to fuck you to death as I crush the life out of you in my mighty arms."

MuscleFreak flexed his great guns. Then grabbed his crotch. He vigorously massaged his groin as his killer fuckpole, 12" long and 10" thick, with a head the size of a tennis ball, grew into a full erection for all to see as it pulsed against his jeans. Turning back to the press he bragged, "When I unleash this boner of mine up his asshole, you'll hear screams that will tear the roof off this place. A hundred years from now you'll still be able to hear the echo." More flash bulbs went off as the challenger walked away from the microphone.

“Any more questions,” asked Lance Spear. He spied another reporter trying to get his attention. “Yes, you in the far corner. You have a question?”

“Yes, this one is for MightyMan.”

The UWA champion took the podium. “Yes, what’s your question?”

“It’s a pretty simple one. Where have you been? No one has seen you since you won the championship from Vulcan. Why did you disappear?”

Another reporter chimed in. “Yeah, were you scared that you’d have to meet MuscleFreak if you stayed around?”

“He sure was,” shouted the contender from the sidelines. “He shit his pants so badly just thinking about it. So he ran away like the coward he is.”

Irritated by MuscleFreak’s assertion, MightyMan nevertheless remained calm. “I had some personal issues that I needed to sort out. I needed time to be alone to get my priorities straight. But the main point is, I’m back, now, and ready and capable to defend my UWA title against any and all contenders, including MuscleFreak.”

“Well why wait?” harangued the crewcut bleached-blond muscle hulk. “Let’s get it on now!” he thundered as he bolted across the dais to jump onto the champion’s massively broad back. Instantly he wrapped his great 32” arms about MightyMan’s bull neck to apply a devastating sleeper hold. The Ultimate Muscleman, surprised by the sudden attack, furiously twisted and turned as he tried to pry his assailant’s arms off. But MuscleFreak was just too strong. He wrapped his mighty legs around MightyMan’s waist for added support as the champion struggled valiantly to escape.

But there was no escape. The more he fought, the harder he struggled, the more oxygen he used up. Slowly MightyMan began to feel the affects of the devastating hold. As his mighty arms flailed wildly about, the Ultimate Muscleman started to lose consciousness. Spit shot out from the corners of his mouth as he coughed and frantically gasped for air. His face became paralyzed in agony as deep furrows bored deep into his forehead as a look of consternation blazed in his eyes. It was like déjà vu and his epic battle against Vulcan all over again. The same fears and apprehension crowded his failing brain. Was MuscleFreak a mutant, like Vulcan or just a juiced up steroid freak? If he was just a steroid freak, how could he be overpowering him? There weren’t that much steroids in the world to enable anyone to do that. Yet MuscleFreak was overwhelming him with his strength and he was totally helpless to prevent it. Bewildered and thoroughly confused, the Caped Knight frantically tried to resist the disastrous effects of the hold.

MuscleFreak, his face radiating with smiling determination, repeatedly drove the champion’s head into the wooden podium, breaking it down bit by bit into hundreds of pieces. As he tightened his

deadly grip, MightyMan lethargically dropped to one knee, then to the other as he kept choking and gasping for breath. Drago's powerful enforcer unlocked his legs from around his victim's waist to stand up. MuscleFreak leaned forward. With his massive arms wrapped around MightyMan, the enforcer tauntingly whispered in the Man of Iron's ear, "Feel the might of a real muscleman, boy!"

MightyMan's movements began to flounder as the oxygen content was steadily cut off to him. His swinging arms sluggishly waved in the air, then abruptly ceased all together. His eyes floated to the back of his head. His massively muscled body went limp. He just hung there wrapped up in MuscleFreak's great arms as drool poured from his mouth. His handsome face was a dark blue. He was out cold.

A UWA official stepped forward. He harshly demanded that MuscleFreak released the champion. Unexpectedly, he complied. MightyMan's body fell forward, face first to the dais floor with a resounding thud. Flash bulbs burst in a clamorous din as video cameras continued to film every aspect of these surprising events.

But the most humiliating event was yet to happen. MuscleFreak rolled MightyMan over onto his back. He placed one foot on the unconscious champ's mountainous chest and began to pose. "And this is what the UWA call's it's champion of the world," he bellowed as he flexed his mighty arms, one at a time, then both together. "This is just a sample of what I'll do to him in the ring," he gleefully added.

But MuscleFreak still wasn't through humiliating the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe. With one hand he tore off his tee shirt revealing his monstrously muscled upper torso. With the other he ripped off his jeans exposing his mammoth legs and giant, fully erect, killer cock. The press corps gasped in astonishment at its humongous size as it bobbed wildly about on its own.

The blond henchman reached down with one hand to grab hold of the two solid black bandolier straps that crisscrossed over the champ's exposed mammoth 80" chest. Effortlessly he lifted him up over his head as he placed his other hand on one of MightyMan's thighs. With great ease MuscleFreak pressed the Ultimate Muscleman up and down many times, turning his helpless victim into a human barbell. More flash bulbs exploded as the blond enforcer strutted about the dais scattering the UWA officials.

When he was through grandstanding for the cameras, Drago's man viciously power-slammed his beefy prey to the floor, cracking the dais in half. He straddled the spread eagle body of the Caped Knight as he leisurely jerked his manmeat with one hand. He again reached down, this time to tear the crotch away from the champ's costume, exposing his flaccid 12" long and 8" thick cock. "Nice piece of meat," chuckled MuscleFreak. "It'll look nice in my trophy case."

Next he grabbed MightyMan's legs. He easily hauled them up, lifting the Ultimate Muscleman into the air before slamming him back down on his massively developed shoulders. He flipped the champion's legs over until his boots touched the floor behind his head. Again he ripped open MightyMan's latex costume baring his naked muscle butt to the press. "This is the gold we all seek.

The ultimate prize,” he declared flatly as he knelt down. Holding the Caped Knight’s massive legs in position with one arm draped across them, MuscleFreak put his face deep in between the champ’s powerful glutes as he inserted his tongue into the virgin butt hole. Hundreds of flash bulbs popped, capturing the picture for all time as the mighty enforcer continued to bury his tongue deep into MightyMan’s ass. MuscleFreak groaned with erotic delight as he vigorously jabbed and prodded away like a possessed madman.

When he was through, he withdrew his overworked tongue only to replace it with his finger. For the next several minutes cameras recorded MightyMan being savagely finger-fucked with one, then two, then three fingers as UWA officials frantically scampered about trying to figure out how to stop MuscleFreak from degrading their champion any further.

At corporate headquarters a thoroughly stunned Drago watched what was transpiring at the UWA Arena on his private closed-circuit television, along with his two equally shocked scientists Szatkowski and Petterson. Shaking his head in disbelief the crime lord uttered, “Christ Almighty, I never thought anyone would ever be able to manhandle MightyMan so easily.” He looked for an explanation from his two specialists.

“Maybe we’re backing the wrong horse,” mused Petterson. “Wait a minutes. I know what’s happening,” he added suddenly.

“What?” asked Drago and Szatkowski together.

“Don’t play innocent with me boss. You put MuscleFreak up to this for publicity value, didn’t you? That was a great idea. You had me going. I bet every seat is sold out in less that an hour,” speculated a bemused Petterson.

“You ... planned all this!” sputtered a surprised Szatkowski. “It looks so real, like MuscleFreak is actually butchering MightyMan. That’s some great acting.”

“Honest! I had nothing to do with this,” protested Drago. “What you’re watching is actually being done. Sure, I told MuscleFreak to misbehave as much as he wanted at the press conference to pump up the publicity. But this-- this isn’t what I had in mind. A war of words yes, but not this! I don’t know what’s going on.”

With his eyes glued to the television, Szatkowski began to nod his head knowingly. “I know what’s happening,” he blurted out.

“What?” asked his boss nervously.

“I’ll bet you anything he’s consumed some of our Formula 352, probably yesterday after you told him about his upcoming fight with MightyMan. I’ll bet you anything that’s what he did so he could make a point at today’s press conference.”

“And that’s why he can overpower MightyMan with such ease?” asked Drago as he continued to watch the barbaric humiliation of his UWA champ.

“Most certainly! It’s the only answer possible,” emphatically replied Szatkowski.

“We’ve got to get that formula away from him,” stated the crime boss. “The sooner the better, otherwise that steroid freak will ruin all my plans ... as he did before with Vulcan.”

Back at the arena MuscleFreak kept up his sadistic physical debasement of the unconscious, defenseless MightyMan. Once he was finished finger-fucking the Ultimate Muscleman the mighty enforcer shoved his throbbing, hard, foot-long killer beast lengthwise between the thick meaty butt cheeks of the champ. He commenced dry surfing with long, smooth deliberate strokes as he performed repeated deep knee bends to run his cock the full length of MightyMan’s muscle butt. MuscleFreak’s dry surfing went on for several minutes as he cooed and sighed with rapture as more photographs and videos were taken.

Finally he stood, holding both of the champion’s legs up, like a fisherman with his prize catch, so the cameras could get a good shot of the world’s greatest muscle butt. “I’ll wait and fuck his ass when the whole world can see me doing it, live as it’s happening,” he scoffed before contemptuously tossing MightyMan’s massive legs back down.

His next move was to mount MightyMan’s muscular thighs. He rose up on his haunches as he placed his hands on both sides of his victim’s body. He lowered his hips, placing his large cockhead directly into the under shaft of MightyMan’s sex meat. He began to ravenously cockfuck the Caped Knight’s limp tool as it laid backwards over the sleeping hunk’s lower abs. Drago’s enforcer humped and brutally pounded his equally powerful fuckpole deep into the underside of MightyMan’s thickly veined super-cock, smashing it into his flesh as he laid languid and pliable on the dais floor.

MuscleFreak became so engrossed in cockfucking the champion with his own mighty killer cock that he grunted loudly with each powerful strike, shaking his sweat-drenched head from side to side. Beads of perspiration flew every which way as he ratcheted up his pulverizing hammering attack. Faster and faster he bludgeoned away at MightyMan’s manmeat until he abruptly stopped, leaving his huge cockhead buried deep into the shaft of the champion’s sex tool, bending the Caped Knight’s cock nearly in half, the upper portion and head forced straight up in the air.

MightyMan’s mammothly muscled body began to tremble violently as the first volcanic blast of cum erupted followed by another massive load and another and another and another until his entire abdominal region was completely cemented in an apron of white jism. A few low painful moans

mixed with erotic sighs escaped the unconscious Ultimate Muscleman's lips, as the last of his cum was forced out by his muscularly husky attacker.

Seeing the huge quantity of cum he had forcibly extruded from the champion's abused cock, MuscleFreak looked over his shoulder to the press to quip, "He's a juicy big boy, isn't he?" A few in the press chuckled.

The beefy enforcer slid down MightyMan's great legs as he leaned forward to lick the thick spray of cum off his victim's stomach. "Tasty," he shot back to the press corps. "Mighty tasty." Next he took the flaccid mangled cock into his mouth to lick it clean, slurping and sucking loudly to attract more attention.

Once he was finished, he then moved up onto MightyMan's mammoth chest as the superhero continued in his state of deep slumber. He leaned forward, supporting his weight on his two hands that were placed on either side of the champion's head. He leaned down, working his cockhead between MightyMan's lips as he wiggled his muscle butt. Then he shoved his sex tool deep into the Ultimate Muscleman's mouth and commenced to viciously face fuck him before the world press. More flash bulbs exploded and popped as video cameras recorded the continued denigration of MightyMan. "Sample what a real muscleman tastes like, my sleeping fuckin' beauty," he mocked as he kept up his sadistic face fucking. Those few remaining UWA officials in the room were too afraid of Drago's enforcer to stop him and his scurrilous antics. They tried looking the other way to avoid watching the sexual degradation of their champion.

With euphoric glee smeared across his puss, MuscleFreak abruptly stood up directly over MightyMan's face. Through very loud erotic grunts and sighs of pleasure he jacked himself off, allowing his cum to plop down in large globs onto the champion's face. As he contorted and tightened his massively muscled body he forced every last drop of jism from his huge hard cock. When he was finally through he spat at his upcoming opponent. "And that's just an example of what I'll do to MightyMan in the ring!" he crowed to the press as he swaggered off the dais to disappear into another room.

Hurriedly the officials wiped their champion's face clean. With great difficulty they dragged his heavy unconscious body from the room. Lance Spear again took the dais. With the podium and microphone broken he had to shout. "Ladies and gentlemen, what can I say? On behalf of the UWA, I sincerely apologize for the unspeakable conduct of our number one contender. This press conference is over. Thank you for attending."

The front page of every newspaper on the globe had a picture of MuscleFreak with either his sleeper hold on MightyMan or pressing him overhead, or face fucking the champion or cumming all over him. The Ultimate Muscleman's humiliation was plastered all over the world.

Chapter Fifteen: Roid Rage

Hurriedly summoned to the Crypt of Doom complex, the remaining members of the League of Superheroes arrived just in time as their leader was being revived. Lying on a hospital bed in the arena's infirmary, MightyMan sat up abruptly. His head swirled as the room seemed to rotate around him. He leaned forward putting his throbbing head in his hands. "Where ... am ... I?" he managed to ask with some difficulty.

"You're in the Crypt of Doom infirmary," answered one of the concerned UWA officials that were crowded around his bed.

"Infirmary? How did I get here? Why am I here?" mumbled the Caped Knight as he lifted his head up. Perplexed and dumbfounded, he looked around the room at all the unfamiliar faces staring intently at him. Again he asked, "Why am I here?"

The same official who had responded before spoke again. Carefully choosing his words he replied, "MuscleFreak blindsided you with a sneak attack at the news conference. He rendered you unconscious with a sleeper hold. Do you recall anything?"

"No, nothing," answered MightyMan as he shook his head trying to clear the cobwebs away. Almost immediately he realized his crime fighting uniform was torn and tattered, that his cock and balls were fully exposed. Embarrassed he asked, "How did this happen?" as he attempted to stretch the latex fabric back across his groin, only to tear it off completely in his hand. He cupped his crotch with both hands as he looked up for an explanation.

Somewhat shame-faced, the officials looked away. "Please, someone tell me how this happened. I've got to know!" pleaded the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe.

"Once MuscleFreak had you unconscious he tore open your costume, front as well as back," the same official reluctantly answered.

Just then EagleMan, Gladiator and WarLord came running into the room. His colleagues had brought a change of uniform with them. As Gladiator and WarLord helped their shaken leader to the bathroom, he looked back and demanded, "Nobody leave this room. I want answers when I come back!"

During MightyMan's absence the officials huddled together trying to decide what they'd tell him. It was EagleMan who came up with the solution. "Bring me the videotape of the press conference," he

commanded in a stern voice. "Then make yourselves scarce. The three of us will handle it from there."

By the time MightyMan returned, the only people in his room were the League members. "Where did everybody go? I told them I wanted answers!" he angrily shouted.

EagleMan slowly stepped forward from the pack. He was holding a video cassette. He walked over to a television that was in the room. He popped the cassette into the video player as he turned on the set. "Better sit down. You'll want to see this. But I warn you, it isn't pretty," he advised sympathetically.

MightyMan sat down on the bed as the screen flickered. As the picture became clear he saw the beginning of the press conference. Then the unexpected attack by MuscleFreak and all that transpired: him passing out, him being gorilla-pressed, body-slammed, his uniform being rent, his muscle butt being tongued, finger fucked, him being cockfucked and face fucked, then MuscleFreak cumming all over him.

As each image played before his eyes, his anger rose higher and higher until he jumped up from the bed-- his mighty fists clinched tightly together, the veins in his hands, arms, neck bursting under the skin, his face beet red. "He's a dead man!" he raged. "A fucking dead man!"

Again EagleMan spoke, "There's no denying it's a publicity disaster-- a nightmare, not only for you but for the League as well. But taking the law into your own hands and killing MuscleFreak out right won't solve the situation," he advised calmly "It will only make you the criminal, not MuscleFreak. I hate to admit it but Drago is right. Leave it for the ring. Take your revenge out on MuscleFreak in the squared circle where anything can happen and everything is legal"

"EagleMan is right," chimed in WarLord. "Save it for the ring."

Gladiator added, "Everything will be back to normal once you've defeated MuscleFreak. Not only your reputation will be restored but the League's as well. A month isn't that long to wait."

"Don't do anything foolish, please," EagleMan pleaded. "Remember it's not just you or us but the whole city who are pinning all their hopes on you being victorious against MuscleFreak. With his destruction Drago will be finished once and for all."

"Yes, he's right," injected WarLord. "There's a greater good involved here. We all need to rise above our own egos for the greater good of the citizens of Municipal City."

The last word on the subject belonged to Gladiator. "Remember our motto: To fight for justice, life, liberty and happiness. Those words are known by every man, woman and child in the city. It has become the mantra for all the citizens of Municipal City, something to live by. You, MightyMan

taught us that. Do good, you said, help the weak and afflicted, the poor and downtrodden as long as we're here ... using our superpowers and great strength wisely. It would be a crime against humanity to sully such admirable and precious words, to make a lie out of them after all you and the League have accomplished. You can't go back on them now, no matter how embarrassed or humiliated you feel at this moment. All of us who reside here in Municipal City are depending on your wise leadership.”

With his uncontrolled ire subsiding MightyMan sat back down on the bed. He hung his head. After a few moments of thoughtful contemplation he looked up at his colleagues. “My father taught me those words when I was very young. He wouldn't be very proud of me if I abandoned them for the sake of my bruised vanity. He's the smartest man I've ever known.”

Pointing directly at his friends he jested as a sheepish smile curled around his rich full lips, “Talk about the three wise men. Christ has nothing on me.” Everybody giggled with a sigh of relief. “I'm sorry I lost my temper. I'm better now. I won't do anything stupid about MuscleFreak. He'll get his in the ring.”

With hugs and back slapping all around, the quartet of superheroes left the infirmary for their headquarters to discuss their future plans.

All the way back to his rat-infested studio apartment in the worse section of the city, MuscleFreak couldn't keep himself from chuckling hard. Every few blocks he had to stop, hold his sides as he bent over choking with peels of body shaking laughter. His screams of mirth caused everyone on the street to look at him. What they saw was a naked mammothly-muscled man in sneakers with a full erection on his monstrously huge cock that bobbed up and down as he sauntered down the avenue.

If anyone tried to stop him or snickered at him, the blond enforcer beat them senseless, leaving bloody, broken bodies all along his path. When a cop car careened to a halt right in front of him, as he was crossing an intersection, he merely picked it up over his head and gingerly tossed it across the street where it crashed down on its roof, pinning the officers inside. ”I'm the strongest, biggest, most muscular buck in the city,” he roared with laughter as he walked away. “Any of you pencil neck geeks want a piece of me? Well here I am! Come and get it!” he shouted at the top of his voice.

At another intersection, as pedestrians ran to get out of his way, another squad car was parked across the street. The two officers inside couldn't help but notice the mountain of muscle strutting down the street, his great cock waving like a baseball bat out in front of him. They looked at one another, then diverted their eyes away from the approaching human spectacle. As the massively built man took a direct bead on their car, the driver stepped on the gas. They speed away. That set MuscleFreak off on another laughing tangent. With his hands akimbo he rocked back and forth almost falling over with unrestrained glee.

As he passed the downtown City Gym where all the best bodybuilders and powerlifters trained, he loudly broadcasted, "I just beat the ever lovin' shit out of your precious MightyMan guys. Film at 6 and 11. Are there any real men who want to take me on? Aren't there any real, brave strong men left in Municipal City anymore? This is your chance to get into the history books, guys. Here I am, ready, willing and able to take on all challengers. This is a limited time offer so hurry, hurry, hurry before it expires!"

From one of the second-floor open windows a huge burly hirsute weightlifter stuck his head out. He hollered, "Hey, you SteroidFreak or whatever your fuckin' name is, come up here and I'll rip you apart and feed your bones to the fishes."

The blond monster of muscle raced into the building and up the stairs. Entering the gym he spotted the barrel chested weightlifter who had taunted him. Wearing a wrestling singlet that adhered to his stocky, extremely hairy physique and bulging groin, he was power personified, with short tree trunk legs and a bald head atop a round chubby face. "You want a piece of me?" sneered MuscleFreak. "I shit stronger crap than you porky."

"Well lets find out if you're all mouth or what," challenged the weightlifter. "If you've got the balls, then step into the ring and let's see what you're made of. But I must warn you, I'm the strongest bull here in the gym. They don't call me Butcher Boy for nothing."

Puffing like a steam locomotive MuscleFreak hit a most muscular pose as he roared out an ear shattering yell. Every massive muscle on his body burst to their maximum size. All the other gym rats fled to the locker room. Standing straight up to his full 6'4" height, the blond enforcer mounted the ring apron with a single bound. Quickly he slid under the top rope to enter the squared circle. Turning around to face Butcher Boy he crooked his index finger. "Okay big mouth, get your fat ass in the ring and let's see how powerful you really are."

"I'm going to enjoy pulverizing your pretty boy muscles to mush," bragged his opponent as he entered the ring.

As Butcher Boy bent under the ring ropes MuscleFreak attacked, clubbing his exposed back with devastating blows. The weightlifter crumbled to the canvas. The blond beast didn't let up. He kicked and mercilessly stomped his defenseless opponent, smashing his face and chest. Within seconds Butcher Boy lay unconscious at the feet of the mighty enforcer. MuscleFreak picked him up in an overhead press as he bellowed out laughing. After pumping him up and down several times he viciously power slammed him to the mat. As Butcher Boy hit the canvas, shock waves rippled over his entire body as he lay on his back. The blond hunk tore Butcher Boy's singlet off exposing his body and his small fat dick, which made MuscleFreak rock with more laughter as he contemptuously pointed at it.

Picking the comatose powerlifter up, the mighty enforcer brutally slammed him down across his knee in a bone crushing back breaker. The torturous pain revived Butcher Boy. He bellowed out one

great wailing scream after another as MuscleFreak bent him into a devastating bow. Loud cracking snaps were heard as the burly opponent's spine was ravaged. With one ferocious press, Butcher Boy's back bone broke. He violently spasm so badly he fell off of MuscleFreak's knee.

His howling shrieks brought the ten other muscular gym rats cowering in the locker room out to see what was happening. As they raced into the room they saw their cohort wrapped up in MuscleFreak's mighty arms and impaled on his mammoth cock. The powerful enforcer was fucking the powerlifter to death as he was crushing him in his deadly bearhug. "He's fuckin' killing me!" roared the defenseless weightlifter as he hung limp and near lifeless in his mighty attacker's giant arms. "Help me brothers," he pleaded panting with his dying breath. "Help ... me ..."

A horrific crunching sound was heard as Butcher Boy's rib cage busted, the gagged ends piercing his lungs and heart. Instantly he collapsed backwards in MuscleFreak's arms, his mouth wide open as a great quantity of blood poured out. He was dead.

The ten, beautifully muscled gym rats surrounded the ring. All of them jumped up on the apron at once. One of their numbers, the three time Mr. Municipal City, shouted, "Hey, you ... release Butcher Boy! NOW!"

Sneering at the order, MuscleFreak nevertheless complied. The smashed weightlifter's body hit the canvas with a sickeningly flat thud. The bleached blond enforcer placed one foot on the dead man's crushed, sunken chest. He flexed his gigantic arms as he roared out a victory yell. His great cock, covered in his victim's blood pulsed widely out in front of him. "Any of you pussy boys want a piece of me?" he challenged.

Realizing their friend was dead, all ten bodybuilders rushed into the ring. With their arms swinging pell-mell they jumped on top of the mountain of muscle forcing him to his knees. Completely smothered by the muscular bodies of the gym rats who were punching and striking him as hard as they could, MuscleFreak, buried under this pile of beef, was heard laughing hysterically.

Suddenly he leaped up, casting off all ten hunky assailants. Their bodies flew to the far corners of the ring, many piling up on each other. "Come on you pretty boys," blustered MuscleFreak as he leaned back to flex his mighty guns, his cock throbbing uncontrollably out in front of him. "Show me what you got bitches! I haven't had my fill of muscle butt today!"

Slowly the groggy musclemen stirred. As they uncoupled from one another, some rolling about the squared circle, they staggered to their feet, many using the ring ropes to get to their feet. "Come on!" bellowed the mighty enforcer. "I'll take you all on one at a time or all together."

Cautiously they began to stalk the powerfully strong man in their midst for several minutes. As they slowly circled MuscleFreak over and over again, crouched in attack form, the mighty enforcer continued laughing and posing his great body, paying little heed to his opponents. Suddenly two of

the musclemen charged toward him. The blond beast leveled them with a mighty clothesline nearly taking their heads off. They laid at his feet unconscious.

Another gym rat attacked with a flying drop kick that hardly moved the big man. The bodybuilder dropped like a stone to the mat. MuscleFreak grabbed his leg in an ankle lock and broke it with one snap. Peels of screams were heard from the wounded man.

Mr. Municipal City, fearing no man, stealthily strutted forward. Standing directly in front of MuscleFreak he began to pose his award-winning body. "I'm as big as you," he boasted proudly.

"But I'm stronger," retorted the blond enforcer as he took hold of the cocky young bodybuilder's hips, pulled him closer, pressing their two massively muscled bodies together. The award-winning musclemen grunted loudly as his face grimaced slightly. His arms fell to his sides. MuscleFreak's great sex tool burrowed itself deep between Mr. Municipal City's thighs. Wearing only his red bikini posers, Mr. Municipal City couldn't help but pop a tremendous hardon. Aware of the hunk's erection MuscleFreak grinned, "Ah! You like cock I see. Well today is your lucky day. I'm going to make you my fuck bitch." With that he picked the young bodybuilder up, cradling him in his mighty arms. As the other musclemen in the ring raced forward to attack, MuscleFreak used Mr. Municipal City as a great club, battering his beefy assailants left and right as he continued to smile and chuckle. One by one the muscular gym rats were beaten senseless until only the bodybuilder in his arms remained conscious, his body bruised and sore.

Throwing the young muscle hunk over his shoulder in a backbreaker, MuscleFreak paraded around the ring surveying the carnage of bodies he had wrought. Butcher Boy's broken, dead body still laid in center ring surrounded by his knocked out gym comrades. In a whimpering, breathless voice, Mr. Municipal City pleaded for his life as he bounced up and down on his the mighty enforcer's shoulder, his arms flapping about.. "Please ... mister, spare ... me. I ...won't ... tell a ... soul what ... you've done. I ...swear. I ... promise. Just let me ... live ... p-l-e-a-s-e, I'm ... begging ... you!"

"Beg all you want bitch. You're going to die on my cock, just like your friend over there," stated MuscleFreak ruthlessly as he hauled the defenseless man over his head. "But first I'm going to suck you off before I fuck you to death. I've always like fresh young cum."

"NO!" screamed Mr. Municipal City as he was power slammed down across the blond muscle beast's knee. CRACK went his spine. His body contorted and twisted violently but his beefy executioner's hold on him was too strong. He was held in place as he was bent into a torturous bow as more of his spine cracked and broke. With one hand, MuscleFreak tore the red bikini poser away, releasing the bodybuilder's pulsating cock. It popped straight up in front of the mighty enforcer's face. He leaned forward, taking it into his hot, horny mouth. With powerful sucks and tongue licks it wasn't very long before Mr. Municipal City commenced shooting his loads down his mighty assailant's throat.

Through horrific cries, sobs and moans of erotic pleasure, the young award-winning musclemen came as never before. He shot so much jism with such force that his cock began to bleed. Cum,

mixed with blood, blasted from his sex tool but MuscleFreak didn't care one way or the other. He just sucked and sucked until finally the abused dick collapsed from over work. Lifting his mouth off the flaccid tool he chortled, "My! My! My! Good to the last drop." He viciously pushed the drained, broken back muscleman off his knee as he stood up. Mr. Municipal City, yowling from ravaging back pain, laid at his feet. Standing triumphantly over him was his musclebound tormentor posing his fabulous body and smiling. Pompously he chuckled as he glared down, "I told you I was stronger. Now for the kill."

Reaching down MuscleFreak pulled the young muscleman up by his hair. With his beefy victim unable to stand, the bleached blond enforcer clutched him under the shoulders. He lifted him up only to slam him back down on his mammoth cock as he wrapped his mighty arms around him in his deadly hug.

Nearly unconscious from the pain, Mr. Municipal City let go a tremendous shriek as he was crucified on that great sex beast. Repeatedly MuscleFreak sadistically rammed his fuckpole up and down the muscleman's butt as the bodybuilder wailed like a dying banshee. The constant power of his hug began to take its toll. Rib after rib started to snap. Unable to defend himself, his arms and legs hanging lifeless, his face petrified in physical agony, the three-time Mr. Municipal City found it impossible to endure the sex torture and bone crushing hug demolishing his once magnificent body. His head bobbed about his massive shoulders with each powerful penetration. Before him was the clinched teeth, saliva spitting, glowering expression of a musclebound demon, his eyes glaring with pure hate and rage. Unendurable pain mixed with total fear filled Mr. Municipal City's last minutes of life.

With one mighty squeeze MuscleFreak smashed the last remnants of life from the young prize-winning bodybuilder. Mr. Municipal City's body went limp, his head falling onto his executioner's enormous shoulder, his eyes open but vacant. The blond monster of muscle let loose a mighty roar of victory as he unloaded a tidal wave of cum up into the dead remains of his hunky victim. Load after load he power packed up into the young muscleman until he thoroughly drained himself. He opened his arms to let the dead bodybuilder drop to the canvas.

Looking about the ring at all the dead and unconscious beefy men he had defeated, sexually excited MuscleFreak. Instantly he popped another great boner. Out of eleven muscular hunks, two were dead and nine were still breathing but comatose. "No one leaves the ring alive today," he bragged to himself. "I'm MuscleFreak, the mightiest and most muscular man in the world and I take no prisoners."

Going around the squared circle, he stripped the remaining nine bodybuilders naked. Then he took each of their heads, one at a time, in his powerful arms, quickly twisted them, breaking their necks and killing them on the spot. He then proceeded to rape their assholes in the doggy style, cumming in each one until all had been fucked.

As he lifted himself up off the last bodybuilder, he felt strangely exhausted and drained to the point of passing out. Weakly he staggered out of the ring. "What the fuck is the matter with me," he

bellowed. Nervous sweat beaded on his forehead. A look of startled uncertainty replaced the roid rage in his eyes.

As he departed the gym he had great difficulty negotiating the stairs, even falling down them and out onto the sidewalk. Slowly, carefully he clamored to his feet. As he walked down the street toward his apartment he staggered about like a drunk, reeling here and there, falling into building walls, store front windows that shattered on impact, lamp posts, mailboxes and parked cars, setting off one alarm after another. Pedestrians stayed clear of him, giving him a wide berth.

Eventually MuscleFreak managed to totter his way home, a rundown tenement building at the end of a dank, dark back ally lined with tons of litter and overflowing garbage cans. Once he struggled up the front stoop and four flights of stairs and into his large studio apartment, he collapsed face first on his bed. He remained there for over thirty-six straight hours, dead to the world.

Chapter Sixteen: What Price Glory

When MuscleFreak finally woke up, he bolted out of bed. “What the fuck,” he exclaimed as his apartment whirled about his head. He felt nauseous. He felt faint. He swooned. His mammoth legs buckled. He tumbled back down on his bed, holding his stomach, as his world continued to rapidly swirl about him. “Oh what’s happening to me,” he moaned loudly. “I feel so fuckin’ lousy. I feel so weak ...so sick to my stomach!”

As he lay on his bed, almost comatose, he felt terribly uncomfortable, as if something oversized was shoved up his butt. With great effort he was finally able to turn over onto his side. With his hand he felt about his monstrous glutes until his fingered discovered the heel of a sneaker. “What?” he groaned. “What the fuck!”

Carefully he began to pull the obstruction out until the sneaker had been completely removed. Looking at it he realized it was the matched pair to the one he still had on his foot. “Huh!” he stuttered quizzically as he examined it. “How ... did ... it ... end up ... in me,” he stammered. But the thought process was far too strenuous for him. He hadn’t the strength or will power to address the problem. He dropped the sneaker to the hardwood floor as he collapsed back down on the bed, exhausted.

It would take him another hour before he had the strength to stand. In the meantime his room continued to go round and round causing him to vomit all over himself and his bed.

Once he was able to find his feet, he stumbled to the shower to clean himself off. The refreshing water revived him, although his mind would continue to be foggy for several more hours and his

massive strength almost non-existent for a few more days. It took all his might just to walk around, his great arms hanging like lead weights at his sides.

When he re-entered his large one-room apartment he noticed it was in shambles. The closet door was wide open. All his clothes were off the hangers and thrown haphazardly all over the place. His dresser drawers were open and their contents tossed about here and there. The large wooden wardrobe that contained his video cassettes and DVD's was also open and everything thrown on the floor. His wide screen television had been ripped from the wall and hung upside down by a few cables. That part of his apartment he used as a gym, where his reinforced workout bench and the rack of exceptionally heavy weights stood, had all been overturned. Even his kitchen area was a complete mess with the cupboards open and everything scattered about as if a hurricane had torn through.

Shaking his head as he ran his fingers through his bleached blond hair, he surveyed the damage in shocked disbelief. "What the fuck happened?" he snorted. "Who the fuck did this?"

One answer did eventually manage to surface through the mental haze encompassing his mind. "MightyMan!" he bellowed. "He did this to get even with me, that fuckin' bastard!" he raged.

Finally his brain kicked in. A cold sensation ran throughout his fabulously muscled body. MuscleFreak quickly staggered to the refrigerator. He hurriedly opened the door. Still groggy he strained to see if his prize bottle of Gatorade was still there. Fumbling about, moving milk containers, bread and a host of other food products aside he reached deep inside to the back of the refrigerator. At last he clutched his Gatorade bottle and pulled it out. Holding it ever so gently he gazed longingly at it, as one would at a long-lost lover. "Ah!" he sighed with relief.

He turned on the overhead kitchen light. He held the bottle up to it. Yes, he thought to himself, it was still two thirds full, having drunk a third of it the day before the now infamous press conference.

Still somewhat unsteady on his legs he reached down to pick up one of the three overturned kitchen chairs. He sat down cradling his cherished bottle in his arms like a loving parent holding his baby close to his bosom. In spite of the disastrous condition of his apartment, everything was all right as long as he had his bottle of Gatorade spiked with Formula 352.

Several hours after the notorious press conference, both Szatkowski and Petterson, beaming from ear to ear, strutted into their boss' refurbished penthouse office. "You two look like the cat that ate the canary," Drago grouched. "So why the smiles?"

From under his coat Petterson produced a bottle of Gatorade. "A present for you boss," he stated as he handed it to Drago.

Amazed, the crime lord gushed, "Is this ... Is this MuscleFreak's bottle with the formula?"

Both scientists nodded as they continued to smile. "And that's not all," Szatkowski added.

"What do you mean?" asked his boss, as he began to grin.

"We trashed his place, really turned it into a disaster area," stated Petterson proudly.

"And that's still not all," injected his colleague.

"Well, tell me more! Tell me everything," insisted Municipal City's crime lord.

"We both knew that the aftereffects of Formula 352 would be totally debilitating for MuscleFreak," cited Szatkowski. "So we waited for him to get home."

"Yeah, we hid behind some shipping crates at the end of the ally in front of his tenement," inserted Petterson.

"We saw him stagger up the alley," continued Szatkowski somewhat annoyed by the interruption. "There, for a while, we never thought he'd actually make it up the front stairs let alone to his apartment. The aftereffects had already kicked in. But he did make it up to his flat, but just barely. Once inside he passed out cold on his bed leaving the front door wide open."

Petterson again butted in, "So we invited ourselves in. There he was face down on his bed, naked but for the sneaks he was wearing. He had to have walked all the way home from the press conference like that."

"He sure did," stated Drago. "I had the police scanner on, and it was abuzz with his afternoon escapades."

"What did he do?" asked Petterson before his partner could utter a word.

"Well, Let's see if I can remember it all," said Drago dryly. "He overturned a cop car, punched out a number of pedestrians on the street, smashed in display windows on stores. Oh yeah, apparently butchered ten or eleven guys at a gym, leaving them all dead. Knocked over mailboxes and broke a number of car windows. He was a very busy guy."

“That was the roid rage kicking in from the formula,” surmised Szatkowski in his most professorial tone. “Just think if that had happened when he was humiliating MightyMan. Our Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe would have been torn to pieces. There would have been nothing left of him.”

“That’s a chilling thought,” said Drago.

“Well ... you don’t ever have to worry about that now,” gloated Petterson. “We got the spiked Gatorade and replaced it with just a plain bottle of the stuff, even pouring out just the right amount so it matched exactly the bottle he had in his refrigerator. He’ll never know the difference, until it’s too late.”

“You guys did all right,” praised their boss.

“Yeah, but there’s more,” added Szatkowski. “After we trashed his place, we both took turns fucking his butt as he laid there unconscious.”

“Yeah, we plowed him so badly and packed his ass so full of cum I thought he’d explode,” boasted Petterson. “Christ, he has a great ass to fuck, the best I’ve ever had. It’s a shame to waste it on MightyMan.”

“Maybe,” surmised Drago, “but he’s the bait I needed to pull MightyMan into my trap. MuscleFreak will serve his purpose. After that, he’s expendable-- and good riddance.

As an afterthought he asked, ”You sure you left no trail that will lead MuscleFreak back here?”

“None whatsoever, boss,” assured Szatkowski. “We wore gloves, even when he rammed one of his sneakers up his a-hole. No, he’ll never figure out it was us. Besides I’d bet he’ll believe it was MightyMan seeking revenge for what he did to him at the press conference.”

“That would be a joke on MuscleFreak, wouldn’t it,” chuckled Drago.

Because of his extremely depleted strength and stamina, it took MuscleFreak a few days to clean up and restore his apartment. It would take another few days before he was strong enough to return to the gym to continue his intense training for the upcoming championship battle against MightyMan.

Once back in the gym MuscleFreak threw himself into his heavy weight training with a renewed vigor. Vainly pleased with his behavior at the press conference, he was totally confident that with the use of Formula 352 he would not only dominate, but thoroughly annihilate MightyMan, sucking his massive strength from his body and fucking him into oblivion on his mammoth killer cock as he crushed him to death in his mighty arms. That thought kept him constantly hard and made his orgasms the greatest he ever had.

Over the following weeks, as he pumped iron like a demon and worked out in the ring with luckless muscular jobbers, whom he massacred, sending them off to the hospital, he perfected his wrestling skills to the peak of perfection. As he trained, MuscleFreak became slowly aware of an ongoing peculiar sight. As he gazed out the floor to ceiling plate glass windows of the gym that lined the interior corridor of Drago International Headquarters' lobby, he couldn't help but witness Drs. Petterson and Szatkowski continuously escorting some of the biggest, mightiest, most massively muscular men he had ever seen to Lobby Elevator No. 8. Some of these muscle men he recognized from the world of sports. Some were professional wrestlers, weightlifters, pro bodybuilders, mixed martial art fighters. All were the absolute best in their chosen profession.

He noticed each time by the callboard over the elevator that it went down three floors to a sub-basement level. Curiously enough, he never saw them come back up.

This peaked his interest so much that one day after his workout, he entered Elevator No. 8. When he pressed the third basement level button, a mechanically recorded voice announced, "You do not have clearance or authorization to descend to sub-level three! If you do not exit the elevator in the next ten seconds, security will be notified!"

Quickly MuscleFreak jumped from the elevator. As the door closed, he stood there scratching his bleached blond head. His curiosity was at fever pitch. Something was going on. Since Petterson and Szatkowski worked directly for Drago, MuscleFreak surmised that something big-- very big-- was happening, and his boss was behind it. If he could find out what it was, he'd have even more leverage over Drago once he had massacred MightyMan to death in the ring. Maybe he'd even have enough clout to force Drago to make him his partner. That thought pleased him, pleased him very much.

That evening MuscleFreak returned to the gym under the pretense of an after hours workout. He had secured Drago's permission to stay on after the eleven o'clock closing time. Security had also been notified. As the guards made their nightly rounds they waved at him as he pretended to work out. A couple of times they stopped by to eagerly chat with him about the upcoming fight against MightyMan. MuscleFreak freely engaged in the conversation, deliberately lulling the guards into a state of false security.

By one o'clock in the morning the gym was dark, the lobby dimly lit. All was quiet at Drago International Headquarters. MuscleFreak had left the building. Or had he?

Elevator No. 8 was locked down and the power turned off at the third sub basement level. Inside Elevator No. 7 a lone, massively built hooded figure, in a black form-fitting latex bodysuit opened the escape hatch in the ceiling. He lifted himself up to the top of the cage. He closed the hatch. Reaching in a large gym bag that he had with him, he withdrew some rope. Throwing a length of this heavy rope over a steel support beam he tied it off, then proceeded to slither down the elevator shaft to the top of Elevator No. 8.

Once on top of the elevator cage the figure pried open the escape hatch. He let himself inside the elevator. Using the strength of his fingers, he forced open the elevator doors to quickly exit into the dark corridor. The doors slammed shut behind him. Only the emergency exit signs lit the hallway with their eerie red glow.

Stealthily, the muscular figure made his way along the cinder block wall, stopping every now and then to check for security. There were no guards to be seen or heard. As he carefully proceeded down the hallway he came to a cross corridor. He peered down the darkened passage. At the far end was a wall. He looked up the other way. The corridor was lined along both walls with a number of gurneys that appeared to have bodies covered with blood-soaked sheets. Feet were sticking out at one end with a tag on their big toe. The passageway ended at a set of wide double doors with frosted glass windows. A strange, soft, mint-green light seemed to shimmer behind the opaque glass, like a thick fog.

The figure cautiously made his way toward the fluctuating illumination. As he passed the gurneys he flipped over the sheets covering the bodies. The figure recoiled in shock. Each face was bashed beyond recognition and covered in blood. What remained of their face was petrified at the moment of death in a state of abject horror, a silent, shrieking testament to the horrific physical agony each was unable to endure.

As he lifted the sheets farther he saw their bodies, butchered beyond belief, with broken bones penetrating their flesh, torn muscles hanging loosely from arms and legs, torn pecs with gaping holes and teeth marks, mutilated cocks, some with no cocks or ball sacks at all. Some beefy corpses had a leg or arm missing, a couple had had their heads torn completely off, and one was just a shredded torso with its severed appendages carefully placed neatly along its sides. Each body he looked at had suffered the same fate, total annihilation. Ironically a couple of the corpses he was able to identify. They had been some of the massive athletes he saw being escorted by Drs. Petterson and Szatkowski into Elevator No. 8. He noticed the toe tags all read the same thing, "Crematory."

Once at the doors, he warily opened them, not knowing what to expect. Dartingly he looked inside. Once he found it was safe, he entered. The room appeared to be a large laboratory filled with medical equipment, operating tables, examination tables, cabinets filled with tubes, some empty, some filled with liquid and bottles of pills, nestled among syringes and operating tools. Microscopes dotted work benches crowded with beakers and other experimental flasks both large and small.

That weird green undulating illumination was coming from an adjacent room through a clear glass door. The figure seemed to be mystically drawn toward it. He opened the door and stepped inside. What he saw stunned his senses. In the middle of the room was a huge hyperbaric chamber with a glass dome covering it. Inside was a green mist that blanketed a mammothly-muscled naked man. "Holy fuckin' Jesus!" gasped the intruder as he slowly approached the chamber. The closer he came, the more he saw of the sleeping behemoth inside. He was the most massively muscular man he had ever looked upon. His muscles seemed to have muscles. The mysterious figure couldn't believe his eyes. As he stood next to the chamber his lecherous nature got the better of him. His great cock blasted to a full erection as he gazed in star-struck awe at the slumbering giant. The outline of his hardon was plainly visible as it pressed hard against his latex pants, stretching the fabric to the breaking point.

How he wanted to tear open the lid and pounce upon that sleeping mountain of muscle. How he wanted to take the giant's humongous cock in his mouth to suck him off, then flip him over and fuck the greatest muscle butt he'd even seen to smithereens.

The figure's hormones raged totally out of control as saliva foamed in great quantities and dropped from his gaping mouth. Who was this musclebound creature he thought to himself? Where did he come from? Why was he here?

The figure became so hot with overwhelming carnal desire that he quickly undressed. As he stood right up against the glass dome of the hyperbaric chamber MuscleFreak flumped his mighty cock across the side of the dome as he began to dry surf the glass. He moaned out loudly with erotic pleasure as his mind swirled with salacious thoughts of what he'd like to do with this reposed leviathan of muscle. As he wildly humped away at the glass he commenced to pose his own magnificent body, flexing his own mighty arms, followed by a lat spread and a most muscular pose.

He became so caught up in his sex fantasy that he started to explode one massive load after another, smearing the dome with spray after spray of his hot, frothy cum. So intense were his orgasms that his naked body collapsed across the glass dome with one arm flopped over to the other side, his face hovering directly over the unbelievably beautiful features of the long blond haired muscle man inside. MuscleFreak ravenously kissed the glass as if caught in the heat of passionate love. His wet caresses slobbering over the glass as he groaned loudly in unrestrained rapture.

With the last of his jism violently expelled, he laid full-length across the top of the dome longingly looking down at the muscle god beneath him. He repeatedly sighed with craving desire to lay his flesh upon the flesh of this muscle deity.

Slowly he slid off the dome, smearing his cum and saliva over his own body. Once on his feet he feverishly looked for a way to open the chamber. As he frantically searched for a key, he came across a notebook lying on a nearby table. He opened it. Instantly he recognized Dr. Szatkowski's hand-writing. He knew it by sight, having previously carried many handwritten notes between the doctor and Vulcan when Vulcan was training for his fight against MightyMan.

Among the notes, he discovered the history of the mighty stranger incased in the hyperbaric chamber. The legendary Hercules! He read how Dr. Petterson was able to reincarnate him, and how Drago was going to use him to capture and destroy MightyMan. This passage made no sense to him since he was to do that. That was Drago's instruction to him. He shook his head as he shrugged his mammoth shoulders in bewilderment. In short order he'd forget all about it as he continued reading.

He read the measurements of the sleeping Prince of Power. He was 7'2" tall, weighed 550 pounds. His chest measured a staggering 82", arms were 50", the neck was 30", calves came in at 35", the thighs were 50" and that monster fuckpole even when soft was a full 15" long, but when fully erect it was 18" long and 12" in circumference. These stats made MuscleFreak's mouth water all the more. Again he popped an enormous erection that violently throbbed up and down.

Another entry explained the hyperbaric chamber. "By sleeping in a hyperbaric chamber H's blood oxygen would increase, thereby increasing his stamina, energy level and strength potential."

"It seems the doctors and Drago aren't leaving anything to chance," speculated MuscleFreak out loud as he put the notebook down to resume his search for a key. When he finally realized there was no key to be found, he again whispered to himself, "I bet only Drago or one of the doctors has it with them at all times. Dammit!"

Returning to the chamber, he tried to force the lid open with his powerful fingers-- but to no avail. His out-of-control lust for the sleeping Olympian demigod was more than he could bear. He began to furiously beat with all his might at the glass dome. Again with no result. Frustrated beyond belief he mounted the dome. Grabbing his throbbing manmeat he began to fiercely jack himself off. In quick order he started to shoot off more great loads that noisily plopped down onto the top of the glass. His mighty orgasms seemed to never want to end-- when suddenly he began to hear voices outside in the corridor. Hurriedly MuscleFreak finished up. He jumped down from the dome and grabbed up his clothes. He peeked out into the hallway. He saw two attendants, clad in white hospital garb, begin to remove the gurneys down the hall.

Hiding in the darkened shadows of the corridor, MuscleFreak waited until the attendants disappeared down the hallway and around the corner, each pushing a gurney. Quietly he raced down the hallway to Elevator No. 8. He pried the doors open with his strong fingers. Once safely inside he dressed. Then he exited the elevator through the emergency hatch, climbed back up the rope to the top of Elevator No. 7. He untied the rope, wrapping it up and tucking it away in his gym bag. Opening the hatch of No. 7 he jumped inside and closed the emergency exit. He pressed the open door button and entered the lobby. No one was there, Quickly he ran for the exit and departed into the night.

Once safely home, MuscleFreak tried to put all the pieces of his adventure together. "If Drago brought back Hercules to capture MightyMan, then what am I doing wrestling him for the championship?" he asked himself out loud. "What's my part in this scheme? Where do I fit in?" Scratching his bleached blond head he uttered, "I just don't understand. It doesn't make any sense! Drago wants me to destroy MightyMan once and for all. That's his order to me! So why Hercules? I just don't understand."

Early the following morning Drago was rudely awakened by an emergency phone call. It was Dr. Petterson calling from the lab. Someone had broken into it and found “our guest.” Municipal City’s crime lord raced to the scene.

By the time Drago arrived Szatkowski was also present. The two doctors and their boss entered into the hyperbaric room. Hercules was still sleeping. “Here’s what I found,” stated Petterson as he pointed to the glass dome plastered all over with dried cum. “Someone’s been in here and left this mess.”

“Who? Why?” questioned Szatkowski. “Nothing has been taken. Everything is where it should be. Who knows about all this and our guest? Just the three of us, right?”

“Obviously there is now a fourth person.” speculated Drago. “And I think I might know who it is.”

“Who?” asked the doctors simultaneously.

“MuscleFreak!” shouted their angry boss. “I wondered why he wanted an after hours workout session last night. I thought it odd but just chalked it up to his insane iron pumping mania.”

“How can we be sure it was him and not someone else?” inquired Szatkowski.

“Come to my office. I’ll order all the security tapes from last night,” replied his boss.

All three men adjourned to the penthouse office where Drago had the previous night’s security tapes brought. One by one the tapes were viewed until the lobby tape was played. They saw MuscleFreak working out in the gym. They saw him talking to the security guards, then turn off the gym lights and lock up. They saw him enter the lobby restroom for men. A short time later a mysterious, very muscular figure holding a large oversized gym bag, appeared from nowhere in the lobby. He approached the bank of elevators always staying in the shadows, never revealing himself. “You can’t mistake that body,” huffed Drago. “That’s MuscleFreak, no doubt about it, that bastard!”

They watched spellbound as the figure entered Elevator No. 7 only to disappear behind closed doors. Roughly an hour later the figure reappeared, gym bag in hand. He raced for the entrance and out of sight. The tape ended.

“Mystery solved,” stated Petterson. “But why? What was his purpose? How did he know about our guest?”

“It doesn’t matter,” groused Drago as he gnashed his teeth. “If he didn’t know, he does now.”

“What do we do?” asked Szatkowski.

“We do nothing,” replied his boss. “We keep to the plan. After all, there are only a couple of days before the fight. What could he possibly do until after the match. No, let MightyMan take care of our Mr. Nosy MuscleFreak.

He’ll do our dirty work for us and good bye Muscle-fucking-Freak and good riddance to that sub-human trash once and for all.”

Chapter Seventeen: A Clash Of Might and Muscle

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the UWA Crypt of Doom Arena here at the Underground Wrestling Alliance Sports Complex in beautiful downtown Municipal City. I'm your ringside announcer Lance Spear. Sitting alongside of me is our color commentator, Eddie Robson, former Mr. USA and Mr. America and a national power lifting champion, former UWA wrestler himself and not unfamiliar with the UWA World of Hurt." ER: "What an exciting night to be here or at home watching this unprecedented gladiatorial spectacle. Every seat here at the arena has been sold out for weeks. There's standing room only." LS: "Yes Eddie, this is by far the greatest wrestling match up in the history of the UWA. It's even bigger than the Vulcan/MightyMan match up six months ago." ER: "Arguably the two strongest men in the world are about to battle it out before our very eyes for supremacy and total domination ... to prove before the whole world, once and for all, who IS the strongest man in the world ... our current world heavyweight champion of the UWA, MightyMan or the number one challenger of all time, MuscleFreak!"

LS: “Yes Eddie. Ever since this fight was announced a month ago, every person on the planet has been clamoring to get a seat here at the arena or sign up for the pay-per-view to watch this historic combat between these two titans of muscle.”

ER: “And that interest was only heightened by the press conference at which this fight was announced.”

LS: “You’re right Eddie. I don’t think there is a man, woman or child who hasn’t seen a replay of that press conference.”

ER: “The way MuscleFreak blindsided MightyMan and choked him out was awesome. Who’d of thought that the Ultimate Musclemans of the Universe could be so easily manhandled.”

LS: “Or so easily humiliated before the entire world Eddie. Let’s not forget that MuscleFreak not only totally embarrassed and thoroughly disgraced MightyMan but also dominated him with considerable ease.”

ER: “Yes Lance, which only adds extra importance to this match up. MightyMan has a lot riding on the outcome of this fight. His whole reputation as the mightiest of the mighty, the strongest of the strong, depends on him winning this match. He has got to put everything he has into this fight. He has to throw the rule book out the window. He can’t be Mr. Nice Guy. He has to do whatever it takes to thoroughly defeat MuscleFreak in a convincing way or it’s all over for him here in Municipal City and around in the world.”

LS: “And avenging MuscleFreak’s humiliation of him at the press conference, Eddie, lets not forget that. The world is waiting with baited breath to see if MuscleFreak can do it again and this time going all the way by sexually conquering MightyMan and completing destroying him.”

ER: “There’s one thing more we shouldn’t forget, Lance,”

LS: “What’s that Eddie?”

ER: “This is only the second time MightyMan has fought in the UWA and his first title defense since defeating Vulcan. One the other side of the coin, MuscleFreak is an experienced UWA wrestler, appearing many-- and I do many-- times in the Crypt of Doom squared circle. He’s a seasoned veteran.”

LS: “That’s for sure.”

ER: “And every opponent he’s ever faced he’s slaughtered to death in the ring by completely dominating them with his strength, his muscles and his unparalleled skill as a wrestler. He’s beaten them down, sadistically butchered their bodies, crushed the life out of them in his deadly bearhug as he fucks them into oblivion on that monstrous killer cock of his.”

LS: “So what are you saying Eddie?”

ER: “MuscleFreak’s record in the ring doesn’t bode well for our superhero champion. Lance, I predict this will be a fight to the ultimate finish. This isn’t listed as a death match, but I guarantee you it will be one. MightyMan is doubtlessly out for absolute revenge. After all, several members of his League of Superheroes have been slaughtered to death by MuscleFreak in this very ring. He has to be stoked to the max. He desperately needs this win to reclaim his authority as MightyMan, the Ultimate Musclemans of the Universe. And the only way MuscleFreak will give up is if he’s beaten to a stone-cold death! Otherwise he’ll just keep coming back and back, wearing his opponent down

until he does win. This fight has far more significance for MightyMan than his battle against Vulcan.”

LS: “And what’s in it for MuscleFreak?”

ER: “MuscleFreak is out for pride and respect. He needs to prove he’s everything MightyMan claims to be. But in order to do that, to be the best, he has to beat, or in this case, totally destroy, the best, and the best IS MightyMan! He needs to thoroughly annihilate the champ. He needs to wipe the ring with MightyMan’s blood. In short, he needs to massacre him, kill him before the entire world to prove his claim of being the strongest and most muscular man on Earth. Anything short of that and he’ll be a loser in the eyes of the world. This time that sign over the ring, “Two men enter, only one leaves,” has added meaning.” LS: “As the saying goes, ‘No guts, no glory,’ right Eddie?”

ER: “Right Lance.”

LS: “So tell me Eddie, what does the tail of the tape tell us about these two musclebound warriors?”

ER: “The Champion, MightyMan stands at 6’6” tall and weighs a remarkable 380 pounds of ripped muscle. His arms are a phenomenal 34” and his chest an eye popping 80”, with thighs of 44”, calves of 24” and his cock of 12” in length and 8” thick.” LS: “And the challenger?”

ER: “MuscleFreak stands 6’4” tall. He weighs 350 pounds of solid muscle and sports 32” arms, a 78” chest, thighs of 40”, calves of 22” and the all-important measurement, a 12” long and 10” thick killer fuckpole.” LS: “Physically both combatants sound evenly matched.” ER: “Yes they are, Lance ... so this should be one hell of a battle of brut muscle and superhuman strength.”

Up in his skybox Drago was giving a few last-minute instructions to Szatkowski and Petterson. “Go to MuscleFreak’s dressing room. Act like everything is perfectly normal. Help him to prepare for the fight as you usually would.

“But in no manner, shape or form, by word or action, let on we know he broke into the lab, that he saw our guest or that the Gatorade was switched. I want that privilege for myself. When the time comes in the match and he’s on the ropes wondering why Formula 352 hasn’t kicked in, then I’ll let him know and only then. I want that fuckin’ bastard to realize I don’t tolerate betrayal and that he’s about to be massacred by MightyMan and there’s nothing he can do to prevent it ... that he’s going to die! Now go.”

The two doctors scurried from the skybox to Drago’s enforcer’s dressing room.

Across the hall from his beefy opponent, MightyMan was preparing for his big fight. EagleMan, Gladiator and WarLord were with him in his dressing room. Each in turn rendered some last-minute advice.

“Remember to watch out for MuscleFreak’s right fists,” advised EagleMan. “It’s deadly. He can smash in any man’s face with it. He likes to pummel his opponent until they’re almost out, then he goes in for the finishing attack.”

“Also beware of his monster cock,” rejoined Gladiator. “It’s bigger than yours and twice as deadly. He practically tore MammothMan apart on it, splitting his ass right up his back. If he gets the opportunity he’ll ram it up into you, so whatever you do, don’t turn your back on him, ever.”

WarLord had some last word. “MuscleFreak is a butcher. He has no scruples. None! He’s a dirty fighter. He’ll do everything he can to beat you. If he can get you in his bearhug, he’ll smash you to pieces. If you have the chance to break his arms, do so. Make them useless and you’ll win.”

His colleagues from the League formed a huddle with their leader. Placing their foreheads together, their arms about each other’s shoulders they gave themselves an affectionate hug. “You can do this,” stated EagleMan forcefully.

“And you will,” added Gladiator.

“We all have faith and confidence in you. You’ll always be our leader. Nothing will ever change that,” chimed WarLord.

“Remember, you’re MightyMan,” said Eagleman emphatically.

Together the three members of the League of Superheroes finished by saying, “You’re The Ultimate Musclemans of the Universe!” as they broke apart.

“Very good gentlemen,” mocked Drago as he entered his champion’s dressing room.

All four startled superheroes abruptly turned to face their chief antagonist.

“I trust I’m not intruding at an awkward moment,” he said snidely.

“What do You want, Drago,” sneered WarLord contemptuously.

“I’d like a few moments alone with my champion ... if you please gentlemen.”

The three League members looked at MightyMan. “It’s all right guys,” he stated coolly. Reluctantly they departed to stand guard just outside the dressing room door.

“What do you want, Drago?”

Slowly, methodically the crime lord replied, “I know we’ve had our differences in the past ...”

“And will again in the future,” injected MightyMan.

Nodding his head Drago continued. “And will again in the future, as you put it. But, at least for tonight, we’re on the same side. I just came to offer you my best wishes for a successful outcome and to remind you that MuscleFreak was the one who murdered BicepBoy.”

“You need not have troubled yourself to come down here to remind me of that fact,” replied MightyMan angrily. “There hasn’t been a single minute of every day since you told me that I’ve forgotten that fact.”

“Good. I’m glad to hear that,” Drago passively answered. “Then I don’t need to refresh your memory that anything goes inside the squared circle, do I?”

“No, no you don’t!” MightyMan shot back rudely.

“Good! Then I’ll leave you to your friends.” As he began to open the door Drago looked back to slyly add, “By the way, I’m having a victory party in your honor at Drago International Headquarters after the fight. It will be in the lobby. I trust you and your compatriots will be able to attend. The both of us will have a lot to celebrate.”

Before MightyMan could respond, the crime boss opened the door and departed. The three superheroes rushed inside. Eagerly they asked what Drago wanted.

“He just ... wished me ... success,” stammered MightyMan, confused by Drago’s apparent good will. Collecting himself he added, “He’s invited all of us to a victory party in my honor after the fight.”

“I don’t get it,” said a bewildered Gladiator.

“Why is he being so nice?” wondered WarLord.

“”This is so not like Drago,” surmised EagleMan. “What’s he up to?”

“I don’t know,” stated MightyMan methodically. “I just don’t know. But he seems totally confident that I’ll beat MuscleFreak.”

“Well we all know that’s true,” chuckled WarLord.

“Yeah, MuscleFreak is dead meat in your hands,” gushed Gladiator.

“It’s a foregone conclusion,” EagleMan added. “That murdering bastard doesn’t stand a chance.”

Buoyed by his friend’s enthusiastic support MightyMan began to mentally prepare himself to meet Drago’s enforcer-- the murderer of his beloved BicepBoy.

Across the hallway, in MuscleFreak’s dressing room, Szatkowski and Petterson were vigorously messaging the challenger as he lay on a padded table when their boss popped in. “Well how’s everything going?” he asked with a twinkle in his eyes.

“Fine,” shot back Petterson nervously. “Just ... fine.”

“Couldn’t be better,” retorted Szatkowski.

“And how does the number one challenger feel?”

MuscleFreak pushed himself up from the table to sit upright, his naked body gleaming from the rubbing alcohol. “Boss, I just want to again thank you for this opportunity,” purred MuscleFreak. “I promise I won’t let you down. I’ll fuckin’ butcher MightyMan to pieces before the night is through. You have my word on that.”

“I expect great things from my enforcer,” replied a smiling Drago. “So go out there and do what is expected of you and you’ll have my undying gratitude.” Both men vigorously shook hands as Drago gave his two accomplices a knowing wink.

As he prepared to depart, the crime boss added, “Remember the UWA championship is within your grasp. Seize the moment and make it yours MuscleFreak. Seize the moment.”

“I will! I promise you, boss, I will!” shouted the beefy ex con as Drago closed the door behind him. MuscleFreak jumped from the table to hit the shower.

Back at ringside, the overflow audience was getting impatient for the starting hour of 9:00 PM. They began to clap their hands in unison as they stomped their feet. A hearty chant of “FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!” continuously wound its way around the arena.

Exactly at the appointed hour, Stubby Smith, the roly-poly ring announcer, stumbled into the ring to the chuckling delight of the multitude of spectators. In his tight-fitting tux and poorly-quaffed toupee, he made his way to center ring. The overhead microphone was lowered. He grabbed it in his right hand. “Ladies and Gentlemen and Children of all ages, welcome to the UWA Crypt of Doom Arena here at the Underground Wrestling Alliance Sports Complex in beautiful downtown Municipal City.” A spontaneous cheer erupted throughout the place. Once it had died down he continued. “Tonight’s main event is a no rules, no referee, no time limit battle.” Another cheering, standing ovation burst out that engulfed the arena.

Impatient for the din to subside, Smith held his hands up to try to quiet the crowd. It was a fruitless gesture. The audience was most eager for blood and mayhem. They were unleashing their pent up anticipation. Their loud, ear-shattering venting would not be denied.

When it finally began to subside, Smith again took the microphone in hand. “Before the match begins, may I caution you not to throw anything at the fighters or into the ring.” A tremendous “BOO!” was heard from everyone in the building.

Struggling to be heard over the noise, Smith continued. “It’s for the wrestlers safety and protection. The management asks for your wholehearted cooperation, PLEASE!” More loud “BOOS!” were followed by an avalanche of “HISSES” that rained down from the upper most stadium seating to ringside.

Smith continued to soldier on. “By throwing debris you could accidentally injury one or both of the wrestlers, thereby diminishing their chance to win. Let’s make this a fair fight. Give both men the equal chance to win ...” More deafening “BOOS!” resounded.

Finally after a full five minutes of booing and hissing, with many in attendance standing and pointing their thumbs downward, the clamor died down. “May I introduce the challenger in tonight’s titanic gladiatorial match. Weighing in at 350 pounds, the number one contender in all the world, MUSSSSSCLEEEEFREEEEAK!”

The arena lights went dim. Only a single spotlight shone on the challenger as he confidently strutted into view. The audience went uncontrollably wild, cheering, stomping their feet and clapping their hands like there was no tomorrow. MuscleFreak basked in their unrestrained appreciation. Dressed in a form-fitting muscle shirt, a pair of cut off faded blue denim jeans and high-topped sneakers with no laces, he arrogantly sauntered to the ring, stopping every now and then to pose his fabulously muscled body. The audience applauded and cheered even more vigorously.

Once at the ring MuscleFreak slid under the bottom rope on his stomach. He jumped to his feet as he ripped off his shirt and shorts. A gasping thundering “AWE!” was heard. Standing in center ring in only a tight-fitting jock, his killer fuckpole straining to be released, the elastic band stretching to the breaking point, the mighty challenger looked unbeatable and the assembled multitude knew it. His unmatched mammothly-muscled body took their breath away. Once more MuscleFreak began to showboat by posing to the boisterous praise of his legion of adoring fans. When he got through, he slowly withdrew to his corner to await his formidable opponent.

Once a semblance of peace was restored, Stubby Smith cleared his voice. “And now it is my pleasure to introduce the undisputed UAW World Heavyweight Champion. Weighting in at 380 pounds, MIIIIIGHTYYYYYMMMMMAAAAAN!”

The audience went totally berserk. They screamed themselves hoarse as they beat their hands bloody raw as the spotlight caught the superhero’s figure, donned in his midnight black latex pants that stretched to near-shredding across his massive thighs and bright blue boots with a matching blue cape, two solid black bandolier straps crisscrossed over his exposed mammoth chest and were clasped together in the middle by a silver circular shield inscribed with two interlocking “M’s” and two thick silver wrist bracelets on his arms. He was an imposing figure of pure muscle and unquestioned power.

As impressed as they had been over MuscleFreak, the audience collectively lost themselves in total idol worship and admiration over the champion. Their booming, ear-piercing, roaring acclamation shook the rafters as never before.

As he approached the squared circle, instead of entering by taking the metal stairs, MightyMan thrilled everyone by floating up and over the ropes to land gracefully, like a prima ballerina, in center ring. Their thunderous applause and cheers tore the roof off the place.

Like his opponent, MightyMan shredded his costume off with his hands to stand naked before them. His great foot-long cock throbbed in full erection as it pulsed wildly, straight out in front of him. He commenced a posing routine, which threw everyone in the building into a frenzied craze.

Standing idly by in his corner, almost forgotten by all, was MuscleFreak, seething over the champion’s unprecedented reception. As he gnashed his teeth he muttered to himself, “I’ll get you MightyMan. I’ll tear you limb from limb and fuck you to pieces as I crush you to death in my mighty arms. You can’t win you fuckin’ asshole. I took all the formula yesterday and I’m stronger than you ever could be. I’m invincible. I’m your master and you my fuck slave. I’m the true ultimate muscleman of the universe...”

MightyMan continued posing to the rowdy, strident appreciation of the audience, all of whom were lost in the overpowering aura of carnal lust and the blinding allure of licentiousness. Men, as well as women, came in their underwear. Many swooned and passed out, overcome by their uncontrolled sexual emotions for his phenomenal physique and awesome good looks.

Finally, when he was finished playfully taunting the spectators with his magnificent body, MightyMan walked to his neutral corner to await the call to center ring and the final instructions.

Across the squared circle from him MuscleFreak glared pure hate at the Champ. MightyMan returned the stare in full measure. His bright blue eyes glistening with deadly venom. Between his clenched teeth he seethed, "It's time to pay the piper MuscleFreak, for murdering BicepBoy and for killing my guys from the League. You're dead you murdering bastard!"

For his part, the enforcer kicked off his sneaks as he stripped off his jock, finally releasing his killer cock for all to see. The audience gasped in wonderment at its mammoth size. Not to disappoint them, he began to hump his powerful hips forward, slowly at first, then faster and faster as if he were fucking his mighty opponent across the ring. The spectators ooed and awed at the sight of this massive sex tool as it swung stiffly up and down like a thick lead pipe with a huge bulbous head.

Stubby Smith called both musclebound gladiators to center ring. Standing only inches apart, both their mighty cocks nearly pressing together head to head, each posing his fabulous body to its best advantage, a fiercely perspiring Stubby Smith, feeling overwhelmed by erotic desire, was barely able to speak. "Gentlemen ..." He cleared his throat and started over again. "Gentlemen ... this, ... as you ... know, is a ... no rules, (again he cleared his throat as beads of nervous perspiration dripped steadily from his forehead down his face, to drop off to the ring floor) no ... time limit, any ... thing ... goes ... Oh my god!" he exclaimed as he unloaded a huge wad in his pants. His whole body visibly shuddered as he shot and shot one great load after another. Smith clutched his soggy crotch as he bent over in physical agony "Fuck it," he snorted, his face grimacing in pain. "You're here to slaughter each other so go at it!" he sighed as he quickly departed the ring. Before scurrying under the bottom ring rope he shot back. "Wait for the goddamn bell." Once out of the ring Smith raced backstage where a great howling scream of sexual release was heard. The spectators roared with laughter.

The two massively muscled gladiators, now standing toe to toe and cock to cock, tried to psychic the other out with their bodies. With total contempt flashing in their eyes for the other they pressed their cockheads together in a test of cock strength. Harder and harder they pressed their manmeat together as they flexed their giant arms. An uncomfortable sign of pain began to register on MuscleFreak's face. He had never lost this duel of sex tools, but the strength of MightyMan's cock was quickly becoming more than he could stand.

For the first time he took his eyes off the champ to nervously glance down. What he saw startled him. The Cape Knight's mighty rod was drilling its way deep into his humongous cockhead. So deep in fact that the enforcer's head was overlapping it to the point of completely enfolding the intruding cockhead. The sight shook his usual arrogant confidence. He found himself grunting out, loudly, in pain. The more he tried to push back, the deeper MightyMan's tool dug itself in. Why wasn't Formula 352 working, he wondered to himself? He should be smashing the champ's cock to smithereens by now. What was going on? What was going wrong?

MuscleFreak felt his killer fuckpole start to bend. A rocket of pain flashed throughout his body. He clenched his teeth together as spit seeped from the corners of his open mouth. The strain was far too

much to withstand. His face contorted in agony. He swore, "Fuckin' Christ!" and broke off the encounter by stepping back-- to the boos and catcalls of the spectators. "Chicken! Chicken! Chicken!" was shouted from the audience as were the clucking sound of a hen.

MightyMan just stood there smirking from ear to ear with confidence. As he turned to walk to his corner to await the bell signaling the start of the fight, MuscleFreak doubled up his fists and with all his might, clubbed the champ's massively broad back, sending the superhero crumbling to the canvas gasping for air.

A couple of quick, powerful leg drops laid MightyMan out flat. MuscleFreak followed that up with a few mighty elbow drops directly across the champ's mammoth back. Standing directly over the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe, Drago's enforcer once more posed his fabulous body to the uproarious enthusiasm of the overflow audience. He had regained not only their respect, but his own overpowering confidence. He convinced himself that the test of cock strength was only a momentarily fluke. Formula 352 was working after all, and he was now fully in charge of the match. Any lingering doubts he had instantly faded away.

Instantly MuscleFreak went down to wrap his opponent up in a devastating leg scissors. As he squeezed his mammoth legs tightly around MightyMan's stomach, the superhero furiously pounded the canvas with his fists, his head writhed back and forth, as screams of torment blasted from his open, gasping mouth. The enforcer's face repeatedly flinched from his mighty exertion as he squashed the mighty superhero's powerful eight pac abs.

To add further pressure to his destructive hold, MuscleFreak rolled over onto his right side, lifting MightyMan up into a seated position. Grunting for all he was worth, the enforcer squeezed and squeezed as the champ desperately tried to pry his challenger's legs apart. When that failed he bashed away at them with clubbing fists until his opponent released him. MuscleFreak jumped to his feet as MightyMan fell over onto his great chest fighting for every breath he could take.

Sprawled face-down on the mat, MightyMan was totally defenseless as he repeatedly gasped for air. His bare muscle butt was exposed to the vagaries of his sadistic opponent. Everyone in the building could only recall the debacle of the press conference and how easily MuscleFreak had handled him. Was this a repeat? Several whispered, "Here we go again." While others surmised, "MuscleFreak is going to destroy him." Still others stated, "MuscleFreak is going to eat MightyMan alive for a midnight snack." One disheartened fan bemoaned, "MightyMan will be fucked to death. He's just not mighty enough to prevent it." And still another sighed in anguish, "This is the end of the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe."

Up in his skybox a frantic Drago paced around like a caged lion. "What's gone wrong this time!" he bellowed at Szatkowski and Petterson. "Are you sure the bottle of Gatorade you brought back was the one with the formula?"

Defensively Dr. Szatkowski answered, "Yes! I tested it in the lab and it proved positive for Formula 352."

Grabbing the bottle from a nearby end table, Drago held it up. “This bottle? You tested this very bottle?”

“Yes!” protested Szatkowski. “Look on the bottom. It has my mark on it.”

Municipal City’s crime lord lifted the bottle up. “Okay,” he said calmly. “So what’s happening down in the ring? It’s not an illusion! MuscleFreak could end the match right now by throwing himself on top of MightyMan and fucking him into unconsciousness and capture the championship. Christ Almighty!” he raged. “He’s ruining another one of my plans. Is there no end to his interference! I want that man obliterated from the face of the Earth!” he wailed as he put his fist through an end table, shattering it to pieces.

Sheepishly Petterson suggested, “Maybe were backing the wrong guy. Maybe we should be sucking off MuscleFreak’s cum to use for the new steroid formula.”

Szatkowski and Drago leveled the scientist with intense stares of contempt. “Well it was just a suggestion!” he barked back at them.

As the three men returned their attention to the action in the ring, MuscleFreak reached down to tear MightyMan’s boots off his feet. He placed the champ in the debilitating Kurt Angle standing ankle lock that lifted MightyMan’s torso up off the mat. The Man of Iron dangled there like a great fish on a line, twisting and turning every which way.

As the champ furiously beat the canvas with his fists and howled out in pain, the bleached blond enforcer dropped the crippling hold to turn it into an equally destructive Boston Crab. Enfolding the mighty legs of his opponent under his mammoth arms, MuscleFreak plopped down hard onto the champ’s powerful glutes, his massive sex tool laying directly over the Caped Knight’s ass crack and ball sack.

As MightyMan continued to bellow out in agony and frantically pound the canvas, Drago’s man began to rock back and forth, applying excruciating pressure not only on the Ultimate Muscleman’s legs but on the small of his back.

If that wasn’t devastating enough, the ex con dropped the crippling hold, turned around to apply the equally horrific cobra clutch, flopping MightyMan’s phenomenal arms over his tree trunk thighs and wrapping up the champ’s chin in his hands, forcing his head backwards in the intensely painful hold. The enforcer’s great killer cock dug deep into the flesh of the champ’s back. Once more MuscleFreak rocked back and forth to increase the pain and intensify the damage he could apply to his mighty opponent.

Great quantities of spit flew from MightyMan's mouth as he snorted and gasped for air. His face was scrunched up with pain, his eyes were squinting, deep furrows of torment carved themselves across his forehead. His hands wildly twitched, like the flapping wings of a doomed bird. His wailing screams began to turn into weak, breathless whimpers.

MuscleFreak's face, riddled from the intense strain he was exerting to break the champ, nevertheless spoke volumes. It said loud and clear. "I'm invincible! I'm in absolute control!"

Once he felt he'd permanently damaged MightyMan's back, he contemptuously threw the champ off his legs. The Man of Iron plummeted to the mat with a hard smack. Drago's massively-muscled enforcer triumphantly stood up. Placing one foot on the back of the downed superhero, he flexed both his mighty guns-- to the raucous cheers of the audience. Beaming a self assured smile, he let fly a victory yell. He proudly turned toward his boss' skybox to give a thumb's up. He could plainly see Drago pacing back and forth with the silhouettes of Szatkowski and Petterson behind him. For a brief moment he thought, "That's odd."

Shrugging off his boss' puzzling reaction he reached down to haul up his nearly unconscious opponent. He gingerly flipped him over his shoulder in a back breaker. As he viciously bounded MightyMan up and down he slowly paraded around the ring to the deafening, cheering applause of his fans as his beefy victim sputtered out painful moans and grunts. "Here's your fuckin' champion," he bellowed to the remaining members of the League sitting in the front row and who were watching in abject frightful horror. "Here's your great crime fighter, your hero at my mercy." All three superheroes bolted from their seats but were severely forced back down by a bevy of massively beefy security guards.

The blond enforcer turned his destructive hold into an over the shoulder torture rack. He pressed down with all his might to bend the Caped Knight into a spine busting bow. Again he shouted at the three restrained superheroes, "But I have no mercy!" as his hunky captive continued to wail out in torment.

With great malice, he hauled MightyMan up high over his head in a gorilla press as he once more strutted about the ring. After one complete circuit he body slammed him to the mat with great authority. The ring violently shook on impact, almost coming apart at the seams. MightyMan just laid there motionless at the feet of his powerful challenger.

Dragging a nearly comatose MightyMan by his arm over to the corner of the ring, MuscleFreak lifted him up, placing the champ's massive chest squarely against the ring post as he flopped his gigantic arms over the corner ropes on either side.

MightyMan, his mammoth legs buckling under his body weight, hung there like a crucified sex slave, his face laying sideways atop the padded ring post. His eyes were open but vacant. The only look on his face was one of stupefaction.

Stepping back, MuscleFreak took his great throbbing killer sex tool in his hand, placing the giant head directly at the champ's butt. He was going in for a quick kill.

MuscleFreak sidled up directly behind the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe. He grabbed hold of his muscular butt cheeks. He spread them wide apart, exposing the bright rose red of his virginal sphincter. Taking careful aim he slid his enormous cockhead up tight against the prized, puckering hole. Overcome with his erotic fantasies and the hypnotic allure of the greatest victory fuck of all time, MuscleFreak felt lightheaded as mass quantities of drool fell from his open mouth. He released the champ's mighty ass cheeks. Instantly they snapped together to tightly enfold his shaft. Just one quick shove forward and he'd be in fuck heaven. He could feel mass quantities of pre cum flowing from the head, lubricating his way to the ultimate victory.

A deadly silence reigned throughout the arena as everyone held their collective breath and looked on in surprised fascination at the final destruction of Municipal City's greatest hero, the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe ... MightyMan.

Up in his skybox, Drago angrily railed, "NO! NO! NO! NO!" as he banged his bald head against the concrete wall, cracking the plaster where it struck.

Chapter Eighteen: Revenge Is Sweet

"Oh my God, Eddie," lamented a horrified Lance Spear. "Can you believe this? MuscleFreak is about to fuck MightyMan into oblivion and take his title away as the UWA Champion. He's totally destroying MightyMan. The match hasn't officially started and he's been taking the champ apart right before our very eyes! It's the press conference all over again!"

"If you look at the replay of the very beginning of this brutal match, you'll clearly see that when MuscleFreak clubbed the back of the champ, he had one leg out in front of MightyMan to deliberately tripped him," replied a breathless Eddie Robson.

"Such little things like that can turn a match around in one man's favor, Eddie. MuscleFreak is known as the world's most dangerous and dirtiest fighter. Anything and everything goes with him."

MuscleFreak, with his meaty hands holding tightly onto MightyMan's hips, his massive killer cock shoved half way up the champ's butt, his cockhead pressed tightly up against the Ultimate Muscleman's frantically puckering sphincter, leaned slightly back to get a ramming start to plow the entire length of his foot long rod up into the champ's muscled ass.

Just then MightyMan lifted his head up off the padded turnbuckle. A look of smiling satisfaction was plastered across his face. "That's as far as you go!" he bellowed as he raised his mighty arm up. He slammed it backwards smashing his elbow directly into a stunned MuscleFreak's face. The force of the blow was so great that the bleached blond went reeling backwards pulling completely out of the champ's butt with a very loud POP!

The mighty challenger comically tripped over his own feet as he peddled back only to fall to the mat. The whole arena erupted with thunderous cheers and applause. Before he could realize the dramatic turn of events MuscleFreak looked up to see the champ standing over him. With one hand the Man of Iron viciously grabbed the enforcer's throat, lifted him up to his feet, then high up into the air. There he dangled helpless as a newborn baby. Through gritted teeth MightyMan declared for all to hear, "I was just playing possum with you MuscleFreak! Now I'm going to take you apart. It's time you paid the ultimate price for the cold bloody murder of PowerWoman, PowerMan, MammothMan and BicepBoy." That said the Cape Knight, with supernatural force, power slammed his challenger to the mat, driving him virtually through the canvas to the steel girders beneath the ring. An audible gasp was heard from the audience.

Reaching through the hole in the ring floor, MightyMan caught hold of MuscleFreak as he lay crumpled across a steel support beam. He hauled him up again by his throat. Viciously the champ threw his mighty opponent into a corner turnbuckle where he hit with a tremendous impact. So great was the blow to his muscular back that it propelled him forward where he was met with a powerful fist to his face that, in turn, sent him flying backwards into the ring post once more. His arms flopped over the corner ropes. MightyMan stepped forward. He began to pummel, with machine gun speed, fist after fist into MuscleFreak's defenseless body rendering him into a human punching bag. Blood squirted from his face and body with every mighty destructive blow, turning his rugged features into an unrecognizable bloody mess.

The Man of Iron mercilessly bludgeoned MuscleFreak's face. With every mighty blow the enforcer's head violently twisted from side to side as he blasted out spits of blood that sprayed out into the audience covering many in the front row. MightyMan broke his challenger's jaw, knocked his teeth down his throat, fractured both cheeks and his nose, closed both eyes but for two tiny red swollen slits, and opened blood gushing wounds across his forehead. His body punches cracked ribs, the sternum, ruptured internal organs including the lining to his stomach. Blood spewed freely from his open, gaping mouth.

When he was through wrecking MuscleFreak's body, MightyMan stepped back. The enforcer, his blond hair soaked red with blood, his face all but destroyed and sheathed in more blood, able to see only through small slits, staggered forward pathetically swinging wildly but only striking air. One mighty swing spun him completely around. He fell to one knee gasping desperately for breath.

Spitting blood he gurgled, "Naw! Can't ... be ... happening. I ... drank ... formula. I'm ... invincible." Quizzically he looked up at the champ through blood drenched slitted eyes. He collapsed against MightyMan's mammoth thigh smearing it with his blood. The champ's great super cock rested across the blood drenched head of his opponent. Again MuscleFreak struggled to speak, spitting blood with every word he stammered weakly, "How ... know ... about ... BicepBoy?"

Showing no mercy, the Cape Knight kned him in the face, sending him sprawling backwards onto the mat. "I saw a security video tape of you strangling BicepBoy the night of my match with Vulcan. Your boss showed it to me, you murdering spawn from hell! Now you'll pay for it!" railed MightyMan as he reached down to haul his opponent up to his feet by his fabulous pecs.

The champ lifted MuscleFreak up off the canvas. He viciously shook him like a rag doll until he heard those fantastic chest muscles tear away from the ex con's cracked sternum. The enforcer shrieked for all he was worth as his 78" pectoral plates were shredded and smashed in the mighty grip of his powerful opponent.

With total disdain he tossed MuscleFreak back against the ring post. He hit with a loud spine-cracking thud. Again his arms flipped around the corner ropes. He hung there as his muscle butt sagged toward the canvas. Struggling to lift his head up, he finally was able to look up toward his boss' skybox. He struggled to stand. With one arm he wipe away the constantly oozing blood that seeped into his eyes. He blinked several time to clear his vision. He could barely make out Drago dancing for joy with his two beefy colleagues.

Once the crime lord realized his enforcer was looking up at him, he abruptly stopped his celebrating. Picking up the notorious Gatorade bottle he held it aloft as he wiggled his index finger in a scolding back and forth gesture. He then took the cap off to poured the contents out onto the floor. Once it was empty, Drago smashed the bottle against the concrete wall.

Returning to MuscleFreak, Drago took his thumb and slowly ran it across his throat in a threatening manner to his once invincible enforcer. The ex con understood its meaning. He had been forsaken by his boss for his betrayal. Now he'd pay with his life. He also now fully understood that entry in Szatkowski's lab notebook about Hercules destroying MightyMan. He was nothing more than Drago's dupe to ensnare the Cape Knight and now he was expendable, of no further use whatsoever. Ironically this only inspired his resolve to fight to the finish with everything he had and turn the tables on his boss.

As MightyMan approached, MuscleFreak charged out of the corner with a brutal head butt to the champ's solar plexus, knocking him over. He fell on top of him from the force of the attack. Quickly the ex con crawled over the superhero covering his torso. He bulldozed his cockhead deep into the underside of MightyMan's sex tool as it laid across the champ's eight pack abs. As he began to viciously hump the mightiest cock in the world he grunted through gurgling spits of blood, "I ... still ... match for you ... MightyMan. I ... destroy ... you or ... you ... destroy ... me ... either ... way you ... know you ... been in ... fight for ... your ... life."

But his words were merely bravado. The fierce beating he'd already sustained at the hands of the superhero, plus the great loss of blood, left him sapped of his natural strength.

With little effort the champ threw his opponent off, rolled away and stood up. MuscleFreak valiantly labored to get to his feet, finally having to use the ring ropes for support.

With difficulty he finally eyed MightyMan through the constantly flowing blood that covered his face. He growled with fierce determination as he staggered forward on unsteady legs with his hands held up before him in a boxing fashion. As he drew nearer he began throwing punches that the champ easily dodged by bobbing and weaving this way and that.

When he saw an opening MightyMan threw just one tremendous punch that leveled the blond enforcer as it nearly took his head off. MuscleFreak flew up in the air, did a complete flip before crashing to the canvas face first.

The champ dragged his stunned opponent by his leg to the corner where he laid him out straight. He quickly climbed to the top of the ring ropes, steadied himself before leaping off, did a spectacular midair summersault, before crashing down on top of MuscleFreak, grinding his wrecked body deep into the mat.

Wasting no time, the Cape Knight got up. He forced his dazed opponent to his feet by grabbing his nut sack. He spun the enforcer around until his massive back was toward him. Then with his foot firmly planted in the small of his back he pushed the ex con into the ropes. MuscleFreak instantly bounced back to be met with a powerful fist to his kidneys. As he was propelled back into the ropes by the force of the blow, he cried out in pain.

As he hit the ropes his body flopped over the top one. He hung there precariously as pain rifled his face from the kidney punch. But he didn't hang there long. MightyMan, grabbing the top rope, leaped over it, but instead of landing on the ring apron, he swung around with his feet going between the first and second rope, hitting with full force the enforcer's stomach, sending him flying across the squared circle into the ropes on the far side. As he was catapulted back MuscleFreak was met with a devastating clothesline that sent him circling around the champ's gargantuan arm. With a resounding smack he hit the canvas with his back.

Instantly MightyMan pounced on him, wrapping him up in a debilitating cobra clutch. "This is how it's done," he taunted the bleached blond hunk. "Payback is a bitch, isn't it?" he growled through clenched teeth. With one ferocious jerk backwards the champ nearly split his challenger in half. MuscleFreak wailed shriek after blood curdling shriek as his legs furiously bucked and squirmed on the mat. His tormented screams only wetted the Ultimate Musclemans appetite to apply even more destructive pressure.

After several minutes of rocking back and forth MightyMan dropped the hold to stand up. MuscleFreak collapsed on the canvas, his body writhing in pain between the champ's mammoth legs. He desperately gasped for air. Whenever he attempted to rise, MightyMan simply dropped all his weight down on his abused back, squashing him into the mat.

To add further injury to his well muscled back, The Man of Iron lifted the pain ravaged enforcer up. He flipped him over his shoulder in an excruciating backbreaker. He paraded around the squared circle to the clamorous roaring approval of the audience as he bounced MuscleFreak up and down.

He then turned the hold into a debilitating over the shoulder torture rack, bending the blond beast into a nearly perfect bow. The snapping and cracking of MuscleFreak's spine was heard by all as he bellowed out in unimaginable agony. Brutally the Cape Knight power slammed him down to the mat.

"Playtime is over," pronounced the champ as he again viciously lifted his battered opponent to his feet. He placed his mighty arms about MuscleFreak's devastated body in a standing abdominal stretch. As he bent Drago's enforcer over his mighty thigh, locking him in place with his gigantic arm and mammoth leg, he grabbed the ex con's great sex tool in his free hand. With vicious power strokes he jacked away at MuscleFreak's killer fuckpole, damn near tearing it off in the process. The helpless enforcer, his blood-soaked face constricted in agony, moaned out in torturous erotic pain, as he continued to spit mass quantities of blood in between vigorously huffing and puffing for air.

Caught in the vice grip of the champ, MuscleFreak never the less tried to extricate himself by twisting and turning as best he could. But MightyMan was just too strong. There was no escape. The champ continued to savagely masturbate his beefy opponent bringing him to near climax as he kept bending him farther and farther backwards, increasing the unbearable pressure on his back muscles.

Contemptuously the Man of Iron tossed his challenger to the mat where he rolled around in screaming agony. "Don't like the way I play?" heckled the champ. "Then perhaps you'll like this." MightyMan reached down to take hold of MuscleFreak's violently throbbing cock, squeezing it hard. The ex con roared out with an ear shattering cry as the Cape Knight lifted him completely up off the mat. The champ bounced him up and down like a human yoyo, as the blond ex con's arms and legs flopped about. As he dangled in midair, mass quantities of pre cum floated over his mighty tormentor's hand to steadily seep in between his finger. It loosen his grip. MuscleFreak plummeted to the ring floor where he curled up in the fetal position, both his hands cupped over his brutalized manhandled tool.

Still MightyMan was not through toying with his opponent. He had secretly vowed that he not only would thoroughly humiliate MuscleFreak, strip him of all dignity before the eyes of the world, but show him he was never a real threat to him at all.

Once more the champ hauled his pain riddled opponent up. This time he power-lifted him over his head. As he pumped him up and down, he took MuscleFreak's great cock into his mouth to suck on it. The enforcer knew he was deliberately being brought to climax again. He tried to squirm free but as before, the champ had him firmly under control. As he sucked, pumped and boned, bringing his opponent ever closer to cumming, MightyMan swallowed tremendous quantities of pre cum. It would be just a matter of a few more seconds before his erstwhile challenger would shut off his loads.

With one mighty swoop he brought MuscleFreak crashing down across his massive thigh in a devastating backbreaker. Pressing the enforcer's ravaged body into a bow, his head, hands and feet

touching the mat, MightyMan again captured his violently pulsating cock in his mouth. As he viciously suck and sadistically gnawed away at the huge head of the great tool he barbarously messaged his balls with extremely rough, hard fingers.

The once mighty enforcer bellowed out in pain as he felt his churning, boiling ball sack being smashed in the mighty grip of the champ. No longer able to withstand the sexual torture to his nuts and cock, MuscleFreak was forced to surrender to the stronger man. He erupted one volcanic blast of hot, salty cum after another down MightyMan's throat. With each gut-wrenching ejaculation, he bellowed out scream after horrific scream, as he felt his remaining strength being savagely siphoned from his body.

MuscleFreak exploded so much cum that the excess dribbled out of MightyMan's mouth to cover his chin, forming a thick goatee beard of white frothy foam.

When he was finally through erupting, when all his remaining strength had been sucked from his body, the enforcer just laid silent and still across MightyMan's massive thigh. His great cock lay flaccid across his abs. He had nothing left to fight with.

MuscleFreak rolled off the champ's leg as he stood up. He hit the canvas with a dull thwack.

Standing triumphantly over his fallen opponent, MightyMan posed his fabulous body to the raucous delight of the audience. He then reached down to roughly grab the blond enforcer's traps in another brutal claw hold, damn near tearing them from the shoulders. He dragged the dazed, bewildered challenger to his feet by viciously shaking him. With little effort The Ultimate Muscleman jerked MuscleFreak up in the air in a military press. For a few seconds he just stood there proud and victorious as his opponent whimpered above his sweat soaked head. The Caped Knight took a victory lap around the ring as he held aloft his beaten foe for all to see.

The audience applauded and roared their approval as some yelled, "Destroy the arrogant bastard!" Others chanted loudly, "Kill him!" "Fuck him to death!" "Rip him apart!" "End his career!" "Finish him off once and for all!"

To all of this MightyMan merely smiled a satanic grin. "You ain't seen nothing yet folks," he roared. "By the time I'm through with him, he'll curse the day he was born!"

With that the Ultimate Muscleman atomic-dropped his defenseless opponent down, driving his knee up into MuscleFreak's ball sack. The intense pain shot throughout the bleach blond's body as he bent forward, hands cupping his nuts, roaring in agony.

Instantly the champ was once again upon him, lifting him up over his head by one ass cheek and the back of his neck. A stunned enforcer stared straight up into the overhead lights as his legs and arms flailed wildly. With MuscleFreak's legs wide apart and his crotch exposed, the Man of Iron walked

over to the ring ropes. Sadistically he tossed his victim down. The top rope smashed into his opponent's balls as it burrowed itself deep into his rectum. A look of consternation and horror flooded the musclebound challenger's blood drenched face. More ear shattering cries poured from his busted, swollen lips as the excruciating shock waves of pain reverberated throughout his body.

MightyMan then roughly grabbed MuscleFreak around the waist with one arm as he took off racing down to the far end of the ring, dragging him shrieking all the way as the rope burned the flesh from his ball sack and rectum. The enforcer, with both hands desperately clutching the top rope, cried tears of anguish as his face twisted uncontrollably from the pain.

Not content with his sadistic handiwork, the champ began to shake the rope, deliberately bouncing his beefy challenger up and down as if he were riding a bucking bronco. When he stopped MuscleFreak, in a state of complete shocked torment, collapsed off the top rope to the mat. He again curled up into a fetal position with both hands cupping his bleeding ball sack and asshole. As he lay on the canvas with tears of suffering pouring down his blood smeared face, he whimpered like a beaten dog as every muscle in his body violently convulsed.

Again reaching down the Ultimate Muscleman hauled Drago's henchman up by his thick bull neck, flipped him up in a suplex, held him up for the longest time to let the blood rush to his bleached blond head, then viciously power slammed him, head first, into the mat. MuscleFreak collapsed to the canvas where he laid, spread eagle, under the hot arena lights. The spectators roared their unanimous approval.

MightyMan rolled his stunned opponent over on his stomach with his foot. Still out of it, the beaten enforcer made no counter move. The superhero went down on his haunches covering his beefy foe's huge thighs. Holding his mammoth right arm up for all to see, he ominously clinched his fingers into a great fist. Letting out a roaring yell, MightyMan drove his fist deep down into the bleeding, abused muscle butt, ramming his arm all the way up to the elbow.

The excruciating agony revived MuscleFreak instantly. He screamed one ear-piercing wail after another as his hands desperately pounded the mat while his whole body violently spasm. Not content with fist fucking his shrieking opponent's butt, the Ultimate Muscleman sadistically twisted and turned his fist this way and that, intensifying the unbearable torture.

Then in a totally barbaric move, the champ stood with his arm still crammed all the up MuscleFreak's butt hole to his elbow, lifting him up off the mat and straight up in the air. The once mighty enforcer was thoroughly impaled on MightyMan's arm as he was sadistically turned into a human hand puppet. The Man of Iron casually strolled around the ring with his squirming, screaming challenger raised above him like a prized trophy. At all four corner posts the champ smashed his foe face down onto the turnbuckle, further damaging his already destroyed features. MuscleFreak left mass quantities of his oozing, dripping blood on the top of every post.

After one revolution of the squared circle the Ultimate Muscleman power slammed the enforcer to the mat. With his challenger's shoulders crammed into the canvas, his brutalized muscle butt stuck

up in the air, his legs flopped over his scrunched up stomach, his feet touching the ring floor behind his head, the Ultimate Muscleman withdrew his arm as if taking off a bloody glove. MuscleFreak tumbled over to one side still crying out in torment as his entire body violently convulsed. Blood freely poured from his torn, ravaged asshole.

Once more standing triumphantly over his battered foe, MightyMan called for a towel to wipe off the bloody crap covering his right arm. A young hunky, thong wearing attendant climbed up on the ring apron. He eagerly handed a large white terry cloth towel to the champ that was embossed with the UWF logo. The Ultimate Muscleman quickly cleaned his arm off, returning the blood smeared towel to the overly admiring, muscular boy. The Man of Iron could not help but notice the huge stain on the front of the young beefy hunk's white thong, as a steady cum trail dribbled down his inner thigh to his ankle socks and sneaks. The champ smiled broadly at the boy who was shaking from sexual nervousness. He quickly jumped off the ring apron clutching the bloody towel as if it were a holy relic like the Shroud of Turin.

MightyMan turned his attention back to a bellowing MuscleFreak writhing about all over the mat. He violently grabbed hold of his foe's left leg to slap on the same devastating ankle lock that early in the match, the enforcer had applied to his leg. He hauled MuscleFreak up, leaving only his torso wiggling on the canvas. Putting his leg behind the exposed knee of his opponent, he came crashing down on it, breaking the leg. He did the same to MuscleFreak's right leg, disabling him.

Next MightyMan attacked the arms. Placing first the mammoth right arm of the enforcer in a painful arm bar, he lifted up instantly breaking it. Again he did the same with the left. He contemptuously dropped his opponent to the mat like garbage.

"Now for the kill!" stated the superhero ominously as he rolled the ex con over onto his stomach.

Thoroughly stripped of his great strength, his body broken, MuscleFreak, for the first time in his life, felt the sensation of fear rampaging throughout his brain. His sense of mortality overwhelmed him. His overpowering arrogance had been bludgeoned out of him to the last drop. "No! Please!" he mumbled through tears of agony as he spat out more blood. "I quit. You win. I give up. Let me go ... please!" he earnestly begged.

Not moved by his plaintive pleas, MightyMan stated flatly, "You're going to die the same butchering death you inflicted on your victims. You deserve nothing less. This IS justice. An eye for an eye, MuscleFreak. An eye for an eye!!"

Shrieking out with what little strength he had left, the bleached blond enforcer screamed for his life, "NO! NO! NO!"

A cold shuddering groan was heard throughout the audience as they witnessed the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe go down on top of his opponent, shoving his mighty cock down deep into his opponent's bloody muscle butt. Lying on top of MuscleFreak, MightyMan commenced to

savagely doggy fuck the life out of his physically demolished challenger. With his mighty arms wrapped tightly about the enforcer's head the Man of Iron kept bulldozing his fabulous tool into his asshole as his powerful hips went into overdrive. Pulling the enforcer's head back he whispered in his ear, "Feel the avenging cock of justice up your ass, MuscleFreak. You've been tried in the court of public opinion and found guilty. The sentence is dead!"

MuscleFreak bellowed one fierce shrieking scream after another with each barbaric penetration from the mightiest cock in the world as it totally destroyed his already scourged butt hole. With both arms and legs broken and totally useless, there was no way for him to physically expel any of the unbearable pain. It was all internalized within his broken body, adding to the intolerable intensity of it. The pain was quickly driving him into complete insanity.

The murderous doggy style fucking seemed to go on for an interminable period of time. Some in the audience grew bored. A few even shout out, "Get a room for Christ sakes!" Others clamored, "BORING!"

Hearing the disgruntled complaints of the crowd, MightyMan changed tactics. He sat up with his killed cock still deeply plowed up into MuscleFreak's ass. He threw the crying, screaming enforcer's leg over his shoulder to turn him onto his back. Replacing the doggy style fuck with a missionary fuck he continued his deadly assault on his opponent's ravaged, bloody muscle butt.

When that became old to the audience, the Cape Knight gathered MuscleFreak up in his arms, stood up, capturing the blond enforcer in his devastating bearhug.

"Now feel the power of the universe," threatened MightyMan through clenched teeth as he applied his strength to his hold. With his hips in supersonic overdrive, constantly ramming his deadly fuckpole deep up into MuscleFreak's bleeding, shredded asshole, the Man of Iron squeezed, crushing the once powerful, heavily plated chest of the ex con. Ribs were heard cracking all over the arena as the audience grew silent, anticipating with baited breath the final outcome. Only MuscleFreak's horrific cries shattered the stillness along with the sounds of bones being pulverized.

The once mighty enforcer, dangling near lifelessness in the powerful arms of his musclebound executioner, his head constantly being jolted backwards from the force of each deadly fuck, his broken arms and legs hanging useless at his sides, was no longer able to cry out in excruciating pain. He was reduced to only being able to whimper pathetic sobs as tears flooded his petrified face.

His murderous cock, compacted between his broken body and that of the Cape Knight's, once again flowered into a full erection. Feeling the stiffness of this once deadly sex tool pressing hard against his abs, MightyMan loosened his grip, holding the enforcer with only one arm about his waist. The ex con's torso immediately collapsed backwards. Taking his free hand, the Ultimate Musclemans reached down to grab hold of the throbbing manmeat. Sadistically he yanked up on it as he squashed it in his mighty hand. Instantly MuscleFreak's fuckpole blasted out a humongous load of cum as the cockhead simultaneously exploded to bits with a resounding SNAP! The enforcer's body convulsed violently as one great wailing shriek erupted from his busted lips. His once great

invincible cock, the pride of his body, the essence of his self worth, had been obliterated in the mighty hand of his conqueror.

A mock AWE of pity reverberated throughout the audience as pieces of flesh and a great quantity of blood plumed upwards between the two musclebound combatants.

Releasing the mutilated member MightyMan resumed the murderous hold with both hands, cementing his massively muscular physique to that of the mutilated body of his opponent.

With one particularly mighty hug, several of MuscleFreak's ribs loudly cracked, piercing the flesh of his chest. His spine broke. His head fell forward coming to rest on MightyMan's massive shoulder. With his dying breath he whispered in the Cape Knight's ear, "Beware ... Drago ... resurrected ...Hercules ... to ... destroy ... you."

Shocked by what he heard, MightyMan chalked it up to MuscleFreak having gone totally insane from the pain. It was, nevertheless, time to put his beaten, pulverized adversary out of his torturous misery.

With all the strength of his magnificently muscular body, the Ultimate Muscleman squeezed one great hug as he began to shoot his ponderous reservoir of pent-up loads deep into MuscleFreak's guts. So powerfully enormous were these loads that the superhero's cum completely packed his opponent's body to overflowing, abnormally bloating his size. Like a balloon being blown up beyond its tolerance, the enforcer's body grew and grew as a never-ending torrent of cum flooded into him. There was so much of MightyMan's jism that it poured out of MuscleFreaks, mouth, nose, ears and torn asshole mixed with his devastated opponent's blood.

The bleached blond's body convulsed one last tremendous jerk before going limp. There was one last agonizing, choking gasp from the ex con, his head lying on the Cape Knight's boulder size shoulder, his swollen, slitted eyes partially open but vacant.

Summoning all his supernatural strength, MightyMan squeezed for all he was worth. As if MuscleFreak had been turned into one large single piece of bubble wrap, his once great body totally disintegrated in the mighty arms of the Man of Iron with a shattering explosive POP! The audience screamed out in shocked horror as the UWF champion stood in the squared circle, his mammothly muscled physique saturated from head to foot in blood with body parts scattered all about him on the mat. Only a small portion of MuscleFreak's torso was still wrapped up in his gargantuan arms.

Several of the audience members fainted on the spot. One lady, seated in the third row, had to be revived when MuscleFreak's severed head dropped into her lap.

After a few seconds of stunned silence the overflow audience slowly, but steadily, went into hysterical applause and cheers that damn near tore the roof off the arena. Their joyous acclamation

was deafening. Many at home who were watching on their televisions and had the volume turned up, had their screens explode from the thunderous force of its den.

Up in his skybox, Drago, along with his two cohorts, Peterson and Szatkowski, were beside themselves with glee, once the initial shock of MuscleFreak having been totally obliterated wore off. They hugged and kissed each other as they jumped up and down. Their extreme enthusiasm reached such an erotic intensity that cloths were ripped off and Drago fucked the living daylights out of both his men, leaving them thoroughly exhausted and gasping for air as they laid on the carpeted floor, soaked in their own sweat.

Down in the ring, as the riotous ovation continued. MightyMan, his entire body dripping with blood, finally released what was left of his slaughtered opponent's corpse. MuscleFreak's demolished torso hung for a moment while stilled impaled on his mighty cock, before it slowly fell off to crumble to the mat before Municipal City's victorious hero.

Instantly EagleMan, Gladiator and Warlord scrambled into the squared circle to congratulate their blood laden leader. With smiles of uncontrolled pride, back slapping and hugs of affection all around, the three members of the League of Superheroes took turns in raising MightyMan's bloody hand up in victory as they yelled themselves hoarse along with all those in the audience.

It took nearly a half hour for the hunky security guards to form a corridor of protection through the riotous crowd so MightyMan and his super colleagues could make their way back to his dressing room. As he passed through this gauntlet of beef, the Man of Iron noticed the cum drenched uniforms of the guards. Each had a raging hardon that was visible through their soaked tented trousers. So narrow was this line of security that it was virtually impossible for MightyMan, with his mammoth thighs, not to continuously pressed up against their pants pounding erections. Through a chorus of oohs and aahs from the sexually aroused guards he made his way to his dressing room as their man tools continued to spill out more jism as he brushed by.

For all concerned it would be a never to be forgotten night. For Drago especially, it would be even more so before the evening was through.

Sequestered with his League compatriots in his dressing room, a blood drenched MightyMan continued to be inundated with hearty congratulations in the form of telegrams, emails, text messages and phone calls. So great was the overload that the computer lines to the arena, as well as the phone lines, crashed. It seemed that ever citizen of Municipal City, including city officials and every policeman on the beat, sent in a message of congratulations.

As he showered, his fellow superheroes went through as many of the messages as they could, reading them out loud in excited, breathless voices to their bathing leader.

“What a night! What a night!” shouted Warlord with a broad smile as his boss emerged from the bathroom, dressed in his crime fighting costume.

“A never to be forgotten night!” chimed in Gladiator happily.

As usual it was left for EagleMan to put it all into perspective. “You did us proud,” he said beaming with a smile as he vigorously shook MightyMan’s hand. “With MuscleFreak out of the way, Municipal City will be a safer place to live, work and play. By the sound of all these messages, there’s a renewed sense of freedom, a rebirth of hope sweeping through every household and down every street.”

“But you had us worried there for a while,” stated Gladiator. “We thought all was lost and you were done for.”

“You sure had us scared,” added Warlord somewhat shamed faced.

“You guys forget, I’m a great actor,” replied MightyMan with a grin plastered across his handsome face. “I had to let MuscleFreak think he had me at his mercy. I wanted his ego inflated to its highest level before I lowered the boom on him. I wanted to strip him of everything, his pride, ego and arrogance. I wanted to leave him with nothing before I finished him off once and for all.”

“Well you sure did that and more,” praised EagleMan.

Just then someone knocked on the dressing room door. Gladiator, the closest to the door, opened it. In walked Drago. He walked right up to his champion smiling all the way. He took MightyMan’s hand in both of his to give him a hearty handshake. “Well done!” he oozed. “Well done indeed. I couldn’t have scripted a better match if my life had depended on it.” Releasing the Man of Iron’s hand he looked about the room. “Ah great. You’re all here.”

Turning his attention back to the Cape Knight he continued, “I do hope you all can attend my post fight party at headquarters. It’s in your honor, MightyMan.” Placing his hand on his champion’s massive shoulder he added convincingly, “This stupendous victory of yours deserves to be celebrated. Do say you’ll attend, that all of you will attend! The mayor, police chief, every member of the city council, every prominent civic and business leader and socialite will be there to honor you and your fellow League members for all the good deeds you’ve performed for our fair city.”

After a moment of uneasy silence, MightyMan answered, “Yeah, sure we will. Why not.”

His colleagues reluctantly agreed.

“Good! Then come over as quickly as you can and we’ll get the celebration underway,” the crime lord said as he quickly departed the room.

When the door closed EagleMan looked at his leader. “I don’t get it. I just don’t get it. What’s that man up too! If MuscleFreak was his henchman, then why is he so overjoyed at your victory? I thought there was honor among thieves.”

Shaking his head, MightyMan had no answer. “I just don’t know.”

“That’s certainly not the Drago we’ve all come to know and hate,” stated WarLord emphatically.

“Yeah! What the fuck,” said Gladiator. “I wonder what he’s up too.”

“The only way he’ll know is by attending his party,” MightyMan answered. “So let’s get ready and go, but be vigilant and on your guard.” Then in a moment of contemplative thought he recalled the cryptic warning of MuscleFreak with his dying breath. “Beware ... Drago ... resurrected ... Hercules ... to ... destroy ... you.” Still unsure what he was trying to say, MightyMan shrugged off the momentary feeling of foreboding to join his friends as they all left the dressing room for Drago’s Headquarters.

Chapter Nineteen: MightyMan meets His Match

Directly in front of Drago International Headquarters, a dozen giant klieg lights illuminated the night sky over Municipal City, twirling and twisting their brilliant beams this way and that, calling everyone’s attention to the celebration of MightyMan’s unprecedented victory over MuscleFreak.

Tens of thousands of worshipful, cheering fans line the expressway right up to the front gates of Drago’s corporate headquarters. Their boisterous shouts and thundering applause at every car and limo that passed through those massive wrought iron portals was clear testament of their unrestrained admiration for the Ultimate Musclemans of the Universe and his team of superheroes.

Heavy security guarded the entrance on both sides of the gate and all along the fortified wall that lined the entire property. Straining on their leashes, vicious guard dogs patrolled the expansive perimeter, inside and out, with their beefy uniformed gun-totting handlers.

All the invited party goers were assembled inside the mammoth marbled main lobby, that had been redecorated to resemble the historic Parthenon, complete with fluted columns and the famed Elgin

Friezes, rented from the British Museum for just this occasion. Exquisite, life-size murals on canvas of ancient Greece covered the walls.

Music was provided by the Municipal City Symphonic Orchestra. The wait staff, comprised of hunky, well muscled young men in scantily clad ancient Greek attire, bare chested, sandals, and pleated miniskirts of white with red piping, served the guests from large heavy solid silver trays that bulged their forearms, biceps and pecs. The entire ambiance was most impressive and at the same time, unquestionably thickly laden with unrestrained eroticism.

At the far end of the lobby, directly in front of the bank of elevators was a dais surrounded by more columns making it look like a temple. To the back hung heavy drapes, concealing the doors to Elevator No. 8.

As the lobby clock approached midnight, a loud roaring cheer was heard from the reveling multitudes gathered out on the street. It heralded the arrival of MightyMan and the League of Superheroes.

Flying to Drago's headquarters, the Caped Knight and his colleagues momentarily stopped to hover over the crowds below, waving and acknowledging their heartfelt ovation, before continuing over the high wall and gates.

Landing at the building's main entrance, MightyMan and company walked down a long red carpet under a huge canopy and through the doors. They triumphantly strolled into the lobby between a cordon of enthusiastic well-wishers. With broad smiles on their faces the League members strolled through the long lobby right up to Drago, standing in front of the dais. He gave each a warm welcome, even embracing and hugging them. The international press had a field day snapping hundreds of pictures of this moment that were immediately plastered all over the internet. The crime lord and his honored guests became awash in a sea of flashing camera bulbs.

Such an overly friendly reception from Drago caused each superhero pause. What is he up too, they wondered.

Municipal City's crime lord cordially invited all those in attendance to come up and congratulate MightyMan for his "stupendous victory over the city's most wanted criminal."

A reception line was formed. One by one or in groups of two or more the movers and shakers of Municipal City came forward to shake the hand of the Caped Knight and heartily thanked him for his "unsurpassed contribution to the peace, safety and welfare of all citizens," as the mayor later praised.

As the night progressed and the festivities continued unabated with dancing, drinking and camaraderie, the members of the League could not dispel their apprehension over Drago's motive.

Even Municipal City's top cop, Chief Anthony White, the burly 6'2" 280 pound, former world class bodybuilder and wrestler, had misgivings. To MightyMan and his colleagues he speculated, "I can't help but feel Drago is playing us all for fools. However, I suppose with the world press here, he wouldn't dare do anything to jeopardize his carefully crafted 'good-guy' image."

The bald-headed black Chief added, "But just in case, I'm keeping a watchful eye on him."

To MightyMan he cautioned, "I'd advise you to do the same my friend. He hates you with every breath he takes. There's no telling what he's capable of doing."

Taking the Chief's words to heart, the Man of Iron perused the crowd. One thing immediately struck him. Szatkowski and Peterson were nowhere to be seen. He asked the League members if they had seen them. No one had. "How odd," he said, adding, "They're his two greatest sycophants. Why aren't they here?"

More time passed before Drago's two missing cohorts magically appeared from behind the curtain in front of the elevators. Szatkowski approached his boss to whisper in his ear. Whatever he said made Drago smile broadly. He quickly mounted the dais. "Ladies and gentlemen, and honored guests. I do have a most extraordinary announcement to make at this time"

An instant hush fell over the party goers. All activities came to a halt. Even the music stopped abruptly. With their full attention focused on him, Drago continued. "We're all here tonight for just one purpose, to honor our special guest, MightyMan." There was loud applause and cheers. Waving his hand to quiet the crowd, Drago continued. "In doing some extensive research on our honored guest, I recently discovered one very interesting fact. MightyMan, our city's greatest hero, himself has a hero. Since childhood he has idolized one legendary figure from antiquity, Hercules."

The Caped Knight, taken aback by the crime lord's unexpected words, stood in place, motionless and stunned.

Continuing his diatribe, Drago's tone grew harsher with every word he spoke. "He has often boasted in triumph that he was stronger than his hero, using Hercules' name to boost his own prestige in the eyes of the public. So it got me to wonder, is MightyMan actually stronger than the legendary Prince of Power? Is there a way to prove his claim? Or is MightyMan, in fact, a bald face liar, a con artist, an unmitigated deceiver of the public who has duped us all for years with his exploits."

The shocked audience loudly gasped in disbelief to what they were hearing. WarLord, Gladiator and EagleMan rushed to their leader's side to stand four square with him. Chief White too joined them to stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of MightyMan.

Seeing this display of loyalty Drago sighed mockingly, “Ah, the troops have rallied around to protect their hero.”

“And who will protect you, Drago?” shouted Chief White angrily.

“I need no protection, Chief,” replied the crime lord. “I have truth on my side, unlike you poor fools.” Turning to the assembled guests he boldly announced, “There is a way to prove MightyMan’s boast. I’m proud to announce that Dr. Bruce Peterson has invented the Excellatron, a machine that can actually bring back people from history.”

Again a loud gasp was heard from the guest at this startling revelation. The League of Superheroes looked at one another with perplexed wonderment. Instantly MightyMan realized the truth of MuscleFreak’s dire warning. “Beware ... Drago ... resurrected ...Hercules ... to ... destroy ... you.”

A cold shiver of fear rose up the Man of Iron’s spine as he gulped hard. Beads of nervous perspiration covered his forehead. His face went ashen white as if all the blood had been drained from it. His knees buckled. He fell slightly forward but was caught by EagleMan who steadied him.

“You’re the damn liar, Drago,” yelled Chief White.

“Am I?”

“If you’re not, prove your claim that Peterson can bring back the dead,” scoffed the city’s top cop.

“I’m glad you said that Chief.” Turning to his two colleagues who were standing on either side of the curtain at the back of the dais he nodded his head. “Ladies and Gentlemen, It is my pleasure to introduce to you and to the world, the true Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe, the undisputed strongest man who has ever lived, the one and only ... HERRRRCUUUULEEEEESSSS!”

Peterson pulled a cord. The curtains flew open revealing the legend himself in all his glory, standing in the elevator doorway. Wearing sandals and a short-pleated skirt with a thick leather strap that crossed his monumentally mammoth chest at an angle, the Prince of Power looked out at the awestruck, totally silent crowd with his arms akimbo.

The silence reigned for the longest time as everyone gaped and gawked in shocked awe at this living monster of muscle. Even the hordes of the world press were stupefied. No pictures were immediately taken. Women swooned, many fainted from the overpowering sexual presence of this man. Straight men unexpectedly found themselves sexually attached to this massive bulk of flesh. Every man, gay or straight, shot wicked loads in their pants, some were so powerful that they too passed out.

Even the members of the League of Superheroes loaded up the fronts of their latex pants with so much cum that their crotches sagged from the weight. MightyMan, too, found himself erotically overwhelmed by this monstrous leviathan of might and muscle. Standing before him was this man of raw sex and undisputed might, the physical embodiment of all his most cherished and secret fantasies. He had to fight his engulfing urge to shot off his loads with his immense willpower. It was a struggle like no other in his entire life. His face grimaced with the strain and pain of his effort. But it was all for naught. He too shot off one humongous load after another as his great chest heaved in undulating waves from the exhausting might of his ejaculations.

Was it really Hercules come back to life? Was MuscleFreak's dire warning true? Did Drago purposefully bring this legendary Greek back just to destroy him? Caught between the full realization of all his sexual dreams and the unmistakable reality of the situation, the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe found himself incapable of moving or even expressing himself. It was as if his brain had frozen. He felt paralyzed.

Drago proudly read the stats of the Greek demigod. "You may be interested to know just how massive Hercules is. He is 7'2" tall, weighs in at 550 pounds. His chest measures a staggering 82", arms are 50", the neck is 30", calves came in at 35", the thighs are 50."

Only when the first flashes of camera bulbs started to snap and crackle did everyone present begin to regain their senses. Chief White was the first to speak. "Drago!" he shouted. "How do we know that this is really Hercules and not one of your nefarious cons?"

Szatkowski handed his boss a bound folder of papers. Drago held them up. "I have here every note describing every step that was taken to bring Hercules back to life. This provenance proves conclusively that this is indeed the legendary Hercules. I invite anyone who wishes to inspect them to come forward here and now. I have nothing to hide."

"How do we know those papers aren't forgeries?" yelled White in rebuttal.

Becoming perturbed by the constant harassing questions from the Police Chief, Drago let his temper get the better of him. "If you'd care to test the validity of my words, then have the guts to step up here and challenge Hercules to a test of strength and see for yourself."

Chief White stepped forward but was immediately stopped by MightyMan. "Chief, this is my problem, not yours. I'll handle it."

"No MightyMan," retorted the beefy chief cop. "I'm Chief of Police. It's my duty to prove Drago is a liar and a fraud before the whole world. I'm no easy pushover. I've kept in perfect shape. If I back down now, I'll lose all credibility before the good citizens of our fair city and will have to resign in disgrace. This I cannot do and keep my honor. No, MightyMan, this is my job. Besides you must

still be tried after your grueling match with MuscleFreak. Let me handle this imposter and show Drago up for what he really is before the world.”

Turning away from the Caped Knight, Chief White marched right up to the dais to confront Drago and his new muscle-packed henchman.

Snorting his contempt, Drago spouted, “Trying to prove before the world that you’re the equal of MightyMan are you? You’re a bigger fool than I thought White.” Shrugging his shoulders the crime lord stated, “It’s your funeral,” and left the stage followed by his two scientists.

Chief White removed his uniform shirt, revealing his most impressive upper body. Quickly he took off his pants, boots and socks. Standing before Hercules wearing only a tight jock, the front tenting out from an enormous erection, he flexed his 20+” arms.

The Prince of Power, realizing he was being challenged, stepped forward. Each step shook the platform. With one hand he tore the strap and costume off. Standing stark naked before the eyes of the world he posed his unbelievable body. More women fainted as more men reloaded their pants.

His monstrous sex tool was at full erection, 18" long and 12" in circumference.

Even Chief White gulped in astonishment at the total package as second thoughts raced through his brain. But to back down now would be shameful. That he couldn’t live with.

Bravely he held up his hands for a test of strength. Hercules, towering over the smaller man, reached forward. Their fingers interlaced. With one swift move, the Greek strongman pressed down, instantly sending the policeman crashing to his knees, smashing his fingers and breaking his wrists in the process. Chief White wailed in agony. His deeply chiseled face scrunched up in abject pain.

Placing his foot on the Chief’s chest while still holding his broken hands, Hercules pushed him to the dais floor. As he stood ominously over the pinned Chief, the muscle god twisted his arms with such force that he broke them while simultaneously dislocating them from the shoulder. He released the physically decimated Chief. White rolled about the platform screaming and kicking.

The spellbound audience, still captivated by the massive body of Hercules, had no reaction, as their Police Chief was being brutally annihilated right before their eyes.

MightyMan attempted to rush to the Chief’s aid but was forcibly restrained by his men. EagleMan advised, “The Chief was right. You’re still fatigued from you’re match. Whoever this man is, he just might be able to finish you off right now. Don’t give in to your pride and give Drago the victory he so desperately craves.”

The Prince of Power reached down. He dragged the moaning Chief up to his feet by his shoulders, crushing them in the process. The Olympian demigod's mammoth cock lay hard and flat against the ebony flesh of the policeman's pecs. To White it felt like a huge log was pressing down on his chest constricting his breathing. Looking up into the extremely handsome face of Hercules, he saw the great legend smiling sadistically. Fear ravaged his broken body.

Without saying a word, the legendary muscleman clutched the great plates of the top cop's chest with both hands. He hauled the defenseless man up, dragging him over his monstrous cock. Held high up in the air, White cried out in torturous pain as he clearly felt that massive sex tool work its way between his own mighty thighs. Before he knew it, a tremendous shock of pain ravaged his whole muscular body, as he was power slammed down onto Hercules manmeat. The mammoth cock, far too big for his body to contain, tore his ass wide open. Great quantities of blood splashed to the floor with a loud swooshing sound. He had only a few second to scream before he was split in half on that monstrous fuckpole.

A gasp of horror erupted from the onlookers as their Police Chief was cleaved in two. One half fell to the left of his mighty executioner, while the other half dropped to his right. Both portions of the dead man hit the platform floor at the same time.

Shocked out of their minds with horror and fright, the party goers bolted en masse. They raced for the exits, only to be stopped in their tracks by Drago's security force. Guarding every exit the heavily armed beefy guards prevented anyone from leaving. Screaming, crying, demanding to leave the crowd of over a thousand attempted to storm the doors but were driven back by gun shots purposely aimed just over their heads. Instantly they all dropped to the cold marble floor where they laid cringing in fear.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, calm yourselves," cautioned Drago as he mounted the dais. "You're in no danger. Once this evening's festivities are over, you'll all be able to go home."

Having no option, the assembled guests slowly, tentatively got to their feet. They returned to the front of the lobby where they all huddled together in uncertainty, not knowing what to expect next.

With the destroyed man's blood dribbling down his incredible body, Hercules turned to face the spectators as Drago continued to reassure his guests. "See, there's nothing to fear. You're lives are not in any danger." Pointing to the deceased he said in a calm voice, "And here you see for yourselves, ladies and gentlemen, proof positive that this is, in fact, the great Hercules of legendary fame. The man who has been the standard by which every strongman and muscleman has been measured since the beginning of recorded time." Notwithstanding Drago's hyperbole, his point had been dramatically made. No one present doubted for an instant that Hercules had been revived and was once more among the living.

Looking out at all the awestruck, shocked faces, the crime lord noticed MightyMan being physically restrained by his men. "Members of the League," he shouted. "Release MightyMan and let him come forth to test the might of Hercules ... if he's got the balls!"

“No don’t,” argued EagleMan as he strained with all his might to hold his leader back. “Drago is just goading you,” he stated through clenched teeth.

WarLord added, as he too strained with all his strength to hold onto his leader, “This is what he’s had planned all along.”

Gladiator grunted through grinding teeth as his hands began to slip from MightyMan’s waist, “Don’t be a fool. Look what happened to Chief White!”

With one ferocious up-lifting move of his arms, the Man of Iron broke free, scattering his colleagues every which way. Their bodies spiraling around on the highly polished marble floor. “That’s exactly why I must go, for Chief White.”

He looked down at his superhero comrades. The puzzled expression on their faces plainly showed they didn’t understand. “Don’t you see? He died for us! He tried to protect every citizen of Municipal City. Can we do less for him or for them? Isn’t that our sworn duty, as it was Chief White’s?”

With steadfast determination MightyMan walked up to the dais to confront Drago and his childhood idol. As he arrived the severed body of his friend was being carted away, leaving a trail of blood in its path. The sight only steeled his determination to do right by the late Chief.

As he stood there next to the Greek strongman, the audience got a comparison look of these two musclemen. In their eyes MightyMan came up short, far short. Everyone heard a voice exclaiming out loud, “Oh my God! He looks almost anorexic standing next to Hercules.”

Unperturbed by the comment, MightyMan snarled at Drago, “So this is what you had intended all along. You’re beneath contempt.” He grabbed his longtime nemesis by the throat. He jerked him high up in the air, but before he could do anything, the mighty hand of Hercules stopped him. The Greek legend clutched his forearm, squeezed so hard that it forced MightyMan’s hand open. The Caped Knight cried out in pain as Drago plummeted to the floor. The awesome power of Hercules visibly stunned the Ultimate Muscleman. With one powerful thrust he was tossed head over heels across the platform, coming to rest with his back up against a marble pillar.

MightyMan leapt to his feet. Again he approached Drago and his idol. To Hercules he stated passionately, “When I was a child I looked up to you. Your legend was an inspiration not only to me but to millions of others throughout the centuries to do good and to protect the helpless and those in need.” With tears welling up in his blue eyes he continued, “Why are you mixed up with this despicable person. He’s evil personified. He’s behind every criminal act in Municipal City. Why are you, of all people, doing his evil bidding.” Unable to hold back his emotions any longer, tears began to fall down his cheeks. “You’ve broken faith with everyone who has ever admired your

most noble deeds and worshipped you personally.” He took a long gulp adding, “You’ve broken my heart.”

“That’s not all he’ll break,” retorted Drago menacingly. Looking at the Prince of Power he motioned to him saying, “Finish the job. This is the one who has disparaged you, ridiculed you before the world, saying he’s stronger than you ever were. Show him he lies. Show the world he’s a liar ...”

Hercules raised his powerful hands high in the air in a threatening gesture toward MightyMan. The Man of Iron lifted his arms up. Their fingers met. They intertwined. Once more the taller muscle giant pressed down hard. The Caped Knight could not believe the force powering down on him. It was the greatest he’d ever felt. His legs began to buckle as his mighty arms started to quiver as they were powered back and down. He fell forward, his constricted face slamming into Hercules’ mammoth chest. For a moment he felt smothered as his face was buried deep in between the two massive mounds of muscle that formed the legend’s pecs. He turned his face sideways in order to breathe, as he continued to struggle against the mighty force of his idol. He grunted as saliva spluttered from the corners of his open mouth. He breathed hard, gasping for every breath as his own mighty chest heavily heaved. With all his incredible strength MightyMan tried to push back but to no avail. Hercules was just too powerful. He couldn’t move him back.

The Prince of Power grinned as he looked down on this formidable challenger. “You no chance.” He taunted in his thick Greek accent as he applied more pressure.

MightyMan mammoth leg’s spasm uncontrollably as his massive thighs split through his latex pants. Soon his calves burst through as well shredding more of his costume. Huffing for all he was worth the Caped Knight valiantly tried to fight back but the more he pushed the stronger Hercules seemed to become.

With one powerful downward press Hercules drove MightyMan to his knees as he twisted his wrists. Excruciating pain shot throughout the Man of Iron’s body. He cried out. Never before had he experienced such pain, not even when he fought Vulcan.

As he easily held him down, Hercules playfully swung his hips, smacking MightyMan in the face with his massive truncheon cock. This act, intended to humiliate the Man of Iron, only caused MightyMan’s adrenalin to kick into overdrive. He growled as he pressed upwards. Slowly but steadily he began to move the muscle giant off of him. The startled look on Hercules’ face spoke volumes. No one had ever before been able to power out of this hold.

The encouraging cheers of his League colleagues and those invited guests only heightened MightyMan’s determination to regain his feet. Gradually he got to one foot, then the other as he kept rising up from the platform floor huffing and puffing and growling all the way, his face grimacing from his effort.

The Prince of Power, his face now showing the strain of his own mighty effort, couldn't believe what was happening. He grew angrier and angrier with every inch his mighty opponent rose. The Man of Iron was forcing his gigantic arms outward as he pushed him backwards. "No man do this to me!" he bellowed. With one Olympian effort, Hercules applied all his legendary strength to regain the advantage. He blasted MightyMan back down to the floor.

The Caped Knight screamed for all he was worth. His knees slammed down hard, cracking through the floorboards of the dais. His agonized face was bathed in beads of perspiration. He felt his massive strength slowly ebbing away from the pain and strain.

As he was forced to kneel, his head resting against the gargantuan thighs of his idol, the legend's great cock resting heavily on his shoulder as it constantly rubbed up against the side of his face, his breath coming in gasping spurts, he recalled what his father had told him many months before. Hercules was, in fact, one of them. The thought of losing to one of his own kind seemed to somewhat lessen his impending humiliating defeat.

But NO! Such thoughts were counter-productive and defeatist. He was MightyMan, the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe and no one, Hercules included, was going to get the better of him.

Marshaling all his reserve strength he cried out "NO!" He powered up with such force that it knocked Hercules off his feet. The invited guests screamed themselves hoarse at this momentary victory. Cheers and applause reigned down in thunderous echoes throughout the lobby.

Drago, stunned by the unexpected turn of events, quickly gathered himself together. He raced to the fallen Prince of Power. "Get up you great big hulking musclebound lug," he commanded sharply. "Don't let that puny excuse of a superhero get the better of you. You have your reputation to live up to. You're Hercules, the greatest strongman of all time. You're bigger than he is and mightier. Now get back in there and finish the job."

Inspired by his boss' words, the Greek legend scrambled to his feet. Pointing ominously at the Man of Iron he grumbled, "No man do that before to Hercules. Now you pay for that!" To emphasize his words he flexed his gigantic 50" arms.

As the Greek legend lowered his fantastic arms to his sides, a smirk of self-satisfaction crept across his extremely handsome face. "I bigger than you," he roared.

"Yeah, but are you stronger?" replied the Ultimate Muscleman with equal confidence and self-assurance, as he quickly wrapped his fabulous arms around his hero's waist, capturing Hercules arms, as he applied his devastating bearhug. Using all his titanic might, the Caped Knight squeezed with everything he had to smash the Greek strongman into submission. Their two phenomenally muscular bodies compressed together as Hercules, his face showing the shock of his surprise at the strength of his hunky rival, shouted out in pain.

Through gritted teeth Man of Iron snorted, "Feel the power of MightyMan," as he leaned back, taking his idol off his feet. With the side of his face buried deep into the lower half of the Greek's mammoth chest, he squeezed with all his might. Hercules repeatedly roared out in pain as his body violently twisted and jerked, trying to break free from the destructive hold. For the first time in his life, he felt his massively built body being crushed against an equally massive body. It confused his mind as nothing had ever done before. No mortal man had ever been able to bearhug him like this. It sent cold shivers of fear up his spine. Beads of nervous perspiration flooded his forehead as he struggled for his life.

As MightyMan held the legend captive in his body-smashing hug, he couldn't help but feel his mighty cock rising to the occasion. The warmth of his flesh compressed into the flesh of Hercules was erotically arousing. Steadily his tool grew as it rose up inside his latex pants and between their two muscular physiques. Once fully engorged he felt the head of his sex rod straining violently against the latex fabric. It was jammed up under the base of his hero's equally hard fuckpole. Taking advantage of the situation, the Ultimate Muscleman began to jab his latex covered tool deep into Hercules cock, causing the great man to moan out in rhapsodic peels of pleasure in between his cries of pain.

Finding himself in a desperate position, his magnificent body being pulverized into physical submission and his great sex tool being equally battered, Hercules faced the real prospect of being conquered. His ball sack was churning in overdrive as MightyMan's cock constantly bashed into his, driving him into shooting off his massive loads and weakening him even further. No man had ever been victorious over him. His whole fame and legend rested on the fact that he was invincible, that he was the mightiest of the mighty and no man was his equal. With his handsome face etched in agony, his eyes winced shut, his mouth wide open as he desperately gasped for air, his mind clouded by lack of oxygen, and Drago screaming epithets at him from the sidelines, he forced himself to conquer his rising apprehensions.

When MightyMan finally returned him to his feet, Hercules called upon all his Olympian strength. As he thundered, "By the power's of Zeus!" he blasted his arms straight up to burst out of the deadly, conquering hold sending the Man of Iron toppling over backwards to the dais floor. The Greek muscleman staggered about, clutching his bruised ribs as he continued to fight for air.

Instantly the Caped Knight scurried to his feet. What ensued was a savage slug fest with both musclemen throwing deadly punches at one another. MightyMan hit his idol with a solid fist to the gut that sent the legend reeling backwards. Once again shocked by the awesome might of his adversary, the Greek strongman charged forward with a powerful strike to the Caped Knight's abs that doubled him over and down to one knee. Taking full advantage of the moment, Hercules doubled his fists together and clubbed him on the back of the neck, sending the superhero sprawling to the floor.

Quickly MightyMan leapt to his feet to hit the Greek square in the jaw, rocking him back on his heels. The blow rattled Hercules' head, ringing it like a bell, but he instantly shook it off. He struck back with a powerful blow to the Man of Iron's face that would have taken any ordinary man's head off. It spun the Ultimate Muscleman around like a top. The Caped Knight quickly recovered. In rapid succession like a human machine gun MightyMan fired one punch after another, hammering

away at his idol's face, chest and stomach rendering the mighty Greek dazed and bewildered from the speed of the powerful blows.

Finally with one hand he was able to block one of the blows. The momentary lull between exchanging deadly punches gave Hercules the opportunity to lean back and with his mighty arm power it forward. It impacted MightyMan's chest with such superhuman force that it set him flying backwards into Elevator No. 8, smashing the metal doors and leaving his body's imprint in it. He fell like a dead fly to the dais floor. For a brief moment his brains were scrambled as he clutched his bruised chest and desperately gasped for air. He was lost in a haze of befuddlement. He tried to find his feet. His legs and arms flailed about until the net of dizziness finally started to lift.

In the meantime Hercules showboated for Drago's stunned guests. He posed his gigantically muscular body, kissing both his mammoth biceps. As he did, MightyMan raced forward, tackling his idol around the waist. But instead of toppling him over, the golden Greek stood his ground. He caught MightyMan around his waist, threw him up over his mountainous shoulder in a devastating backbreaker. He pressed down hard on his muscular prey causing the Caped Knight to yell out once more in agony. Viciously, Hercules bounced MightyMan up and down causing more pain to riddle his body and weaken his back muscles.

Then the Prince of Power lifted him up high over his head. He had MightyMan by the back of his neck and the back of his leg. The Man of Iron looked up to see the overhead chandeliers that dotted the lobby ceiling.

Before he knew it he was power slammed down across his idol's massive knee. He felt his back give way from the force of the blow. He cried out. Hercules bent him into an excruciating bow. MightyMan's hands and boots touched the marble floor. The Prince of Power began to fiercely pound away at his stomach muscles with devastating bludgeoning strikes that sent the Ultimate Muscleman's legs and torso jerking upwards. With every deadly blow the breath was violently expelled from the superhero's body, rendering him nearly comatose. His agonizing cries filled the lobby as they reverberated off the marble walls, echoing throughout the building.

Once Hercules had beaten the Man of Iron into a state of unwitting compliance, he stripped what was left of his costume off. The Caped Knight's cum-covered hardon burst free from the imprisonment of his latex pants to jet straight up as it wildly throbbed. The sight of MightyMan's tool, the cock that almost made him shoot off his loads, aroused Hercules' primitive passions to fever pitch. He stood up. The mighty superhero rolled off his lap to the floor. Standing over his fallen prey, the Greek legend savored what to do to him next. All sorts of erotic, licentious thoughts raced through his mind. No one had ever been able to challenge him like MightyMan. He begrudgingly admired him for that. But he was Hercules and no man was his equal.

As the superhero writhed about the platform floor holding his bruised and battered stomach, gagging and coughing, Hercules reached down. He grabbed him by the hair to force him to his feet. MightyMan staggered for a moment like a drunken sailor. The Prince of Power began to violently slug him in the face and chest, opening bloody gashes and bleeding welts. He struck him with such force that each blow spun the Ultimate Muscleman around and around, rendering him virtually out

on his feet. Blood dripped down the mighty superhero's chin from his busted lips and deep wounds on his forehead.

Then he viciously grabbed the Ultimate Muscleman's tool. He sadistically squeezed. The excruciating pain shocked MightyMan awake. He wailed out an ear-shattering scream. Hercules then placed the Man of Iron's hard cockhead against his own gigantic cockhead. He pressed forward. His giant tool began to swallow up the superhero's sex tool. The guests were aghast, letting out a great sigh of disbelief and horror. The shocked League members couldn't believe their eyes. "It's like a giant anaconda devouring a python," gasped an astonished WarLord.

Flexing his gargantuan arms in a double biceps pose, Hercules, grinning victoriously, was able to vacuum up into his monstrous cock the struggling MightyMan's sex pole. He drew him closer, closer, ever closer as he forced the Man of Iron's cock deeper up into his own monstrously huge cock, until his great head was smothered deep into MightyMan's pubic hair. It pressed hard against the superhero's groin.

Standing up on his tip toes, his face etched in shocked fear and excruciating agony, the Ultimate Muscleman fought like a madman, clubbing lethal blow after blow at his idol's mammoth chest as he twisted and turned in desperation to break free. But nothing worked. His mighty cock had been totally sucked up into the mighty Greek's gigantic fuckpole. Eventually his arms dropped to hang loose at his sides as he became totally fatigued and stupefied by the overpowering erotic experience.

Looking at Hercules posing his powerfully magnificent body before him, as his sex pole was locked up tight, completely clouded his mind. The Caped Knight felt the sexually arousing undulating motion of Hercules' manmeat that completely engulfed his own mighty tool. The rhythmic, soft, smooth humping motion, like a velvet glove masturbating him, captivated his imagination as nothing else had ever done before. It was an erotically hypnotic experience. He was being lulled into shooting off his loads. He felt himself cumming. He wanted to cum. He wanted to blast all his strength up into Hercules as a worshipful offering to his childhood hero. He moaned out loudly in unrepressed pleasure.

He no longer made any attempt to escape. He felt as if his entire body was being vacuumed up into the Greek's giant fuckpole. His back arched as his legs began to bow backwards. To everyone he appeared to be in a sexual trance with no will of his own. He was lost in the overwhelming rapture of an unprecedented sexual eroticism, like a starving junkie getting a relieving fix.

When Hercules ceased posing, he clutched MightyMan's hips with both hands. He started to viciously hump his cock faster and faster burrowing his killer cock deeper and deeper into the superhero's groin. Sadistically grinning he looked down at his mighty victim. The Caped Knight's head, tossed backwards, writhed about his massive shoulders. His mouth was agape. His eyes were wide open but vacant. Loud moaning sighs of pleasure flooded from his lips.

Seeing the danger their leader was in, the League members rushed the dais. EagleMan attacked Hercules with his fists as WarLord and Gladiator tried to pull MightyMan out of the mighty Greek's

cock, but the suction was too intense. Unaware of his colleagues attempted rescue, MightyMan was no help. He simply hung there at the end of Hercules mammoth cock, oohing and sighing in helpless pleasure, a prisoner of his own sexual passions.

Hercules released MightyMan's hips to catch EagleMan by the throat. He lifted him up off his feet. Viciously he tossed him clear across the lobby where he hit head first into a marble column, knocking him out.

Gladiator and WarLord abandoned trying to pull their leader away from the Prince of Power. They too attacked Hercules with their fists, flailing away at him but to no purpose. He grabbed each by the throat. He hauled them both up in the air, then power slammed them to the marble floor just off the platform. They hit with a tremendous thwack, cracking their heads open. Gladiator was out cold but WarLord made a heroic attempt to get up, only to fall back. He too was unconscious.

With no one left to save MightyMan, Hercules went into overdrive. His monstrously huge cock, like a massive piston of flesh, could be seen sliding with great speed, back and forth, over MightyMan's sex tool as the Caped Knight groaned in erotic ecstasy. Like a fish caught at the end of a massively thick line, he dangled there. With each wave of suction his magnificently muscled body quivered as if at any second he would be totally sucked up into that great cock to disappear forever.

Playfully, the Legend flexed his giant tool, bouncing MightyMan up and down off his feet as if he weighed no more than a feather. The assembled guests gasped in shock and awed at the unbelievable sight. The Greek was showing his undoubted superiority over their Caped Knight of Right. Their greatest superhero was being flopped about like a rag doll. The unprecedented display of Hercules' massive strength over MightyMan left them speechless. Once he was through toying with the Man of Iron, the mighty Greek returned him to his feet. What he did next thoroughly flabbergasted everyone present.

To heighten the erotic intensity, Hercules clutched the underside of MightyMan's massive pecs and pulled up. With his thumbs he plied the superhero's nipples. The erotic shock waves that coursed throughout his body, coupled with the powerful humping action encompassing his cock, forced MightyMan to lactate. Squeezing MightyMan's huge pecs, the mighty Greek brought forth squirting ribbons of milk as the Caped Knight collapsed backwards as he groaned out in more erotic pleasure for all to hear.

As he was being milked and forced closer to ejaculation his moans grew louder until they became shouts of pure pleasure. "YES! YES! YES!" he screamed. Hercules stopped messaging his adversary's chest muscles to again flex his gargantuan arms as MightyMan kept staring at his idol with worshipping eyes.

At the last second, just as he was about to release his pent-up loads from his churning, boiling ball sack, MightyMan regain his senses. He vigorously shook his head. Realizing he was about to shoot off the greatest loads of his life that would sap him of all his strength, he frantically tried to push himself away and out of Hercules' cock by putting his hands against his mighty tormentor's

mountainous pecs. His brave attempt failed when the Prince of Power harshly grabbed his hips once more to hold him firmly in place.

With a bellowing shriek, as his magnificently muscled body convulsed uncontrollably, MightyMan blasted one monumental load after another up the long shaft of Hercules' mighty sex tool. Repeatedly he shot and shot and shot as he looked into the beautiful, glaring face of his childhood idol. So tremendously powerful were his eruptions that MightyMan began to swoon as his strength was blasted from his body. Still standing on the tips of his toes his legs buckled under him. He lost his balance but the power of Hercules' hands on his hips kept him standing upright.

With the last of his might pumped out of him, MightyMan's head fell backwards. He had passed out cold. He dangled lifeless at the end of Hercules cock.

The Prince of Power contemptuously pushed MightyMan out of his cock as if he were removing a used condom. The superhero crumbled to the floor like an empty sack. He lay at the feet of his idol in a crumpled heap of muscle. Triumphantly roaring out an ear shattering victory yell, Hercules flexed his mammoth arms as he put his foot on the unconscious Man of Iron's chest. Flash bulbs popped in a maddening array as the world's press captured this stunning moment for all to see.

Looking down on the fallen hero, Hercules was overcome with the beauty of his foe. This massively muscled, powerfully built man had been his greatest challenge. Too much of a challenge in fact. The legendary Greek strongman was consumed with the irresistible erotic urge to fuck him to death, to prove once and for all that he, Hercules, was forever the mightiest man whoever lived, that this MightyMan was a pale comparison of himself. But first he would toy with him, destroying what credible reputation he had as a strong, invincible superhero.

Reaching down, the Prince of Power hauled the limp, unconscious Ultimate Muscleman up to his buckling legs. He violently shook him by the shoulders. The Man of Iron, caught in the vice grip of his childhood idol's powerful hands, flopped about, his flaccid cock swinging wildly every which way. Slowly MightyMan began to come to his senses. He groaned out loudly as his eyes opened. Once conscious, but still in the afterglow of an erotic haze, the mighty superhero was able to stand on his own two feet, but not for long.

Seeing his rival was once more awake, Hercules viciously slapped on a bone crushing head lock. Savagely he rang it out. MightyMan cried out from the pain. Valiantly he tried to escape by pushing up with both hands on the massive encompassing arm that held his head captive. His biceps strained, the striations bursting just beneath the flesh. But he was far too weak to extricate himself.

The Greek legend took off running across the stage, slamming the Caped Knight's head into a marble pilaster, cracking the facing from ceiling to floor and rendering MightyMan senseless. He released the superhero. The Ultimate Muscleman, stunned beyond belief, staggered a few unsteady steps before falling face first to the lobby floor with a terribly resonate thud. A loud gasp of horror escaped the lips of the assembled guest.

Again reaching down, Hercules dragged the dazed, sluggish superhero by his hair back up to the dais and center stage to the smiling delight of Municipal City's crime lord and his two minions. Propping the Man of Iron up with one of his mighty arms, the Greek strongman, standing next to him, flexed his monstrous killer cock up and down over MightyMan's stomach and lower abs as he grunted with erotic desire. With one hand he caught hold of the Caped Knight's flaccid sex tool. He flipped it up so his own great tool could slide directly under it. Powering his mighty hips back and forth Hercules bowed his mammoth cock across the underside of the Ultimate MuscleMan's fuckpole as if he were playing a violin. The action had its desired effect. It quickly brought MightyMan's cock back to life as the superhero moaned out with erotic desire.

Once the superhero's mighty tool had grown to its fullest girth, Hercules stepped in front of his powerfully built foe. Flipping his challenger's cock up against his stomach, Hercules slammed his own mighty fuckpole into its base. He pressed in hard as he wrapped MightyMan up in his deadly bearhug. Using all his Olympian power the legendary hero mashed the Caped Knight's fabulously muscled body into his. MightyMan bellowed out one great cry after another.

As Hercules applied more pressure to his devastating hold he began to brutally bash his cock deep into the underside of the superhero's. With each powerful strike MightyMan was lifted up off his feet as his arms flailed widely about and his head jerked from side to side. Scream after torturous scream poured from his lips he felt his ribs and sex tool being viciously crushed.

Loudly grunting from his effort, Hercules continued his destructive attack on his helpless adversary as the audience looked on in stupefied silence at the deliberate annihilation of their superhero.

Fighting back the unbearable pain with all he had, MightyMan ferociously pounded away at his idol's shoulders and chest. When that failed, he attempted to push himself away but he wasn't strong enough to break out of the deadly hold.

With each mighty blow to his cock the Man of Iron was brought closer and closer to irresistibly shooting off more loads. The sexual torture was becoming far too much for him to withstand. When Hercules purposely slammed his huge cockhead up into the base of his abused tool and held him off his feet, MightyMan was forced to release all his left over pent-up loads. A great geyser of cum erupted up between the two great musclemen, showering them both as if they were in a white torrential rainstorm.

With each tremendous bust of cum, the mighty superhero became weaker and weaker until the pain and pleasure overcame him. Once again he passed out cold in the mighty arms of his idol. His body went limp. His head fell backwards as his arms and legs dangled lifelessly down.

Satisfied by his erotic conquest of the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe, Hercules opened his arms wide. MightyMan's powerful body once more crumbled to the floor at his feet. Covered from head to toe in the superhero's cum, he posed his magnificent body for all to see. The world's press had a field day taking hundreds of pictures.

Still not content with the total destruction of MightyMan's reputation, Drago ordered the Greek legend to "finish the job!"

The Prince of Power bent over, brutally grabbed the Ultimate Muscleman by his humungous pecs. He lifted the superhero up to his feet. The Man of Iron, still out cold, his head tossed straight back, his arms hanging down at his sides, his legs like jello and unable to support his muscular bulk, was at the mercy of his mighty tormentor. But Hercules was in no charitable mood. MightyMan had publicly equated himself with his legend, even stating he was the stronger of the two. And what was worse, he had come dangerously close that evening to proving his boast. This the mighty Greek could not tolerate. What he would do next would make the superhero out to be a liar for all too see and cement his reputation as the strongest of the strong.

The mighty legend hoisted his muscular prey high up as he worked his killer fuckpole between the mammoth thighs of MightyMan. There was a concerned sigh of impending doom from the spectators. They knew what was about to happen. Viciously the legend power slammed the Caped Knight down onto his monstrous cock, violently bulldozing the entire 18" length up into his muscle butt. The instantaneous excruciating, torturous pain shocked the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe awake. His eyes bugged out of his head as he wailed out a tremendous scream that shattered all the lobby windows, blowing them out to let the chill of the night air in. His hands automatically flew up to be clasped behind his head. His biceps bulged to their maximum size, damn near bursting from under the skin. At the same time his mighty legs automatically elevated up, coming to rest on Hercules' monster thighs. Continuously he roared out in pain. His torso violently squirmed and twisted as he was impaled hard and fast on that killer cock.

"I rip you in half," threatened Hercules as he glared menacingly at his beautifully handsome victim.

For the superhero, who was usually impervious to pain, the searing agony was 100,000 times greater than the hurt inflicted on him by Vulcan. It began to fry his brain. His face became paralyzed in total agony. Hercules' humongous cock felt like a giant Sequoia tree trunk shoved all the way up his butt hole, stretching his sphincter way beyond its limits. It was plowed so far up into him he feared that if he opened his mouth, the head would come popping out.

To add to the unbearable torment, Hercules wrapped his mammoth arms around MightyMan's waist in a debilitating bearhug. As he commenced squeezing, the Ultimate Muscleman's arms unclasped from behind his head. Struggling for all he was worth, the Man of Iron frantically pummeled away at his mighty tormentor's massive delts, hammering away as he fought with everything he had to escape the crucifying fucking of his butt muscle and the destructive force of the bone smashing hug.

For several minutes his legs wildly bucked, his massively muscular body contorted this way and that, as his fists slugged away at his mighty assailant, all in a Homeric effort to escape the deadly attack. But the increasing pain, the snapping of his spine and the caving ribs of his mighty chest were just too much for his weakened body to withstand. As if in slow motion, his fists dropped their bludgeoning assault. His body ceased its wild defensive gesticulations. His mighty legs stopped their turbulent jolting. He just hung there, thoroughly drained from his mighty effort, overcome by

the unbelievable pain, his willpower and his hubris having been fucked and crushed from his body. Hercules was simply too strong. He had easily overpowered him-- and before the eyes of the world too.

Yet there was an even more overpowering sensation that gripped his mind, his body, his senses as nothing else had ever done before. This great idol of his was unwittingly fulfilling all his childhood and adult fantasies. From his earliest memories, back on his parent's Texas ranch, when he laid up in the hay loft, masturbating himself, while gazing longingly at the movie pictures of all the bodybuilders who played Hercules, to the comic books about the legend, and his own imagination, he fantasized about having the greatest sex of his life with this mightiest of men. Now it was all coming true and the erotic, hypnotic appeal enchanted him, captivated him, fascinated him as nothing had ever done before. He was like a helpless moth drawn to a sexual flame of fulfillment. As the all-conquering power of rapture overtook him he easily surrendered to it. Between his screams he heard himself shrieking out, "Yes! Hercules ... fuck me! Tear me to pieces on your cock. Destroy me! Fuck me harder. HARDER! HARDER! HARDER! HARDER!"

Everyone in the audience was aghast at what they heard. They couldn't believe it. They didn't want to believe it. Many turned away in disgust. Many turned away with tears in their eyes as Municipal City's greatest hero was being fucked into obedient sexual servitude.

Now that he had fucked the superhero into submission, a smiling Hercules further disgraced MightyMan by placing his own hands behind his head, mimicking the defeated superhero's previous position, then doing several deep knee bends as he continued to rape the Ultimate Muscleman into unconsciousness, impaled and held in place by the strongest cock ever known in the universe.

With the ever-increasing pain weakening his already ravaged body, as it overpowered his brain, as well as the erotic lust for his idol conquering his sexual appetite, MightyMan gave up the last fleeting remnants of escape. He surrendered to the inevitable. He was totally lost in the surrealistic realm of ultimate pain and ultimate pleasure. He became increasingly aware that he was filling the lobby with both his torturous screaming and moaning great sighs of requited pleasure. Many in the lobby covered their ears as they looked on in horror and disbelief.

Encompassed in total pain and pleasure, MightyMan's sex tool, having been roughly rolled, rubbed and crushed between his great body and that of the Prince of Power's, blasted into the hardest hardon he'd ever had. With one mighty cry of surrender his cock exploded one great plume of cum, then another and another, spraying both conqueror and conquered.

Simultaneously the Man of Iron found himself having an out of body experience. Floating above the scene he saw himself erupting as he was being crucified on Hercules monstrous killer cock and as his rib cage was being pulverized by his bearhug. His breathing had been so severely restricted that his face had turned blue. His head tossed about his massive shoulders with each vicious penetration. His face was cemented in pain. His eyes were winced shut. Great furrows of agony crisscrossed his forehead as tears of anguish dropped one by one from the corners of his eyes. His mighty arms and mammoth legs hung loose at his sides, his toes barely touching the floor.

Then suddenly everything went dark for him. He no longer heard his wailing cries or his deep moaning sighs. Everything was a cold, dark void of silence.

As hard as he tried, Hercules reluctantly realized he could not tear MightyMan in half on his killer tool as he had done the Police Chief, or crush him to death in his mighty arms. It was inconceivable to him that any mortal man could physically withstand his might, let alone survive being barbarically fucked by him. Against his will he once again began to admire this most handsome hunk enveloped in his powerful arms and whose magnificent body was tightly compressed up against his. Although he had undoubtedly beaten this most powerful of all his opponents he couldn't help himself from falling in love with him.

He couldn't be a mortal like all the rest, he thought to himself, otherwise I'd have smashed him like a bug. Begrudgingly he speculated, perhaps he's not a mortal after all. Perhaps he's a man-god like myself. After all, only a son of Olympus could survive being brutally fucked by me. Besides, he thought, he's the greatest fuck I've ever had, better than Prometheus, Ajax, the Mighty Ursus, even Atlas.

A pleasurable sigh escaped his lips as he continued to ravage MightyMan's muscle butt. The Prince of Power found himself falling under the intoxicating allure of the superhero's magnificent body and his hellacious good looks. "YES!" he bellowed as he unleashed a ton of his pent up cum deep into the Ultimate Musclemans guts. He IS a man-god like me, he sighed to himself.

Hercules repeatedly poured a tidal wave of jism up into the unconscious superhero. The overflow flooded out of MightyMan's shredded, bleeding butt hole. A waterfall of bright pink cum flowed freely to the dais, draining onto the lobby's marble floor. So much bloody cum flooded the lobby that the guests had to keep stepping backwards to avoid standing in it.

Many minutes later, once he had thoroughly drained himself, the legendary strongman opened his arms, releasing the comatose body of the Ultimate Musclemans of the Universe. MightyMan crashed to the floor with a resounding loud thud. His breathing was so shallow that it was unnoticeable. Even Drago thought his arch enemy was dead, until he heard a low whimpering moan coming from MightyMan's lips.

Gleefully Drago jumped onto the dais. "And here you see for yourselves, ladies and gentlemen what a liar MightyMan really is. He isn't stronger than Hercules and he'll never be. He has been thoroughly disgraced and ultimately humiliated before all of you and the eyes of the world. He's no match for the legendary Prince of Power. He's a liar, a fraud and the proof is right before your eyes. Here lies MightyMan, your hero, sucked off in the most humiliating, disgraceful way, milked like a two-bit whore and fucked into oblivion.

"Now you can go home ladies and gentlemen knowing that the League of Superheroes is no more. It's been abolished here tonight. And I, Alexander Drago, am in control of Municipal City from now on, and you will do exactly what I say or suffer the consequences!"

With a wave of his hand all the exits were opened. The assembled guests, in shocked disbelief, filed out into the late night unsure what their futures would hold. Many sobbed uncontrollably as they departed. Others, like the mayor and the city officials, stumbled out into the cold darkness stunned senseless to the very marrow of their soul by what they had seen.

Once the lobby had been cleared, Drago told Hercules to pick up MightyMan and take him down to the laboratory. The man/god scooped up the unconscious body of the superhero, throwing him over his shoulder in a fireman's carry. The Greek legend sauntered majestically to the elevator, followed by Szatkowski and Peterson.

Once they had departed, the crime lord ordered several of his very beefy security guards to remove the three remaining League members to the basement, instructing that they be placed in individual cells.

Within a few minutes the lobby was totally empty as the work crew came in to clean up the massive quantity of cum, blood, guts and gore. By first light there was no sign of what had transpired the night before. Even the Greek decorations had been removed, returning the lobby back to its pristine clean modern lines as workmen hurriedly replaced the shattered windows.

Chapter Twenty: The Idol

The following morning, all the city newspapers shouted with banner headlines the downfall of their superhero.

The Rape of MightyMan
MightyMan Defeated
MightyMan Humiliated
MightyMan Disgraced
MightyMan Conquered
MightyMan Submits

But it was Municipal City's sleaziest tabloid, The Daily Crier, that stated it most succinctly, in Second Coming type, MIGHTYMAN FUCKED!!

Throughout the city there was inconsolable sorrow followed by tears and the ringing of hands. The citizens walked about dejectedly with their heads bowed low. They were all afraid what was to come next, now that Drago had destroyed their invincible champion and protector. There were no smiles to be seen anywhere, with the single exception of the city's crime lord and his two nefarious colleagues.

The first thing MightyMan remembered about that morning was the soft, soothing whir of an electric motor. The next was the feeling of great physical discomfort and cold steel against his naked flesh. That was quickly followed by the distinct sensation of something pressing hard against his cock, then a sense of release, followed by more pressing action, and again the relief of release. It was a continuous, never ending sensation. It was this extremely painful, yet pleasurable feeling that began to dominate all his thoughts.

He then heard someone groaning out in torturous agony. "OW! OW! OW!" His eyes flashed open. Instantly he realized the sounds were coming from him. As hard as he tried he couldn't lift his head or move his body. He was completely incapacitated, his great body ravaged by weakness. He had no strength. What the fuck is the matter with me, he thought to himself. Why can't I move? Where am I?

Just then he heard a metal door opening followed by footsteps. As his eyes began to focus he discovered he was under some hot surgical lamps hanging from an antiseptic white ceiling. Unable to move his head, he strained his eyes to the left, then to the right. What he was able to see suggested an operating room of some sort. As the footsteps drew closer he cried out, "Where am I? Please tell me. Where am I?"

"You're in my laboratory," said a disembodied voice.

"Who is it? Who are you? Show yourself!"

"Don't be afraid MightyMan," said Dr. Szatkowski calmly as he leaned over to look down at his mighty captive. He was startled to see all the cuts and bruises inflicted by Hercules on the ravishingly handsome superhero's face had healed

"Szatkowski!" shouted the Caped Knight angrily. "Why am I in your lab? Why can't I move?"

"You know what they say about curiosity MightyMan. It killed the cat," smirked the doctor. "But I suppose you have a right to know."

Drago's chief scientist reached down to release a latch. At the sound of a "click" the Man of Iron was raised upright. It was then he realized he was tightly strapped to a giant stainless-steel table shaped like an X. His arms and legs were completely stretched out to their limits. His forehead too was tethered to a steel board at the back.

Again straining his eyes he looked down. He saw what was causing the intense pain to his mighty cock. He was hooked up to a sophisticated milking machine. A large plastic cylinder totally covered his mighty tool as it continuously pumped away at it, drawing load after load of cum from his body. A feeder tube ran from the cylinder to a 55 gallon plastic drum next to the table he was fastened to. There was another 55 gallon drum on the other side of the table that caught any overflow. One tank was filled to the brim with his white frothy sperm. The other tank was only a third full. As he watched in perplexed astonishment he saw his cum being pumped from his terribly sore, shriveled cock into the cylinder, then into the feeder tube and finally into the holding tank.

Szatkowski noticed the Caped Knight's eyes transfixed on the drums. "I guess MuscleFreak was right after all. You are a big juicy boy," he jested. "You filled up that one tank in less than five hours and now you've started on the second one."

The sight of himself being milked like a human cow sickened MightyMan. He grew angrier and angrier with each painful pumping extraction. He roared out as he struggled with what little strength he had left to break his tight, thick leather bonds. But he hadn't the power to free himself. The strain only weakened him further. As he lay motionless he looked at Szatkowski; plaintively he asked, "Why? Why are you doing this to me?"

"Why?" said another voice as it entered into the room. "I'll tell you why," responded Drago as he approached his bound nemesis from behind. Stepping in front of MightyMan he continued. "You're being milked for my benefit.

Dr. Szatkowski is going to use your mighty sperm to create the most potent and powerful natural steroid for my use and my use alone."

"Why? For what purpose?" asked the baffled superhero.

"For what purpose?" mocked the crime lord. "I'll tell you for what purpose. I'm going to consume your cum. It will make be bigger, stronger and more muscular than I already am. I'll consume it until I'm as big or bigger than you, Mr. Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe," he said with a contemptuous sneer. "Then I'll have your sorry ass dragged over to the Crypt of Doom where, before the whole world, I'll fight you, beat you to a bloody pulp and fuck you to death as I smash you to pieces in my arms. The world will see you die by my hand-- and every man, woman and child will come to fear me. Every government, every army on Earth will bow down to me because they'll fear me, the mightiest man on Earth, the destroyer of MightyMan. Then I'll finally have what I want ... total domination of the world!"

"You're mad!" said the Man of Iron. "Absolutely mad!"

"MAD! You call me mad?" screamed Drago as he maliciously twisted the right nipple of his helpless prisoner's chest. "They called Alexander the Great mad. They called Caesar mad, and Napoleon was perhaps the maddest of them all," he chuckled. "Mad! All the really great men of

history were called mad at one time or another, so I'll be in the best company. They created empires that have gone down in history."

"And look where those empires are now, Drago," cried out a wincing MightyMan as the crime lord kept twisting his nipple. "They've all vanished, turned to dust. They're no more. You can only find them in history books."

Leaning directly over the table and into the superhero's face, Drago replied maniacally, "But they didn't have you to continuously supply them with the strength of ten thousand mighty men. With a lifetime supply of your sperm to fortify me no government, no man, no army, no forced in heaven or hell will be able to stand in my way." He stopped his nipple torture.

As he straightened up he added, "You call me mad. I'm mad with genius. I'll be the greatest force the world has ever known and all thanks to you and your super cum coursing through my veins." Drago threw his bald head back as he departed the lab laughing with every step. Before he closed the door behind him, he turned back. "And to think, all this will happen because of you, MightyMan ... and you can take that to the grave."

Again the Man of Iron struggled furiously to free himself as he contorted his great body to fight against his imprisoning bands. But it was a fruitless effort. The constant pumping of the strength from his body left him completely weak and thoroughly exhausted.

"Try as hard as you want," scoffed Szatkowski. "You'll never escape. You'll never have the strength to break free. Get use to the fact that this is your home from now on, until Drago decides to finish you off once and for all." That said he quickly departed slamming the door behind him.

The Ultimate Muscleman meekly tried once more to break free, only to give up the struggle as fatigue overwhelmed him. As he laid there he pondered what options he had. It didn't take long to tally them up. There were none.

A short time later two heavily muscled workmen, in overalls, shirtless and work boots came in to detach the full drum of cum. As they did their job they said nothing, although their visible hardons spoke volumes as they longingly stared at the helpless, naked superhero.

"Please, guys ... help ... me," begged MightyMan consumed by fatigue. Breathlessly he continued, "Release ... me. Help me ... escape. The ... city will ... reward ... you. You'll ... be famous. Please ... help ... me."

But there was no response. The workmen simply went on with their job, their biceps bulging as they jockeyed the drum around. Before carting the full tank away they attached a new empty drum as the never-ending pumping continued to drain the Caped Knight. As they departed, MightyMan again pleaded with them. "No ... don't go ... guys. Please ... stay. I need ... your ... help. In ... the name

... of ... everything ... you hold as ... right ... and ...just, help me!” The door closed behind the two beefy workmen.

Alone, friendless, with no one to come to his aid, an overwhelming sense of depression overtook the once mighty superhero. As he lay stark naked on the cold steel table, his flaccid cock ravaged by the constant pumping action, all he could think about was the totally desperate helplessness of his situation. In a weak, whimpering voice he moaned, “Is this really the end of MightyMan!” He closed his eyes as he fought back his tears. Completely exhausted, sleep mercifully overtook him.

A few hours later the resonant jarring of the lab door closing woke the slumbering superhero from his deep sleep. As his eyes focused, he saw his mighty idol standing in front of him. Bare chested and dressed in a pair of jean shorts and sandals Hercules mere presence caused the Ultimate Muscleman’s cock to spring from a state of flaccidness into a full blown erection as his ball sack heatedly boiled overtime, producing an ocean of cum that poured into the tank at incredible speed. As he was being rapidly siphoned off, the Man of Iron continuously cried out in bellowing shrieks of pain and pleasure, as if all his insides were being torn out of him. “OW! OW! AHH! OW! OW! AHH! AHH! OW!”

Instantly he filled up one drum and then the other. An alarm bell sounded just as one of the tanks burst wide open spilling its 55 gallon contents all over the lab floor. Hurriedly the beefy work crew rushed in to clean up the mess, while other hunky workmen quickly attached fresh empty tanks as others carted off the sole surviving filled one.

When all the commotion was over, MightyMan laid there thoroughly fatigued, his eyes half open as he hovered between consciousness and unconsciousness in a foggy world of sexual fulfillment and erotic delirium. He valiantly struggled to regain his composure. When he did, he realized that his childhood hero was nowhere to be seen. Hercules had gone. A great sigh of regret escaped his lips as he fell helplessly back into a deep sleep once more.

Later that afternoon in Drago’s luxurious penthouse office, Szatkowski, along with his colleague Dr. Petterson, were presenting their findings on MightyMan’s sperm to their anxious boss.

“So what have you found out?” inquired Drago as he paced nervously about. “Don’t waste my time with a lot of scientific mumbo jumbo, just give it to me straight.”

Clearing his voice, Szatkowski replied. “I have good news and bad news. Which do you want first?”

“Oh fuck! What’s the fuckin’ bad news?” grouched the crime lord.

“The bad news is ...,” drawing a deep breath the scientist continued, “... most of the sperm we’ve collected is not really usable.”

”WHAT!” stormed Drago. “How can that be? It’s MightyMan’s cum isn’t it?”

Steeling his nerves Szatkowski explained. “Yes, it is MightyMan’s sperm ... but ...”

“BUT WHAT?” raged his boss.

“But it’s not of his usual high-grade standard. It’s deficient, weaker than his usual protein count.”

“HOW? WHY?” bellowed a scowling Drago, the veins in his bald head and thick neck visibly pulsating just under the skin.

“By constantly pumping him dry of his strength and not giving him time to sufficiently recover, what we’re getting out of him is of poor quality.” Quickly the doctor added, “Granted it’s superior to anything we could ever get out of any mortal strongman, but by MightyMan’s standards, it’s of poor quality.”

“Well that’s easy enough to fix,” chimed in a pompously smiling Petterson, filled with egotistical visions of coming to the rescue and one upping his rival colleague.

“How?” asked the crime boss. “How would you fix it?”

Pleased with himself and what he perceived to be the obvious solution, he arrogantly replied, “Give him time to recover before pumping him off again.” Turning to Szatkowski he scolded, “My God, don’t you realize how simple the answer is?”

“Simple is right you fucking mental midget,” blasted Szatkowski. Never one to suffer fools gladly, the prize-winning scientist had finally had it with the insufferable naiveté of his colleague. “Don’t you think we took that into consideration before hooking MightyMan up in the first place?”

Taken aback and deeply offended by Szatkowski’s personal attack on his intelligence, Petterson was at a loss for words. He just stood there shocked and brooding.

Continuing his sharp address to his colleague, Szatkowski stated angrily, “It’s a known fact that MightyMan has a phenomenal ability to recover very quickly. Within a few seconds all his massive strength would be restored. If we, for one second, stopped pumping him off, he’d be able to break free, destroy the lab, find the other League members, set them free and fly away leaving us with nothing, and crippling forever Drago’s plans. And if that wasn’t enough, you blithering idiot, he’d

see to it that all of us, you included Dr. Petterson, went to jail for a very, very long time.” Looking directly at his colleague the doctor finished his contemptuous diatribe by saying, “Now do you, once and for all, finally understand why we have to keep pumping him dry, to keep him weak, docile, pliable and under our control?”

Embarrassed by not having comprehended the total situation in the first place, Petterson hung his blond head in shame, saying nothing.

“You said there was some good news,” asked Drago, breaking the tension of the moment.

Collecting himself his chief scientist replied, “Yes, there is. And it could be the solution to our problem.”

“So ... what is it?” demanded his impatient boss.

“The sperm he unloaded when Hercules was in the lab with him is of the highest quality. We have one full 55 gallon drum of it. Unfortunately he packed the other drum so full that it exploded and went all over the lab floor and is totally useless.”

“So what is it you’re saying? What are you suggesting?” inquired Drago, his curiosity peaked.

“I believe MightyMan is so in love with Hercules that he can’t help himself from shooting off whenever he’s near him. It’s an involuntary sexual reflex. We all know Hercules was his childhood hero. He idolized him, and still does. He even patterned his life after him by doing good for all the downtrodden, being their protector. By simply having Hercules in the same room with him, MightyMan is so aroused he gets a giant erection, his balls violently churn producing this highest grade sperm in unending quantities. With this sperm I can produce, for you, the greatest natural steroid serum that will turn your already magnificent physique into the greatest and strongest body the world has ever known.”

His chief scientist’s words infused Drago with renewed optimism. His eyes again glowed with the prospect of achieving his ultimate ambition, world conquest, paid for with the death of MightyMan by his hands.

Trying desperately to regain some respect from his scientific colleague and his boss, Petterson hurriedly blurted out, “So if we made Hercules, MightyMan’s prime jailer as it were, and he was in constant contact with him, we’d be able to collect an endless supply of this high grade sperm, right?”

“Right!” stated Szatkowski contemptuously, adding, “I’m glad to see that the lights are finally on.”

“Now guys, let’s all be friends,” soothed Drago. “Remember we’re all in this together and we all need one another to insure its success.” Turning to his chief scientist he instructed, “Petterson’s idea is a good one. Have MightyMan moved into Hercules rooms. Make sure he’s in a semi upward position so he can see his idol 24/7. He can watch him sleeping, working out, showering, dressing, eating, the whole nine yards. Tell Hercules he’s to be our superhero’s guard and that it’s up to him to keep MightyMan under control. He ought to like that. He certainly took great satisfaction in destroying him and his reputation, not to mention fucking the daylights out of him.”

As an afterthought the crime boss asked, “Say ... that’s not a bad idea. What do you think about Hercules fucking our Man of Iron? Would that stimulate his production of high quality sperm?”

“I don’t see why not,” responded Szatkowski. “It just may force him to unload the highest grade sperm in fact. Remember how he begged Hercules to fuck him last night? It made him shoot off his largest loads.”

Not wanting to be left out of the conversation, Petterson butted in, “If that’s the case, we also better add a lot more drums to hold the massive overflow of MightyMan’s sperm. We don’t want to lose a single drop of it ... as we’ve already done.”

“Another great idea,” cooed their boss. “See, when we cooperate together, good things happen that will benefit all of us.” Turning to Szatkowski he ordered, “Tell Hercules he can fuck MightyMan any time he wants and as often as he wants, but he can’t fuck him to death. We need him alive to get a lifetime supply of cum out of him before I kill him in the ring.”

As his scientists were leaving he harshly caught hold of Szatkowski’s arm to spun him around. “You said earlier that there was a supply of his primo cum available right now?”

“Yes, 55 gallons of it in fact,” answered his chief scientist.

“When will you have the steroid serum ready for me to take?” inquired his overly anxious boss.

“If I go to my lab right now and concentrate on it, perhaps as early as tonight. Why?”

“Why? And you called Petterson stupid. You’re no better,” railed Drago. Holding tightly onto his scientist’s arm, he squeezed so hard that Szatkowski cried out. “Have a batch of it ready before I go to bed tonight. I want it to work its magic on me all night long.” As he violently shoved him away he heatedly added, “See to it ... NOW!”

As he scurried out the office door he passed a smirking Petterson. “And you think you’re so fuckin’ smart,” he chided at his colleague.

“Shut the fuck up before I plow your butt with my cock and rape you to death, you blond asshole,” berated Szatkowski as he shoved Peterson into the door jam as he passed by. Peterson fell to the carpeted floor. Turning back, the chief scientist ordered, “You instruct Hercules what he’s to do with MightyMan. I have work to do in the lab. You can handle that task, can’t you, you beefed up dip stick?” Before he was able to reply, Szatkowski had disappeared into a waiting elevator.

Later that evening, as Drago was resting at his palatial baronial mansion, Szatkowski arrived with the first doses of the MightyMan steroid serum.

“Inject yourself tonight before you go to bed. Then again tomorrow morning and once more tomorrow afternoon,” he instructed. “Until we find out if there’s any sort of reaction, I think it prudent to only use it three times a day. Once we see what affect it has on you and your body, then we can adjust the dosage accordingly, either up or down.”

Drago, practically salivating with anticipation, grabbed the three syringes from the doctor’s hand as he fled to his bathroom to inject himself.

When MightyMan finally woke up he found he was still strapped to the surgical table in a reclining position. Although still hooked up to the constantly pumping milking machine, he was now surrounded on both sides by a host of holding tanks all connected together. And he was also no longer in Szatkowski’s cold, antiseptic lab, but a warm, finely furnished, glass enclosed room of considerable size. Everywhere he was able to look there were Greek columns, Greek furniture, Greek murals, Greek rugs. In one corner there was a fully equipped gym. In another, a glass enclosed shower and still in another, a huge glass enclosed hyperbaric sleeping chamber lined with a plush red velvet mattress. Where the fuck am I, he wondered.

Just then a colossally muscular shadow fell over his face. Startled, MightyMan desperately tried turning his head to see where the ominous overcast was coming from, but his head was still tightly tied to the back of the steel table.

“You finally wake,” said a familiar voice.

At the sound of those words MightyMan’s body shook with excited anticipation. “Hercules! Is ... that ... you?” he asked nervously.

“Yeah ... sure,” came the halting reply as the Greek man-god stepped in front of the imprisoned superhero. “You expect maybe cavalry come rescue you,” he jested as he flexed both his mighty arms. Wearing only sandals and a tight pair of black posing trunks that accentuated his monster killer cock, he was every inch the mammothly-muscled Hercules of legendary fame.

His magnificent body had an instant affect of MightyMan. His own great sex tool quickly morphed into a viciously throbbing hardon as the superhero erupted one massive load after another, quickly filling up one tank, then another and another, as the Greek strongman purposely, sadistically posed and posed before the helpless, struggling Caped Knight. With each powerful blast that would have crippled any ordinary man, MightyMan's cock violently spasm as he roared out endless screams of torturous pain and pleasure. So violent were his emissions, his cock felt as if it would explode into thousands of pieces.

With his ball sack violently working overtime and shrinking ever tighter and tighter around his nuts, increasing the tremendous pain of his sexual torture, MightyMan was unable to stop cumming. Out of sheer desperation and fear for his life, he begged Hercules, between bellowing cries, to stand behind the table so he couldn't see him. So pathetic were his pleas that it struck a sympathetic cord in the legend's heart. "Okay," he replied softly as he walked to the rear of the table.

Once Hercules was out of sight, the Man of Iron was able to regain control of himself and ceased shooting off his loads. Thoroughly drained and consumed by exhaustion, he instantly passed out cold.

Realizing MightyMan was unconscious, Hercules longingly looked down on him as he laid there helpless, bound to the surgical table and fiendishly hooked up to the ever pumping milking apparatus. A great sense of pity overtook the legend. He kept shaking his head as he sauntered to the front of the table. "Why Drago hate you so, you most beautiful boy," he said out loud. "Why you mock me, make fool of Hercules. Why you make me love and hate you so ..."

As he continued gazing in erotic admiration at the comatose superhero, his mammoth killer cock began to stir. The longer he stared, the larger it grew, until it had blossomed into a full, pulsating erection that tented the front of his poser way out, eventually tearing through the over stretched fabric. The rent trunk hung over his monstrous sex tool like a limp awning for a moment before felling to the floor. Once free from the restriction of his poser, the great cock wildly bobbed up and down. Hercules looked down at it playfully saying, "Stop it. Behave yourself."

Then looking back at MightyMan he added, "He sure beautiful. Most beautiful boy I ever saw. More beautiful than Adonis or Prometheus." As he spoke, his heart visibly raced with rapid beatings. So strong were these palpitations that his mountainous chest heaved in great sighing waves. Slowly he approached the base of the table as if hypnotized by the sheer majesty of the superhero's massive muscular proportions and his radiant physical beauty.

Totally entranced by MightyMan's body and face, the Greek man-god lost all control of himself. He began pumping his sexual leviathan as it banged out one great load after another, accompanied by his loud sighs of exaltation. With each mighty ejaculation Hercules' body shuddered, making his sighs reverberate off the walls and around the room. The resounding echo made books shake off of shelves, silverware and dishes on the table jitter about and the glass walls of his chamber vibrate.

When he was finally through jacking off, he had spewed out a thick blanket of cum all over MightyMan's chest, upper arms, abs and thighs. Overcome by exhaustion, the legend grabbed hold of one of the storage drums to steady himself. "Oh ... felt so good," he shouted aloud. "Oh so good," he repeated. "So good! So good! So good!"

Caught in the full force of the rapturous afterglow, the Greek strongman staggered over to a large over-stuffed leather chair and gently let himself down into it. A great sigh escaped his lips as he kept staring at the slumbering MightyMan. A few late dribbles of cum slowly seeped from his flaccid cock, down his monstrous thighs, to his cannon ball size calves, to his heels, then off his sandals to the carpet. So strong was his intense gazing at the superhero that he never felt a thing.

Once the great legend caught his breath, he got up to walk back over to the cum-covered prisoner. He leaned over him. Tenderly he started to lick his thick, gooey sperm off, slurping mouth full after mouth full down his throat. The erotic sensual nature of this simple act caused his great cock once more to spring to life.

His hot tongue lapped up his cum as it blazed a trail over MightyMan's huge thighs, than up over the cobble stone walls of his eight pack abs, to his chest where he swirled a path up and over the Caped Knight's massive pecs, stopping briefly to delicately suck and nibble on the superhero's round nipples. From MightyMan's chest Hercules cleared a patch over the Man of Iron's traps, delts to his arms. It took several minutes of repeated lickings, going back over the various body parts to wipe away any trace of his love juice.

When he was through, the great Greek bathed himself in his glass-enclosed shower. As he washed in the full body spray, he continued to look out at the unconscious, naked Ultimate Muscleman, sensually licking his lips in a most seductive manner while caught in the throes of his heated passion. Hercules' cock quickly sprang back into action, wildly throbbing uncontrollably.

To relieve the unbearable sexual tension, he flipped his great cock up as he pressed his fabulous body hard against the steamy wet glass of the shower wall. With the warm, soothing water caressing his entire body he commenced to hump the glass, rubbing his mighty tool up and down. The physical friction of his soaked body on the glass and the rubbing sound made by his gigantic rod sliding across the glass, caused an overwhelming erotic sensation on his cock, as he frantically humped and humped and humped.

As he longingly stared at MightyMan he put his thumb into his mouth to suck on it in a most coquettish manner, tilting his head just so, like a mischievous little boy. A short time later as he continued to rub his body and cock across the glass, he flexed his mammoth arms as he first kissed the right one, then the left, then sensually licked both arm pits one at a time, never taking his eyes off of the prisoner. Eventually his sexual urge overtook him. His great killer cock exploded like Vesuvius. He started to shoot off his own geyser of spraying cum. Load after humongous load piled up on the glass only to be slowly washed away to the tile floor and disappear down the drain.

Several hours later, when MightyMan started to regain his senses, he felt as if he was just coming out of a drug induced sleep. His brain was swimming in a sea of dense fog. “What ... what happened ... to me?” he softly muttered.

“You drained body of strength. You passed out,” said that familiar voice with its distinct thick Greek dialect.

Momentarily startled, the Caped Knight, forgetting where he was for the moment, tried to lift his head as he attempted to turn his body. But he was stuck hard and fast to the steel table. Instantly the realization of his precarious dilemma came crashing back to him. “Oh!” he moaned. “I’d forgotten.”

“Have you forgot I beat you senseless the other night and fuck you up big time?” asked Hercules as he appeared in front of the bound superhero. Wearing a brilliant crimson-red, open-throat caftan with gold piping, he was a stunning figure. The silk fabric clung like a second skin over his massive body. His long luxuriant black hair folded in waves to his anvil size traps stopping only at the top of his mountainous pecs. Even his eight pack abs were visible under the tight fitting garment as were his giant thighs and his flaccid sex tool. His monster arms were encased in the sleeves, threatening at any second to break through the cloth if they merely twitched a little.

Still groggy, MightyMan let out a loud sigh as he replied, “No, no I haven’t forgotten. I haven’t forgotten anything about the other night.” Then he hesitantly added as he closed his eyes, “Or anything from today for that matter.”

Stepping right up between the Man of Iron’s widely spread legs Hercules, with a smirk plastered across his beautifully handsome face, said ominously, “Good! Then this will make us both very happy.”

He hit a most muscular pose that tore his caftan to pieces, exposing his magnificent naked body. Shredded ribbons of red silk lay across various body parts, his mammoth shoulders, his large nipples, his monster, pulsating cock, his massive thighs.

At the sight of his naked idol the Caped Knight shuddered as he gasped, “Wow!” Instantly his thoroughly abused manmeat blasted into a full throbbing erection as his pre-cum was vacuumed up by the ever pumping tube.

Noticing the superhero’s hardon, the smiling legend chuckled, “Glad you up for this ...” as he grabbed MightyMan’s hips to ram his giant cock all the way up MightyMan’s butt hole. The Man of Iron roared out a series of horrific shrieks as his ass was once again torn to pieces on that monstrous killing sex tool. “OW! OW! OW! OW!” The unbearable pain and inhuman sexual pleasure caused him to gush out a tsunami of cum. So great was this torrent that it began to rapidly fill up one drum after another. With each forcibly vicious bull dozing penetration, Hercules plowed the full length of his cock up into the mighty prisoner as MightyMan wailed like a dying banshee. So great was the intensity of these ejaculations that the Ultimate Muscleman broke blood vessel

after blood vessel in his fuckpole. A tidal wave of blood mixed with his sperm, produced a bright thick flow of red cum that began to fill up the drums.

As the barbaric fucking continued unabated and the savagely excruciating pain crippled his body to the point of freezing his brain in torment, MightyMan fought with what little strength he had left to speak as more and more holding tanks were filled up to overflowing. “Why ... why are you doing this to me?” As his voice began to trail off he barely managed to ask, “Why ... do you ... hate ... me so much ... that you ... want ... to fuck ... me ... to ... death?”

“Why?” shouted Hercules angrily as he viciously crammed all massive 18” length of his great cock up into the superhero and held it in. “Why? he repeated through gritted teeth, “because you mock me before world. You belittle me ... you humiliate me and my legend by saying you stronger than me.” Increasing his hold on MightyMan’s hips he drilled his cock as deep as he could up the Caped Knight’s muscle butt causing him to scream out as he never screamed out before. “You no stronger than Hercules,” raved the mighty Greek man-god with a sadistic grin on his face. “That night prove you no stronger. Drago right ... you liar. Now world know you liar ... and I, Hercules, am the strongest man of all!”

Through the fierce unbearable agonizing pain imprisoning his body, a seed of an idea caught hold of MightyMan. His will to survive and live proved even greater than the sexual torture he was barely able to endure. Realizing the dark peril of his situation he quickly formulated a plan of escape.

From all he had ever read, study and learned about Hercules, his childhood idol had only one overriding weakness ... his ego, and this the great legend had just admitted to. The only reason he hated him was that he had boasted that he was stronger than the mighty man himself. By playing on Hercules’ vanity, he just might be able to turn him around to becoming his ally.

Then there were other underlying reasons as well. The harsh truth was, he was madly in love with his hero and insanely in-sex with his great body. That’s why every time he saw him his balls went into supersonic overdrive producing gallons upon gallons of cum that continuously filled up the holding tanks surrounding the table he was helplessly strapped to, draining his body of all its strength and leaving him comatose.

He needed to escape and escape soon before he became completely dehydrated and his body become emaciated and turned to dust. His plan was well worth a shot.

“Please,” pleaded the Man of Iron as he choked on his own screams, “OW! Let me ... OW! ... explain. OW! Please ... take your ... OW! ... cock ... OW! ...out of me ... and ... let ...OW! ... me ... explain ... OW! OW! OW!”

Returning to mercilessly pounding MightyMan’s bleeding ass, Hercules growled, “You can say nothing. I heard you on video saying you stronger than me. You deny that?”

“OW! No. You’re ... right. OW! I said ... that,” cried the gasping superhero as the intense pain riddled voice. “But ... OW! ... I can ... explain ... OW! I can ... explain ... everything. OW! Please stop ... fucking me ... OW! ... and let me ... explain.”

The earnestness of his plea stopped Hercules in mid fuck. Slowly he withdrew his killer tool. Suspiciously he eyed the sexually ravaged superhero. “So talk,” he demanded.

Near unconscious, his body soaked in a sea of sweat, his breathing heavy, labored and deep, MightyMan haltingly asked to be raised up. His mighty jailer clumsily fumbled for a few moments before finding the correct latch. Once upright, his blood flowing steadily back to his brain and with the excruciating pain subsiding, the Caped Knight began to speak.

“Yes, I said those words, and I was wrong in the way I said them, but they were meant as a tribute to you from your most devoted admirer. I just got carried away by the thrill of my wrestling victory and my admiration for you,” explained the recovering superhero. “Ever since I was a small child I have read everything I could about you, your life and incredible deeds. You inspired me. I grew up wanting to be like you. I wanted to be a modern day Hercules and emulate you in every way. I even patterned my life after you, dedicating myself to doing good for others as you had done.”

Pausing for a moment to catch his breath, he continued. “I know everything about you. I can prove it too,” he said as he began to recite chapter and verse the legend of Hercules and his exploits. “Your mother’s name was Alcmena. Your father was Zeus. Your lover was your cousin and charioteer, Iolous. You fought and killed the Nemean Lion that was dragging women and children off into the woods to eat them. You killed the multi-headed Hydra that menaced the countryside turning everyone who looked upon it to stone. You destroyed the Erymanthian Boar and the Cretan Bull that were killing innocent people. You did the same to the Geryon Monster that was eating whole farm families and stealing their herds. And Cerberus, the three headed dog that guarded the gate to Hades, you captured and tamed.”

Again the Ultimate Muscleman paused before continuing. “You gallantly defended Prometheus before your father and the Council of the Gods who sentenced him to a life of torment chained to a rock where a vulture came every morning to rip open his stomach to eat his liver. And where every night his liver grew back, repeating the same vicious cycle over and over again and again. Repeated that is until you took pity on him and defied your father’s judgment by scaling the mountain where he was chained, breaking his iron shackles and setting him free. You even carried him down because he was too weak to walk. And the next morning when the vulture found Prometheus sleeping by the river Aquaterra, you killed it with your bare hands, saving your friend from ever again suffering that most inhuman punishment ...”

As MightyMan continued listing his great deeds, Hercules was flattered that anyone would know so much about his life, down to the smallest detail. A new sense of accomplishment overtook him as he basked in the reciting of his legendary deeds.

“All I ever wanted to do was to emulate you in every way,” gushed MightyMan. “My whole life and everything I’ve ever done has been dedicated to your honor. My life is a living tribute to you by carrying on your heroic legend.”

Gently releasing MightyMan’s hips, Hercules slowly backed away, staggered by the superhero’s confession. He was at a loss for words. He turned and walked away, weighing heavily everything his prisoner had said. Never in his life had anyone ever praised him so much or with such forthright sincerity and conviction.

Could he have been wrong about MightyMan? Had Drago been deceiving him all along ... deliberately misleading him? And if he had, what was his purpose? He shook his head as his great mane of black hair flopped about. “I do not like this new world of yours,” he sighed out loud. “I not accustomed to it. I don’t like it much. Too much falseness. Too many lies. Too much deceit. Nothing is what it seems to be.” Turning back to MightyMan he pointedly asked, “Why Drago hate you?”

Realizing he had cracked his idols ill feelings toward him, the Caped Knight took full advantage. “He hates me because I put him in jail for his criminal activities. He’s Municipal City’s top crime boss. He’s behind every illegal act that takes place here. He’s a very, very bad man, and I’m the only one who can defeat him, and he knows it. That’s why he wants me out of the way, so he can accomplish his ultimate goal, the total domination of the world.”

“If he so bad, why he treat me so good? What he want with me?” queried the man-god.

“He’s using you like he does everyone-- to achieve his ultimate goal. He used you to capture me, so he could hook me up to this infernal machine to pump the strength out of my body, so he can use it to make himself bigger and stronger, so he can take over the world. When he’s done that, he’ll kill me. When he’s through with you he’ll dispose of you too. He used Vulcan to get to me and that didn’t work. He used MuscleFreak as his pawn to lure me here so you could fuck me and force me to produce all this cum for his use.”

“You mean ... he make me his fool?” roared Hercules as he finally saw the light of truth. “I’m his lackey!”

“Yes, that’s exactly what he’s done. He’s turned you away from your great and good legend to make you his unwitting accomplice in his criminal plans for world domination,” replied MightyMan in a clear and steady voice. “He’s making you destroy your own great legend by associating yourself with him and his diabolical ambition.”

Hearing the Man of Iron’s words enraged the Greek strongman. “No man make fool of Hercules,” he thundered as his face went red and his body tensed. Every vein popped to the surface of his magnificent physique as he clenched his fists and bellowed out a great and mighty roar that blew

out the soundproof glass of his room. The powerful force of his voice overturned furniture, bookcases, cabinets-- everything that wasn't nailed down.

Realizing there was only a few minutes to make good any escape before security would come, MightyMan pleaded, "Please untie me and help me to get away. If you come with me, we can work out a plan of action to stop Drago and destroy his plans for world domination and restore your good name."

"I want to kill him with bare hands," raged Hercules.

"Together we'll be able to make him pay for all he has done, to you and to me. But first I need to escape. Please hurry before someone comes," begged the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe.

With little effort Hercules ripped the leather straps off of MightyMan, releasing him from the imprisoning stainless-steel table. He also gently uncoupled the pumping tube, removing it from the Man of Iron's mangled sex tool. The instant relief of not being constantly sucked off like some farm animal made MightyMan swoon. He felt faint. He needed his idol's help to get off the table. Once standing his mighty legs buckled, sending him tottering to the floor. But Hercules caught him. With great gentleness the mighty Greek picked him up in his gigantic arms, cradling him as if he was his baby.

Together the two men fled into the corridor as alarm bells sounded and the noise of scurrying feet reverberated off the hallway walls. Quickly Hercules raced toward an emergency exit door at the far end of the corridor. As he approached, he bent his mammoth shoulder down and charged like a powerful bull, blasting the door off its hinges. Still cradling the weak Caped Knight in his loving arms, the mighty naked legend dashed out into the cold night air as searchlights wildly rotated all around the grounds.

Once they had made their way to a dense thicket of trees, Hercules stopped. He tenderly laid MightyMan down in the grass. Exhausted, the superhero sighed, "I don't think I can make it after all. I haven't any strength to make it. I thought I could but I can't. That constant pumping me off has taken everything I had. There's nothing left." Looking up at his idol with loving eyes he implored, "Save yourself Hercules. This is your chance to get away. Leave me and save yourself."

"NO!" boomed the legend. "We go together. I no leave you."

"But I can't make it. I haven't the strength. For both our sakes, save yourself," pleaded MightyMan.

"I give you strength. I gave Prometheus strength. I give you strength," stated the Greek man-god as he straddled the superhero's waist on his knees. His monstrous tool laid hard upon MightyMan's chest. As he moved himself forward on his haunches he instructed the Man of Iron to open his mouth wide as he inserted his giant cockhead in as far as he could. The Caped Knight nearly choked

to death as his lips could barely encompass the very tip of the sex beast. So huge was the head that MightyMan's cheeks puffed out to the breaking point.

Holding onto the massive shaft like a baseball bat with both hands, MightyMan slowly, tenderly but steadily commenced to jack the legendary strongman off. To help him cum, the superhero swirled his tongue over and around the great head as he sucked and sucked. When he inserted his tongue tip into the giant hole, Hercules started to blast one humongous load after another down the superhero's throat.

Ravenously sucking on his idol's monster cock, like a starving baby on a nursing bottle, MightyMan drank all the powerful cum from the legend. With each mouth full he swallowed, he felt his massive strength being replenished. After a few minutes of intense ejaculating his might into the Man of Iron, Hercules began to feel lightheaded as the night sky circled around him. His eyes slowly rolled to the back of his head. Before he knew it he tumbled over with an earth quaking thud that rustled the leaves in the surrounding trees. There he laid in a dead faint right next to the superhero.

MightyMan laid there, his great body nestled right up against his hero's massive body, allowing the transfusion of strength to work its way through his anatomy. The warmth of their bodies pressed together stayed the chill of the night air. When he heard the barking, snarling vicious security dogs approaching, as they tugged on their leashes, he jumped to his feet. Now fully restored to his former might he said flatly, "Time to go."

The dog's beefy handlers, straining tightly to hold their leads with one hand, flashed their torches with the other in a desperate search for the escaped superhero. The Ultimate Muscleman hauled the unconscious Hercules up in a fireman's carry over his massive shoulder as he blasted off into the night sky to fly off to his sanctuary, his Citadel of Peace.

Meanwhile back at corporate headquarters, Szatkowski and Petterson were examining the wreckage of Hercules' room. Glass shards and overturned furniture were everywhere. "It looks like a fuckin' disaster area," said the chief scientist as he scoped out the room.

"Yeah, like a bomb went off or something," added Petterson. "What the fuck happened?"

"MightyMan happened," replied Drago as he hurried into the room, stepping lightly over the millions of glass shards scattered everywhere. His sycophant colleagues gasped at his new appearance. With just a few doses of the MightyMan steroid serum he had already grown noticeably beefier. "What the fuck do you think happened!" groused Drago. "Doesn't this look remarkably like my office every time that overblown bastard came in?"

Both scientists nodded in agreement, still shocked by their brawnier employer.

“So how did he get loose and get away ... and where is Hercules?” demanded their irate boss.

“We just got here ourselves,” explained Szatkowski. “We haven’t any answers yet.”

“What about the other League members. Are they still here?”

“Yes, they’re still locked up in their individual cells,” stated Petterson nervously.

“Well that means he’ll have to come back for them. Whew ... there for the moment I thought all was lost,” sighed a visibly relieved Drago.

“Nothing is lost,” stated a confident Szatkowski. “We’ve got enough of MightyMan’s cum to last you two lifetimes. By being with Hercules all he did was churn out one barrel of cum after another.”

“What about all that bloody stuff in those drums over there?” asked the crime lord. “Is that useable?”

“Trust me. We don’t need that. There’s plenty of excellent stuff already stored away.”

“I wonder how it got so bloody?” pondered Drago.

“I suspect his emissions were so powerfully violent he popped a blood vessel,” replied Petterson in his most suffocating professorial manner. “Remember the other night as Hercules was fucking the bejesus out of him, his ejaculations were so strong his whole body shook uncontrollably? I thought he was about to explode, like MuscleFreak.”

“So where is Hercules?” inquired Drago as he looked around the place. “Has anyone seen him?”

Both scientists shook their heads as they shrugged their well developed shoulders. Pointing to the ceiling Szatkowski said, “The security tape should tell us what happened.”

“Get it and come to my office,” ordered their boss as he departed.

Within the hour, with tape in hand, Szatkowski and Petterson walked into their boss’ penthouse office. Drago snatched the security tape out of Petterson’s hand. He popped it into the player as the great wall slid open to reveal the gigantic viewing screen. The lights dimmed as the video began to play.

Impatient to see what happened, Drago pressed the fast forward button. In furiously rapid succession image after image raced by of MightyMan cumming at Hercules posing, of the Greek shooting his loads all over the unconscious superhero, then licking it off, of the legend's shower, his fucking of the Man of Iron. At this point Drago slowed down the speed and turned up the volume.

In rapturous attention all three men listened as MightyMan skillfully turned the legendary strongman away from Drago and convinced the man-god to help him escape. The crime boss hit the stop button. "So he co-opted Hercules and they ran off together," chuckled Drago as he bent over laughing. His reaction caught his two beefy scientists by complete surprise.

"But Boss," interrupted a perplexed Petterson, "wouldn't the two of them, together, be double trouble for us?"

Still laughing, Drago replied as he put his powerful hand on the scientist's meaty shoulder, "You of all people ought to know Hercules isn't any real threat. All we have to do is turn off the Excellatron and poof, he's no more ... gone ... el finito ... bye bye baby ... see ya ... wouldn't want to be ya."

With his quick brain buzzing, he added, "But we can use that to our advantage." Smiling broadly the crime lord slowly strolled about his office thinking out loud. "We can use that to great advantage. We also have MightyMan's colleagues locked up ... so we have two aces in the hole. Given enough time, I can use his serum effectively to build myself up, and when I'm ready ... I'll be able to coerce him back into my snare and once more spring the trap on our Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe and his boy friend. I'll have him totally in my power and he won't escape this time. He'll do anything to save his League members and his new playmate. Oh yes, he'll do anything, even fight me in the Crypt of Doom before the whole world. And the whole world will watch me destroy MightyMan once and for all. Oh yes, I can use all this. I can use it all!"

Chapter Twenty-One: A Love Story

Once MightyMan arrived at his Citadel of Peace, he put the slumbering, bare naked man-god into his huge oversize bed. After a long, hot soaking shower, he crawled in beside him. For the next few hours both mighty men slept the sleep of innocent babes.

When the Man of Iron's eyes fluttered open, he found himself pinned to the mattress. During the night Hercules had rolled over. One leg and one arm were lying heavy across his thigh and chest. He could plainly feel the intense weight of that great sex beast flung over his abs as it was pressed into his guts by the enormous weight of its owner's bulk. The side of his own face was nestled securely in the legend's neck. A large lock of the Greek's lengthy jet-black hair covered the

superhero's face. He first tried to blow it away but it stubbornly kept falling back. He then brushed it aside with his one free hand.

As he stared longingly at his childhood idol, MightyMan could still hardly believe he was actually there beside him. He ravenously pursued this leviathan of might and muscle.

Long black luxurious hair fell in ringlets to the most massive set of traps and delts he'd ever seen. Hercules' manly face, framed in a finely trimmed beard and moustache, was wide open with lush full lips, and a perfectly formed nose like a classical Greek statue. His wide chin was offset by a broad, thick bull neck that was anchored to two huge angle iron traps ... themselves bolted on to the largest set of deltoid muscles in the world. The monstrous pecs were more than massive-- they were mountains of muscle with a defined clef between them, so deep a normal person could lose their whole hand in it up to their wrist. The huge chest then tapered down to a set of eight pack abs, so pronounced that they resembled a cobblestone road. The waist was so small as to accentuate the mind-blowing V-shape of his entire torso. His arms were more than mammoth ... more than colossal ... they were simply unbelievable in their size and definition. The forearms were equally impressive. Below the waist exploded thighs and calves like the mightiest sequoias ... massive columns of muscle that easily supported this giant of a man. And in between them, MightyMan could feel lying across his stomach the greatest, thickest, largest piece of manmeat imaginable.

Just looking at this monstrous man of muscle made MightyMan breathe heavily. His own great chest heaved up and down as he panted and gulped down his drool.

The cozy, welcoming warmth of their two great bodies snuggled together was comforting, sensual and homey for the superhero. It was reminiscent of his days with BicepBoy in this very bed.

But there was a difference ... a great difference, and MightyMan recognized it instantly. Always before he had been the dominate one, the totally alpha male in any relationship, the aggressor, the sexual conqueror. With Hercules, he would gladly abdicate that position to his idol. He no longer wanted to be the master but the supplicant. He dearly wanted to be the legend's fuck buddy, his sex slave, his lover for life and beyond. This thought made him sigh out loud.

When the Ultimate Muscleman attempted to move, the Greek strongman groaned. His face scowled. He readjusted his mammoth arm and leg even farther over the superhero's naked body as he huddled up even closer, placing his chin on top of MightyMan's head. Never once did his eyes open. Like a gigantic musclebound snake coiled around its prey, the man-god returned to his peaceful sleep.

Uncertain what to do the Caped Knight gently tried to move the big man off. But every time he managed to crawl out from under his arm or leg, Hercules moaned as he replaced it back on the superhero.

Realizing the only way he'd be able to get up was to wake the slumbering muscle giant, he softly called out his name. "Hercules ... Hercules ... Hercules ..."

Slowly the great legend opened first one eye, then the other. On seeing MightyMan he smiled as his eyes flashed extreme tenderness. Ever so gently he took hold of the superhero's lats to pull him in tight. With the most loving delicacy he kissed him full on the lips. The Ultimate Muscleman reciprocated in kind.

For the next few minutes both men cuddled and caressed as their two great sex tools rampaged into full blown erections.

Then Hercules asked, "Where this place? Where am I?"

"This is my home, my sanctuary," replied a contented MightyMan.

Carefully the Greek lifted his head to look around. What he saw simply astounded him. MightyMan had turned a cave into a comfortable living space with rugs covering the natural polished stone floor. Overstuffed furniture was placed everywhere. There was a complete library with mahogany bookcases. A free-standing rock-lined circular fireplace in the center of the area provided ample heat. A fully equipped gym, with tons of free and machine weights, was prominently placed near a glass enclosed shower, its back wall lined with stone from the cave wall it was carved into. An inside waterfall, that emptied into a stone Jacuzzi, also provided electrical power to a generator. As his eyes returned back to MightyMan, he realized he was resting on a huge four poster imperial-size bed of solid oak.

Looking at the Man of Iron he sighed with a smile, "I like home. Very much like home."

"I'm please you like my place," responded the superhero. "You're only the second person I've ever brought here."

Instantly anger bolted across Hercules' eyes. "I not first!" he roared. "Who first!" he demanded.

"BicepBoy," answered the Ultimate Muscleman.

"Who BicepBoy?" sternly questioned the man-god as he pushed himself away.

"BicepBoy was a member of my League of Superheroes," explained MightyMan in a passive voice. Knowing Hercules' susceptibility to anger and his ultra-sensitive ego, he wanted to remain as calm as possible. He went on to explain, "Drago's henchman, MuscleFreak, killed him, then raped his dead body before throwing him away like trash."

“You love BicepBoy?” asked the legend wearily.

After a moment of hesitation MightyMan answered, “Yes, I did. I loved him in the same way you loved Lolous.”

The explanation satisfied the man-god. Immediately his hostile attitude changed to one of understanding and remorse. “Yes, I see, like Lolous. I understand. We both have sad pasts,” he said with great sorrow. “My Lolous killed too. Mighty Ajax fuck him to death to get to me. Knew I avenge Lolous death. Ajax thought he bigger, stronger, that he could beat me. But I slaughter him, kill him with bare hands ... like you kill MuscleFreak. I saw fight on television. You do right by BicepBoy. You man of honor.”

Hercules leaned back over to kiss MightyMan as he scrunched down so both their bodies meshed together, eye to eye, chest to chest, abs to abs, groin to groin, thigh to thigh. Quietly he asked, “Why you no leave me behind? You could have. I burden for you. Why you no?”

“How can you ask such a question!” answered a flabbergasted Caped Knight as he passionately kissed his idol. “You could have easily prevented my escape! But you didn’t. Why?” Before the Greek could respond, he continued. “When I was lying out there in the woods, I begged you to leave me ... to save yourself, but you didn’t. Why?”

Returning the heartfelt kiss Hercules simply stated, “Why I no leave you? ... I love you!”

Both men fell into each other’s massive arms as they kissed and kissed in the most heated, passionate way. Like two starving cannibals trying to eat each other’s face off, they consumed one another in kisses. As they rolled around the great bed, first one on top, then the other, constantly locked in a hot amorous embrace, their powerful sex tools tightly pressed backside to backside, they vigorously humped one another into a state of erotic ecstasy as they began to pound out volcanic loads of their love juice.

Mighty geysers of erupting cum violently shot up between them, showering both in a coat of thick, white jism, as they continued to roll around and around, locked in their passionate hug.

So great was their mutual ejaculations that they not only covered each other, but painted the headboard of the bed and the stonewall behind it, turning it into a rocky white waterfall of free-flowing cum.

Hercules was the first to cease shooting, landing on top of MightyMan’s cum smeared body. As was his innate nature to dominate, he harshly dug his sex beast deep into the underside of the superhero’s manmeat, making him cry out in pain as he forced the last of the Ultimate Musclemans’ jism out of his crushed rod. Yet for MightyMan the intense pain only increased the erotic pleasure

of the moment. As his face grimaced, his eyes winced, as deep furrows of agony carved across his forehead, he screamed as the last of his cum blasted out of his mangled tool.

When it was all over, the breathless, moaning, exhausted, sexually spent superhero just laid there under the gigantic muscular body of his idol, reveling in the sexual rapture engulfing him. "Oh ... my beloved ... hero," he sighed as he tried to catch his breath, "you are ... magnificent, simply ... magnificent! You ... make me feel ... like a ... real ... man!"

Weakly lifting his head off the stained, sweat-soaked pillow he kissed his idol. "Only with you ... have I ... ever ... experienced total satisfaction," he confessed softly as he panted for breath. "Only with you ... can I throw ... everything I ... have ... into the moment ... and know I ... cannot physically ... harm you ... in any ... way. You're ... the only one ... who can ... withstand ... all my might ... and power. Only ... with you ... can ... I be ... my true ... self. Oh ... how I ... want ... and need ... you. How ... I ... love you."

After a few quick pecks to MightyMan's lips, the smiling man-god got up. As he rose, the mass quantity of cum cemented between their two bodies stretched in numerous bands like glue being pulled apart. As the strands broke, snapping back on both men, they laughed.

Like a sexual flirt, MightyMan crawled over to the side of the bed on his knees. Demurely he took his hand to scrape the cum off Hercules' body. Titling his head back, with a coquettish look on his face, he opened his mouth wide. He lifted his hand up over his face to let the jism flow from his fingers, drip by tantalizing drip, onto his tongue. "Umm," he said after licking his fingers and swallowing a mouth full. "Good! Very good!"

Taking his idol's hips in his hands he pulled him closer as he commenced to passionately lick the Greek's body like a lollipop.

Hercules giggled as the superhero's tongue tickled his giant nipples. His great body shuddered when MightyMan sucked and playfully gnawed on them, causing his sex beast to rise up once more to repeatedly slap against the Ultimate Muscleman's lower torso.

Seeing the conqueror of his virginal muscle butt wildly bobbing in front of him, the Man of Iron cupped it in his hand as he lay on the bed, raised up only by one elbow. Pressing his tongue against the gigantic head he licked the cum off of it. Then he slid his tongue slowly along the entire, thickly veined shaft on both sides and underneath as the legend flexed his arms, then did a lat spread and a most muscular pose, driving the superhero into another lustful tongue attack on that mammoth fuckpole, ravenously licking and kissing it.

Ironically it was Hercules who broke off the encounter. Taking MightyMan's head tenderly in both hands he lifted his face up to his, kissing him reverently. "Need shower," he stated. "Best thing modern times have is shower. I like shower. I take one now."

Reluctantly, very reluctantly, MightyMan got up to escort his idol over to his shower. After showing him how it operated and kissing him, he left the legend alone to return to his sleeping area.

As he sat back down on his bed he grabbed his cell phone off a nearby nightstand to call his parents to tell them he was alright.

He knew they'd be worried. He had seen the newspaper headlines deliberately scattered about Szatkowski's lab, so he knew his parents had to have read them as well.

"Don't worry. I'm fine ... really I am," he assured them. "I'll be home soon, and with a guest," he added. He went on to regale them with the harrowing adventure of his escape and his idol's part in it. "He saved my life," he proudly told them. "He's everything I thought he would be," he purred. "He's here with me now." After repeated reassurances that he was truly okay and he'd be home in a day or two he hung up.

By the time Hercules stepped out of the shower, MightyMan had fished out a pair of his old sweatsuits for the Greek. "Luckily we have the same size waist," he said. "I've let down the pant legs as far as I could but I think they'll only come down to the tops of your calves. As for the top ... on you it'll fit like a mid-length muscle shirt." And it did, leaving his midriff exposed. Once he'd outfitted Hercules as best he could, he too took a needed shower.

Following a hearty enriched meal, MightyMan wanted to work out. "I have to make sure that I'm as strong as before after this past ordeal with Drago," he told his idol. "I need a vigorous workout session."

The man-god asked if he could join him. The Man of Iron's eyes lit up at the suggestion. "Yeah ... sure," he replied eager to see just how strong his idol really was.

As the afternoon progressed MightyMan pumped tons of massive weights after massive weights as he squatted, bench pressed, clean and jerked, shrugged and curled, impressing the Greek legend. "You strong like Hercules," chortled the man-god. As he stroked his crotch he added, "You turn Hercules on."

When it came time for the legend to workout, his sets blew his host's mind. He not only used even more weights, but every single plate in the gym-- and still he could have used even more. With his mouth gaped wide open, as drool dripped from the corners of his lips, MightyMan could only gasp, "WOW!" Stunned senseless by his idol's display of pure might he could only repeat, "WOW! WOW! WOW! You're totally awesome ... just awesome!"

With every weight in the gym packed onto a barbell Hercules performed a set of 100 overhead presses. If that wasn't a great enough display of his Olympian power, he took that same barbell, and with MightyMan seated across his mammoth shoulders, Hercules did a set of 100 squats as the superhero shouted encouragements to the big guy. "Come on ... you can do 5 more. Don't whimp out. Man-up Hercules, remember who you are. Give me another 10 reps ..."

With their workout completed, both sweat soaked monsters of muscle headed for the showers. The man-god was the first to enter. He turned on the full body shower as MightyMan entered. Both their great cocks were raging with pent up excitement. “Whew! A fantastically great workout today,” praised the superhero as he longingly pursued his idol’s body and his massive muscle butt.

“Not bad,” replied the legend standing under the shower head, his face toward the rear wall. Slowly he stroked his gigantic tool.

As the shower soaked both men, the Caped Knight cuddled right up against Hercules’ humongously muscled back with its deep valleys, ridges and curves. His own great rod slid between Hercules’ monstrous thighs, the head poking the bottom of the legend’s ball sack as it popped out in front.

The man-god slowly turned around to gently grab the superhero in a tender bearhug. They kissed passionately as a shower of water bathed them. MightyMan nuzzled his idol’s neck as Hercules pressed their hips together with his hands on the Caped Knight’s butt, crushing their cocks together. “UHH!” moaned the Man of Iron as his face winched.

MightyMan continued to kiss Hercules’ neck. A smile caressed his face as he placed one hand on the back of the legend’s head and the other on his left lat. “That great big body of yours,” he sighed. “You’re so muscular,” he panted longingly. “I hope to catch up to you someday ...”

As they kissed, MightyMan coltishly humped his stiff rod running it between Hercules’ massive thighs right under his ball sack, bringing the man-god to a loud erotic growl as he threw his head back to catch the full spray of the shower.

Next the superhero grabbed the liquid soap. He started to wash the legend’s mighty chest. As he lathered up his idol, Hercules began to wash MightyMan’s back as their hips pressed ever tighter together. The Man of Iron’s cock became uncomfortably wedged between the man-god’s legs as Hercules’ great tool rode up between their two great bodies. “Oh!” gushed MightyMan. “You look amazing! You feel amazing next to me.”

“You look amazing too,” replied the Greek strongman as he compressed his body even closer. Both men resumed passionately kissing. Playfully, Hercules gently massaged MightyMan’s muscle butt. Then he tenderly lifted him up off his feet in another bearhug as the superhero hungrily kissed his face, neck, traps and shoulders.

When he was released, MightyMan slowly slid down to his knees to begin caressing Hercules’ abs as the legend placed his meaty hands on the Ultimate Muscleman’s massive shoulders. Looking up at his idol, MightyMan sensually ran his hands all over his gigantic chest as he became thoroughly engrossed by his god like beauty. Hercules’ jet black shoulder length hair was plastered to the side of his face and bull neck. It shimmered with an iridescent sheen as countless glistening beads of water droplets cascaded over his manly handsome face and his awesome body.

Once more Hercules threw his head back and sighed. As the superhero continued caressing his body and running his hands all over, the man-god tilted his head down to lovingly gaze upon the Caped Knight.

Putting his hands under MightyMan's shoulders he lifted him up to his feet, then kissed him as he pressed their bodies together. As they continue to kiss, both men ran their hands all over the other's impressive backs. Both moaned and sighed loudly as the warm, refreshing shower flowed down over them. MightyMan wrapped his arms around Hercules in a tender bearhug. He leaned back. Gently he lifted him off his feet as he swung his idol around and around in the shower. They both laughed and giggled loudly as they spun around.

Once back on his feet Hercules again lathered up his hands with the liquid soap to begin erotically washing MightyMan's chest. The superhero groaned in sexual delight as Hercules' cock rode up and over his stomach, occasionally slapping its weight against his wet flesh with a smacking sound.

Both men grabbed each other's obliques as they frolicly humped one another. Both smiled broadly as they longingly stared into each other's eyes. "Your chest ... your back ... drive Hercules mad with desire," raved the legend as he ran his heavy hands all over MightyMan.

"It will ... take me a while ... to catch ... up with ... yours," gasped a breathless superhero, quickly falling under the spell of his idol's hand massage. As his body quivered he rattled, "Those ... magnificent ... pecs of yours ... are ... phenomenal. I could ... suck ... on them ... all ... day."

Turning the legend toward the glass shower wall, The Man of Iron commenced to wash his expansive back. With each stroke of his hand MightyMan breathed heavily. His hands moved in a broad circular motion as he worked his way down to Hercules' mammoth thighs, leaving a thick soapy trail. "I could do this forever," he sensually moaned.

"I like your hands on me," responded a panting Hercules with the side of his face pressed against the glass.

As the superhero continued hand washing his idol's back he friskily ran his middle finger up between the Greek's monstrously huge glutes, making the man-god's body twitch. The great man groan out with pleasure. "You like that?" asked MightyMan. "Maybe someday you'll let me in?"

Surprisingly Hercules' answered with a sheepish grin, "Maybe ... someday."

The Ultimate Muscleman sidled right up to the Greek's back, pressing his body into Hercules. His sex tool shot through his hero's thighs, the head just popping out in front. The legend's ball sack rested on top of it. MightyMan thrust his hands under those gigantic shoulders. In that position MightyMan proceeded to wash his idol's mighty chest. Eventually as his hands move downward

they run over the great man's monstrous cock. Hercules loudly groaned as he leaned back against the superhero. Both men signed, "AHHH!"

The legend turned around to face MightyMan, who went to his knees once more, kissing the great man's chest and groin as he descended. Taking Hercules' giant fuckpole in his hands, he started sucking on the top of that gigantic head. The erotic stimulation forced the legend to fall back against the shower wall.

As both men were bathed in the dense spray of water, Hercules looked down just as MightyMan was finally able to work his lips over the entire head. His cheeks bulged out as if he'd swallowed an exploding bomb. With difficulty he forced the great cock farther down his throat. Holding the sex beast with one hand near its base, he moved his mouth up and down as Hercules passionately moaned. "AHH! Feel good! So Good!"

As he moved up and down on the mammoth tool The Ultimate Muscleman simultaneously masturbated it with both hands wrapped around it. The legend placed his hands on his hips as he continuously sighed out loud. MightyMan looked up to see the greatest body in all of history standing in front of him. His own sex rod bobbed wildly about as he fell hopelessly into worshipping the greatest cock ever.

After a few minutes of putting everything he had into sucking and licking, the superhero removed his saliva filled mouth. "Your cock is totally awesome," he praised as he kept up stroking it. As he continued jacking away he kissed his idol's giant ball sack. He sucked each ball individually, then licked them, driving Hercules into an erotic fit of sexual insanity.

Slowly wiggling his lips back and forth over the great head, MightyMan returned the sex beast to his mouth until he had consumed the entire top. He began in earnest to suck Hercules off, rapidly working his lips up and down as much of the shaft as he could. From time to time the great head slammed into the back of his throat causing him to gag as he involuntarily spat up large wads of spit. Undeterred, he continued.

Placing his hands on the legend's thighs he ferociously sucked away. Occasionally he lifted his mouth off the great tool to catch his breath. As he gasped for air he furiously jacked away at it as he passionately looked up at his hero. Then he eagerly returned the killer rod to continue sucking and jacking.

"You amazing," shouted Hercules as he was being driven wild with desire. "YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!" he bellowed.

Once again removing his mouth off the tool, MightyMan pressed it up against the Greek's stomach with his hand. He leaned forward to suck up Hercules' ball sack, rolling them around in his mouth with his tongue. The legend shrieked out in erotic torment as his great body spasmed. "AHH! AHH! AHH!" he raged as his great body trembled.

Then MightyMan started to lick the backside of the tool all the way up its full 18" length from the base to the top of the head. Slowly he maneuvered his tongue up and down the deeply veined shaft as if licking an all-day sucker. Hercules, his gigantic arms akimbo, threw his head back to let out a great roar as the superhero worked his cock as never before. "ARRRRGH!"

Once again the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe returned the monster sex beast to his mouth. Again he rapidly moved his mouth up and down the huge shaft. "OH ... you suck good!" wailed the legend " ... oh so good!"

Over and over again MightyMan sucked, first slowly, then rapidly as he alternated back and forth. Occasionally he removed the cock from his mouth to catch his breath and to ravenously suck on Hercules' giant ball sack, then licking the underside of his cock from stem to top, all the time driving his idol into a screaming, lustful, sexually induced madness.

Never having been worked like this before the legend stood on buckling legs. He pressed his hands hard against the side walls of the shower to keep upright as he was overwhelmed by the erotic experience. He stood in sexual stupefaction, his mind blown, his teeth chattering out of control as his great body shook uncontrollably, as MightyMan kept driving him toward shooting off his pent up boiling hot loads.

In time the superhero stood up as he turned his idol toward the back wall. "It's muscle butt time," he joyously announced as he went back down to his knees to spread the massive, hard as rock butt cheeks apart. Diving his face deep into the sanctum sanctorum of Hercules' body he unleashed his tongue up into the holy of holies.

The Greek's great body convulsed wildly as MightyMan tongued his love canal. "Oh YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!" screamed the legend at this new experience.

Coming up for air, the Caped Knight started to lick the entire length of his ass crack before diving once again back into his rectum where his tongue flicked in jabbing penetrations and swirled about.

The superhero came up for air a dozen times before returning to the business at hand, burrowing his tongue deep into the greatest muscle butt the world had ever seen. On MightyMan's last breather, Hercules abruptly turned around. His eyes raged with unrequited lust. "You turn," he declared as he forced the Man of Iron back against the shower wall.

As he twisted MightyMan's left chest nipple he grabbed the superhero's throbbing cock in his left hand and began to rapidly masturbate him as he pulled up on it hard. The Ultimate Muscleman cried out in erotic torment. Hercules went down to his knees. Immediately his mouth dove down on the foot-long tool taking it all in his mouth without any difficulty. For several minutes he sucked and tongued the great rod as MightyMan cried out in peels of ecstasy. When the legend lifted his mouth

off, he looked up at the trembling superhero. With a grin from ear to ear he said, "Now you turn go crazy." Instantly he dove back down on the violently bobbing member.

Holding the sex tool with one hand as he furiously sucked away, the man-god used his other hand to massage and tug at MightyMan's ball sack, causing the superhero to wail out in erotic roars. Every now and then Hercules would lift his mouth off the tool to rapidly jack away at it as sigh after sigh rained down on him with every drop of water. He was achieving his goal of driving MightyMan into a sexual stupor.

Grabbing the superhero's hips, Hercules dove all the way down on the over worked cock. He held the captive tool in his mouth. He swirled his thick tongue all around, bathing it in his saliva as he licked it, jabbed at it, sucked it.

As his head rocked back and forth on the wet shower wall, MightyMan's chest heaved in heavy undulating sighs as he cried out, "OH YES! YES! YES! YES! ..." "OH! OH! OH!" he repeatedly moaned as his idol rapidly jacked and sucked on his manmeat. "Oh you suck so good," he shrieked. "Oh ... so fucking good!"

Repeated shouts of "AHH! AHH! AHH!" filled the shower stall as the steam from the hot water mixed with the passionate heat from their foreplay, fogging up the glass until only the faintest images of them could be seen from the outside.

"Oh Yeah!" yelled MightyMan as Hercules commenced licking the underside of his tool, following the great vein from base to the mushroom shaped head. Voraciously he sucked and licked his ball sack. "AHH! AHH! AHH!" wailed the superhero.

"Now you cum," announced Hercules as he took the ravaged cock in his strong grip and started to forcibly masturbate with fast, hard strokes.

"OH ... NO! ... OH ... NO! ... NO! ... NO! ... NO! ... NO!" cried MightyMan as he was compelled to shoot off his hot agitated churning loads. Quickly Hercules threw his mouth down on the spewing, wildly throbbing cock, sucking up all the monstrous loads that poured from it.

As he clamped his teeth tightly on the underside of the head and rammed the tip of his tongue deep into the exploding slit, MightyMan was forcibly driven into overdrive as his sack tightened harshly about his boiling nuts. They churned at supersonic speed, turning out a mother load of sperm in an overwhelming abundance.

Sexually induced screams of oral torture flooded from the superhero's lips as the shower water cascaded all over his violently shaking body. His eyes rolled to the back of his head as he swooned in rapturous euphoria.

When he had been mercifully sucked dry and Hercules had removed his flaccid cock from his mouth, MightyMan, thoroughly exhausted and weak, let out one great moaning sigh as he fell forward over his idol's mammoth shoulder.

The Greek legend stood up with the superhero collapsed over his mammoth right deltoid. His face was beaming with pride and self-satisfaction. With great benign care he lowered the Caped Knight down, sliding him slowly over his own great body. MightyMan softly moaned as he felt himself gliding over his hero until he was on his own two feet. But his legs were unable to support his muscular bulk, and they buckled. Hercules took him in his gargantuan arms. The two began to passionately kiss once more.

When he was finally sufficiently recovered to stand on his own two feet, MightyMan was turned to face the shower wall. "You ready?" asked Hercules.

"Yes ..." answered the Ultimate Muscleman between clenched teeth, his eyes already wincing from the expected pain. Hercules proceeded to insert his giant sex beast up into MightyMan's muscle butt. Still the Man of Iron cried out a horrific scream. "OW!" He whimpered, "Easy big guy ... easy. Take it slow."

By going slower the legend was able to penetrate the superhero without tearing his rectum to bits and pieces as he had done before. MightyMan's face grimaced from the initial shock wave of pain, but once Hercules was inside him, he was able to relax and enjoy the overpowering erotic pleasure of this unique sexual experience.

He even began to coo and purr with each easy sliding motion of the world's strongest cock up in him. The water from the drenching shower helped to lubricate the Greek's tool as he commenced riding the superhero's ass. Faster and faster he plowed the Ultimate Muscleman's. His tenacious fucking sent the Caped Knight into squealing peels of "AHH! AHH! AHH!" and "OH! OH! OH!" with an occasional "YES! YES! YES!" thrown in.

Hercules smiled broadly once he was all the way up MightyMan's ass. The Man of Iron's body and face were constantly slammed hard against the shower wall as he grunted loudly with each forceful fuck. His eyes rolled about and winced as his face alternated between contortions of pain and the elation of pleasure as Hercules continuously let out deep sighs of sexual satisfaction.

Changing pace, the Greek strongman again slowly began to pump the beefy superhero with small jabs of his great cock up and in the Caped Knight's love tunnel. MightyMan responded with hearty burst of "Oh Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" and "Oh my god ... yes! Fuck me Hercules! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! ..."

"How you like," inquired the legend.

“Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh Fuck! ... Yes! Yes! Yes!” replied the bellowing superhero as he tensed every muscle in his great body. His massive arms, cemented to the wall, exploded to their maximum size as he pressed all his weight against them. The veins in his body nearly tore through his flesh as they violently pulsated just under the skin. Screaming like a wild man he yelled, “Oh want a fuck! It feels so good! Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Oh yeah! ...”

As Hercules increased the speed and power of his penetrations MightyMan cried out, “AHH! AHH! AHH!” over and over and over again. His beautifully handsome face continued to alter between torturous pain and ecstatic pleasure.

Seeing the expressions flashing across the superhero’s face on the foggy glass wall, Hercules sadistically grinned as he ratcheted up his mighty hips, pounding away at supersonic speed at MightyMan’s ass. The Greek’s giant ball sack noisily smacked the wet flesh of the superhero’s butt as he drove the Ultimate Muscleman to bend over lower and lower until his upper torso was parallel with the shower floor. “You feel so good on phallus,” growled Hercules, “...like you born for Hercules to fuck.”

MightyMan’s only response was to wail, “AHH! AHH! AHH!” adding, “Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fuck!”

As his hips continued in overdrive Hercules flexed his gigantic arms in a double biceps pose, then clasped his hands behind his head as MightyMan howled, “Fuck me Hercules! Fuck me Hercules! Harder! Harder! Harder! OH YES! YES! Fuck me Hercules! FUCK ME! OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD! AHH! AHH! AHH! ...”

The legend grabbed the superhero’s massive shoulders with both hands and cried out, “I LOVE YOU! LOVE YOU ... YOU!” He worked MightyMan’s muscle butt with all his Olympian strength. He thundered, “I love you ass ... so muscular ... so tight! You best fuck Hercules ever had!”

The rapidly panting Greek slowed down his intense fucking to a crawl, as the shower washed away both their intense body sweat. He placed his hands on his hips. MightyMan’s face was now petrified in pain and pleasure, his mouth wide open as he ravenously gasped for air between crying shrieks and sighs of elation.

After a few minutes of slow fucking, the legend increased the pace. He placed his meaty hands on his own butt cheeks to help him shove his entire cock all the way up MightyMan’s muscled ass.

The superhero’s screams of pain and pleasure echoed off the shower room walls as if mocking his sexually erotic rapture. As he steadily increased the frequency of his penetrations, Hercules tilted his head back. With his mouth wide open to suck in mass quantities of air, his mammoth chest heaved in great heavy waves.

Finally realizing he was driving MightyMan into a sexually induced coma he asked, “You okay?”

Weakly the superhero responded, “Oh fuck ... yes! Fuck me harder ... harder ... harder. I can take it, Hercules. Make me scream my guts out. Fuck me Hercules. Fuck me ...”

The legend shrugged his mountainous shoulders and proceeded to brutally pound his cock all the way in. Like a man possessed he barbarically fucked and fucked the daylights out of the Man of Iron’s ass plowing him into an exalted state of erotic euphoria where he had never been before. MightyMan’s cries increased until he was screaming his head off. His tears of pain were washed away by the shower as quickly as they fell from his wincing eyes.

Then Hercules savagely rammed his monster tool all the way up the Ultimate Muscleman’s butt and held it in. With an impish grim on his face he flexed his great cock, taking MightyMan off his feet. The superhero straightened up as his body slammed into the wall. With his hands clasped behind his head, his biceps bulging to their maximum size, Hercules playfully bounced the Caped Knight up and down, scraping his body over the glass. The sound of MightyMan’s flesh rubbing over the wet glass, mixed with his wailing cries, only excited the man-god to further sexual assaults on the superhero.

He grabbed the Man of Iron around his waist in a reverse bearhug, compressing their two bodies together, front to back. MightyMan, the soles of his feet dangling above the tile floor, bellowed out one mighty roaring scream after another as Hercules sauntered about the shower with him impaled on his cock.

Breathless, sobbing and sexually fatigued, MightyMan collapsed in his idols arms, bending backward, his head coming to rest on the man-god’s shoulder. “Oh god ... how great! Oh god ... how great! Oh god ... great!” was all he could moan. His wildly out of control throbbing cock involuntarily erupted. Huge ribbons of cum blasted out, spraying the wall, only to be washed away by the ever constant pouring water.

Holding MightyMan with only one arm about his waist, Hercules reached in front to take hold of the exploding tool. With a firm grip he jacked off the yelling superhero, rotating his hand as he went up and down the pounding shaft, until he had completely drained all of the Ultimate Muscleman’s pent up juices. With one last mighty cry, MightyMan passed out in his lover’s arm.

With the superhero unconscious, the legend ceased masturbating him. Gently he laid him down on the wet floor only to take the missionary position. To protect MightyMan from the showering water hitting his face, the legend sheltered him by hovering over his body on his hands and knees. As he resumed fucking the unconscious superhero, Hercules started to shot off his hot, horny, steamy loads deep into the Caped Knight’s guts. With the very first supersonic blast, the superhero woke up startled. Quickly the legend gathered him up in a standing, but gentle bearhug. As he continued to unload deep into MightyMan’s body, the two men passionately and ravenously kissed one another with the superhero holding his idol’s face with both hands.

With his great legs curled up onto the mammoth thighs of the Greek, the Man of Iron moaned out loudly in between kissing as he felt his body being bloated by the ever flowing cum inside him. Yet at the same time he felt his strength returning in ever increasing quantities. Breathlessly he moaned, “Oh Yes, Hercules! Fill me up with your love. Fill me to over flowing. Fill me! Fill me! Fill me!” As he cried out he squeezed his butt muscles, forcing every drop of Hercules love juice to be pulled out of his monster cock.

The great legend too cried out in sexual rapture as he was forcibly drained dry. “OH YES! YES! YES! YES!” he shouted at the top of his voice as his great body jolted uncontrollably.

When it was all through, Hercules fell backwards into the stone wall of the shower as MightyMan slid off his sex beast. Both men enfolded one another in a passionate embrace. For several minutes they kissed and hugged each other, rubbing their great bodies together, arousing their libidos once more to a fever pitch.

But both knew they had just experienced the greatest sex they had ever had, perhaps the greatest sex the world had ever known. Both also realized that it was just too soon to repeat it. So, reluctantly, they departed the shower to dry one another off and to relax.

Late in the afternoon the pair of mighty men went outside to sit atop MightyMan’s favorite spot, the rocky promontory overlooking the seacoast with the waves battering themselves senseless against the boulders below. Occasionally the spray from the force of the incoming tide jetted straight up to shower both musclemen. This spit of land with its hidden cave, cut deep into the overhanging cliff, “... is my sanctum sanctorum,” explained MightyMan to his guest. “It’s here that I come to retreat and to think, meditate and relax whenever I can. It’s only a few miles outside of Municipal City, and an ideal location for this purpose. It’s isolated and hidden from view.”

Seated on his rocky perch, MightyMan was curled up between the mammoth legs of Hercules. He was reclined against the legend’s chest with the Greek’s mighty arms wrapped about him as they both gazed out at the churning sea. “I like spot too,” confided his idol as he hugged him and kissed the top his head. “Makes Hercules homesick for Olympus. I have place like this there too. After every adventure I go back to it to find peace and to rest.”

Tilting his face up MightyMan asked, “Are you up for another adventure?”

Hercules face glowed. “Where? When?”

“Tonight,” replied the Caped Knight. “I need to go back to Drago’s headquarters to free my men. Would you like to come along and help?”

“Yes!” roared the legend. “I have score to settle with Mr. Drago!”

“That, my beloved, will have to wait for another day,” advised MightyMan. “Right now the important thing is to get my men out of his clutches and ensure their safety. When the time comes, I’ll need their help to settle all scores with Drago and end his criminal career for good.”

“I want help too,” stated Hercules forcibly. “That bastard make fool out of me. I pay him back good.”

Patting his idol’s mighty arms that snugly enfolded him, the superhero assured him, “When the time is right my love, you’ll be with us. I promise.”

Hercules gently squeezed him as he again tenderly caressed the top of his head.

That night, in the dark sky over Municipal City, a strange sight was seen by pedestrians outside the walls of Drago’s corporate offices. It looked like one massively built man carrying an even bigger man on his back flying across the night sky. Then, suddenly, they vanished behind the massive walls of Drago’s headquarters. Several people crowded in front of the massive wrought iron gates to see if they could see anything, but the figures had vanished.

Inside the crime lord’s International Headquarters two massive solitary figures stealthily made their way into the building by way of a drainage sewer that led directly to the third basement level.

Silently tearing out a 6’ by 6’ screen at the end of the tunnel with his bare hands, MightyMan, accompanied by Hercules, dropped down into a darken corridor. Furtively they made their way to the main cross hallway. Peering through the small window of the emergency exit door, the superhero saw two beefy security guards on their rounds. Patiently they waited until they had passed. Cautiously the Caped Knight broke opened the door as he and his idol slipped out into the corridor and along the wall. Pointing to an intersecting hallway, Hercules whispered, “You men down there.”

Following his idol’s advice, MightyMan and company slowly worked their way down the designated hallway, quickly coming to the three cells containing the League members.

The first member they came across was EagleMan, chained to a concrete wall. His uniform was torn and tattered from being tortured. His cowl-covered head hung down. On hearing a slight noise he looked up. The Caped Knight saw his nose and mouth were bleeding. His body was covered in bloody wounds and scratches. When EagleMan saw his rescuer he started to shout for joy, but MightyMan signaled him to be quiet. He turned to Hercules instructing him to release his other two colleagues.

As silently as he could, the Man of Iron tore open the cell door. Quickly, like a flash, he was inside, ripping the chains out of the wall and off his imprisoned friend. EagleMan fell forward into MightyMan's arms. "You're safe my friend," he said sympathetically. "We've got to get out of here fast before we're detected."

As he was in the process of saving his colleague he could plainly hear his idol noisily ripping the cell doors off their hinges and tearing the chains out of the walls. There was nothing subtle about Hercules.

Picking up EagleMan in his arms he hurried out into the corridor where he ran into Hercules who had WarLord and Gladiator flung across each shoulder in a fireman's carry. Both men were out cold. Their costumes were also ripped to shreds and their bodies bore testament to having been brutally tortured as well.

With lightning speed MightyMan and the legend raced back down the hallway retracing their tracks. Back into the drainage tunnel they went and out again into the night.

Once outside the Ultimate Muscleman put the now unconscious EagleMan over his shoulder as he took hold of Hercules from behind, wrapping his arms around his waist. Instantly he sprang up into the air carrying the weight of all four men and himself. Off to the League hideout deep in the basement of the Kent/Lane Building he flew.

Up in the security office of Drago Headquarters, bending over a monitor, was the crime boss himself. His ever morphing body seemed to be growing bigger muscles with corresponding strength by the hour. He had been watching the entire rescue as it unfolded. Beside him were his two sycophant cohorts, Szatkowski and Petterson.

"But why are you letting them get away?" asked a surprised Petterson.

"Because I don't need those three lousy League members anymore. That's why!" stated a pleased Drago. "Let MightyMan think he got away with something. That will only increase his ego all the more for when I lower the boom on him. I love playing that musclebound ape like a cheap violin. Besides I found out what I wanted to know."

"And what was that?" inquired the stunned scientist.

Standing up his boss stared him straight in the face. "They're steadfastly loyal to MightyMan and the League. They wouldn't give up the location of their secret headquarters as I was beating them

and fucking them senseless. Also by taking them one at a time to the ring, I was able to test out my new muscles and might.”

Putting his hands on his hips he happily continued. “Ah, there’s nothing that can compare to beating the bloody shit out of a superhero, then fucking him as you crush the life out of him in your arms. No wonder MuscleFreak love it so. Simultaneously you not only validate you are a bigger, stronger and superior than they are, but you also are able to strip them of all self-respect as you humiliate them on your cock. Butchering those three beefy pussies in the ring was the single greatest thrill of my life. Believe me, if there was a disloyal bone in their bodies, they would have squealed their guts out as I ripped them a new asshole on my cock.”

After a brief pause the self-satisfied crime boss added as he flexed his greatly increased arms, “I can’t wait until I’m as big as MightyMan, which should be in a couple of weeks at the rate that I’m developing. Then when I get him in the ring I’ll massacre the bum. As much as I enjoyed fucking his colleagues, I’ll enjoy fucking him a thousands times more.” At the thought of his impending conquest over his superhero nemesis, Drago’s sex tool sprang to life as it visibly fought against the inside of his trousers.

“But how will you be able to get MightyMan back if he’s saved his men?” queried a most perplexed Petterson.

“Because I’ll know where every one of those superbums will be,” stormed his irate boss.

“But how will you know?” asked an even more perplexed Petterson.

“While those three super wanna-a-bees were unconscious, Szatkowski surgically implanted a micro-chip homing device on the inside of their butt cheeks. So whenever I want to know where they are, I just turn on this tracking device and I’ll know. I’m sure MightyMan will take them to their secret headquarters so they can hide out and recuperate. By using this tracking device, I’ll finally know where their headquarters is located.”

“But what about MightyMan? How can you track him? You can’t surgically operate on him. No knife is sharp enough to cut through his flesh!” argued Petterson.

“Simple,” stated Drago flatly. “While he was my prisoner and out cold, good Doctor Szatkowski gassed him, then glued the same micro-chip to the inside of his butt crack where it can’t be seen or felt. He’ll never know. I’ve been tracking him ever since he’s escaped. I now know where he hides out. And I tracked him coming here tonight. I was prepared for his visit. So you see

Dr. Petterson, I have everything well in hand.”

Shaking his head in wonderment, Petterson still asked, “That’s all well and good, to know where they all are, but how will you get MightyMan to come back to face you and fight you now that he’s freed all his friends?”

“The Excellatron, that’s how!” shot back his boss. “When I’m ready to meet him for the final show down, all I’ll have to do is flick the Excellatron on and off, on and off. Hercules’s image will keep fading in and out, in and out. That will send our MightyMan into a state of shock and horror ... to think that he could lose his great love will be unbearable for him. He’ll have to come back in order to save Hercules from permanently being obliterated from the scene. That will mean more to him than his three buddies that he rescued tonight. His great love ... Hercules. Then I’ll have him right where I want him. He’ll have to fight me to save his idol’s life. Then I’ll destroy him in the ring.”

“But what about Hercules,” asked an incredulous Petterson. “Wouldn’t he come to MightyMan’s rescue, to save his lover?”

“Not if you turn off the Excellatron at the appropriate time,” mocked a sneering Drago.

“Oh. OH! I see!” answered Petterson.

“I’m glad you do,” retorted his boss. Still harboring a massive hardon, the crime lord lecherously leered at his two hunky scientists. A gleam entered his eyes. “Say, I have an idea,” he said sharply. “Why don’t the three of us go down to the gym and I’ll take you both on. You can double team me. I need to keep testing my newfound strength and my muscles. Besides, my more powerful cock needs a workout. It’s driving me crazy. So what do you say?”

Both well built scientists looked at one another, then back at their boss. Hesitantly they agreed and departed with him to his private gym.

MightyMan entered the League office with EagleMan hanging over his massive shoulder. Trailing behind was Hercules, carrying both Gladiator and WarLord. Once inside and the lights had been turned on, the Caped Knight placed the unconscious EagleMan down on a bed in their private infirmary. His hero followed suit with his two charges. All three beaten and battered superhero’s laid on their beds without stirring. “I need to get our physician over here,” said a concerned MightyMan. “He’ll know how to treat them. I’ve never seen them so physically thrashed and bloody. What they must have gone through...”

“Why you got?” asked Hercules as he pointed all around the room at the medical equipment and the beds.

“We have our own private infirmary because it would never do for the public to see us injured. It would erode public confidence in us,” explained the Man of Iron.

Within the hour Dr. John Hennigan appeared at League Headquarters, medical bag in hand. The 6’ 1” tall physician had packed 230 pounds of solid muscle on his frame. The thirty something doctor was not only well built, but stunningly handsome with long, shoulder length dark hair. He had always taken MightyMan’s breath away. This night he also took Hercules’ breath away as well.

As Hennigan examined his patients, the Greek man-god took the Man of Iron aside in the next room to whisper in his ear. “Doctor beautiful man ... nice body too. Why he no superhero like others? He look fit to fight crime.”

Whispering back MightyMan explained, “We need him far too much to patch us up when we’ve had a tough battle. We couldn’t spare him to fight crime, although he’d like to be one of us.”

“You trust him not to tell Drago about hideout?” asked Hercules.

“Implicitly,” stated the Ultimate Muscleman. “He’s young but most trustworthy. As you see, we put out lives and our bodies in his hands. He’s never failed us yet.”

Eyeing the good doctor lecherously the legend asked sheepishly, “You ... ever ... have ... him? He look like good fuck.”

Astonished by the question MightyMan recoiled back answering, “No! None of us have. That would ruin our professional relationship with him. He’s much too valuable to us as our doctor to involve him in some tawdry affair or a one-night stand.”

“Just curious,” replied Hercules as he shrugged his mammoth shoulders. “He most beautiful,” he added as he massaged his bulging, throbbing crotch.

“You’re insatiable,” said MightyMan somewhat jealous.

Realizing he’d made a blunder, the mighty Greek said quickly. “No harm looking.” Turning to MightyMan he put both hands on his shoulders, “You know I love you best. No man satisfies me like you and never will. You my heart ... now ... forever.” Leaning forward he kissed him with such passion that the Caped Knight nearly swooned.

When they parted MightyMan could only sigh, “WOW!”

Once Dr. Hennigan had finished his extensive examination of the three superheroes he approached MightyMan and his massively built companion.

“Well Doctor. What’s your diagnoses?” asked MightyMan.

“They’re awake now. I’ve talked to each one as I examined them. What I’ve discovered is not good, but it certainly could be worse,” he replied. “They’ve all been severely beaten by Drago. They all have internal injuries. I’ll know more after I’ve x-rayed them. Their faces have suffered a bad beating, broken noses, cheekbones, fractured jaws, cuts, abrasions. Their ribs are cracked ...” said the hesitant physician.

“Come on Doctor. You’re holding something back,” speculated MightyMan. “All these things can be mended. What aren’t you telling me?”

Taking a very deep breath that accentuated his well muscled pectoral development, Hennigan blurted out, “They’ve all been brutally raped, by Drago.”

“Ah jeeze,” bellowed MightyMan.

“Their sphincter muscles are severely shredded,” continued Hennigan. “I’ll need to operate to stitch them back together. But it’s their psychological condition that worries me.”

”What do you mean?” inquired MightyMan.

“They’re not handling being raped very well,” he replied with great concern echoing his every word. “It’s never happened to them before. It’s destroyed their self confidence. They feel violated and that’s playing heavily on their minds. Apparently as Drago was fucking them, his trash talk stripped them of all their dignity and confidence. He left them with nothing ... and nothing is what they’re dealing with, emotionally. It may take a long time for them to come back from what they perceive as a thorough disgrace and humiliation.”

The good Doctor’s report left MightyMan shocked to the core. His brave and fearless colleagues had been reduced to shame riddled men who felt themselves no longer superheroes, champions of right and justice.

“Do what you need to do,” advised the Caped Knight as he shook Hennigan’s hand. “May I go in to see them now?”

“Certainly,” replied the doctor. “I’m sure a visit from you will do them a world of good.”

When MightyMan entered the infirmary with Hercules in tow, the three brutally fucked and battered superheroes shook with fear as they cowered in their beds like frightened children at the sight of the Greek legend. Seeing the once brave and muscular men, shaking uncontrollably in dreadful trepidation, sickened the Caped Knight's heart.

It took all of MightyMan's powers of persuasion to convince his colleagues that Hercules was now on their side.

Later that night back at his Citadel of Peace hideout, as they were preparing to go to bed, Hercules could sense something was troubling his superhero lover. "What on mind?" he inquired. "What worry you?"

MightyMan replied by simply shaking his head. "It's nothing," he finally said as the two men crawled into bed.

"Something I think," answered the legend. He reached over to tenderly pull the superhero over to him. With great compassion he kissed his face as he coaxingly said, "Tell Hercules what makes you look worried. Come ... tell me,"

"It's just ..."

"Just what?"

"It was just too easy tonight," blurted out MightyMan. "The rescue was just too easy. There should have been some stiff resistance from the guards. But there was none. It was just too easy." Turning to his idol he asked, "Don't you think it was too easy?"

"I think you worry too much," replied the man-god as he continued to caresses his lovers face. "No worry no more. Some time things come easy, other time no. But Hercules knows how to take mind off worries and relax," he said as he crawled under the covers to gently capture MightyMan's sex tool.

"OOOH!" cooed the Ultimate Muscleman as he felt the wet lips of his idol encompassing his cock. "You're insatiable. Just insatiable," he moaned as he too dove under the covers.

Chapter Twenty-Two: Texas Honeymoon

With his League colleagues in the good and capable hands of hunky Dr. Hennigan, MightyMan and Hercules flew off to the McAllister ranch in Texas.

David's mother was in the kitchen putting up preserves, when she heard the distinctive sound of her son's sonic boom overhead. Hurriedly she wiped her hands clean on her apron and rushed to the front porch.

Pushing the screen door open she stepped out onto the porch. She joyously greeted her beloved son. As the pair of mighty men bounded up the steps, David's mother threw her arms around her boy's thick neck, smothering his handsome face with kisses as she cried uncontrollably.

Realizing she was embarrassing her only child in front of his special friend, she restrained herself with difficulty as she wiped her tears away on her apron. Sheepishly David introduced Hercules to her. Gallantly her sons' idol took her petite hand in his mighty hand. With great delicacy he kissed it, sending shivers up Mrs. McAllister's spine. Like a flushed schoolgirl she crooned, "Ahh ... how sweet." Stepping back she lauded, "My, what a handsome son I have, and what an extremely handsome friend he has. You both make my heart flutter." Eagerly she ushered them into the house.

Once inside the main parlor David asked, "Where's dad?"

"In his study," answered his somewhat reluctant mother. "He'd like to see you as soon as possible," she added cautiously.

Turning toward his lover David proudly said, "Come and meet my father."

"May be it would be better if you went into see your father first ... before introducing your guest," advised the former empress as she nervously eyed Hercules.

Unsure what his mother was hinting at, David excused himself to enter his father's study.

Mrs. McAllister, ever the perfect hostess, invited the massively muscled Greek to sit down in the specially built, reinforced chair that was made exclusively for her son. Skillfully she engaged him in a friendly conversation, putting Hercules right at ease. At ease that is until raised muffled voices were heard coming from the study. Quickly she conducted the hulking legend to her sowing parlor at the rear of the house where they would not be disturbed.

“How could you bring that murdering musclebound bastard into this house!” bellowed David’s father, his face beet red with rage. The veins in his nearly bald head and neck straining just under the skin. “Have you no compassion for hearth and home?”

“Father, he saved my life. He helped me to escape the clutches of Drago,” staunchly defended his son. “He even helped me rescue WarLord, Gladiator and EagleMan. I couldn’t have done it without him.”

“He tried to butcher you in front of the whole world and damn near succeeded too,” retorted his irate dad. “He humiliated and disgraced you on his cock! Your mother and I had to sit through that horrible replay on television. It shocked and sickened us both. Do you have any idea what you put your mother through ... the heartache and trauma? And you have the gall to bring that overly musclebound freak right into her home as if nothing happened!”

“But dad, he’s not what you think,” argued MightyMan. “Drago lied to him, deceived him, used him to get to me. Once I explained everything he realized Drago had duped him.”

“BAH!” snarled his father as he dismissively waved his hand.

“He hates Drago as much as I do,” continued David. “He wants to get his hands on him too.” Taking a deep breath David softly added, “Besides dad ... isn’t it only natural that I should fall in love with someone of my own race?”

“What are you talking about?” groused Alydaar.

“Didn’t you tell me that Hercules was one of us, that his father, Zeus, was from our planet, as were all the Greek gods?”

Reluctantly the former ruler of Titania nodded his head.

“Well, I love him with all my heart. Hercules is everything I’ve ever hoped for, dreamt about, pined for. He’s fulfilled all my longings ... my loneliness. Do you have any idea how lonely I’ve been all these years. I’ve never had anybody who I could be totally with, have a sexual relationship with, love without physically harming them-- not even BicepBoy. I always had to hold back even with him so I wouldn’t damage or hurt him in some way. I don’t have to do that now with Hercules. I can abandon any fear of harming him. I can throw all my being and passion into loving him without fear of injuring him. I can throw caution to the wind. He’s the man I want, the one that I desperately need. And nothing you or anyone can say will ever alter that fact.”

“You’re talking romantic nonsense, like a lovesick teenager suffering through puppy love,” scoffed his father.

Quickly changing the subject, David's dad went on. "Besides you have no right to put your precious life in such danger in the first place. You have a much higher obligation, duty to your country, your people. Why can't you understand that!" stormed the former emperor to his heir. "Stop all this superhero tomfoolery!"

"Dad, we've had this conversation many times before. You know why I can't stop being MightyMan. I'm doing what I need to do. You gave me those principles to live by." Putting his hand on his father's broad shoulder he stared him straight in the eye. "They're the code by which I live. They're my *raison d'être*. You're the one who taught and ingrained those ideas into me. Were they all lies?"

Softened by his son's logic, the former Emperor of Titania placed his forehead in the hollow between his son's massive pecs and began to sob. "You're my only son. I love you," he wept as he hugged his boy tightly. "Everything you do has a profound effect on your mother and me, and on the future of our planet and its people. Of course I get angry when I feel you're needlessly putting your life in harm's way. That's what any loving father would do."

"But it IS my life, not yours; and I have every right to live it as I see fit. You have to rely on my judgment, dad. You have to trust me to do the right thing. After all, isn't that the sign of a good ruler? The people must trust their leaders to do the right thing. And the leaders must trust their people. Trust is everything in successfully ruling a country."

Lifting his tear-stained face to look up at his strapping son, Alydaar let a small smile creep across his lips. "How did you get to be so smart?"

"I had the best teacher in the world ... my father," replied MightyMan, his every word choked with emotion.

Both men embraced and hugged one another for the longest time.

With moistened eyes, both father and son parted. Clearing his throat of emotion, the former emperor said, "Well lets go out and meet this man you so obviously love." As they walked toward the study door, their arms wrapped around one another's shoulders, David's father stated, "I've never met an ancient historical personage before. This ought to be an experience." Both lightly chuckled.

When they entered the main parlor neither David's mother or Hercules were anywhere to be seen. "Katarina!" shouted Alydaar. "Katarina, where are you?"

"I'm here in my sowing room," replied David's mother "and stop yelling."

Father and son walked down the long hallway corridor to the rear room. The door was open. Standing on a chair, Alydaar's wife, with tape measure in hand, was taking Hercules' shoulder measurements.

"What are you doing?" asked her husband.

"What does it look like I'm doing. I'm measuring Hercules for some clothes. After all, I make all of David's since no store carries his size, not even those specialty shops. So I thought I'd make some for our guest too. He certainly can't keep going around in these old sweats of David's. There so unbecoming. He'll need some western clothes and some city outfits as well."

Both father and son smiled broadly as they tried to restrain from laughing out loud at the sight of Hercules, standing at attention, his gigantic arms outstretched while David's mother attempted to measure his totally awesome delts and lats. Alydaar shrugged his huge shoulders. "What can I say ... she's a real mother hen. No chick is safe while she's around." Everyone broke out laughing.

Stepping forward, David's father took the lead in introducing himself. Hercules and his lover's dad vigorously shook hands. Alydaar winced from the force of the Greek's handshake. "You have quite a powerful grip," he chortled as he shook out his hand to return the blood flow to his fingers.

David's mother tenderly slapped the back of Hercules' head. "Stop moving about," she ordered. "I want to get these measurements right. Otherwise your clothes will look like they were made out of stitched together flour sacks." With meek obedience on his face, the mighty Greek resumed his stationary position.

"Mother, when you're through, I'd like to take Hercules around and show him our place," said David, adding, "I think he'll enjoy seeing it. Besides there's a special place I dearly want to show him."

"Ah, the barn I bet," surmised his father.

David nodded his head.

"Well you're not going anywhere until you both have had something to eat," his mother lovingly stated as she stepped down from the chair. "Give me ten minutes and come to the kitchen and have your lunch," she said as she departed from the room. "Remember ... ten minutes."

Looking his lover in the face, a smiling Hercules said, "You have loving mother."

"David has a bossy one that's for sure," chuckled Alydaar.

Following a hearty country lunch both musclemen walked about the ranch. David was wearing his cowboy clothes, boots, western cut jeans, studded shirt and his Stetson hat. Hercules, on the other hand, was outfitted by David's mother, in one of her son's old pairs of jeans and a shirt that she quickly altered with gussets so they would fit. Attired as a real Texas cowboy the legend sauntered about happy and contented.

First they visited the stables so David could see his favorite horse, Invincible, then the sheep sheering barn, the milking barn and the accompanying dairy processing plant. Next they visited the tannery shop which made all sorts of leather goods, including footwear. While there, Hercules was outfitted with a pair of finely hand-tooled boots to replace his sandals. Finally they ended up at the ranch's largest hay barn. There they climbed up to the highest loft to David's childhood hideout. "You have no idea how many endless hours I spent up here," explained a gleeful MightyMan. "It's here that I read and learned all about you. It's here that I first fell in love with you,"

"Here?" questioned Hercules. "Why here?"

David walked over to some staked hay bales and started to gingerly toss them away, revealing his childhood memorabilia. Hidden in a large, studded leather chest, buried beneath a mountain of hay bales, was his treasure trove of Marvel comics along with Sir Walter Scott's novel of Ivanhoe, Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island, stories about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table and his favorite reading material of all, The Seven Labors of Hercules. Here too were countless movie stills from the sword and sandal films of the late fifties and sixties.

Humbly he showed Hercules all the material he had gathered on his life. "See, I have all this stuff about you. I've seen every film made about you and I have all these movie pictures of the men who played you from Steve Reeves to Kirk Morris, Mark Forest, Reg Parks and all the others. I have them all."

Stunned senseless by the huge collection, Hercules was speechless. Slowly he collected himself. "All ... these ... people played ... me ... in ... movies?" he stammered unable to comprehend its significance, yet at the same time feeling flattered.

"Yes, all these men portrayed you in hundreds of films," reassured David proudly. "So you see, even today, everyone in the world knows about you and your mighty deeds."

Finding his knees bucking under this overwhelming, but most pleasantly gratifying surprise, the legend stated, "Hercules need sit down," as he plopped himself on an overturned hay bale. He hit so hard that the weight of his body split the bale. An explosion of hay blasted all over the loft as the Greek dropped hard to the floor on his muscle butt.

David raced over to his fallen lover offering his hand. He helped him up to his feet. Hercules, staring into his lover's eyes, scooped him up in his arms in a hard hug as he showered his face with kisses.

"You truly love Hercules," he yelled joyously in between his mighty embraces. "Hercules truly love you too," he roared.

Both men feverishly hugged and kissed as their passions rose to overpower them both. Clothes were ripped, torn and stripped until they were both stark naked. Boots were kicked off their feet and David's cowboy hat was thrown onto a nearby hay bale.

The superhero picked the big man up in his arms. Cradling him, he walked over to some hay bales to tenderly lay his lover down on them. Following a few passionate pecking kisses MightyMan came to rest at the far end of his lover's feet.

They laid on the hay bales, their crotches pressed up tight together, their legs overlapping, the soles of their feet staring the other in the face. Longingly, lecherously they eyed one another as they fondled the other's cock and balls.

David rose up on his knees. He placed his hands under Hercules' massive shoulders. He leaned forward on his haunches. His great cockhead pressed into the underside of the legend's massive sex tool. Passionately he repeatedly kissed his lover as his cockhead tenderly jabbed away at Hercules' manmeat.

He sprawled out on top of the Greek, his tool digging deep into the underside of Hercules' shaft as they continued embracing one another. The mighty legend wrapped his arms about David's shoulders as the superhero started to rapidly hump away.

David hungrily kissed Hercules' neck as he began to worship his lover's massively muscled body, starting with his rich, full lips and his gorgeously handsome face.

Hercules moved his mighty arms lower and wrapped them around David's waist, pressing his lover's magnificent body into his as they continued to ravenously kiss one another.

Letting his fingers, tongue and lips do his walking, David worked his way down the great muscular body of his lover, kissing, licking and sucking all the way as the great legend sighed peals of "ooohs" and "ahhhs," and loud breaths.

MightyMan commenced sucking, licking and gnawing at the large nipples on Hercules' mammoth chest, causing the big man to squeal and physically squirm about on the bale of hay. Slowly he worked his way down to the Greek's solid brick-hard abs as he gently took hold of Hercules' sex beast in his hand. He lifted the great cock up to vigorously caress it, then the large ball sack

beneath. He then took the legend's nuts into his mouth to roll them around as he rapaciously sucked and licked them, causing the big man to moan out loudly in erotic pleasure.

Returning to the great sex rod he enfolded it in both his hands as he ardently made love to it. With his lips and tongue he steadily worked the giant cock into his mouth. On his knees, David forced his mouth up and down on the mighty shaft as he pulled on his own mighty manmeat. Hercules' right hand dropped hard across MightyMan's left shoulder, as he just laid there thoroughly enjoying the oral sex.

Lovingly Hercules started to stroke the side of David's face, brushing his hair away from his lover's eyes. Then he stroked his lover's lats as David continued his oral assault on his great cock.

Once again David scrunched down to suck the Greek's ball sack before returning to his mighty tool. Hercules thrust both his hands behind his head and flexed as David looked up at him with an impish glint in his eyes.

Getting into the act, Hercules started to pump his hips, shoving his cock up and down David's throat. Both mighty men moaned loudly with overlapping choruses of "gmmmmfhs" and "mmrrrrnnnnnggs."

David withdrew his mouth from the rock-hard cock. With one hand firmly gripped on the base of his lover's mammoth rod, he seriously worked away at the great head, sucking, kissing and paint brushing it with his tongue, as his left hand plied Hercules' right nipple.

Then David returned the legendary sex beast into his mouth as he rolled over onto his left side across his lover's right leg to earnestly begin jacking himself as Hercules drove his cock up and down his throat.

As he sucked, David halted stroking his own great cock. He leaned forward to power dive down onto Hercules' tool as he started to finger fuck the great man's hole. The mighty Greek roared out a series of great screaming cries of pleasure.

A few minutes later David changed his tactics. He removed his fingers from Hercules' muscular butt to grab hold of his cock, and as his mouth moved up and down on the great shaft his right hand followed-- squeezing and masturbating it, driving the mighty legend into bellowing roars of pleasure.

Hercules firmly took hold of David's head with both hands. He forced him up and down his cock shaft as he continued to wail out great sighs of erotic sighs. When he released his lover's head he ran his hands down David's mountainous chest to knead his nipples and massage his great pecs.

David continued to stroke and suck the legend's cock, picking up the speed to go faster and faster. Hercules' gigantic arms fell back onto the hay bale as he surrendered to David's boiling hot oral tactics. He powered up his hips to ram his mighty cock up and down the superhero's overworked throat. As Hercules laid there-- his hips in overdrive-- he flexed his mammoth guns, driving David into a total state wanton lust.

Exhausted and sweating profusely, David, gasping away, removed his mouth to sit up. Taking Hercules' violently throbbing cock in his hand he commenced jacking away at it as he vigorously stroked his own out of control bobbing sex tool. With a determined glare in his eyes and on his face, he forcefully jacked away for all he was worth.

Once more overcome with exhaustion from his powerful effort, David, with his back propped up by a hay bale, scrunched back down, pushing his groin up into Hercules crotch. Again with their mighty legs overlapping, both men started to masturbate themselves off as they lecherously eyed one another.

Quickly they exchanged cocks, jacking each other off. With hard powerful strokes they went at one another, driving each other into competing cries of "Oooh yeah!" and sighs of "Ahhhs!"

Faster and harder they jacked away, both equally determined to make the other cum first. With their ball sacks crammed tightly together they flailed away at their lovers cock like possessed mad men.

When neither one shot off their loads, David took hold of both their cocks. With their mighty tool squeezed tightly together back to back in his hands, David energetically jacked away, again driving each other into loud moans of erotic delight.

Having had enough of his lover's attempt at trying to dominate him, Hercules slapped his hands away. He recaptured David's cock in his hand as MightyMan retook his. Both muscle men's eyes flashed with unbridled determination to jack the other off first.

Like some crazed jungle animals they viciously pounded away at one another. With every mighty stroke they screamed their heads off as sexual erotic insanity overwhelmed them.

After several minutes of this fierce competition with no results, a modicum of sanity returned. Hercules sat up against a hay bale. David stood up, only to prop his knees on the sides of the hay bales, on either side of his lover's face. He straddled Hercules' massive shoulders as he inserted his savagely throbbing cock into the legend's ready mouth. Hercules, massaging David's muscle butt cheeks, ravenously sucked on his foot-long rod.

A little later David, still straddling both hay bales on either side of Hercules, squatted farther down, again running his tool into the Greek's mouth. As he vigorously sucked away, Hercules massaged David's balls with his one hand as he stroked his own great cock with the other.

From time to time as David squatted up and down, Hercules ceased massaging his nuts to insert his fingers up into his lover's exposed puckering butt hole. All the while he continued to jack away at his own manmeat.

At one point Hercules withdrew his mouth from David's straining cock. With both hands placed on the superhero's muscle butt, he forced him to squat real low over his face so he could more easily suck on David's balls, taking both into his horny mouth, causing his lover to squeal like a school girl.

Hercules then plowed his fist up David's ass, lifting the superhero up in the air to reinsert his cock into his mouth. Impaled on his fist, the Greek kept pumping David up and down as he mercilessly sucked away at his sex tool.

"AH! FUUUUUUCK!" wailed David as his face flashed between intense pain and rapturous pleasure.

When Hercules removed his fist, he sadistically grabbed his lover by his hips to power slam him down over his violently trembling cock. "AHH! AHH! AHH! AHH!" roared David as he was once more crucified on the greatest cock in the world.

Then, while he was sitting completely down on all of Hercules' sex beast, David reached over to grab his Stetson from a nearby hay bale. Looking his mighty lover square in the eyes, his own handsome face plastered in sexual pain, he explained through gritted teeth, "In Texas whenever we ride a horse, we always wear our hat. Since I'm going to ride your horse cock, I need my Stetson."

With his hands firmly planted on David's butt, a smiling Hercules powered him up and down as he sucked his nipples, driving MightyMan into screaming cries of erotic torture.

As Hercules lifted David's butt up and down he caressed his lover's pecs only to return to his previous nipple sucking. Occasionally David would lean over to passionately kiss his beloved tormentor.

With deep sighs David moaned and whimpered as he was powered up and down on that great sex beast. Thoroughly enjoying being totally dominated, he flexed his mighty arms before clasping his hands behind his neck, continuously sighing loud groans as his face registered both intense pain and pleasure.

With Hercules' 18" completely crammed up his butt hole, David took over the reigns. He powered up his enormous thighs, pumping himself up and down on with tremendous speed. Hercules released his butt to clasp his hands behind his head. He laid there totally mesmerized by his lover's actions.

David reached up to take his cowboy hat off. As his hips worked overtime, he swung his arm back and forth as if riding a bucking bronco, slapping his hat brim across his thigh and shouting at the top of his voice, "HEE HAW! RIDE 'EM COWBOY!"

To add more pain and pleasure, the mighty Prince of Power began to drive his hips up and down as well, bull dozing his mammoth sex beast up and down David's overworked muscle butt. His lover's cries intensified. "HEE HAW! HEE HAW! RIDE 'EM COWBOY! WHOOPIE!"

David's ear-shattering cries filled the great barn as loose flakes of straw rained down on the floor three stories below. "OH MY GOD!" bellowed David "OH GOD ... GOD ... YOU ARE MY GOD!" he shouted.

"Oh yeah! Oh yeah! YEAH!" roared Hercules in sheer sexual satisfaction as David continued to ride his cock and slap his Stetson across his thigh.

As the pain and pleasure conquered his mind and trembling body, David was forced to drop his arm down to his side as his hat fell from his fingers. His mouth was wide open so he could gasp in great volumes of air into his mighty heaving chest. Sweat poured from his forehead to shower his great body. "Ahh! Ahh! ... How great! ... How Great!" screamed David as Hercules plowed his massive cock up into him faster and faster. Powering his hips into overdrive, he was plowing David into a state of sexual lunacy.

"Yeah! Yeah! Ride Hercules phallus," raved the legend as he clenched his teeth and scowled from his mighty effort.

With both hands once again tightly gripping David's butt, Hercules sadistically power slammed him up and down his killer sex beast as David continuously screamed his head off. "I force you to shoot," commanded Hercules emphatically as he lifted David almost off his cock, only to super power slam him back down. He held his lover completely impaled on all his 18 mighty inches crammed up into his muscle butt.

With one gigantic bellowing roar, David's cock involuntarily blasted out one super size load after another, totally covering Hercules' massive chest. So powerful were these volcanic emissions that David swooned. His eyes rolled to the back of his head. He collapsed forward, onto his mighty lover as Hercules kept power fucking his lover's ass.

Even unconscious David continued to shoot off inhuman amounts of loads. When he finally ceased, Hercules began to erupt deep up into his guts. The Olympian force of the rushing cum surging up into him instantly revived MightyMan. His great body jerked upright. As Hercules kept shooting up into him, David once more leaned forward. The two mighty lovers passionately embraced.

Capturing David in his arms, the mighty Greek rolled over, to continue shooting off his loads in the missionary position. As his massive body strained and bucked to extract every last ounce of cum, Hercules collapsed over his lover, damn near crushing him. The hay bales they laid upon all broke, sending more flakes of hay raining down to the barn floor below.

For several minutes both mighty men laid motionless, with the Greek smothering his lover's body. In time David managed to extricate himself from under Hercules by rolling him over onto his back. So great was their exhaustion that even more time passed before both lovers were able to rally themselves.

Once sufficiently recovered they put their boots on and got to their feet. Following some emotional hugs and embraces, they gathered up the tattered remnants of their clothes. They climbed down from the loft to the heavily laden straw-covered barn floor. So thick was the hay that it came up to MightyMan's knees.

At the barn door, David cautiously peaked out to see if the coast was clear. It was. Hurriedly both men raced-- naked-- with their bundled-up clothes tucked tightly under their arm, to the ranch house. On entering his home, David heard the soft whirring of his mother's sewing machine from the back of the house. Quickly the lovers scampered up the stairs to David's bedroom. Following a quick shower David got dressed. "Stay here," he instructed. "I'll go down and see if mother has made some clothes for you to wear." Within minutes he was back with a full Texas wardrobe for his lover.

Chapter Twenty-Three: A Threat Renewed

The following day, at David's insistence, his father took Hercules into his study to explain the origins of the Greek gods. Some two hours later the legend, stumbled into the living room on bucking legs, a look of shell shock covered his handsome face.

"My love ... are you all right?" inquired a concerned David.

Hercules stammered something incoherently.

"What? I didn't get what you said."

The mighty Greek repeated himself, this time more audibly. "Need to sit."

"Sure. Sure," said David as he led his lover to his personal reinforced chair.

Once seated Hercules started to come around. “You ... knew?” he blurted out.

“I only found out about it a few months ago, after my fight with Vulcan,” replied David. Tenderly stroking Hercules’ mighty arm he added, “It’s all right my love. Nothing has changed.”

Still with a look of incoherence covering his face, he looked up at his muscular boy friend. The Prince of Power stammered, “You ... me ... we’re ... same.” Quickly his features began to register their usual normalcy as his brain processed the startling information. “That’s why ... I no could destroy you. ... as hard ... as I tried. You like me ... invincible. I loved you’d for that. Now ... understand. We’re same. You Olympian god too ... like me.” As he spoke Hercules mood changed from startled disbelief to relief.

Bounding out of the chair he smilingly bellowed, “WE’RE SAME!” Instantly he whipped his mighty arms around David’s waist. He hoisted him up off his feet, kissing his face as he joyously spun around and around laughing and kissing his lover all over before planting a passionate, ardent embrace on David’s lips. The two stayed in that lip lock for several seconds.

When they finally parted all David could breathlessly say was “WOW!” However he quickly added, “You and I will never be alone as long as we have each other.” Still wrapped up in the legion’s arms he eagerly returned the overly zealous, heart pounding kiss, sighing in between mutual kisses, “We have each other. We’ll always have each other ... forever.”

Over the next week the lovers went out on horseback every day to explore the vast McAllister ranch. At night they caroused with the ranch hands in their bunkhouse. One night, after the dynamic duo took on all challengers, sometimes two at a time, in an arm-wrestling contest, winning every bout, David’s curiosity got the better of him. “What ever happened to Andy Bick?” he meekly asked.

A strange silence ensued until a brave, but nervous, cowboy answered, “He ... he ... quit ... right after you ... embarrassed him.”

“Hell ... humiliated is more like it,” stated another cowboy emphatically.

Not knowing what to say, David shrugged his massive shoulders as a look of sheepish guilt crossed his face.

“I heard he got a job over at the Bollea ranch,” said another cowhand. “He’s terrorizing everyone over there now.”

A few nervous chuckles floated over the bunkhouse. A third cowboy eagerly interjected, "We're well rid of him ... thanks to you." At that the ranch hands broke out into spontaneous applause and hearty cheers, followed by a round of appreciative back slapping that David took good-naturedly.

The next morning the pair of beefy lovers went out riding in the foothills overlooking the ranch. On a cliff just above David's favorite swimming hole they came upon a derelict water tower that had seen better days. It had no roof in order to catch rain water as it fell from the sky. Abandoned and neglected for decades, its support legs and wooden cross braces were in dire need of repair. There were great chunks missing from the structure. Around its base lay pieces of wooden struts that had fallen off over the years. It was perched on the highest spot of the cliff over hanging a narrow, but deep canyon cut into the Earth by a meandering stream that emptied into the Liano River.

The pair dismounted, tying their horses up to a nearby tree. As they walked over to the cliff's edge, to look down at the valley below, Hercules, in an expansive mood, put his mighty arms gently about David's waist, turning him around to face him. With the greatest tenderness he embraced his lover full on the lips. So intense was the kiss that David's left leg involuntarily rose up behind him.

"You make Hercules happy," stated the legion emphatically. "Hercules never been so happy ... contented, fulfilled or loved. Last few days have been best in my life."

With great delicacy he brushed David's wind swept hair away from his face with his fingers as he hungrily stared at him.

His lover knew that look all too well. He wanted him then and there. And David wanted him equally as bad. Both their hard cocks noticeably bulged against their tight-fitting jeans.

"No man ever my equal," stated Hercules softly. "You only one. I want to feel what like to be taken by man my equal." As he continued passionately kissing David he gently pleaded, "Please, take me. I want feel you inside me. I want feel your love. Fill me up with your love. Please!"

As if struck by a bolt of lightning, David, completely bowled over by his lovers request, unconsciously led him over to the water tower. "I know you want me for long time," sighed Hercules as he intensely gazed into David's radiant blue eyes. "I love you. I want you to have me now. Make me feel you in me. Love me as you never loved before."

Again they embraced hard and long. When they parted the Prince of Power began tearing David's shirt and jeans off his lover's frame, shredding them in the process. The legend pushed the superhero forcefully against the tower's cross bracing. He hit so hard in fact that it shook the whole structure, causing sheets of water to spill over the sides. They slammed to the ground with great force but disappeared almost instantly into the parched earth, leaving only a wet stain that steamed in the hot Texas summer sun before evaporating from sight. Leaning his double barn door wide back against the unsteady water tower, David clasped his hands behind his head as the mighty Greek, squatting down, took hold of his throbbing cock to began sucking on it.

“Ahh! Ahh!” squealed David between deep throated breathes as his upper torso squirmed and twitched from the stimulating erotic sensation. He leaned so hard against the tower that it moved slightly as he began to pant out one peel of signs after another. The heat of passion, mixed with the intense heat of the day, caused great beads of sweat to pour from the forehead of both muscle men.

Hercules lifted his mouth off the violently pulsating member. He enfolded it in his hand and started to rapidly jack away at it as he stared up at his muscularly hunky boyfriend. He was driving David into a state of sexual insanity. The superhero’s head tossed from side to side as it rolled about on a cross bracing, cracking it as his massive body gyrated uncontrollably.

Seeing his lover’s erotic distress, Hercules playfully pulled the great cock down only to release it. It instantly sprang back up, bobbing wildly about. He did the same thing a couple of times more causing David to cry out in sexual torment each time. Satisfied with his playful torture he returned the sex tool to his hungry mouth to suck on it hard and long, taking the great rod all the way down his throat. Breathlessly David groaned loudly, “Suck that big cock ... suck it. Oh yeah! Yeah! Suck it, man, suck it! YEEEEAAAAHHHHHH!”

With his lover ravenously sucking the life out of his manmeat and with his hands still clasped behind his head, the superhero roared, “OH YEAH! OH! OH! YEEEEAAAAHHHH! Eat that big dick.”

Continuing his oral attack, Hercules alternated between sucking and jacking. Occasionally he did both simultaneously which really drove David’s libido into an uproar. Loads of pre cum flooded his great cockhead. Eagerly the mighty Greek licked it off with his thick tongue, running it up and down both sides of the great shaft from front to back and side to side as if he was slowly licking an all day sucker.

He captured the spewing head between his clamped teeth. With the tip of his tongue he reamed the hole, causing more pre cum to erupt. And all the while David’s massive body jolted uncontrollably as he screamed his lungs out in sexual pleasure, which forced him to drop his arms down to his sides. Hercules was deliberately driving him into a frenzied state of erotic lust.

Regaining some modicum of control over his rampaging hormones, the Man of Iron placed his hands on his hips as he pushed them forward to commence face fucking his musclebound tormentor. Grateful for the help, Hercules was now able to release his hands from the superhero’s cock as it plowed in and out of his mouth. He was now able to slide his hand down the front of his jeans to feel himself up as he continued to suck away. “Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!” he signed as he stroked his own mammoth sex tool. His carnal moaning formed an erotic duet with David’s continuous loud grunts of primal ecstasy.

All of a sudden the mighty Greek stopped. He stood up, removing his shirt and jeans. Naked, except for his boots, he went back down to resume his lecherous sucking as he forcibly pounded away at his own wildly pulsating cock.

“Ahh! Ahh! Keep sucking like that,” sighed David as he flexed his mighty arms, which was followed by a lat spread and other poses. “Ah ... just like that,” he moaned as he ceased flexing in order to play with his own nipples. “Oh yeah! Oh yeah!” he cooed breathlessly.

Hercules repeatedly dove down on his lover’s tool taking it all into his hot mouth. As he withdrew he gently scrapped his teeth all long the entire length of the shaft causing the superhero’s body to spasm even more. David roared, “YEAH! YEAH! OH FUCKIN’ YEAH!”

The legend continued to suck and bone his lover as he jacked away at himself, his muffled groans of pleasure stifled by the great cock between his rich full lips.

Overcome by the overwhelming erotic sensation, David collapsed backwards on the water towers cross braces. His legs buckled. He threw his great arms backwards over the beams for support as his head was thrown back. With his mouth wide open he cried out with all his might, “By the gods of my ancestors ... this is totally fantastic ... super fantastic!”

As the world began to swirl around him and everything started to turn a hazy gray, MightyMan caught hold of his emotions before swooning into unconsciousness. He leaned forward placing his hands on Hercules’ mammoth shoulders for support. The Greek captured his cockhead below the rim with his teeth, swirling his tongue over and around the head to the point of almost anesthetizing it. A look of shocked delight covered David’s face.

The mighty legend removed the violently bouncing sex pole from his mouth. It visibly strained and throbbed right in front of his face. Playfully he smacked away at it with the palm of his hand, batting it back and forth as the superhero cried out in more erotic torment. Having bashed away at it until the entire shaft and head were a brilliant red, Hercules replaced the cock back in his mouth to resume vigorously sucking it once again.

Over the next few minutes the legend repeated over and over the same routine of sucking, boning, jacking, removing, slapping, pulling and tugging away at David’s cock, only to return it to his mouth to start all over again. And all the while the Man of Iron screamed, cried, shrieked and roared with both pain and pleasure, his echoing voice traveling down the length of the nearby gorge.

The superhero’s back pressed hard against the tower, becoming cemented against the cross beams, as the structure shook from his body’s violent gyrations.

From time to time a wave of water spilled over the top rim showering both lovers below. It revived and refreshed both men. David placed one of his hands behind the small of his back and the other behind his head as Hercules continued his relentless oral assault on his cock. “Oh yeah! Yeah! Yeah!” he shuddered as deep breaths passed over his lips. His great chest heaved and relaxed as he heavily sucked in air. His head titled upward, his mouth wide open, as he desperately gasped for more oxygen.

“Your phallus taste good,” pronounced Hercules with glee. “See what ass taste like,” he announced as he forcibly turned David around, slamming his chest and abs against one of the tower’s support beams.

Surrounding to the more powerful man, the superhero sighed, “Oh fuck man. Eat my hole.”

The legend lifted David off his feet with both hands to hold him aloft over his head. He kissed both butt cheeks, then spread them wide apart as he drove his tongue up into MightyMan’s puckering love tunnel. “Oh yeah! Oh yeah!” shrieked David as his legs and feet dangled helplessly down the front of his lover’s magnificent body.

Returning his boyfriend’s feet to the ground, the Greek squatted down behind him to continue burying his tongue deep up into the superhero’s muscle butt. The enthusiastic erotic tongue fucking of his asshole totally mesmerized David who squealed like a schoolgirl with sexual delight.

To add more erotic intensity to the experience, Hercules reached between David’s monstrous legs to commence stroking his throbbing cock as he sucked on his ball sack. “OH! OH!” David cried out loudly as he felt his ball sack churning, boiling growing ever tighter around his nuts, nearly pulverizing them to dust, as all the while pre cum flowed freely from his cockhead, dripping in a steady stream to the ground below with a loud drip, drip, drip.

Changing tactics, the Prince of Power rapidly began jacking his lover’s cock as he jabbed his tongue in and out of his butt. With his face and chest pressed tightly against the cross braces of the tower, the Man of Iron could only loudly sigh and moan in ecstatic pleasure. “OOOH! OOOH! OOOH!” he cooed “Oh yes ... lick my hole ... lick my muscle ass,” he groaned as he squirmed and his great body trembled beyond control.

The farther Hercules’ tongue found its way up his butt, the louder and more shrill the superhero’s signs and cries became. “OH YES! YES! YES! OH YES!”

David went into a state of erotic shock when the Greek strongman literally lifted him up off his feet once more and pressed him high above his head. With his hands on MightyMan’s butt the legend began to push his lover up and down, ramming his tongue in and out of his exposed asshole. “You like that?” asked Hercules.

“Oh fuck yeah,” yelled David as the mighty Greek continued jabbing his tongue up into him. “Oooh yeah!” crooned the superhero. “Oh my god! Oh my god!” he ranted as his face contorted in erotic pleasure. “You’re driving me insane,” he cried out loudly. “I’m going fucking crazy!”

Slowly Hercules lowered his lover to the ground. Once back on his feet, David was again pressed up against the water tower as Hercules squatted down behind him. He spread the superhero’s legs

far apart. Reaching through MightyMan's massive thighs he captured his lover's violently bobbing cock to forcibly drag it down and back through his legs. Holding tightly on to it, Hercules commenced to viciously suck on the cockhead. With his body quaking from sexual tremors, his legs buckled under him. David heavily collapsed against the cross bracing, his body weight cracking another bean in half. The tower shook as more water slopped over the sides to shower both men in the heat of their fiery passion. The momentary wet distraction was a welcomed relief for they had been going at it for quite some time. It washed the sweat from their bodies.

For the next few minutes the mighty Greek keep up his oral onslaught as he constantly tugged on David's great sex tool. MightyMan screamed, whimpered and yelled his lungs out as his mighty rod was being worked to the point of conquering his endurance. The legend was deliberately working the superhero's libido up to the point of boiling over. David's sexual thermostat was quickly reaching 'tilt.' Finally the Man of Iron was compelled to plead, "Please ... stop! I can't take anymore. I'm about to shoot. Please stop!"

Heeding his lover's cry, Hercules gently released his cock. It sprang back between his lover's legs to frantically jerk up and down in front of MightyMan. The legend stood up placing his arms about David's waist, drawing him back against his great body. Tenderly he nuzzled his lover's neck before caressing it passionately. An exhausted superhero collapsed backwards in the mighty arms of the Greek, his weary sweat-drenched head coming to rest on Hercules' mountainous right pec. He could plainly feel the legendary muscleman's hard monstrous cock pressed firmly against the full length of his butt crack. He sighed so hard with contentment that he almost fainted.

"Now take heated passion out on me," whispered Hercules. "Now you ready to love me."

Releasing his lover, Hercules gently turned David around to face him. Once more the legend pressed his fabulous body against MightyMan's fantastic physique. The two fell into each other's arms as they started to passionately kiss. And kiss they did. For several minutes they stayed enfolded in one another's arms ravenously kissing and kissing as they rubbed their bodies together.

Finally when they parted David turned the mighty Greek to face the tower, placing his body up against the rickety wooden ladder and support beams of the structure. With great tenderness he spread Hercules' mammoth legs apart. Taking a firm stand behind his lover, the superhero worked his own mighty cock up as he longingly stared hypnotically at the massive broad back of the legend, with its deep cuts and ridges of muscles that made his mammoth back resemble a massive relief map. He pressed up against Hercules. His great sex tool tightly crammed up between the Greek's rock-hard muscle butt. Playfully David began to dry surf his tool between the powerful cheeks of his lover as he leaned forward to whisper in the Greek's ear, "I've dreamt of this moment all my life. I'm going to love you with all my might, with all my body, with all my heart, mind and soul, so get ready."

"I ready," replied Hercules with great anticipation. "Take me. Love me as no man has ever been able to do before."

Stepping slightly away from his lover, David's mighty rod began scrapping across the Greek's ass crack until it was pointed directly at the center of his butt. Gritting his teeth, his face painted in loving lust, his mighty legs far apart, the superhero charged forward, ramming his throbbing tool between the mighty cheeks of the legend. He pressed in ... but Hercules' muscle butt was too strong, too hard and too tight. He could not penetrate it. For a few seconds he valiantly struggled to break through to the virgin hole. Grunting loudly, straining with all his strength, David hammered his massive cockhead away at the iron gates of the Greek's love canal without success, damn near bending his mighty rod in half in the futile attempt.

Worn out from the effort, with great blobs of sweat pouring down his face, MightyMan stepped back. His great cock wildly bobbed up and down. "What matter?" inquired a concerned Hercules.

"Your butt is too strong and hard. It won't let me through," replied his gasping lover.

Reaching back Hercules grabbed both his massive gluts with his hands to spread his muscle butt apart. "Now try," he instructed.

Breathing deeply with uncontrolled carnal desire, the superhero's mighty chest heaved dramatically as he lecherously approached. Slowly he reinserted his cock between the now open butt cheeks. Stealthily he ran it along the hard interior walls of the legend's ass until he reached the rose red puckering sphincter of his lover.

The prize was buried so deep inside the Greek's massive muscle butt that it forced David to strain his entire body just to reach it. He was standing on his tip toes as he lunged forward slamming his cockhead right up against the vibrating hole. Using all his superhuman strength, his face grimacing from the pain and strain, he pushed forward, but was only able to shove the very tip of his head between Hercules' powerful sphincter. "Oh my stars," he gasped as he tried to drill his way through. "You're so tight and hard," he groaned as his face flinched from the struggle.

Grabbing Hercules in a reverse bearhug about his waist he pulled the Greek back as far as he could while driving his mighty rod forward, eventually breaking through the virgin butt hole. At the moment of completion there was a loud popping noise, like the opening of a soda can. Instantly David knew he had succeeded in total penetration, although only the head had actually broken through. A sigh of relief escaped from his lips as Hercules drew a deep breath to await the erotically powerful experience of being fucked.

Unconsciously the Greek released his butt cheeks to grab hold of the rickety ladder of the water tower as he leaned farther forward pressing his muscled ass ever tighter up against his lover's thighs. David let out a horrific bellowing scream as the powerful muscle walls of the Greek's gluts came clamping together capturing his sex tool between them squashing it. He jumped up and down in agony as his shrieks of pain reverberated over the valley below. He was caught hard and fast. He could not pull out or move forward. The sexual anguish was so intense that tears fell from his wincing eyes as a look of horrified pain raced across his face.

It was only when Hercules commenced moving his butt up and down on David's trapped tool, smearing the ocean of pre cum that had escaped, to lubricate the penetrating shaft, that the torturous agony lessened and the superhero ceased his harrowing cries.

Once relaxed, David was able to continue his lifelong ambition to fuck the greatest muscle butt of all time. Gathering his phenomenal reservoir of strength, MightyMan, again tightly hugging the waist of his lover, began to pump his exceptional sex tool up and down the legend's love shoot, slowly at first, then faster and faster. As the humongous quantity of his pre cum lathered over and around his thick sex piston, David's hips went into overdrive, plowing his huge cock ever deeper into the virgin territory of Hercules' butt.

Even with the pre cum lubrication the extreme tightness of the legend's muscled ass crushed against the sides of his great sex rod nearly crushing it. Yet ironically that very same squeezing tightness made David's cock even harder than it had ever been before, making it a menacing threat. Its superhuman power immediately infused the Man of Iron with an abiding sense of invincibility and overwhelming strength. Here was the mightiest strongman of all time impaled on his cock, at the pleasure of his whim, his sex toy to do with as he pleased. His lifelong fantasy was coming true. That thought intoxicated him to the point of insane stupefaction.

Drawing a deep breath, he went into supersonic overdrive like some wild animal out of control. Possessed by some demonic roid rage he went crazy on Hercules' muscle butt, sparing his lover nothing. David growled like some crazed beast between gasping for air to fill his mammoth chest cavity.

Unaware of his own great strength, MightyMan hugged ever tighter about his lover's waist, expelling the breath out of the Greek's phenomenal body. Hercules, clutching the ladder of the water tower for dear life, bellowed out yell after erotic yell as his face continuously contorted from pain to pleasure, his eyes bugging out of his head as he savored this, never before experienced, sensation.

"Damn ... shit, you're tight," howled David as he continued furiously fucking the legend's ass. "OW! OW! OW!" he shouted with each forceful penetration.

Hercules, hand over hand, held tightly to the steps of the tower, his biceps bulging to the max, moaned, "Umm! Umm! Umm! Oh yeah. YEAH! YEAH! DO ME! DO ME!"

"Oh my cock ... my cock!" wailed the superhero. "You're so tight you're crushing it. OW! OW! OW! BUT IT FEELS SO GOOD!"

Hercules continued to moan, "Umm! Umm! Umm!" as David growled, "OH SHIT! OH SHIT YOU'RE SO FUCKIN' TIGHT!"

Still he was able to drive his lover's head farther forward between the ladder's steps, forcing Hercules' forehead to rest on the top of an inner support beam.

“I’m going to fuckin’ tear you apart,” boasted MightyMan in a moment of crazed heated passion. He slammed his cock as far in as he could, then began to swivel his hips around and around in a circle motion causing his mighty cock to spread wide the crushing muscles of the Greek’s tight butt. The great strain from his action showed easily on his handsome face as perspiration poured down in a continuous shower of sweat.

The harder David slammed his rod up into Hercules, the more the tower shook causing more water to spill over its sides. A few more support beams worked themselves loose and fell to the ground.

David’s ball sack, crammed up against Hercules’ rock hard gluts, suffered the most agony as they were compressed into the legend’s flesh, as he pressed as much of his mighty tool as he could up into the Greek’s ass.

Not to be outdone, Hercules started to pump himself up and down on the superhero’s sex tool adding to the erotic sexual torment both mighty men were enjoying. Great beads of sweat also flowed from his forehead to drop like rain to the parched Earth below.

“Oh my cock! My cock! ... damn,” bemoaned David as the crushing pain of Hercules tight butt was getting to him.

“Oh yeah!” roared the Greek, his face wincing from this new sexual experienced of erotic pain and pleasure. “Give it to me deep!” he hollered at the top of his voice. “You only one who can. DO ME! DO ME! DO ME!”

With both hands now firming placed on Hercules’ mammoth shoulders, MightyMan shoved his cock all the way up into his mighty butt. He held it in as he leaned back, forcing the legend to straighten up and rise up on his tip toes. The Greek screamed his guts out. “OH FUCK!” he wailed as he fell forward pressing his entire body weight up against the ladder. Every great muscle in his body tensed as his face becomes paralyzed in sexual anguish. More struts broke off from the ever shaking structure.

David’s face too was constricted in sheer torment as he loudly gasped for air while straining every muscle in his body to hold the big guy up on his mighty cock. “FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!” he roared.

“AWW! AWW! AWW! SHIT!” howled Hercules still balanced up on his tip toes.

In a moment of sheer bravado the superhero began flexing his mighty cock buried deep inside his lover, bouncing him recklessly up and down. As the legend’s body scrapped across the stairs of the tower, the structure shook and shuddered even more than usual, spilling its contents every which way.

“AHH! AHH! AHH!” raged David until he was no longer able to hold Hercules up on his tool. With a loud sigh he leaned forward, returning the legend to his feet. Both men were breathless and desperately sucking in air.

MightyMan collapsed forward against the expansive muscular back of the Greek, his head coming to rest on Hercules’ left lat. Both men let out a great sigh of relief. For a moment the two stayed that way with the superhero ravenously caressing the great expansive back of his lover. Both men breathed deeply as their great chests laboriously heaved with deep undulating waves.

Then slowly at first, MightyMan again commenced drilling his cock back up into Hercules, whose placid face instantly returned to one of constricted pain. “Fuck Hercules,” shouted the legend. “Fuck! Fuck! Give it to me,” he demanded as he again leaned against the ladder.

David ratcheted up his pace driving his hip once more into supersonic speed.

“Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!” bellowed the Greek. “More! More! More!”

Returning his hands to Hercules’ shoulders for added support, David went into a frenzied overdrive. “AH! AH! AH!” reverberated his voice as he pressed with all his might, pounding, pounding, pounding away at the greatest muscle ass the world had ever known.

“Go deeper,” ordered the Greek sternly adding, “Harder! Harder! Harder!”

“OH FUCK!” cried the superhero as he shoved, plowed, pummeled away.

“Umm! Umm! Umm!” crooned Hercules with a scowl of pain plastered on his face.

“Ah! Ah! Ah!” thundered David as his face contorted between pain and pleasure. “Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fuck!” he continuously cried out as the erotic stimulation overpowered all his senses.

As Hercules leaned his entire weight into the ladder, more and more struts were shaken loose, tumbling regularly to the ground, creating mini dust clouds as they landed.

As both men bellowed and roared, their bodies became more and more bathed in sweat until they were thoroughly drenched from head to foot. Puddles of dropping perspiration formed around their boots turning into pools of mud.

Hercules purred deeply between deep breathes, “Umm! Umm! Umm!” as a gasping MightyMan kept up his insane hammering of his muscle butt.

Increasingly, the water tower shook and shook as it became detached from its foundation. More support beams fell to the ground as the legend was driven farther and farther into leaning into the ladder. The noise of the tower’s rattling matched the moans of the two lovers, both lost in the heat of crazed passion.

“Fuck Hercules,” demanded the legend. “Don’t be ‘fraid. Fuck Hercules.”

Rising to the challenge, a nearly exhausted David called upon his vast reserve of stamina to kick his fucking up a couple of notches. The overflow of pre cum that had been steadily oozing out of his cockhead had thoroughly soaked Hercules’ rectum, making it infinitely easier for him to drill his shaft deep up into his lover. With super intensity he bludgeoned away, forcing the legend to cry out in ecstatic agony.

“Yeah – that’s it,” bellowed the Greek as the Man of Iron forcibly grabbed him around the waist, cementing their two great bodies together as one.

With jet like speed David savagely pounded away as both men’s faces were etched in excruciating pain. Their mutual screams of pagan lust filled the summer afternoon air as they both gave themselves completely over to the overwhelming intense erotic rapture of the moment. “Ah! Ah! Ah!” they cried in harmony. “Oh Fuck! Oh Fuck! Oh Fuck!”

“Oh your phallus ... your phallus ... your phallus ...” bellowed Hercules as he felt himself being forcibly crushed against the ladder as his asshole burned and smoldered from his lover’s barbaric passion.

As the mighty Greek leaned back against David’s massive chest, his lover wrapped his huge arms around him to begin plying the large nipples of his chest. Then letting his fingers do the walking, he ran his hands up and down the legend’s fabulous torso, sensually massaging his pecs, his abs, finally reaching Hercules’ wildly throbbing sex rod that he repeatedly stroked. This added sexual stimulation damn near made the legend swoon into a dead faint. Quickly he caught himself; he shook his head to regain his senses. With a gleam in his eyes he ominously chuckled, “We see who fucks who my love.”

Gathering what strength had not been fucked out of his body, Hercules impishly tightened his well lubricated rectum, squeezing the life out of David’s mighty sex rod.

“OH FUCK!” screamed the superhero as he felt his tool being smashed under the intense crushing pressure. The pain was more than his exhausted body and delirious mind could bear. He blasted off

his pent up boiling hot loads. As his ball sack violently churned, spewing one mammoth load after another up into the frantically grunting Greek, David became terribly lightheaded.

With the very first explosion up his muscle butt, Hercules pushed himself away from the ladder to stand erect. Instantly the water tower creaked loudly as the final support struts gave way. The tower trembled as never before, then collapsed, falling over to the ground. When it hit with the force of a small earthquake, the entire superstructure gave way, disintegrating before the startled eyes of both men, releasing tons of water that flowed in a wild tidal surge to the nearby cliff. Over it flowed, in a momentary waterfall to the canyon below. From there the surge rolled through the desolate valley to join the Liano River several miles away.

Holding tightly to his lover's waist MightyMan continued to roar, "Oh Fuck! Oh Fuck!" as he unloaded himself deep up into the Greek as Hercules kept up his muscle ass squeezing. So massive and intense were his ejaculations that the force compelled Hercules to involuntarily shot off his own pent up loads. There they were, the two mightiest men on Earth, screaming their heads off like two crazed gorillas as they shot off their monumental freight-load of cum.

So powerful were their cum laden ejections that both men collapsed to the ground completely exhausted, with David on top of the legend and still plowed deep up into his muscle butt.

Completely fatigued to the point of delirium, both mighty men laid on the parched ground, frantically panting for air. David, helplessly caught in a sexual euphoria continuously kissed the neck and back of his lover as he crowed, "You're the greatest, the absolute best my love. You've made my most cherished dream come true this day and I love you for that. I love you with all my being, body, heart, mind and soul."

Raising himself up on his elbows, an equally fatigued legend responded breathlessly, "You make Hercules feel like a real man for first time in life. Only you could do that. You own my heart forever my beloved ... forever."

As David leaned over to caress his mighty Greek, he slid off Hercules' sweat drenched back, landing next to him. Both men laughed as they embraced one another.

Slowly they got to their feet. Standing lovingly arm in arm they stared at the destroyed remains of the water tower. Sheepishly they grinned. "Oops," chuckled David. "I don't know how I'll explain that to father."

Together they walked over to the cliff's edge to look down. The torrent of water had carved a noticeable path through the gorge below. Scratching his head, Hercules laughed, "Remind me of time I had to clean Augean stables in single day by rerouting waters of the Alpheus and Peneus Rivers to wash out 30 years of accumulated filth. That was one of many labors I had to perform."

“Yes, I read about that,” replied a smiling David, his eyes and face beaming with prideful love for his mighty boyfriend.

Turning away from the scene MightyMan suggested, “I don’t know about you, but I sure could use a swim.”

“Me too,” giggled Hercules as both men began to playfully tussle with one another as they walked over to the far side of the cliff. Below them reposed a deep, clear blue lake nestled in a secluded spot in the foothills of the McAllister ranch. It was hidden from view by a forest of pine trees on three sides and a steep hill of flat boulders on the other. It was an ideal place to swim naked and to sunbathe in the nude on one of the rocks.

Holding one another by the hand, both lovers leaped off the cliff into the crisp, refreshingly cool water. “Burr!” shouted David as he bobbed to the surface. Almost instantly Hercules popped up right behind him. Capturing his lover in his mighty arms the legend nuzzled David’s neck as he embraced him, bending his head back to caress his face. The tenderness of the moment was cut short when the superhero felt the monstrous sex tool of the legend working its way across his butt cheek to his ass crack. “Oh No,” he stated emphatically as he pushed himself away. “None of that now. I’m far too tired. I wouldn’t be able to withstand that beast of yours at the moment. You could fuckin’ kill me on it right now. You’re insatiable!”

David’s protest fell on deaf ears. Hercules swam closer to him but his hunky boyfriend kept his distance by swimming farther away. A swim meet was on, as Hercules chased David around the lake. Shouting back at his lover, the Man of Iron yelled, “I guess it’s not true what they say about a cold shower or cold swim decreasing the sexual libido.”

“I love you,” responded the Greek as he caught up. “I want you.”

Both mighty men treaded water facing one another. Laughing and chuckling, they splashed water at one another before they began to playfully wrestle. First Hercules threw David high up in the air. He watched as the superhero came tumbling down into the lake, causing a huge plum of water to rise up and shower them both. Next David reciprocated by tossing his lover up in the air. When he came down he created an ever bigger splash. Back and forth they struggled, laughing themselves hoarse.

Hercules dove beneath the water. He came up under David, whom he picked up and hoisted over head. Lifted above his lover, MightyMan tried to struggle free but the legend’s hold on him was too strong. He was carried over to shallower water that only came up to the Greek’s shoulders. Pumping the superhero up and down, Hercules tossed his head back so he could take David’s cock into his mouth.

“OH NO!” squealed MightyMan. “NOT THAT!” But he was powerless to prevent the blow job. Up and down he was pressed as Hercules constantly sucked away on his cock. In short order the Greek

had succeeded in arousing David's sex tool into full bloom. Pleased with himself the legend gingerly threw his lover back into the water.

When David surfaced, still fully erect, he was caught in a frontal bearhug about his waist. His powerful lover started to savagely cock fuck him. Squirming for his life, MightyMan was unable to free himself as he pushed with all his remaining strength against Hercules massive arms and mammoth chest. His struggling proved fruitless.

As the mighty Greek gleefully bashed his killer rod into the underside of the superhero's huge manmeat, David groaned out in sexual torment, tossing his head back and forth as water sprayed from the ends of his hair. As he kicked and strained for all he was worth he felt himself being forced to shoot off. His balls were out of control, conquered by the excruciating pain of his cock being senselessly battered.

With a loud cry of "OH NO!" he was totally overwhelmed by his lover's sexual torture. His whole muscular body violently jerked in the imprisoning arms of Hercules, as a thick plum of cum rose up to the surface of the lake, where it lingered for a moment before being reinforced by more and thicker plums.

Quickly all of David's resistance faded. He ceased his frantic struggling as he was drained of what was left of his superhuman strength. He collapsed forward over his mighty tormentor. One arm laid lifeless across Hercules' shoulder while the other hung motionless down the superhero's side, his face pressed against the mountainous left pec of the all-powerful Greek. His mouth was open as were his eyes although vacant. David had been cock fucked not only senseless but unconscious.

Hanging like a wet dish rag in the mighty legends arms it was easy for Hercules to maneuver the Man of Iron around so he would be in a position to be fucked. With David's massive back pressed tightly up against his humongous pectoral development and rock hard abs, the all-powerful Greek slammed his throbbing killer cock all the way up into his lover. The overpowering pain and shock instantly startled the superhero awake. His howling screams echoed off the rock wall of the lake to reverberate their taunting reframe back at him.

Too weak to struggle, and really not wanting to, David made no attempt to escape. He realistically accepted being barbarically fucked by the man of his dreams, for it was only Hercules who could do this to him, and fulfill all his lifelong sexual fantasies, and primitive sexual needs.

Caught in the Greek's reverse bearhug, David was Hercules' sex toy-- his bitch whenever he wanted, and that was okay with him. The intense pain of being fucked on that killer sex beast was beyond anything he could have ever imagined and far more satisfying than anything he had ever known. "Fuck me, Hercules. Fuck me good and hard," he whimpered between his gasping for air. And the mighty legend did.

The Prince of Power totally lost himself in his untamed barbarous plowing of David's muscle butt. Using all his Olympian power he bludgeoned away unmercifully, digging his massive tool all the way up into his shrieking lover, pounding his inside raw as he drove both of them into a frenzy of deranged sexual rapture.

Squeezing tighter than perhaps he should, Hercules forced David to be folded over his encompassing arms, driving his forehead to the top of the water. "FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" roared the legend as he unloaded up into MightyMan. With each power fuck he blasted gallons upon gallons into his lover. So powerful were his emissions that it drove David to stand up straight as his legs curled up to his chest. As he continued to unload, MightyMan reached back, forcing the mighty legend to lean forward. With great tenderness he passionately kissed his cheek.

Hercules released his devastating bearhug to enfold his lover gently in his mighty arms as the two continued to caress, as the legend continued to cum up into him.

Hercules unloaded so much cum that it not only power packed David's muscle butt, but a huge quantity seeped out, floating to the surface of the lake, surrounding both men like a thick white creamy tutu. The sight made them both roar with laughter.

When finally all was done, the mighty Greek picked up a severely depleted David, cradling in his arms and carried him ashore. As he was about to lay him down MightyMan suggested they sunbathe up on one of the flat rocks overlooking the lake. Following a passionate kiss, Hercules scampered up to the highest rock where he benignly laid his lover down. "I'll be right back my love," he stated as he scampered all the way back up to the overhanging cliff.

Once on top he dressed himself, then gathered up the tattered remnants of David's cloths. At the horses, he went into the saddlebag to pull out a large multi-colored beach blanket. Carrying all the articles he scurried back down to rejoin his mate. When he placed David's rent garments down, they had a loud laugh together. "Sometime I no know own strength," meekly joked the Prince of Power with a bashful smile.

Standing up MightyMan spread out the huge beach blanket. He laid down on it. Looking up at the mighty legend he asked, "Aren't you going to sun bathe with me?"

"You sun. I think I ride around a bit ... see more of ranch. I be back soon," he replied as he knelt down to caress the superhero good-bye.

David watched the legendary Greek muscleman climb back up to the cliff above. He heard a horse nay. He then saw Hercules riding along the edge of the cliff. At one point his lover made his horse rear up on its hind quarters as he waved to him before riding off and out of sight.

With a broad smile on his lips, David settled down on the blanket to take in the sun. It had been one of the most satisfying days in his entire life. "Could anything be more wonderful than this day," he sighed to himself. "Ahh!" he gushed.

For the next hour the Man of Iron laid out in the sun, rotating himself every few minutes so not to burn, winding up on his stomach. A gentle breeze developed to cool the rays of the hot afternoon sun.

When all of a sudden, a scorching, searing, burning pain attacked his lats. It's debilitating, penetrating agony paralyzed MightyMan. He could not move a muscle. It was as if he were welded to the blanket. The torturous agony was so great that he tried to cry out as loud as he could but he did not have the strength. "What ... the ... fuck!" was all he could muster in a hushed tone.

"What the fuck," said a voice. "I'll tell you what the fuck ... you musclebound bastard." The noticeable anger in the voice was not unfamiliar to David. But he just couldn't place it. As he struggled to turn his head to see who had spoken, a booted foot stomped on the side of his face preventing him from moving.

"Now you just lay there nicely Davey-boy," snarled the voice menacingly, "and you may survive the rest of this afternoon. Otherwise I can't promise it."

Removing his boot from the side of David's head, all 6'4" tall and 280 pounds of solid muscle that was Andy Bick swaggered around to stand in front of his captive. "Howdy Davey-boy," he sneered. "Remember me bitch?"

Straining to look up MightyMan saw his old foe. Dropping his head back down he replied, "Yeah, I remember you, you son-of-a-bitch."

"Is that anyway to greet an old friend?" said Bick sarcastically as he knelt down so McAllister could get a better look at him. "I've been watching you and your playmate all afternoon. You have no idea how many times I jacked myself off watching you two fucking around. You two make a great pair, a 3D holograph and a loser. What's it like fucking a picture? The guy's nothing more than a centerfold. I'm surprised when you withdrew out of his ass your cock wasn't scratched up with paper cuts."

"He's flesh and blood," stormed David. "He's a far better man than you'll ever be."

"Spoken like a true, devoted lover," scoffed the muscled up cowboy. "But the truth is, and you can deny it for all your worth, but Herc is nothing more than a product of Mr. Peabody's Wayback Machine," he chortled. Following a brief pause he continued, "All right, some muscleheaded scientist named Peterson and his Excellatron."

Startled by how close to the truth his words had been, the Man of Iron struggled even harder but to no avail. He was being held in place by some overwhelming force that he was totally powerless against.

“OH ... keep fighting it Davey-boy,” jeered his father’s former ranch hand. “I do love seeing you struggle. It makes me feel so superior to have in my grasp the famous, invincible MightyMan of international fame ... the Ultimate Musclemans of the Universe!”

“How ... do you ... know that?” gasped David.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you. I bring you greetings from your very close personal friend and employer, Mr. Alexander Drago,” came the shocking answer. “I’ve never seen a more massively muscled man in my life,” raved the cowboy. “His muscles have muscles. He’s even bigger than you. No wonder you beat your ass out of town. I don’t blame you for not wanting to mess with that guy. He’s simply incredible.”

“Drago!” muttered David in a tone of surprise.

“Yeah ... Drago,” mocked Bick. “He told me everything about you and your boyfriend.” Standing up, the haughty cowboy walked around to the back of his prisoner. With his boot he massaged the superhero’s muscular butt cheeks. “I always wondered what it would be like to fuck you senseless. I’ve got a ravaging hardon just thinking about it.”

His menacing words drove David to struggle once more, but as before he couldn’t move. Through greeted teeth he asked, “What’s keeping me down? Why can’t I get up?”

“That’s a reasonable question. The answer is titanite. In fact, a towel laced with titanite from your home planet. Drago said it would render you defenseless and helpless ... and it has,” gloated Bick as he continued to ply his victim’s muscle butt with the toe of his boot. “I had no idea that all you McAllisters were aliens from another planet. And I thought people like Superman were only found in comic books, pure science fiction fantasy. And yet, here you are.” Pondering what he just said he added as he chuckled, “So does that make Drago your Lex Luther?”

“Get the fuck off my ass,” demanded David.

“Touchy. Touchy,” gibed the cowboy as he dug the toe of his boot into the superhero’s butt crack.

David tried in vain to squirm.

“That titanite sure does wonders, doesn’t it!” gloated Bick as he unzipped his jeans.

The sound sent shivers down MightyMan's spine. "What are you doing?" he nervously asked.

"Just what you think I'm doing Davey-boy," teased Bick as he began to kick off his boots. "You really do have a fine, firm muscle butt, one that was made especially to be fucked by my raging cock." With some difficulty he slid off his very tight-fitting jeans to expose his thick 8" long cock that bounced uncontrollably out in front of him.

Arrogantly he strutted back in front of his prey. He flexed his 24" arms, his 62" chest. Then he stretched out his leg to flex his 36" thigh and his 26" calve, ending his routine with a double biceps pose. "Imposing, don't you think, Davey-boy. I think I'm in your league. I would have made a formidable superhero too, don't you think?" he blustered as he began to kiss each arm and sensually tongue his biceps. "Don't I turn you on Davey-boy? Aren't you getting a hardon for me? Don't you want me to fuck the daylights out of you?"

The unbearable pain of the titanite, that steadily sapped away his strength and powers, rendered David far too weak to respond.

"I take your silence as a yes," snickered the hunky cowboy as he again walked back. "I was so pleased to see Herc riding off, leaving you all alone so we could have this time together," said Bick as he jacked his long sex tool making it harder with each stroke.

Straddling his beefy victim he knelt down coming to rest on David's massive thighs, his own great cock flopped down hard across MightyMan's ass crack. "This is going to be great fun ... for me. I owe you a good fucking for the shame and humiliation you inflicted on me in front of your dad's ranch hands. You've earned everything I'm going to give you, Davey-boy. Pay back is a bitch!"

David could feel Bick's heavy cock resting on his butt crack. He closed his eyes as he twisted his face in disgust and in anticipation of the next move that he was unable to prevent.

Rising up on his haunches, the cowboy aimed his large cockhead directly at the Man of Iron's butt as he placed his hands on either side of his captive's head. "Get ready for a real man's fuck," he boasted as he plunged straight down into the helpless superhero.

"Ahh!" grunted David, but to his surprise Bick's dick wasn't nearly as painful as he originally thought it would be. In fact he could hardly feel it. If it weren't for the pressure on his butt from the cowboy's body weight pressing against him, it would almost be a pleasant experience.

"My lord," groused Bick. "You're so wide inside. My cock feels like a clapper inside a great bell," he speculated as he rotated his hips, slapping his sex rod from side to side. "Christ, how big is Herc's cock. He's split your ass wide open."

“He’s more a real man than you ever could be, Bick,” sighed the Man of Iron.

“Yeah, well I haven’t even started to fuck the life out of you,” bragged the cowboy as he dug in deep all the way up to the halt. Up and down, up and down he plowed away at David’s muscle butt with such intensity that he constantly shook his head from side to side, working up a profound sweat in the afternoon sun.

Still MightyMan remained cool, calm and collected as he was being raped. He was even able to taunt Bick by saying, “So when are you going to get started. I’m waiting.”

Egged on by the superhero’s teasing, Bick threw everything he had into fucking the daylight out of his old enemy. He was like a possessed wild man as he pounded away at David’s butt in an attempt to make his prey scream his guts out. But the Man of Iron remained totally placid.

The heat of the day began to take its toll on the cowboy as he kept up his insane rape. His strength and stamina started to wane. Adding to his frustration, David began to quietly hum to himself as if nothing was happening. That was the final straw. Bick drilled his 8” manmeat all the way in and held it in place as his hips pressed all their weight down on the superhero’s butt. “Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!” he howled as the first spray of cum shot through his cock’s shaft. “Man, I’m going to load you up on so much of my jism that I’ll explode your guts,” he bragged.

But just then two huge and powerful hands grabbed Bick by his traps. He was unceremoniously hauled up and out of MightyMan as his cock continued to pound out one gigantic load after another. Before he realized what was happening, Hercules had him dangling helplessly in the air. The Prince of Power viciously shook the cowboy nearly senseless, forcing him to jabber incoherently.

In short order he lifted the cowboy up over his head. Taking the still spewing cock into his mouth, the mighty Greek sucked Bick off, thoroughly draining him dry. Once done, he body slammed him, with tremendous authority, down to the ground, knocking the breath out of him. So powerful was the slam that it left an indelible dent in the Earth’s crust.

Dumbfounded and dazed, Bick struggled to get up. His arms and legs flailed about until the legend reached down with a claw hold on his groin to assist him in getting up. Dragging him straight up with one hand, the Greek strongman held the cowboy aloft like a trophy. All Bick could do was wail his guts out from the excruciating pain as tears flowed from his eyes and his body wildly gyrated.

“You no fuck my love,” shouted Hercules at the top of his voice as he shook the defenseless cowboy who dangled helplessly in the air like a muscled up marionette.

Once he was released, Bick staggered about on wobbling legs, even stumbling into his mighty attacker. Hercules caught both his huge pecs in his hands with such a powerful grip that bullets of

pain rifled throughout the cowboy's body. When the mighty Greek began to squeeze the life out of them, Bick wildly danced in place as his chest muscles were being mutilated. Harder and harder the legend squeezed. So intense was the pressure that Bick started to lactate. Man milk spurted from the nipples, first in single droplets, then, with more pressure added, the drips became a ribbon, the ribbon a steady stream.

Adding insult to injury, Hercules even directed the milk into his mouth by lifting the spewing pecs upward, in the process ripping them from the sternum. Bick cried out in sheer agony as he was being milked like a prized cow. Once drained, the cowboy was viciously thrown to the ground like a bag of trash. Bick laid at the feet of the mighty Hercules, bathed in torturous pain, his demolished pecs drooping like an old women's sagging tits.

"Now you pay with life!" roared the legend as he hoisted the cowboy over his head to slam him down across his knee in a devastating back breaker. It broke Bick's spine. The cowboy's great muscular body violently spasm, but the mighty Greek held him in place, even bending him all the way over until his head and feet hit the ground. He was nearly being split in half. A lot of his guts were torn apart. Blood started to flow from Bick's mouth.

Hercules reapplied a destructive claw hold to the cowboy's groin, crushing his ball sack. The popping sound of his nuts being smashed was sickening to hear, as were the cowboy's blood curdling screams. His gurgling, shrieking cries flooded the surrounding area, ricocheting off the rocks.

Still with his claw hold tightly holding onto the cowboy's crushed balls with one hand, the mighty legend reached over with the other to tear off his manhood. Hercules then stood up as the physically wrenching cowboy dropped from his lap to hit the hard ground with an audible thud.

Bick writhed about in the fetal position, frantically gesticulating and screaming himself hoarse. His body violently jerked to and fro. With the castrated member in his hand the mighty Greek looked contemptuously at his lover's rapist. He rolled the severely screaming cowboy over. "You fuck self," he shouted as he rammed his fist up Bick's asshole depositing the torn cock.

Viciously clutching the cowboy by his throat he once more lifted the man up to his feet. Bick's churning body collapsed against Hercules's magnificently physique, choking, gasping for air as blood flowed freely from his wound. "I fuck you like bitch you are," stated the incensed legend as he viciously wrapped him up in his devastating bearhug.

At the same time he drove his killer sex tool up into the newly created cunt hole between his legs. With savage intensity he drilled the entire length of his mammoth rod up into Bick's bleeding wound as he began to barbarically fuck him like a two bit whore. As his mighty arms crushed the cowboy's rib cage he continued his fuck rape, tearing tissue, and smashing bone and sinew.

Through his insane cries and flowing tears, all Bick could feel was a giant log thrust up into him and the unbearable torturous pain running rampant throughout his once powerful body. He was being crucified on the mightiest cock ever.

Looking into the face of his executioner he became even more horrified with fear. Hercules' eyes were blazing red with pure hate. "No! No! Please ..." he breathlessly pleaded. "It's ...not my ... fault. Drago ... put me ... up ... to it. He just ...wanted me to ... keep ... MightyMan busy ... for a while ... this afternoon. Spare me ... PLEEEEEZZZZZZZZEEEE!"

"I fuck you to death," replied the legend, as he applied more pressure to his deadly, body grinding hug. Ribs started to crack. Their split ends piercing through Bick's flesh until his once great chest resembled the body of a porcupine.

With one final great squeeze and one last powerful penetrating fuck, the Prince of Power shot a humongous wade of cum up into the struggling, wailing cowboy. "Die fucker ... die!" commanded the legend. The cowboy bellowed out one last harrowing shriek, then went limp in the arms of Hercules. Bick's life had been pulverized out of him.

Growling like a mad man, the mighty legend continued to crush the dead cowboy in his powerful arms as he blasted jet after jet of cum up into the corpse.

When he was finished cumming, he opened his deadly arms wide. Bick's body hung for a few seconds, impaled on his mammoth killer sex beast. Hercules flexed his mighty cock, bouncing the cowboy's body up and down until it was shaken loose. It dropped like a great stone, ending up in a heap of slaughtered muscle at the feet of the mighty Greek.

After a brief victory yell and thumping of his massive chest, Hercules raced over to David, still pinned to the blanket. "Don't touch the towel," cried MightyMan. "Get a stick and flick it off. Hurry. I'm fading fast."

Quickly the legend found a good size stick. Working it under the towel he lifted it up off his lover, tossing it away. Almost immediately David felt relief. His breathing quickly resumed to normal as his powers and strength slowly returned.

Kneeling down beside his boyfriend, Hercules cradled David in his arms, lovingly kissing his face. "I 'fraid for you," confessed the legend.

"I was afraid too my love," admitted David. "Titanite is the only substance in the universe that can kill me and that towel was laced with it. Had you not come back when you did, I'd be dead in a few minutes."

“I never leave you again,” promised Hercules. “I protect you always. I no lose you. I no live without you. You my life now and for always. I love you.” Both mighty men passionately embraced once more.

After a few minutes of rest MightyMan had recouped all his powers and strength. Hercules helped him up to his feet. David put on his boots, his shredded shirt and torn jeans. “What the well dressed bum will wear,” he joked. As he stood there posing and admiring his image in the lake, he heard his blackberry ring tone going off in the pocket of his ripped jeans.

Searching through the torn material he found his blackberry. It was a text from Dr. Hennigan. “Found microchips planted in butts of League members. Homing device. Beware! Hennigan.”

“Ah jeeze,” railed the Man of Iron.

“What matter?” asked his mighty lover.

“Hennigan found microchips planted in the butts of the League members. He thinks they’re a homing device. If he’s right, Drago knows everything.”

Pausing for a second David pondered the awful significance of the discovery. It was like a light going on in his head. A look of startled realization covered his face. “OH NO!” he shouted. “That’s how Drago knew I was here. There has to be one in me.”

He bent over. He ripped what was left to the seat of his pants to spread his butt cheeks. “Feel inside my ass,” he ordered. “See if you can find anything planted inside my ass. Hurry. All our lives depend on it.”

Squatting down behind his lover, Hercules inserted two fingers. Feeling around he came upon a small black spot buried deep up David’s interior butt cheek. “I find something,” he said.

“Quick, pull it off!”

Shrugging his massively broad shoulders the legend did as instructed. MightyMan winced as Hercules tore the offending chip away, taking a piece of flesh with it. “Ouch!” he hollered.

Straightening up he took the chip from his lover’s hand. “Oh by the gods of my ancestors,” he lamented. After thoroughly examining the object, he angrily hurled it with all his mighty into the stratosphere.

A horrifying thought pierced his brain. “My parents!” he cried. “They’re in danger too. That’s why Bick was to keep me busy this afternoon. Quick, to the horses! I’ve got to get home.”

Both men raced up the cliff side to their horses. Spurring their steeds they raced as fast they could to the homestead. In a cloud of dust they came to a halt. David ran up the porch steps and rocketed into the house calling for his folks. Hercules was right behind him, Concern laced across both their faces.

The scene inside the house stopped them cold in their tracks. The place was a shambles. Furniture overturned, lamps and mirrors shattered, bric-a-brac smashed on the floor. Some great struggle had taken place here. It looked at a war zone. Frantically David called out but there was no answer. Again he called. Again no response. Both men raced through the house but no one was there.

“Oh No! Oh No! Oh No!” pined David as tears fell from his eyes. “He’s got them. Drago has my folks,” he cried burying his tear stained face in the Greek’s chest.

Hercules tenderly enfolded him in his loving, comforting arms. “We go get back, like others,” he gently soothed as he kissed the top of David’s head. “Come ... pull self together. We go.”

Chapter Twenty-Four: The New Recruit

When MightyMan, in his crime fighting uniform, and Hercules, in his cowboy gear, arrived at the superhero’s Citadel of Peace they were in for a terrific shock. The place had been ransacked. Complete disorder reigned. Everything had been turned upside down and topsy-turvy. Looking at one another they said in unison, “Drago!”

No sooner had they spoken when the Greek legend complained of feeling odd. “I ... faint ... and ... weak ...” Just then his great body began to convulse uncontrollably. His image started to waver as it faded in and out of focus. He collapsed to the cave floor squirming as he bellowed out in pain.

Horried at what he was helplessly witnessing, David was beside himself with dreadful apprehension. With tears in his eyes he fell to his knees beside his violently convulsing lover. When he reached for him a great bolt of an electrical shock blasted him away, sending him sailing to the far side of the room where he hit the rock wall with a thunderous smack. In a cloud of dust, chips of stone flakes crumbled to the floor covering his head, chest and shoulders. For a brief moment there was an aura of blue sparkling electricity encompassing his entire body as he lay nearly unconscious on his back.

Quickly the superhero recovered. He jumped to his feet to shake away the effects of being electrocuted. The dust and debris covering him fell to the cave floor. He raced back to his screaming lover whose body was being ravaged by contortions of excruciating pain as his effigy continued to fade in and out. Not knowing what to do to save his beloved, the Man of Iron just stood there paralyzed with fear and abject helplessness.

But just as quickly as it had started, the seizures abruptly ended. As Hercules lay writhing, gasping for breath on the cold stone floor, his image became solid once more, retuning to normal. Again MightyMan dropped to his knees to cradle the still trembling legend in his mighty arms, comforting him with one ardent kiss after another, smothering his face with kisses.

“My beloved, are you all right?” he nervously asked.

“I better,” came a weak but reassuring response. “What ... happened?” asked the Greek strongman as he looked up into the concerned, loving face of his beefy boy friend.

“I’m sure it was Drago, again,” replied MightyMan as he continued to hug and cradle the love of his life. “He’s playing with the Excellatron, to remind us of how vulnerable you are ... that you’re at his mercy. He’s using you, like he’s doing with my parents, to get to me, that fuckin’ bastard.”

“We stop him, yes,” said Hercules as he slowly got to his feet with David’s assistance.

“We’ll need the League to help us,” stated the Ultimate Musclemans of the Universe. “With all of us together, we’ll be able to defeat Drago and his muscular henchmen once and for all.”

Once Hercules had sufficiently rested and restored his Olympian powers, the Man of Iron scooped him up in his arms to fly off to League headquarters.

Flying down to the lowest, subterranean level of the Kent/Lane Tower Building, the mighty duo came to the massive steel and concrete double wide door to the League’s headquarters. Once more they were in for a shocking surprise. The massive ten ton door had been ripped from its hinges. It lay in huge shattered chunks nearly blocking the entrance way. “What the fuck!” gasped the Caped Knight of Right.

The mighty pair hurriedly scrambled over the mass of debris to work their way into the office, occasionally having to lift up large heavy chunks of the door to clear their path.

Once inside they were confronted with more destruction. Furniture, chairs, mirrors, all manner of furnishings were smashed, broken and littering the carpeted floors. Even the huge heavy oak conference table, around which the League regularly met, had been demolished into a towering pile of splinters. The sight of all this devastation left both powerful men speechless and in a stupor of awe.

Shaking off their shocked disbelief, they briskly made their way to the infirmary. As they approached, the muffled sound of sobbing grew more audible with each step. Turning the corner to the darkened infirmary hallway, they found Dr. Hennigan slumped on the floor in a complete meltdown. Tears flowed in a steady stream across his extremely handsome features as he wept uncontrollably. His long luxuriant hair hung down like a veil covering his grief-stricken face.

Both men looked at one another in puzzlement. Turning to the physician MightyMan inquired, “Doctor, what’s the matter? What’s happened here?”

Too overcome with emotion, and unable to speak, all the good doctor could do was to point with a trembling finger toward the infirmary. “Stay with Dr. Hennigan,” commanded the Man of Iron to his lover. “See if there is anything you can do for him.”

“Where you go?” asked a concerned Hercules.

“In there,” replied the superhero nodding toward the infirmary. “Stay with the doctor. I’ll call you if I need you.”

With great trepidation the Ultimate Muscleman slowly made his way down the corridor. When he took hold of the infirmary door handle, the door fell away making a loud crashing sound as it hit the floor.

The infirmary was dark as night. A sense of foreboding hung in the still air. MightyMan reached for the light switch. He flicked it on. What he saw instantly sickened his heart as it jolted his senses. Before him, strewn all over the room, were bloody body parts. The floor was thick with blood, gore and guts.

In a state of horrified shock and revulsion, the Caped Knight stumbled into the infirmary, stepping over body parts as he went. There were the arms of Gladiator, the head of WarLord, one of EagleMan’s legs and an arm, the severed torso of Gladiator. The headless trunk of WarLord lay in his bed. His decimated body folded over in half. His naked muscle butt exposed. Encrusted all over his torn, bloody sphincter was a huge wad of dried semen.

As he drew nearer to what was left of EagleMan, lying face down on his stomach, his butt too smeared with dried cum, the Man of Iron noticed something scribbled on the wall next to his bed. With his dying breath EagleMan had managed to scrawl in his own blood the letters: D-R-A-G-O - then the bloody fingerprint trailed off.

Dumbfounded and overcome with nausea, MightyMan hurried from the room. He needed fresh air. He desperately needed to recoup his bludgeoned, horrified senses. As he stumbled into the hallway Hennigan was wailing, “It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault!”

The confessional tone of the doctor was ripe with contrite emotion. It touched MightyMan's heart. Squatting down next to the sobbing physician he consoled, "No John, it's not your fault. Drago did this. It was a deliberate act of barbaric terrorism. You had nothing to do with it."

"But if I had been here... I might have been able to help and prevent what happened," he tearfully argued. "I might have made a difference."

Tenderly the superhero took the bitterly crying doctor in his comforting arms to hold him close to his chest. The doctor continued to bitterly weep on his shoulder.

"What happened?" asked the confused, baffled Greek. "What in room?"

Calmly, rationally, MightyMan explained the human carnage in the infirmary. Unable to comprehend the gruesome details, Hercules took a look for himself. On his return he declared bombastically, "I kill Drago! He dead man!"

Overwhelmed by the non-ending attack of horrendous events, the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe lost his temper. He barked at his lover, "Stop playing the damn hero for once. This isn't ancient times where you can just rush in and save the day! Lives are at stake here. My parents!"

Regaining his cool he stood up. Gently clutching the mighty legend by his mammoth shoulders he apologized. "I'm so sorry for yelling at you, but we need calm heads and a plan of action. We just can't go storming into Drago's headquarters and hope for the best. He's too well organized. Everything he does is pre-planned. He knows his every move. So we need a plan to counter his. I need time to think what you and I can do."

They kissed as they embraced, tenderly wrapping their gigantic arms about one another.

"What about me," asked Hennigan lifting himself up as he dried his tears. "I want in on this too. I want to help."

"No, doctor," answered MightyMan sternly. "This is work for Hercules and me."

"But I can be useful. I'm strong. I have a well muscled body. I've trained in martial arts. I know how to handle myself. Please let me join with you," pleaded Hennigan as he posed his well toned muscular body. At 6'1" tall, the thirty-something doctor weighed 230 pound of solid, rock hard muscle with 20" arms and a chest of 58". Stunningly handsome with long, shoulder length dark hair he was a formidable figure of a man.

Looking the good doctor over like a prized bull, the dynamic twosome shook their heads in amazement. “You said you know martial arts?” inquired the Man of Iron.

Hennigan eagerly replied in the affirmative. After a long pause of contemplation the Caped Knight responded cautiously, “Okay then. You can join us. But I must emphasize, and you must accept, that what I say goes. You follow my orders at all times. No deviations. Agreed?”

“Agreed,” smiled Hennigan as he vigorously shook MightyMan’s hand and that of Hercules.

“Then I say we go someplace and work out a plan of action. But ... where? Drago has already been to my Citadel of Peace,” wondered the Man of Iron out loud.

“What about my place,” suggested Hennigan. “We’d be safe there. Drago doesn’t know where it is or that I even exist.”

“Sound good to Hercules,” stated the Greek strongman.

“Me too,” added his lover.

Gathering up Hercules under one arm and Hennigan under the other, MightyMan blasted off, flying through the labyrinth of corridors to the outside and into the sky with the doctor pointing the way.

Once at Hennigan’s suburban residence the beefy trio sat down at the kitchen table to work out a plan of action. What they eventually came up with was a surprise attack. They’d first find MightyMan’s parents and free them. “My father was once a great champion fighter,” stated the proud son. “He’d be able to work with us. The more power we have the better our chances. He can work with us in keeping Drago’s forces at bay.” Turning to Hercules he added, “You, my beloved, can take on Patterson and you Doctor will take care of Szatkowski. I’ll deal with Drago, myself. Is everything clear?”

The two partners nodded. “Clear,” replied the Greek.

“Yes, quite clear,” answered the doctor as he rose from the table to excused himself for a moment.

Left by themselves in the kitchen the super-powerful duo held hands as they gazed lovingly across the table at one another. Their devotional glances were broken when Hercules spotted a portable television on a nearby counter. Since returning from his eternal slumber, the Greek legend had become totally enamored with modern technology, none more so than with television. He had once told MightyMan that the gods of Olympus had such technology and used it to keep in constant communication.

On spotting this electronic marvel, his eyes lighted up with wonderment.

“A TV!” he howled with glee as he stood up to turn it on. Instantly it flickered to life as Jeopardy appeared on the screen. “Alex, I’ll pick Greek Mythology for \$500,” stated an eager contestant. Bells rang revealing the Daily Double. The audience applauded vigorously. “How much do you wager?” inquired the host. “I bet \$1,000” replied the contestant. “And the question is, Zeus turned himself into a swan to seduce what person?” asked the host.

“Leda! Leda!” shouted Hercules as he jumped excitedly to his feet.

“We interrupt this television program to bring you an important news bulletin,” said an ominous voice over. “The Metropolitan City Council and police department are advising all law abiding citizens to stay inside their homes this evening due to a tremendous crime wave now enveloping the city. We take you now to City Hall where our reporter is standing by.”

“City Hall tonight is bathed in confusion and terror,” cited an agitated television news reporter. “City officials and the police department are powerless to stop the current massive crime spree now in progress throughout our city. The latest report states that more than two dozen lives have been lost just today and over five hundred robberies have taken place. They ask that all citizens stay in their homes tonight and have placed an eight o’clock curfew on the city. Anyone caught out on the streets after eight o’clock will be arrested on sight.

“City and police officials have also issued the following joint statement: ‘We plead to MightyMan and his League of Superheroes to come to our rescue immediately. We cannot hope to overcome these criminal activities without your help. It is imperative that you act and act NOW! The lives of every man, woman and child in Metropolitan City are in your hands.’

“As soon as more news is made available, we’ll bring it to you. Until then, we return you to our regularly scheduled program ...”

“Turn it off,” commanded MightyMan to his lover as his head sank to his chest in despair. Quickly Hercules obeyed.

“What we do?” asked the legend. “City, people need our help.”

After a thoughtful moment of contemplation, the Ultimate Muscleman looked up to replied, “If we cut the head of the snake off, the body dies.”

“Don’t know what means.”

“It means we attack Drago ... now!” responded a determined MightyMan. “We have no time to waste. Not only are my parent’s lives’ in danger, but the life of everyone in the city as well. With him out of the way this crime wave will stop and the police will be able to regain control of the streets once more.”

Just then Dr. Hennigan returned. He was dressed as his own superhero character. A jaunty black leather biker cap with a chain stretched across the top of the visor sat at the back of his head. A sleeveless black leather studded biker jacket, zipped part way up, exposed the cleavage between his well developed pectoral muscles as well as his impressive arms. Two leather arm bands strained around his biceps. Twin leather studded biker gloves reached to his formidable forearms. A padded black leather ribbed jock barely covered his groin, his well formed butt cheeks exposed in the back. To top off his crime fighting outfit he wore leather chaps with braids and fringe up the sides and steel toed biker boots with straps and buckles. A black eye mask covered his upper face. His crisp, sharp green eyes showed brilliantly through the holds. His handsome face was framed by his long flowing hair.

“Wow! Halloween came early this year. What are you made up for?” gasped an astonished MightyMan.

Pleased with himself, Hennigan announced, “I had this in the closet for a while now. I thought if I could ever join the League, this would be my costume. What do you think?”

“I like,” chuckled a bemused Hercules as he ogled the doctors impressively bulging groin.

Nodding his head in disbelief the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe smiled as he said, “A closet superhero ... well who knew. It sure doesn’t leave much to the imagination.” After a brief pause he added as he looked down at his own form fitting costume, “But then neither does mine.”

Following a pause of reflection the Caped Knight inquired, “Do you have a name? What do you call yourself in this outfit?”

Somewhat embarrassed by the question he responded nervously, “I ... thought ... maybe ... the Masked Warrior.

Trying not to laugh out loud, the Ultimate Muscleman stifled himself. With a broad smile on his face he finally said. “The Masked Warrior sounds right to me.”

“I like too,” injected the mighty legend.

“So when do we make our move?” asked the newest member of the League.

“Now!” came the resounding response from MightyMan. “Drago has unleashed a crime wave all over the city. It was just on the news. The citizens of Metropolitan City desperately need our help, as well as my parents. We go now!”

Stepping out into the night air, MightyMan picked up Hercules under one arm and the Masked Warrior under the other and blasted off into the night sky.

In short order the trio landed on the far side of Drago International Headquarters away from the prying eyes of security cameras and the ever patrolling security guards and their vicious attack dogs. “Stay here for a moment while I do some aerial reconnaissance,” order their leader as he flew back up to hover over Drago’s headquarters.

Using his x-ray vision he scoured the massive building eventually focusing on the subterranean levels. There in a sealed chamber stuffed with medical equipment, and which had obviously been used as a laboratory at one time, he spotted his parents, tied to two chairs. They were bound with ropes and their mouths were gagged. Their heads were slumped forward as if they were asleep. MightyMan’s first thought was, “That’s odd. Dad should be able to break free ...” Again he scanned the area surrounding the chamber. There were no guards posted anywhere. “That’s odd too,” he thought.

Returning to his two compatriots he explained the situation. “So how we get in?” asked Hercules.

“Stand back,” advised the Ultimate Muscleman. Once more he flew up in the air. He paused in mid flight. Putting his arms over his head he clasped his fists together and began to spin. Faster and faster he spun turning himself into a tornado. He dove straight toward the ground blasting his way through like a great auger, throwing up earth, rock and dust, creating a huge geyser of dirt in his wake.

Deep into the ground he bored his way creating a large tunnel for his comrades to follow. When he came to the subbasement wall of his parent’s prison, he continued burrowing his way through the reinforced steel and concrete foundation into the chamber itself.

Once inside the dimly lighted room he saw his parents. His mother was wearing one of her innumerable calico dresses; his father in his usual work boots, worn jeans and a faded yellow cowboy shirt. Immediately he realized they weren’t sleeping but were unconscious and hardly breathing. That explained the lack of security he said to himself. Their complexion was gray, pasty and ghostly pallid, like two corpses.

“Dad! Mother!” he wailed with frightful anxiety as he raced toward them, but was stopped in his tracks almost immediately. He collapsed to his knees as an overpowering force of total weakness conquered his body. He was falling to the floor when Hercules and Hennigan scrambled into the room. Sprawled face first on the concrete he weakly uttered, “Titanite ... It must be titanite ...”

Before losing consciousness he barely managed to say, “Rope laced with titanite ,,,” as he pointed toward his comatose parents.

Hercules rushed to his stricken lover only to be felled by the same substance. He collapsed next to MightyMan. Breathlessly he spoke, “Hennigan ... you ... get rid ... rope.”

“Yes! Yes I will,” replied the Masked Warrior as he ran to MightyMan’s parents. Feverously he untied them both gathering up the titanite laced rope. No longer bound to the chairs they toppled over onto the cold floor with the Caped Knight’s mother landing on top of her husband’s great broad back.

“Get rid ... rope,” ordered the Greek strongman as he struggled to all fours.

“Yes, I’ll get rid of it,” answered the junior member of the League as he quickly looked about the room. His eyes spied a built in wall disposal unit. Across the drop down lid was painted, “For Toxic Waste Only”. Running for all he was worth he reached the receptacle, pulled the mouth open. Instantly the intense vacuum suction ripped the rope from his hand, at the same time sucking in the biker gloves on his hands. The titanite laced rope immediately disappeared into the nether regions of Drago International Headquarters vast basement complex.

When the Masked Warrior turned around, Hercules was already kneeling over his lover. “Take care parents,” he ordered. “I care for MightyMan,” he said as he gently shook him back to consciousness.

Within a few minutes the Man of Iron was fully awake. As he stood with the aid of Hercules, his parents were coming out of their coma. Quickly the color returned to their faces as they began to stir. Hennigan helped each to their chair where they sat, slumped over at first, then slowly sitting upright as they regained their strength.

David, pushing himself away from his lover, weakly staggered unassisted to his parents. He dropped to his knees in front of them as he wrapped his mighty arms about their waists, placing his head on his mother’s bosom. As tears rolled down his face he softly wept, “I thought I’d lost you both.”

Feeling restored, his father lovingly replied, “You don’t give your old folks much credit son. We’re made of the same DNA that you are. In fact,” he paused to make his point, “we made you. You get your strength and endurance from us.”

“And don’t you forget it,” tenderly chided his mother as she kissed her son on the forehead.

After an affectionate round of hugs and more kisses, his father jokingly asked, “By the way, what took you so long-- and who is this formidable young man?”

MightyMan introduced the Masked Warrior, the newest recruit to the League of Superheroes. After explaining his connection to the League, David spent the next several minutes recounting the horrific events of the day to his parents. At the conclusion his father stated flatly, "This Drago has to be stopped once and for all."

"Yes, dear, what can we do to help you in terminating this madman's reign of terror," inquired his mother.

"Oh, mama," he answered stifling a chuckle, "You just need to sit here and recuperate. It's been a trying day for you." Turning to his father he added, "However, dad, we could use your help."

"Oh!" huffed his mother indignantly. "So what you're saying is this is only man's work and a woman has no place in it?" She stormed to her feet. She was a woman of average height but solidly built. Her face retained traces of her once youthful beauty that had been the talk of the universe.

"Watch out, son," whispered his father. "Now you've done it."

Standing up MightyMan looked befuddled. "But mother ..."

"Don't but mother me." Drawing a deep breath she continued. "I'll have you know that for fours years in a row I was the woman's mixed marshal arts champion of the Titania Empire. That's how I met your father. We competed at the same time and I'm just as good today as I was then."

To demonstrate her power she stepped forward. As she passed Hercules she smiled as she gently touched his face, "How are you dear," she asked but did not pause for an answer. She approached the newest member of the League. "Try to hit me young man."

Flustered by the request Hennigan stammered, "But ... but I couldn't do that ma'am." He eagerly looked about at the other men in the room for guidance.

"Believe me young man you won't hit me, no matter how hard you try," she stated. "So throw your best punch."

Hennigan hesitated, unsure what to do. "Go ahead," insisted MightyMan's father. "Go ahead." Turning to his son he proudly stated, "I haven't seen your mother in action for over twenty years, not since we left our home planet."

The Masked Warrior, glancing at the Caped Knight, pleaded, "What do I do?"

Begrudgingly MightyMan replied as he shrugged his massive shoulders, “I guess you take a swing at her.”

“But she’s your mother.”

”And a champion woman fighter of the greatest empire in all the solar system,” boasted the former Emperor. “Go ahead and try your best to strike her. “

Screwing up his courage the Masked Warrior took one step back to unleashed a powerful right that would have knocked out any normal man.

Mid way in flight MightyMan’s mother caught hold of the flying fist, twisting the arm into a behind the back arm bar. Hennigan shouted out in pain, but the lady was not through. She easily lifted him up on his back over her head. She pressed him several times before gently replacing the startled newest superhero back on his feet, safe and sound.

“Now, do I get a chance to fight with all you big strapping men?” she asked her son.

“I say yes,” chortle Hercules.

Ring out his arm Hennigan seconded the motion. “I’d rather have her on our side than opposing us.”

“She’ll be a great asset, son, and we need all the help we can get to defeat Drago,” advised Alydaar.

Following a moment of thoughtful contemplation David spoke. “All right mother, you can help us.” His parents rushed to hug their son as smiles abounded all around.

“What’s our plan of action,” asked his father.

“If memory serves me right, I was held prisoner down here,” replied his son. “There ought to be a large private gym on this level that Drago uses for his sadistic wrestling matches. My guess is we find that gym and we find Drago along with those two beefy devils of his, Patterson and Szatkowski.”

“Then what?” asked his mother.

“Hercules will take care of Patterson, while the Masked Warrior will tend to Szatkowski. They’ll keep them busy and off my back while I deal with Drago.”

“And us? What do we do?” inquired his father impatiently.

“You and mother have to take care of any guards that may try to interfere,” instructed MightyMan. “Drago has a lot of heavily muscled security. The gym has to be fully covered by cameras. The first sign of our presence and they’ll be on us thicker than fleas on a Texas dog in mid-August. So it’s vital that you two hold them off so we can take care of business.”

“Leave it to us, son,” replied his mother.

His father quickly added, “Your mother and I fought side by side for hours on the steps of our palace with your grandfather, defending the rights of all Titanians from those scurrilous invaders. Believe me son, we know what to do.”

Taking a deep breath MightyMan stated, “Now that we all know what to do ... let’s go and do it.” Pointing to the sealed door the Caped Knight nodded to Hercules. The Greek strongman went over to it, tearing it away.

Leading his troop of superheroes, the Man of Iron led them out into the darkened hallway. With their backs flat against the cement wall they stealthily made their way down the long corridor, making no sound. When they came to a cross corridor, MightyMan peeped ever-so-slowly around the corner to see if the passageway was clear.

They once had to quickly dart back into the shadows as a security unit marched past. Then, when the coast was clear they continued their progress until they came to a large intersection. At the far end of the cross section were double doors. From behind the doors MightyMan could hear muffled voices raised in shouts of agony. Turning to his band of superheroes he announced, “This is it.”

Taking a moment to gather up all their courage, they raced down the hallway, knocking the doors off their hinges, as they burst into Drago’s private gym. It was a cavernous room with three wrestling rings and tons upon tons of free weights and heavily-laden exercise machines. The overhead florescent lighting, suspended from exposed steel girders, was harsh on the eyes, almost blinding until you got use to it. With no windows the cinder block walls were covered with silhouette charts marking the ever-growing proportions of Drago’s body. Off in the far corner was the Excellatron humming away totally undisturbed by the events about to unfold.

The naked crime lord was in the ring with his two equally nude henchmen, Szatkowski and Patterson. He had them both in a painful head lock, one under each arm as he ground out the hold, causing them to scream for their lives, as he salivated with glee at the torment he was inflicting.

At the unexpected intrusion of his uninvited guests Drago let go of his two muscled-up victims. They dropped to the mat like a truck load of bricks with a heavy thud. Standing with his hands on

his hips, Metropolitan City's number one criminal laughed at the sight of the intruders. "What the fuck is this? Are the Village People holding auditions?"

Shaking his head he scolded, "MightyMan, don't you ever knock? You're forever breaking down doors!"

The bevy of superheroes looked at Drago with revulsion. Standing in the ring before them was a massive mass of grotesque morphed muscle. Looking like the Michelin Tire Man, Mr. Bib, only instead of rings of flab, his body comprised rings of muscle, muscle upon muscle and still more muscle. Even his bald head had almost completely disappeared into his overly-developed bull neck.

Seeing the look of awestruck surprise in all their eyes Drago put on a posing routine. While he posed he gave out with a running commentary primed toward his mighty rival. "You like all my muscles, MightyMan. You gave me all this power. By drinking your sperm I've become the most muscular, most powerful man on Earth. No one came match my strength, not even you. I'm even more powerful than that wimp Hercules standing next to you."

At that the Greek legend darted forward but was restrained by his lover. "Keep to the plan," whispered MightyMan in his ear.

"No don't hold him back," challenged Drago. "Let the great hero of ancient Greece face me and know what it is finally like to be defeated and fucked to death on the cock of a real strongman."

Taking his gigantically morphed horse cock in his hand the crime lord began to slowly jack himself as he stared down at Hercules. "Wouldn't you like to feel all this up in you? Wouldn't you like to know once and for all what a real mighty man feels like up your asshole, tearing you to shreds? Wouldn't you like a real hero's death on this beast?" he bombastically stated as he roared with laughter.

As he taunted the legend both Szatkowski and Patterson joined him. They too had obviously been drinking MightyMan's cum for their bodies had also morphed-- but not to the extent of their boss.

"We're here to stop you and your criminal activities that are terrorizing the city," proclaimed MightyMan in his most righteous voice. "You're through Drago, now and forever."

"And who's going to stop me? You? I can eat you for lunch you Caped Knight of Crap. I'm bigger than you. I'm stronger than you. You're no match for me. None of you are a match for me individually or collectively," scoffed the Beast From The East as he flexed his humongous arms to bolster his claim.

“You have three rings,” observed MightyMan. “Why don’t we settle this once and for all in the ring? Patterson against Hercules in one ring; Szatkowski in another against the Masked Warrior, and you and me in this ring. Sounds fair, doesn’t it?”

Leary of the suggestion, Drago eyed with suspicion his arch nemesis.

“What are you up to?”

“You’ve been trying to get me into the ring for a long time. Now’s your chance, Drago. You and me, mono e mono! No holds barred.” As Ultimate Muscleman spoke, he began to undress, stripping himself naked. He was well aware of his arch nemesis’ weakness for his body.

Gazing down on his rival’s magnificent physique, the crime lord couldn’t help himself from getting a tremendously painful erection. His great sex tool bounded up and down with unrivaled anticipation as a load of pre-cum seeped heavily across its great bulbous head. All he could think about was destroying MightyMan in his mammoth arms as he crucified him to death on his monstrous killer cock. “I’ll tear your guts out on my beast, MightyMan. Before this night is through you’ll be torn to pieces.”

“Then it’s a deal Drago?”

“With just one stipulation,” insisted his chief adversary. “It will be UWA rules ... to the death!”

Alydaar stepped in front of his son. “No son, not to the death. It’s too great a price to put you in such jeopardy.”

“It’s the only way, father, to stop this maniac and his reign of terror.”

“I forbid it!” demanded his father.

“If it’s the only way, it’s the only way, dad.”

“But just look at that monster of muscle. He’s a killing machine ...”

“Yes, and someone has to put a stop to him.”

“Then let me,” interjected Hercules. “I use to fighting monsters, ogres, beasts. You not so much. I know how handle Drago.”

“No. It’s my job,” asserted MightyMan. “He personally butchered my friends from the League as they lay helpless in their beds. We need to stick to the plan my love. Revenge is mine. Drago is mine.”

Turning back to the ring, the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe responded, “To the death Drago ... to the death.”

To his parents he stated softly, “Guard the door. I don’t trust Drago. It’s up to you to keep this room clear of his security forces.” They kissed and hugged.

Just then a flood of beefy security guards attempted to storm the gym. Their entrance was successfully blocked by his parents who went into an extreme fighting mode, throwing a whirlwind of lethal punches and kicks that leveled the biggest and strongest of the guards as they charged forward. Bodies were pummeled to the ground or thrown haphazardly every which way, bouncing off walls left and right. Within seconds the floor was strewn with broken, bleeding unconscious bodies.

Seeing his parents in action for the first time proudly impressed the Man of Iron-- but how long could they keep it up? There seemed to be an unending number of guards attacking as the body count mounted. He had to do something to protect his mother and father.

Looking back at Drago he shouted over the guards’ agonizing din of cries and screams, “I also insist on one thing, Drago, that it be just the six of us fighting in the rings. No security guard interference. You keep them at bay and if I lose, my parents go free back to the ranch. Deal?”

Without hesitation the sexually hungry crime lord agreed. “Deal!”

The city’s overlord of crime called a halt to his security force’s attack. “Move back into the hallway,” he ordered. His command was immediately followed.

“Why did you do that, son?” asked his perturbed father. “Your mother and I were just getting started. I’d forgotten how much fun all of this was.”

In a low voice David stated to his parents, “Drago could still change his mind. I need you both fresh and alert if he does. Conserve your strength. It may be needed later.”

Turning to his two League partners he instructed them to enter the other two rings. As they parted they clasped hands and hugged.

Drago ordered his two beefy cohorts to their places to “Destroy this pathetic excuse of the League.”

MightyMan waved his arch nemesis to a neutral corner so he could enter the ring. Reluctantly he complied. "I have to admit, this isn't the way I had it planned out MightyMan," uttered Drago contemptuously. "I was going to fight you in the Crypt of Doom before a live audience of billions. I wanted the whole world to witness me slaughtering you and tearing you in half on my cock. I wanted them to see me take away their last chance of hope as I crushed your bones in my arms."

"Sorry to disappoint you," snarled MightyMan as he took his place in the opposite corner.

"All's not lost however," stated his rival. "All these security cameras will record the action for posterity. I'll broadcast it over my pay-for-view network and make billions off of it. The world will still get to see me demolish you and savagely fuck you to death. The deed will be done and the point made for all to see. They'll know there is no hope for them and their only recourse is to surrender to my will. You'll prove a great object lesson to them. So your life won't be in vain after all. And I'll have the immense pleasure and sexual satisfaction of fucking you to death, destroying you and demolishing your legend all at the same time."

As the Caped Knight stood in his corner he glanced over at Hercules removing his western clothes. Standing arrogantly in the ring opposite him was the newly muscled-up Patterson. The legend looked back and gave his lover a thumb's up. Next MightyMan looked over at the Masked Warrior as he undressed. He seemed nervous, yet full of confidence as he stared intently at Szatkowski and his morphed muscular body.

"Whenever you're ready to meet your doom, MightyMan," challenged Drago.

Guarding the open doorway, David's parents stood sentinel barring the ever-growing number of security forces now hovering in the corridor, just outside the gym. These beefy thugs had heard their boss's order not to interfere but their curiosity got the better of them. They strained their thick necks to witness this fight of the ages, as well as to be at hand if Drago changed his mind.

Inside the gym the testosterone level was off the charts. The erotic tension was palpable as Hercules, with his humongous, hard, destructive cock, faced the extremely beefy blond scientist responsible for bringing him back from his eternal rest. The Masked Warrior, with his thick 7" sex rod, that tended to rise upward as it continued to grow firm, faced off against the very muscular Szatkowski with his trademark ponytail that fell to the middle of his broad, well developed back. And MightyMan, with his unsurpassed massively muscled physique and powerful 12" tool faced the greatest challenge of his life in a death brawl against the monstrously gigantic muscled body of Drago and his mammoth sex beast that was pointed directly at him. The duel of these mighty musclebound titans was about to get under way.

Everyone present was well aware that the outcome of these three grueling death matches would determine, once and for all, the future course of human history on Earth.

Chapter Twenty-Five: Duel to the Death Begins

The cavernous gym was full from ceiling to floor and from wall to wall with the suffocating heaviness of muscles and masculine testosterone as the six mighty men faced off against one another. Self-confidence reigned supreme with each fighter as they glared menacingly at one another from opposite sides of the rings.

Drago took the first step, moving his gargantuan bulk sluggishly to the center of the squared circle. With a hateful smirk plastered across his thick lips he called out to his arch nemesis, challenging MightyMan to step up and feel the awesome power of his muscles. "Don't be afraid, Pussy-man," he taunted. "Feel the body of a real muscleman and know who's your conqueror and master this night!" As he spoke he flexed his monstrous arms with arrogant glee. "I'm so superior in body and strength to you," he gushed as he went through a complete posing routine to the stunned disbelief of all the gawking League members.

Even Hercules gulped hard as he looked at the Russian crime lord's colossal physique with wonder and veneration as he stood across the ring from the Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe. A deep sense of sexual desire overwhelmed him causing his legendary massive killer cock to erupt with a full-blown hard-on. As Drago posed and posed the mighty Greek's own throbbing sex beast spewed out an ocean of pre cum as licentious drool dripped in a steady stream from the corners of his mouth. But when his eyes turned to glance at MightyMan a sense of dread overcame him. Was his lover up to the challenge? The Ultimate Muscleman's massively muscled body almost seemed to pale by comparison. Despite the superhero's own magnificent physique and strength, grave doubts about his ability to defeat the crime lord ravaged Hercules' mind.

The same negative thoughts plagued MightyMan as he fell under the intoxicating sexual spell of Drago's posing routine. Despite the grotesqueness of Drago's body, there was undeniably something inexplicably erotic and sensual about all that mass of muscle that was hypnotizing and the Cape Knight found himself easily falling under its magic. Like his lover, his mighty cock sprang to full blown life. As a moth is drawn to a flame, he stepped forward, almost as if in a trance, to confront his arch enemy. As he proceeded, his pulsating manhood bobbed uncontrollably up and down with each step. In short order he was standing face to face and cock to cock with his musclebound foe.

In a complete stupor, MightyMan just stood motionless, with a look of dumbfoundedness smothering his face. Drago did a lat spread right in the face of the superhero, puffing up his mountainous pectoral development, their huge nipples projecting outward like missiles ready to be launched. Seeing the look of total stupefaction in the superhero's eyes, the Beast from the East harshly grabbed both of his challenger's hands and slammed them down hard on his over-sized pecs as he resumed his flexing.

A loud grunt of sexual pleasure escaped MightyMan's lips as he felt the dancing pecs bouncing in his hands. The erotic sensation was only heightened to the point of swooning by his cock being crammed up tight, side by side, with Drago's mammoth manmeat. Also the intense body heat radiated by both of them was palpable. It acted like a slumberous opiate making him drowsy as its warmth sapped his energy and strength, rendering him susceptible to instant defeat. A noticeable lecherous gleam filled the crime fighter's eyes. "You want to suck my pecs, don't you," crowed Drago. "Well, go ahead and suck."

As if in a sleep like state of alter consciousness, MightyMan unconsciously obeyed, smothering his face deep into Drago's chest. He enveloped the right nipple in his hot mouth as he continued to massage the left pec. Like a baby nursing at his mother's breast, David ravenously sucked and sucked, intermittently swirling his tongue tip over and around the great meaty protrusion, causing Drago to moan loudly with erotic delight. When he moved to the left pec to do the same thing, he left a great slobbering glob of saliva hanging precariously from the tip of the right nipple.

The crime lord switched his pose to a double biceps. The Knight of Right needed no prodding. He released his lips from the saliva saturated left pec to cup the eye popping, bulging arm muscles with his hands. The power encased in those biceps was unbelievable and frightening, causing MightyMan to break out in a nervous sweat as he felt them both simultaneously. Overwhelmed by such superior force, the allure of such power demanded worshipping. Unconsciously the Man of Iron commenced kissing them, tonguing them, licking them, one after the other as a devoted supplicant, totally oblivious to what he was doing.

When he finally glanced up into Drago's face he saw a conceited smile of anticipated victory caressing his lips. "You're dead meat and you know it," snarled the Russian contemptuously.

Off in the distance the superhero could hear his father's concerned voice shouting, "Son, wake up. Don't fall prey to Drago's body. Regain control of yourself!"

His father's advice, mixed with the harshness of Drago's words shocked a sense of awareness back into David. He stepped back. He vigorously shook his head to shake some sense back into it. As he did, a hail of sweaty bullets shot off in all directions from his face and hair.

Having regained a modicum of cognizance, MightyMan stood defiantly up to his arch enemy. "I'm a match for you any day, Drago," he boasted, as he too did a lat spread, challenging Drago to feel his might.

His recalcitrant words and action were met with a loud huffing scoff as the crime boss brutally grabbed a hold of the Man of Irons' juggling pecs. He clutched them with suck force that MightyMan cried out in pain as he felt his fabulous pecs being crushed in the mighty hands of his foe. When he tried to pull away, Drago simply pulled him in closer, ramming his mighty fuckpole deep into the underside of the Cape Knight's cock. As he grabbed the superhero's lats he lifted him off his feet only to draw him even closer to his face so he could voraciously begin to suck his nipples. Like a thirsty man dying from lack of liquids, Drago unmercifully sucked, brutally gnawing

the tits as he harshly massaged and sucked some more until he forced MightyMan to lactate, drawing forth a large quantity of milk as the superhero screamed and struggled for all he was worth to free himself from Municipal City's number one criminal's bone crushing grip. The Cape Knight of Right, his chest undulating in waves of deep, heavy breathing, swooned with moans of pleasure, "You're milking me like some crazed farm animal. Stop it! Please ... stop!"

But there was no stopping as his mighty nemesis grunted with glee at the erotic torture he was inflicting. As he sucked, first the right pec dry, then the left, Drago continuously jerked MightyMan up and down across his monstrously muscled body, scraping his mammoth sex beast along the underside of the superhero's cock, causing a flood of pre cum to flow in a steady stream, intensifying the erotic torment his helpless victim was suffering.

When he was through draining MightyMan's pecs, the mighty Russian simply tossed his arch enemy away, like throwing out the garbage. The Man of Iron landed with such force on his back that a resounding thud was heard throughout the gym. So great an impact was the landing, that all of MightyMan's breath was expelled from his great body. He laid still, sprawled out spread eagle, his great manhood erect, oozing out droplets of pre cum, that slowly dribbled the entire length of the foot long, thick cock, then over his large ball sack to hang in limbo until joined with more drops, until the weight was too great, then falling into the deep canyon between his mammoth thighs. The mighty superhero could only lay there helpless and breathless, at the whim of Drago.

The crime lord lumbered over to his fallen rival. He straddled his magnificently muscular prone body. With a look of total supremacy radiating from his face he began once more to pose his unbelievably physique in a triumphant posing routine. As he flexed he bellowed out one victory yell after another before arrogantly crowing, "I'm going to tear you a part on my cock. You'll no longer be the superhero, MightyMan, but my mighty super-fuck!"

Stunned by their leader's defenselessness and susceptibility to imminent deadly defeat, Hercules and the Masked Warrior were lost in their wrapped attention to the action in ring one. Their opponents took full advantage of the situation to catch them off guard. They attacked.

The mighty bulk of Dr. Bruce Petterson, with his new 300 lbs of morphed muscle and 26" arms, raced up to the Greek legend to spear the back of his knee with his shoulder. Hercules immediately tumbled over like a giant felled tree, hitting the mat hard with a dull thwack. As any wrestler knows, when in a fight with a bigger opponent, you take their legs away from them. On the canvas, everyone is the same height. At 6'3" tall, Petterson was no pushover for any ordinary man, but next to the over seven foot tall Greek, he was defiantly at a disadvantage.

Stunned by the surprise attack, the legend laid sprawled out. Quickly, Petterson viciously stomped his foot straight down on the Prince of Power's balls, doubling him over into a fetal position. Hercules gave out a mighty yowl of pain as his hands clutched his bruised nut sack as he rolled over onto one side.

Relentlessly Petterson kept up his attack with a series of flying elbows to his opponent's obliques and lats, forcing Hercules to roll over onto his great, broad back once again, revealing his abdominals. More flying elbows bashed into the exposed abs. Hercules grunted from the pain of every strike as his body jerked about on the mat. Then a leaping knee drop into the legend's chest that forced all the air out of his lungs. Scrambling to the top of the ring post, Petterson jumped high into the air to come crashing down in a full body press onto his enormously muscled victim, driving Hercules deep into the ring mat.

In the neighboring ring, Dr. Rob Szatkowski took total control of the League's newest member. Drago's chief scientist was a most imposing figure. At 6'1" in height, his beefy physique of 290 lbs of rock-hard muscle sported imposing 24" arms. His long dirty blond hair, that he perpetually wore in a trailing ponytail, cascaded halfway down his muscular back making him appear all the more masculine and sexy.

First Szatkowski struck the Masked Warrior with a powerful slug to the ribbed guts that took his opponent right off his feet. Landing on his knees as he gasped desperately for breath, Szatkowski plowed his fist into his forehead, sending him toppling over onto his back. Dazed and defenseless, Hennigan laid motionless. Wasting no time, the Nobel winning scientist reached down to apply an excruciating, crippling claw hold on the Warrior's ball sack. Intense, unbearable pain riddled throughout Hennigan's muscular body. Peels of anguished screams roared from his lips as his opponent's crushing hold forced him to his feet.

Not content with his sadistic savagery, Szatkowski proceeded to lift his helpless victim off his feet and up over his head with one hand. Tilting the Warrior slightly to one side, he caught hold of his chest with his other hand as he dropped forward. Standing triumphantly in center ring the chief scientist playfully pressed the Masked Warrior up and down before brutally body slamming him, with authority, to the canvas. The entire ring shook violently from the impact. The Masked Warrior, too, curled up in a fetal position, protecting his smashed balls from any further attack as he continued to whimper out one agonizing cry after another.

Pleased with himself, Szatkowski reached down to grab a hunk of the Warriors long hair to haul him up to his feet. Another vicious gut punch folded Hennigan over. The muscleman scientist pushed his opponent's head between his massive thighs, locked his arms around his waist and threw him up over his massively developed shoulder in a painful backbreaker. Proudly he pranced about the ring, bouncing Hennigan up and down with every step, inflicting pain and damage to the small of his back. The Masked Warrior bellowed out as he fiercely struggled for freedom.

Back to ring two, Petterson remarkably appeared to have the upper hand with Hercules. After having splattered the mighty legend deep into the mat,

he continued to pummel away at the prone Greek's fabulous physique with body blows, that for an average man would have been lethal, rendering the Prince of Power merely comatose. Feeling his massively transformed sex tool, now some 10" in length and thick, he crawled on top of his opponent, forcing the mighty legend's cock back against his own cobbled stoned abs so he could barbarically cock fuck the great man into submission. With drool flowing from his mouth, his head shaking from left to right like a windmill gone mad, Petterson repeatedly drove his tool deep into

the underside of Hercules' famous killer beast. Continuously he bashed away at it with his sex plug. He groaned out in erotic pleasure as the Greek just laid there, seemingly helpless.

Petterson was so intensely caught up in his savage cock fucking of the mighty legend that he never noticed, or felt, the Greek moving his hands under his body. As he went in for the kill, driving his powerful rod ever deeper into Hercules' massive cock and holding it in to maximize the pain and heighten the sexual torment, the mighty Greek threw his beefy, bleached blond sexual attacker straight up into the air some fifty feet and rolled out of the way. A startled Petterson came hurtling down, face first to the mat. He hit with a splattering thud that rendered him unconscious.

Hercules took to his feet. With a gleeful smile on his face he rolled Petterson over onto his back only to grab him by his large oversized pecs. He lifted him up. The unconscious scientist just hung loose and lifeless from the Greek's mighty hands. His once hard as a rock cock had been crushed from the impact of the fall. It had become a shriveled up piece of mangled meat. Noticing the destroyed cock the legend chuckles, "Must smashed hard on when fall."

Hercules then easily tossed his opponent up over his head in a military press. As he paraded around the ring he spotted his fellow League member, the Masked Warrior, in the precarious backbreaker. He was screaming for all he was worth as Szatkowski mercilessly bounced him around. Throughout his entire legendary life, the Prince of Power never fully realized just how truly strong he actually was. Aiming Petterson's limp body he threw it, like a guided missile at Szatkowski in the next ring over. Petterson hit his colleague square in the chest, toppling him over and landing on top of him. The blow released Hennigan, saving him from an ignominious defeat.

Scrambling from one ring to the other, Hercules helped the Masked Warrior to his feet. "We team up, yes," he said.

"You mean tag team?" inquired a groggy Hennigan as he arched his back to relieve the pain.

"Yes, tag team. We take these two to the cleaners, together!" replied a delighted legend.

Back in ring one; Drago forced MightyMan to his feet. He began to pummel the superhero with lefts and rights, driving him from one side of the ring to the other as he continuously slugged away. The Man of Iron's head tossed from side to side with each strike as his senses were knocked clear out of him. Unable to gather himself together, his mighty arms just hung down at his sides. No defense seemed possible.

The crime lord's vicious attack was taking its toll on his arch enemy. MightyMan staggered, like a drunken sot, as he was punched senseless from pillar to post. When he became cornered at the ring post, Drago really opened up on him, firing lethal blows to his body, turning the superhero into his personal punching bag. Through peals of anguish groans the Man of Iron was taking everything Drago could throw at him. The hits to his rock-hard abs felt like sledgehammers bashing

relentlessly away at him. They seemed to power deep into his stomach to his spine. His face contorted in agony with every strike.

As the Russian furiously battered and bashed away at MightyMan, he continuously grunted with joy, savoring every delectable moment of his long-sought revenge. All his long years of planning were now coming to fruition and he was not denying himself the full pleasure of this moment. He was also egged on by the boisterous hooting of his security guards crowded tightly together in the hallway as they craned their necks to see the action in the ring. Their loud cheers and applause only encouraged their boss to more viciousness.

When he finished his savage onslaught he stepped back. MightyMan slumped like a wet dishrag in the corner, his head hanging down, his arms wrapped around the corner ring ropes, his muscle ass sagging towards the mat. Black and blue welts covered his magnificent body. He had been mercilessly pummeled to near death.

Gloating over his success, Drago boasted, "You're mine MightyMan, to do with as I please. I'm going to tear you apart limb by limb. I'm going to destroy your beautiful body before I fuck you into oblivion on my cock as I crush the life out of you in my powerful arms." He grunted a sinister laugh.

as he flexed his awesome biceps.

Reaching forward the crime lord brutally grab the Caped Knight. He pulled him out of the corner by his arm only to whip him, with authority, into the opposite corner. MightyMan hit so hard that he bounced forward, his back arched from the pain as he cried out. Again Drago armed whipped him across the ring with the same affect, but this time when he bounced forward his arch nemesis was waiting. The Beast from the East caught him. Easily he threw him up over his head in a military press. Standing triumphantly, like some mighty mythic hero of old, Drago paraded about the ring with his musclebound foe held high over his head like some fresh kill. As he gloated with unrestrained glee he called for all to witness his impending victory. "Here's the world greatest superhero at my mercy. Watch as I destroy him before your very eyes."

The mighty Russian threw his opponent into a far corner. MightyMan hit with a tremendous thud on his back, His upright legs tangled in the ring ropes.

Lumbering his enormous girth to the fallen superhero, Drago's every ominous steps shook the ring. Standing over his once mighty enemy, he began to pose his gigantic body once more working himself up for the final victory.

With each pose he held his breath to explode his muscles to their maximum size. When he exhaled it was with a loud bombastic blast of air. Then he went into another pose and another. When he was through, his face redden from all his exertion, his titanic chest heaving for oxygen, he just stood there looking down at a helpless MightyMan, stroking his uncontrolled, throbbing cock. "You're a dead man," he snarled between clinched teeth. Pure hate echoed with every syllable.

David's parents were beside themselves with fear for their son. Alydaar attempted to go to his son's aid but was stopped by his wife. "No dear ... you can't," she whispered softly.

"But why?" asked her husband. "He's our son ... our boy ..."

"Yes," replied his wife with tears streaming down her face. "And it's because he is we cannot interfere no matter what our heart command us to do."

Shaking his head, Alydaar could not believe what he was hearing. "I don't understand you. I can't just stand by and do nothing when our son's very life is at stake. What kind of father would I be?"

"This fight is for David to win or lose on his own. His pride, his self-respect is at stake here, even more than his precious life. If we interfere our boy will lose all respect for himself and he'll end us hating us. His life will lose all meaning and purpose. He'll die a thousand times, day after day, for as long as he lives. No my husband! Let him have the dignity of defeat if that is the will of our ancestors. He would much rather die true to himself than live with the unbearable shame of our interference and a meaningless victory."

"But ..."

"No dearest. If you were in the ring at this very moment instead of David, what would you want? Let that guide your decision."

Unable to challenge his wife's words, his heart shattering to pieces as he looked on at his helpless son, Alydaar slumped his head down onto his chest and wept unrestrained tears. His beloved wife enfolded her man in her arms to comfort him as she too cried.

Chapter Twenty-Six: Destruction

Drago, straddling the fallen superhero, his cock bobbing wildly out of control between his mammoth thighs, easily became the captive of his visions of victory. Menacingly he glared down at the entwined body of his nemesis.

MightyMan, lying on the backs of his powerful shoulders and head, his spine crammed up tight against the hard steel ring post, his legs hopelessly tangled in the corner ropes, could only stare up in befuddled wonderment at the leviathan of muscle at was his would-be executioner.

The Beast from the East grabbed his throbbing cock to jack it with hard, firm strokes. He glowered down with a smirk of self-satisfaction at his arch enemy. "I'm going to grind your bones to dust in my mighty arms," he boasted as he flexed his gigantic arms. "I'm going to tear you apart on my tool," he bellowed for all to hear. "I'm going to annihilate you on my cock and rip you in half like Hercules did the Police Chief. So say your prayers to whatever gods you believe in MightyMan, 'cause these are the last few minutes of your miserable existence!"

Regaining his senses, MightyMan valiantly struggled to free his entangled feet and to upright himself. But it was too late. Drago reached down, clutched the neck of the superhero as he continued his straining exertions to extricate himself. Metropolitan City's chief crime lord easily torn his muscular victim away from the imprisoning ring ropes.

With effortless ease he hauled MightyMan up over his head in a gorilla press. As he paraded about the ring he pressed his arch enemy up and down to take his flaccid sex tool into his mouth to ravenously suck on it. With each withdrawal a loud popping noise was heard.

MightyMan struggled and fought the overwhelming sexual desire to shoot off all his supernatural powers down the Russian's throat, knowing full well that his cum would only make Drago that much stronger and harder to defeat. But as hard as he struggled, he was still too weak from the beating he had sustained and Drago's grip on him was far too strong.

Seeing he had aroused the superhero to a full erection, the crime lord held him aloft over his head for a few seconds. Then viciously he power-slammed MightyMan down across his knee in a deadly backbreaker. David cried out in excruciating pain as he was savagely bent into an arch, his feet and head touching the canvas.

Gleefully Drago sadistically pressed and released, pressed and released his mighty victim causing him to bellow out in constant agony. To further humiliate and arouse MightyMan, the Russian bent his head forward to again take the superhero's trembling fuck pole into his mouth. Along with his hard sucking, Drago also began to brutally bone the Man of Iron's cock scrapping his sharp teeth all along the length of the tool. The Knight of Right howled for all he was worth as he vigorously twisted and jerked his fabulously muscled body to escape, but as before it was to no avail.

MightyMan's wailing cries began to slowly subside as Drago began to make love to his cock with his tongue, lapping it all along the sides as he moved up and down the thick, veined shaft. The superhero found himself thoroughly enjoying the sensation as he sighed "ooohs" and "ahhhs" of rapturous pleasure. Even his flailing stopped.

The coup de grace came when Drago maliciously slammed his tongue tip deep into MightyMan's piss slit as he bit down hard around the base of the large cockhead. A great roaring cry exploded from the Man of Iron's mouth as he blasted his loads down the crime lord's throat. So great were his eruptions that his entire body convulsed from their force.

One tidal wave of ejaculations after another filled Drago's mouth to overflowing as he hurriedly gulped down each massive load of the seemingly unending torrent of cum. A small steady stream of excess dribble down to his chin from both corners of his overloaded mouth.

With each release MightyMan felt his strength ebbing until he had nothing left. His body collapsed across Drago's knee to lay still and compliant.

Once the Russian had drained every bit of power from his rival, he stood up. MightyMan's passive body tumbled to the canvas where he curled up in a ball of exhausted beef. Standing over him, basking in his victory, was Drago, his arms akimbo, a smile of sadistic anticipation plastered across his face. "Now you die!" he stated in a thunderous voice.

Meanwhile in ring two, Szatkowski laid flat on his back with Petterson's beefy bulk plastered on top of him. The inventor of the Excellatron had hit with such force that his sweaty flesh had become glued to Drago's chief scientist's equally sweaty skin. The Masked Warrior was jolted free from Szatkowski's hold by the impact of the scientist's two bodies.

Scrambling from one ring to the other, Hercules helped the Masked Warrior to his feet. "You okay?" inquired a concerned Prince of Power.

"Yeah, I think so," Hennigan replied somewhat tentatively as he shook out his beautifully body. "I'm sore and bruised ... but other than that I'm all right. I do need a moment or two to catch my breath and recover from that beating."

The two League members walked to the far corner. "We team up, yes," Hercules stated flatly?

"You mean tag team?" asked the groggy Warrior as he arched his back to relieve the pain.

"Yeah, tag team. We take these two to cleaners, together!" replied a delighted legend.

As the two League members conferred, the two scientists began to stir. As they tried to separate themselves they quickly discovered that, like Siamese twins, they were stuck together. The breath had been smashed from their bodies. They were weak. The more they tried to move, the more they were able to painfully pry themselves apart. The pain was intense especially as their fused cocks were ripped apart. They howled at the tops of their voices until finally separated. The pain had given each a tremendous hardon that burned and throbbed.

Crawling to the ring ropes they used them for support. Clumsily they got to their feet only to stagger around, even colliding together. Desperately they hung onto one another, their throbbing

tools rubbing against each other's body. Szatkowski whispered to Petterson, "What the fuck happened? I feel like I was hit by a ton of bricks."

Apologetically the scientist moaned, "It wasn't my fault. Hercules threw me at you like I weighed nothing. I couldn't help myself."

Looking over at the two League members, Szatkowski surmised, "Looks like we're now in a tag team match."

"What will we do?" asked a reticent Petterson. "Hercules is invincible. Look how he handled me. No one can beat him!"

"Stop being such a baby!" snarled Szatkowski. "Look at us! Next to Drago we're the biggest, most muscular and strongest men on the planet."

"But Hercules ..." sputtered Petterson.

"Fuck Hercules! It's the Masked Warrior who's the weak link on that team. Together you and I will take care of Hercules. We'll get him off his feet and beat the bloody shit out of him. We'll pulverize him to dust. You and I together are stronger than him. Then we'll take care of the Warrior and finish the job once and for all. Agreed?"

"Yeah ... sure," replied Petterson hesitantly. "Whatever you say."

Across the ring Hercules instructed his tag partner. "I go first. I smash living daylights out of both of 'em, beat them down, then you come in and we'll take care of business together. We finish 'em off for good."

Hennigan concurred with the plan. He climbed through the ring ropes to stand on the apron of the squared circle, ready for his part when the time came. He was also thankful for the respite so he could recharge his energy and strength.

Seeing Hercules standing alone exuding supreme confidence goaded the pair of scientists. "We'll charge him, tackle him, get him off his feet and destroy that mighty Greek bastard once and for all," commanded Szatkowski.

Like raging bulls Drago's morphed muscular men charged forward at their target. As they raced past the halfway point, the Prince of Power blasted from his corner with all the raw might of Olympia. He clotheslined his two bulked up opponents with such force that they swirled around his mammoth arms three times before dropping to the canvas with a loud, splattering thud.

The crime lord's two principal scientists lay stunned and breathless on their backs, more unconscious than conscious. They were paralyzed, couldn't move and far too weak to cry out in pain. Their eyes were wide open but vacant. Like living corpses they just laid there completely engulfed in a mindless fog.

Pleased with his effort, Hercules began to showboat by posing his monumental physique, encouraged by his teammate's cheers. "Here's our man! He's the greatest! Here's our man! He's the greatest!" As he chanted the Masked Warrior did a little cocky dance on the ring apron thrusting his hips forward, his impressive sex tool bobbing left and right, up and down.

So enthralled was Hercules with his posing that he failed to notice the scientists regaining their senses, let alone their feet. He also failed to notice that Petterson had mysteriously disappeared.

Aware of the tales about Hercules' massive ego, Szatkowski slowly approached the mighty legend taunting him. "Why you overblown holograph, who do you think you are? You're nothing but a muscled up shadow. You're not even real! One flick of the switch and you're gone, just a memory. You're not a human being. You're not even real. See these muscles," challenged the chief scientist as he flexed both biceps. "These are real, not 3D digital renderings like yours."

Now standing toe to toe with the great hero, Szatkowski kept up his trash talk driving the mighty Greek into an uncontrollable rage. Hercules' face grew redder by the moment as he continuously clinched his fists causing the vascular striations to swell across his powerful body. They pulsed to near explosive proportions just under the skin as his muscles swelled to their maximum size.

To add insult to injury, Szatkowski began to bitch slap the Greek's legendary killer cock as he baited him even more. "You call this your beast? What nerve. I've seen better and more powerful tools on a horny mutt than this pathetic excuse."

But when he grabbed a hold of it, the immense power, the rock-hard firmness was all too apparent. Szatkowski's own impressive 9" rod, already in full bloom, throbbed uncontrollably straight out in front of him as pre cum steadily oozed from its large bulbous head. For a moment he lost his concentration as he became mesmerized by the might of the Greek hero's great manmeat.

With both hands he tried to squeeze the life out of the great tool, which made Hercules, his arms now akimbo, laugh out loud. Standing triumphantly before Szatkowski, the great plates of his mountainous chest thrust forward, he challenged the scientists to "... go ahead. Try to squish cock, you insignificant jacked up little twerp."

The harder he tried, the harder and heavier the mighty legend's member became. In desperation Szatkowski retaliated with more trash talk. "You're still nothing but a flickering 3D illusion that has no soul, no real body, just a projected holograph for the world to snicker at."

With a ferocious roar Hercules pulled away. As he was about to charge Szatkowski ran to the ropes, scampered up to the top. He flung himself off with all his might. His massive body slammed full force into the Greek. But Hercules caught him in a cradle as he crashed into him. The impact of being struck with nearly 300 pounds of solid muscle made even the Prince of Power take a step back. When he did he fell over Petterson, who was crouched on all fours directly behind him.

Hercules tumbled to the mat with the scientist still in his arms. Like a great felled tree he hit the canvas hard. Szatkowski's bulky weight smashed the breath out of him. Quickly both scientists got to their feet and began to stomp, kick at the downed hero's groin, chest and stomach. With flying elbows and vicious leg drops they kept up their furious punishment, rendering Hercules unable to defend himself. Gasping for air the mighty legend lay helpless on his back like a beached whale as he was being battered and bashed by his two beefy assailants.

From his corner the big man could hear his partner shouting encouragement. "Get up! Hercules get up! Defend yourself! You're mightier than those two apes. Get Up!"

Petterson momentarily stopped his attack. He ran over to the Masked Warrior who was about to jump into the ring and with one powerful punch to his face, sent the newest League member dropping to the unforgiving concrete floor. He hit very hard. The back of his head smacked the floor. He was out cold.

Returning to the action, Petterson again started to kick, stomp and pummel away at the downed Greek. Szatkowski jumped down onto Hercules' massive deltoids, pinning him to the mat with his knees. His own wildly pulsating sex tool lay snugly in the creases between the two great mounds of the Legend's mammoth chest. He then began to brutally punch away at the hero's fantastic pecs and face causing bloody wounds to erupt, even splitting the great man's lips.

As Drago's chief scientist slugged, with all his might at the legend, Petterson sat down on Hercules mammoth thighs. He savagely grabbed a hold of his monstrous, fully erect killer cock. He commenced to violently jack away at it with both hands as he battered away at it with his own mighty sex beast, viciously ramming its head deep into the underside of this legendary tool. Tugging, pulling, stroking with all his strength the scientist wanted to make the mighty Greek shoot off his loads, thereby weakening him still further and making him even more susceptible to defeat. "Come on big man," he breathlessly ordered, with drool pouring from the corners of his mouth, as he increased his jacking and ramming, "shoot off your strength. Shower me in your cum."

Squirming beneath his two powerful assailants, a grimacing Hercules moaned and howled as the two sensations of pain and pleasure were blowing his brain. "NO!" he bellowed as he tried with all his might not to cum. "NO!" But he was being driven helplessly toward climax and he was powerless to prevent it. When Petterson clutched hold of his ball sack with one hand and started to massage it while still jacking him hard, the mighty Greek Legend feared the worse. Concern and pain painted his classical features.

Just then a weak and stunned Hennigan, having regained his senses crawled to the ring. He lifted himself up by the bottom rope. Seeing his partner in terrible trouble he shouted “Hang on Hercules. I’m coming!”

Petterson ceased his erotic torture. He slithered on his belly like a great snake out of the ring. He stormed over to the Masked Warrior before he could climb upon the ring apron. Grabbing Hennigan by his long hair he forcibly pulled him down to the floor. He threw a punch but the Warrior blocked it and threw one of his own that connected square on the jaw, sending the scientist reeling backward. Petterson charged forward slamming into the Warrior with his shoulder that doubled him over. In short order a slug fest ensued with both men exchanging lefts and rights until, with a lucky punch, Hennigan again connected as his fist bashing into Petterson’s balls. The scientist doubled over, falling to his knees, then to his face as he folded up into the fetal position yowling his guts out.

With one of the scientists out of the way, the Masked Warrior again started to make his way to the ring to aid his partner. As he lay on the cement floor Petterson noticed that under the ring apron was a metal folding chair. He gathered himself together and reached for it. Painfully he stood up with the chair on his hand. Stealthily he snuck up on the Warrior as he was about to step up onto the ring apron. With the chair now in both hands he swung it full force, clobbering his opponent on the top of his head. Hennigan crumbled to the gym floor unconscious.

The impact was so powerful that the chair was bent out of shape. Petterson threw it away. He reached down to pick up his unconscious foe. He threw him over his shoulder in a fireman’s carry and carted him over to the unused ring. As he sauntered over, Petterson couldn’t help but notice what a round, firm muscle butt the young man had. He smiled as he thought about fucking the life out of it. At the ring he hauled the League member up high over his head. He easily threw him into the ring over the top rope. “I’ll come back for you later,” he promised as he stroked his throbbing pre cum soaked cock. “You and I have a date pretty boy.”

Before returning to the action in Ring Two, Petterson briefly crawled back under the ring. He’d noticed two thick steel pipes about a yard in length lying on the floor. He grabbed them. He crawled back out. He reentered the ring. Szatkowski still had Hercules pinned to the mat. He was still pummeling away at his chest and face. When he saw his partner with the two steel pipes, he stood up. “Now this will get the job done good and proper,” he chuckled as Petterson handed him one of them.

The two scientists dragged their struggling victim over to the ropes. With their feet they pushed him outside and down to the gym floor. Jumping down to the floor they gathered the senseless Greek hero up and tied him to the top two ring ropes. Hercules, his head slumped forward, his breathing hard, his magnificent body sagging in the ropes, his muscle butt hanging down, his feet just touching the floor, was a sad sight to behold.

Standing on either side of him Drago’s two morphed strongmen started ruthlessly bashing away at the legend’s body for all they were worth. With each mighty blow Hercules cried out. He violently

thrashed to and fro as he growled out in pain. His handsome bloodied face was consumed in agony. But his fierce struggling attempts to free himself were in vain.

The smacking of cold steel on wet flesh resounded throughout the gym, echoing off the walls. It even attracted the attention of Drago who halted his bludgeoning of the prostrated MightyMan for an instant to watch his men taking care of Hercules. The momentary respite helped the Man of Iron to recuperate some of his strength.

Throwing their full weight of their bodies and all of their strength into each savage strike the scientists worked up a powerful sweat. Beads of perspiration sprayed from the ends of their hair, showering each other and their target.

The two bulked up doctors barbarically clubbed at the Legend's torso and groin with undisguised joy. "See, I told you the two of us could destroy Hercules," crowed Szatkowski as he swung his pipe into the Greek's balls. The great man hollered out in torment as tears fell from his eyes. "Yeah, you were right," concurred Petterson as he clobbered away at the legend's stomach with a broad smile plastered on his face.

Like two chefs tenderizing a giant side of beef they battered away at Hercules until he was totally out of it. His agonizing shrieks ceased. His squirming stopped. He was more dead than alive.

When they stopped their brutal attack, both scientists realized that the steel pipes in their hands had become twisted out of shape from the constant impact against the hard as rock physique of Hercules. "Wow!" chortled Szatkowski. "Look at that," he said as he lifted the bent out of shape pipe above his head. "Modern art. I'm an artist. I think I'll keep this as a souvenir of this day's work."

As usual Petterson followed suit. "Yeah ... me too," he echoed as he gazed with pride at the misshaped pipes in his hand.

Stepping back both men admired their handiwork. Hercules, his head and face bloodied, his great physique covered with bleeding welts, scars, gashes, scraps and wounds, slumped far forward, his mighty legs no longer able to support his massive muscular bulk bowed painfully outward.

When he was untied, the Prince of Power's body collapsed to the gym floor with a tremendous hard thud. Szatkowski rolled him over on his back with his foot, then sat down on his chest. Using the bent pipe he pressed down on the Greek's throat. "Now jack the bastard off and we'll finish him," ordered Drago's chief scientist.

As always, Petterson complied. He again seated himself on Hercules' mammoth thighs. He took the flaccid, battered killer tool in hand and commenced whacking away with one hand as he kneeded, tugged and pulled viciously at the legend's ball sack. In no time the great sex beast was fully

engorged and pulsating. In his comatose state Hercules moaned rapturously as he was being brought unwillingly to climax. With one powerful squeeze to his nuts and another crushing, jacking squeeze to his cock, the Greek legend gave out with a loud sigh as he erupted all over both of Drago's men. Load after massive load continuously sprayed out in what looked like a never-ending thick shower of cum.

With each mighty ejaculation Hercules' body violently convulsed nearly throwing both men off. His wailing sighs filled the gym, again drawing Drago's momentary attention. "My guys are destroying your great lover, MightyMan," he boasted as he viciously continued to club away at the helpless superhero.

Then just as suddenly, all was quiet. The great Greek was a totally spent mass of pulverized muscle. He had been drained dry of all his Olympian strength. He simply laid there, still, not a muscle twitching.

Szatkowski and Petterson stood up. Their bodies smeared in a thick coating of Hercules' cum. They resembled two musclebound snowmen. "Quick, to the showers," shouted the chief scientist. "Wash this crap off of us. If it's absorbed into our skin it could be deadly. Humans can't digest a god's sperm. It's lethal."

"What are you talking about?" asked Peterson. "How can Hercules' cum harm us? We take MightyMan's sperm and it's only beneficial to us. Why can't we take Hercules' cum. That ought to be a thousand times more beneficial."

"Stop being a fucking idiot!" scolded Szatkowski. "For one thing we take a diluted form of MightyMan's cum that's not toxic to our system. This is straight from the source, undiluted and a deadly toxin for humans. Now get to the showers at once!"

Both men raced to the gym's locker room where they washed themselves clean from head to toe.

A short while later they came back to finish the job. Hercules lay silent and still on the cold gym floor. Together they were barely able to lift the Greek up over their heads and with all their strength, threw him over the ropes back into the ring. The impact was so powerful that the ring folded up as if made of cardboard. Hercules' body smashed through the canvas to land on the gym's concrete floor as the steel girders of the ring's superstructure fell on top of him along with the ring posts, yards and yards of canvas, ropes, springs and matting.

Once more the den of noise attracted Drago's attention away from his joyous deadly battering of MightyMan. Lifting the superhero's head up by his hair he forced him to witness the total destruction of his lover. "See," seethed the crime lord with great glee. "See what my men did to your great hero. He's been obliterated, destroyed!" he chuckled as he resumed his own bashing.

The two astonished scientists waded through the debris and dust of the collapsed ring to make their way out of the mess. “Can you believe our power,” gasped Szatkowski. “We not only destroyed Hercules but took out the ring as well.”

Just as surprised was his tag partner. “I guess we are invincible together. No one can stand in our way.”

“Let’s go over and finish off that muscular pretty boy, the Masked Warrior,” stated the chief scientist confidently. “Then we can rest and watch Drago polish off MightyMan once and for all.”

Caught in the throes of their great victory over the legendary Prince of Power, the two men, laughing away to each other, strutted over to the other ring as they flexed and posed their bulked-up bodies. “We’re bad! We’re bad! We’re mighty and we’re bad!” sang Szatkowski as he and his partner swaggered toward the ring.

Once in the squared circle Petterson scooped up the Masked Warrior in a full nelson. Hennigan hung from his bulging arms like a beefy wet rag, the tips of his toes barely scrapping the mat. With their bodies pressed tightly together, Petterson’s manmeat nestled itself firmly up between the Warrior’s muscular butt crack. Unable to resist the sensation, the doctor started to ravenously dry surf the Leagues newest member. Coing loudly with erotic pleasure, Petterson lost himself in his ass play.

As his partner was preoccupied with his sensual fantasy, Szatkowski began to bitch slap the unconscious Warrior until he regained his senses. “What the fuck!” hollered a surprised Hennigan as he felt his butt being dry surfed. He frantically twisted his beautiful body to escape, but he was held far too firmly for that.

“Welcome back,” sneered Szatkowski menacingly. “We missed you but now that you’re here, we’ll finish you off once and for all!” To back up his threat, Drago’s chief scientist commenced to savagely punch away at Hennigan’s six pack abs. With each mighty blow the Warrior’s legs involuntarily rose up in a late defense of his solar plexus as he cried out in excruciating pain. Again and again Szatkowski pounded away at his target, never missing a single strike. In short order he turned Hennigan into his personal punching bag, causing the Warrior to violently wretch with each hit.

When he was finished, the Warrior’s head hung forward, his long sweat soaked hair hung straight down covering his face, his breathing was hard and furious.

The chief scientist grabbed a hunk of hair. He yanked his head up. Hennigan’s eyes were rolling about. He had a hard time focusing. Slowly everything came into view. What he felt was a painful, erotically stimulating sensation of being vigorously cocked fucked. Szatkowski had him firmly by his hips and was viciously ramming his mighty fuckpole deep into the underside of his throbbing, pre cum oozing cock. As he moaned out loud he hurriedly glanced about trying to find his ring

partner. "Looking for Hercules?" mocked Szatkowski laughingly as he kept up his cock fucking. "Looking for your legendary hero to come and save you?" Pointing to the demolished ring he said gleefully, "There he is, under all that rubble. He can't come to your aide 'cause he can't even come to his own. He's finished ... done for ... forever!"

Through slobbering saliva the Warrior muttered and groaned weakly, "MightyMan? Where's ... Mighty ...Man?"

"Don't worry about him," crowed Szatkowski as he dug his cockhead deep into the underside of Hennigan's sex tool, "Drago's taking care of him quite nicely. He'll be joining you and Hercules very shortly in the losers circle." With the scientist's words ringing in his head, Hennigan shot off his pent-up loads with such intensity that he passed out still bound up in Petterson's arms.

"Come," ordered a cum soaked Szatkowski to his tag partner, "let's finish this muscled-up puppy."

Petterson released the Warrior. He instantly dropped to the mat. "What now?" asked the Excellatron's inventor.

"Put him in a backbreaker over your shoulder. We'll soften him up for the kill," replied his teammate.

Petterson lifted the unconscious Warrior up, flung him over his massive shoulder in a backbreaker. Playfully he bounced him up and down, causing Hennigan to come too. Crying out in torturous pain the Warrior's arms and legs flailed about as his back was being wrecked beyond repair. His flaccid, drained cock flopped wildly about.

When he figured his work was done, Petterson flipped his victim forward. Hennigan dropped hard not only across Petterson's knee but also across Szatkowski's in a double backbreaker. With both mighty scientists pushing against his body, forcing him into a debilitating agonizing bow, the Masked Warrior howled out in torment.

As they bent Hennigan almost in two across their knees, the two men took turns in sucking on his flaccid, cum smeared cock, forcing him into a painful erection. As they ravenously sucked away they brought their opponent closer and closer into cumming. When they started playing with his ball sack, the Warrior's frantic squirming increased but he could not force an escape. "No! ... No! ... No!" he weakly groaned but there was nothing he could do.

The first blast of cum nearly took Petterson's head off it was so violent. The second was gentler but just as massive. The third load squirted into the air as the doctors were exchanging places. The fourth, fifth and sixth were suck completely up by Szatkowski. By the time the seventh and eighth loads came, they were nothing but puny dribbles that both men were jointly jacking off in unison, working Hennigan's sex pole in tandem.

Drained and sapped of his strength for a second time, the Masked Warrior laid lifeless across both scientist's knees. His loud moaning had become whimpers. He had nothing left to fight with. Total defeat swept across his brain. His once inflated, boisterous ego had been battered and sucked out of him.

"Now to finish him off," stated Szatkowski. Both men stood up. Hennigan rolled off their knees to the mat. The Warrior let out with a loud "UGH!" as he hit the canvas. The two scientists stood triumphantly over their pretty boy prey. Their salivary glands kick into high gear as they fantasized about fucking him to death. Szatkowski was the first to act on his carnal impulse. He scrapped the Warrior up, getting him in a reverse bearhug. With no resistance he drove his cock straight up into the Warrior's muscle butt hole. Hennigan screamed out as his great body violently convulsed. Faster and faster the chief scientist rammed his sex tool up and down, barbarically abusing the Warrior's asshole as he crushed him every closer to his body.

Weakly Hennigan struggled in vain as his butt was being ripped to pieces. Shriek after tormented shriek blasted from his mouth as he tried to get away. "You're crushing and fucking me to death," he pleaded.

"That's the idea," growled Szatkowski as he squeezed even harder.

Petterson stepped forward. He wrapped the Warrior up in a frontal bearhug as he started to savagely cock fuck him.

Caught between these two musclebound morphed men, one tearing his muscle butt apart, the other bludgeoning away at his manmeat, while both massive musclemen were crushing his body between them, Hennigan had no chance, no chance what-so-ever. He was doomed.

When the Masked Warrior finally succumbed and his whole body slumped forward, Petterson stepped back. Szatkowski lifted Hennigan's thighs up exposing his cock deep up into the young man's butt. "Join me," he said to his teammate.

"Gladly," replied Petterson. As he stepped forward, aiming his own great fuckpole directly at the red, raw swollen asshole, the gym floor began to tremble. The debris of the dilapidated ring began to move. Suddenly with a great blast all the collapsed parts exploded up into the air, hitting the ceiling high above before raining back down all over the gym, crashing to the floor with loud shattering noises. All the action in the gym came instantly to a stop. All eyes were transfixed on that spot. Even Drago, who had MightyMan pinned to the mat with his knees and was continuing his bashing of the superhero by yanking his head up by the hair as he pummeled his face, halted his bloody attack to see what was happening.

When the dust cleared, standing majestically among the ring carnage was Hercules in all his mighty magnificence. The awe-struck astonished look plastered on the two scientist's faces said everything.

Like the legendary phoenix rising from the ashes the Greek legend was back. All his bloody wounds had disappeared and he was more powerful than before.

Quickly he glanced around. Seeing the Mask Warrior in dire jeopardy he raced to the ring. Petterson instantly halted his intention to join the fucking of the young League member. He met the Prince of Power as he attempted to slide under the bottom rope. The Excellatron's inventor viciously and repeatedly stomped on Hercules' great broad back, trying to smash him like a bug. All it did was make the Greek legend madder. He slid back out, grabbed both of Petterson's ankles, pulled him off his feet and dragged him out of the ring under the bottom rope.

Once on the outside Petterson was no match for Hercules. The mighty legend caught him in a bone crushing bearhug as he rammed his back into the ring apron. Then the Greek started pounding with lefts and rights at Petterson's chest, bashing his pecs and abs to destruction. Drago's scientist screamed for his life as his body spasmed into convulsions. More than once as his stomach was attacked he wretched and vomited up volumes blood.

Then Hercules grabbed Petterson up in a cradle and continuously rammed his back into the ring post. With each mighty impact the scientist bellowed out in horrific pain as his arms and legs helplessly flailed outwards.

Next the great legend smashed him brutally across his knee in a deadly body ripping backbreaker. As he was about to literally tear Petterson in half, he heard Hennigan crying out in torment. Szatkowski was once again fucking the bejesus out of him. Hercules stood up, dropping the scientist off his knee. Petterson, his back paralyzed, crumbled onto the gym's cement floor, whimpering like a beaten dog. Tears of agony poured freely from his constricted face.

The Prince of Power made his way into the ring. With heavy lumbering steps that shook the ring as he went, he menacingly approached Szatkowski and the helpless Warrior still impaled on the chief scientist's cock. "Release Warrior," sternly ordered Hercules.

Startled and visibly unnerved, the scientist refused, even wrapping one arm about Hennigan's thick neck. "One more step Hercules and I'll strangle the Warrior to death," defensively boasted Szatkowski.

"You no strangle Warrior," retorted a confident legend. "Him dead you have no shield and I kill you with bare hands, slowly. Be man ... face your destiny like real man. Don't be cowering whimp. You got great body, plenty muscle and great strength. Why be coward hiding behind Warrior. Man up ... face Hercules one on one like real man."

The challenge played to Szatkowski's morphed ego. He released the Masked Warrior. Hennigan plummeted face first to the mat before his conqueror. Gasping for air, his rib cage severely bruised, each breath was agony as his handsome face plainly showed.

Stepping over the downed Warrior, Szatkowski faced Hercules. He raised his mighty arms up in the air as he called for a test of strength. The Greek smiled as their hands clasped together. "I beat you down once before," gloated Szatkowski as he applied his morphed strength to the hold, "and I can do it again!"

Drago's chief scientist gritted his teeth as he summoned all his might to drive Hercules to his knees ... but the great man did not budge one inch. Again and again Szatkowski called upon his physical power as he grunted, huffed and puffed. Great beads of sweat poured down his contorted face as he ferociously struggled for all he was worth to drive his mighty opponent to his knees. Yet Hercules was still unmoved and fiendishly smiled down on all his attempts.

It was the legend's continuous grinning that infuriated the scientist the most. Through halting breaths he grunted, "I'll ... wipe that ... smile off your ... face ... before ... this day ... is ... through!" Yet Hercules still stood tall, showing no sign of pain or discomfort.

With all his legendary bravado the mighty Greek snorted back, "Let Hercules know when ready to start contest."

"You bastard! You fuckin' cock suckin' bastard," raged Szatkowski as he forced all his massive strength into his hands but to no avail.

Weary of this mortal's struggling attempts to best him, Hercules, with one squeeze, sent Szatkowski to his knees screaming his guts out. "My hands!" he howled. "My hands!" Szatkowski yowled out in pain as tears of agony flooded his eyes.

Towering over the chief scientist, his erect sex beast pointed directly at his opponent's face. Hercules squeezed again forcing Szatkowski's hands backward as he crushed his fingers. Another squeeze fractured both hands and wrists. "Little man ... little man ... no match for mighty Hercules!" bellowed the legend triumphantly as he released his hold.

Szatkowski dropped to the mat on his broad back screaming as he held up his crippled hands in front of his face. "My Hands! My hands! My hands!" he repeatedly wailed as he rocked back and forth on the canvas.

To stop his writhing about, the Prince of Power heavily stomped one foot on the scientist's chest. Reaching down he hauled him to his feet by pulling on his long ponytail. Szatkowski, jumping up and down from the pain, never saw the great fists coming toward his face. A smashing sound, like a falling bag of wet cement hitting the ground, echoed throughout the gym. When he withdrew his fist, all that was left of Szatkowski's face was a bloody mass of squished, fleshy putty.

Again, Hercules hauled him up with a vicious hair pull. Szatkowski, wobbling on unsteady legs, collapsed against the mighty legend. Hercules lifted the nearly comatose scientist up from under his

shoulders only to slam him down hard on his throbbing sex tool, ripping his ass in two. A gurgling blood-soaked cry was heard as the mighty Greek applied his deadly bearhug. Szatkowski had no defense as he was crushed and savagely fucked. His morphed muscular body writhed in total anguish as the Greek squeezed, smashing his rib cage and powering his deadly cock deep up into his tormented body. Szatkowski's own sex tool, crushed between their two great bodies, erupted full force spraying a massive load straight up in the air between them as he cried out in torment. More gurgling screams were heard with every grinding beastly penetration and body trembling ejaculation. One great hug shattered Szatkowski's spine. Another splintered his ribs to pieces.

Hercules began erupting his cum deep into his victim's guts. One mighty blast followed another and another in a never-ending torrent of his mighty seed. As he filled Szatkowski's insides to overflowing, the scientist began to blow up like a balloon. Bigger and bigger he grew as he weakly struggled in the great man's massive arms. Muffled, blood curdling cries filled the air until with one mighty squeeze and one last massive cum shot, Szatkowski's mouth, nose and ears spewed out the white frothy overload. The chief scientist's body wildly convulsed as he gagged for air. But no breath penetrated his cum filled throat. His face turned a bilious blue as his oxygen deprived body continued to spasm.

Then the coup d' grace. The mighty legend squeezed so hard that Szatkowski's broken ribs pierced his flesh. He was turned into a porcupine of splintered bone which only added more torment to his petrified face of agony. Blood and cum oozed out from every ruptured wound. The scientist's body violently bucked as Hercules increased the pressure of his deadly hold.

With a great loud bellowing cry that splattered a bucket of cum from his mouth, Szatkowski's once great body ceased its struggle. His head fell forward, landing on his mighty executioner's massive shoulder. His eyes wide open but vacant as cum seeped from his open mouth to dribble down the great broad back of the Greek. Drago's chief scientist was dead.

The mighty legend stood in the cum and blood smeared ring, his mammoth arms still in a hug, a bemused smile on his lips. He opened his arms wide. Szatkowski's pulverized corpse dropped from off his sex beast to crumble to the mat in a heap of broken bones and smashed muscle. Putting his arms on his hips, he leaned back to let loose with a mighty roar of triumph that shook the rafters.

Everyone in the gym stopped and stared at the carnage and the victorious Prince of Power. Even Drago halted his bashing of MightyMan for an instant. David's parents too watched in amazement as did the crime lords security men crammed in the hallway outside the gym. The Masked Warrior, who had managed to crawl out of the ring, was standing ringside, stunned by the awesome power of his friend.

Petterson, who had managed to recover somewhat from Hercules' beating, stood in shocked silence near the ring. When he looked up at the mighty Greek, he realized the legend had him squarely in his sight. A cold, frightening tingle ran up his spine. "No!" he hollered as he attempted to run away. But his retreat was stopped by the Masked Warrior who raced around the ring, caught hold of him only to throw him, headfirst, under the bottom rope.

When he tried to slither out from another side, the Warrior was there to toss him back in by his hair. Reluctantly Petterson stood up. Hercules was waiting for him. A panicked Petterson dropped to his knees, his hands outstretched in front of him clutched in a prayer, as he pleaded for his life. "Please! Please, Hercules, don't kill me. I was just following orders. I'm innocent. Honestly. I'm innocent. I was just following orders! It's Drago's fault. Yes, Drago's fault," cried Petterson with tears pouring down his face. "He's the one you ought to go after ... not ME!"

As he back peddled on his knees he continued. "Remember, I'm the one who brought you back to life. I'm like your father. You wouldn't kill your own father now, would you? Please! Hercules ... please don't kill me!"

The mighty Greek roared back, "You don't know Greek history. My father, Zeus, destroyed his father, Cronus, as Cronus destroyed his father," he bellowed as he reached forward, grabbed a hunk of Petterson's bleached blond hair, forcing him to his feet. The legend yanked so hard that he tore a chunk out by its dark roots. Bemused, the Prince of Power quizzically examined the hair in his hand. As he did so, Petterson tried to escape.

But his hasty retreat was once more stopped by the Masked Warrior who had jumped up on to the ring apron. With one powerful fist to Petterson's face, that split his lips, Hennigan got a little taste of revenge for the beating he had endured. The blow was so strong that it spun the Excellatron's inventor around. Once more he was face to face with the enraged legend.

Wiggling his index finger as if scolding a child, the Greek heatedly mocked, "No escape for you ... Daddy. Time you pay for what you've done, to MightyMan, to his parents, to Warrior, to me."

Hercules gut punched Petterson with such force that it ruptured his stomach. Blood immediately poured out of his mouth as he doubled over in pain. Again the legend grabbed his hair forcing his head up. He walked the gagging scientist over to the ring post, slamming his head into it. Petterson bounded up and back as he fell backwards against Hercules. Before he knew what was happening he was caught up in a full nelson. As his muscle butt was forced back against the Greek's groin, Petterson felt an unbelievably sharp, skewing pain up his thickly muscled butt. He let out a bellowing yelp as his eyes winched and his face contracted in agony. He was caught hard and fast on the mighty legend's deadly sex beast.

Howling his bleeding guts out the scientist feverishly twisted his body trying to extricate himself off the killer cock, but to no avail. When Hercules straightened up, Petterson was lifted completely off his feet. Thoroughly impaled he had no avenue of escape.

The legend slowly walked from one ring post to another with the struggling, screaming scientist. At each post he power slammed Petterson's head down onto it rendering him nearly unconscious. Once all four posts had been used, leaving bloody patches from an open wound from his forehead, Petterson was out of it. His struggling, gyrating body lay placidly harpooned on Hercules mighty tool.

Pleased with himself the Prince of Power threw the comatose scientist off his cock. Petterson hit the mat with a hard smack. His muscular body laid at Hercules feet silent and still. A few trickles of blood seeped up and out his torn butt hole. A pool of blood formed about his forehead as more blood poured from his mouth.

Chapter Twenty-seven: The Last Stand (Part One)

As Hercules was taking care of business, crushing Petterson in his mighty arms in a reverse bearhug, as he ravenously fucked his asshole, leaving him broken and bloody at his feet. Drago continued his systematic annihilation of MightyMan. He bashed him from pillar to post all around the squared circle.

Yet despite his titanic effort to destroy his arch enemy, two things were very apparent. First, the Cape Knight of Right, in spite of the Russian's best efforts, was resisting his hellacious attacks, taking everything thrown at him. Secondly, Drago was quickly expending all of his powerful energies and strength. His punches no longer had the same force behind them. Fatigue was rapidly setting in. Great beads of perspiration poured off his bald, deeply veined head, to shower down on his entire massively morphed physique. His arms felt like heavy lead weights. It took all his remaining strength to even lift them. His breathing was becoming hard, deep and labored.

Looking on helplessly from the gymnasium's parquet floor, MightyMan's parents were beside themselves with great agitation for their son's life. Clinging tightly to one another, the former sovereign's of the planet Titania fought back their tears as they witnessed the maniacal destruction of their only child. With each blow of Drago's powerful fists their concerns rose to new heights.

In the jam-packed hallway just outside the gym, Drago's beefy security force craned their necks to see through the broken open door frame all the action in the two rings. The torn off double doors lay up against one another on the gym floor. With each bone crushing hold or lethal punch they cheered themselves horse encouraging their boss to more and greater punishment.

Pinned to the canvas by Drago's knees pressing heavily down on his shoulders, MightyMan continuously took every mighty punch to his face and body that was thrown at him. His head twisted to the left, then the right, back and forth with every blow. Municipal City's crime lord's massive sex beast lay directly over his face. With each turn of the superhero's head a spray of pre cum spritzed out covering his forehead and the bridge of his nose.

Groggy from the continuous battering he was receiving, the Man of Iron was still able to maintain some sense of consciousness. He stuck his tongue out to begin licking the underside of Drago's huge cock and ball sack, driving his nemesis into throaty peels of satisfaction. The more he licked the more pre cum spurted out, and the more Drago cried out in erotic glee. A steady stream of pre cum dribbled down the great shaft. MightyMan's tongue eagerly lapped it up. With each swallow the Cape Knight felt himself being rejuvenated.

In sort order the Russian forgot all about punching the daylight out of his muscled up prey. He just sat there submissively on top of MightyMan thoroughly enjoying getting his sex tool and balls washed by the tongue of his extremely handsome rival. Loudly moaning in pure delight the crime lord was being lulled into a false state of security. Spewing out load after load of pre cum he never realized that his mighty opponent had raised his powerful legs up off the canvas. It was only when they encircled his head and flipped him off did Drago come to his dazed senses, as his body was catapulted off of his mighty opponent. Drago landed hard on the back of his shoulders, neck and head. The ring violently shook as he crashed landed. For a brief moment his legs and upper torso stood straight up before crumbling to the mat. He laid there, flat on his back in a semi-conscious state. His great killer sex pole, fully engorged, stood straight up like an invincible flagpole of flesh.

Leaping to his feet, MightyMan, fully recharged by Drago's pre cum, wasted no time. He jumped high in the air, crashing down with a powerful leg drop onto the crime lord's stomach, expelling the breath from his body. This was followed by more mighty leg drops on Drago's chest and more to his abs. With each blow the Russian's upper torso flopped up and back down as he howled out in pain.

Quickly getting to his feet, the Cape Knight hurriedly climbed to the top of the corner turnbuckle. He perched himself there for a second. He flexed his mighty arms, kissed each biceps, then jumped high into the air, his body coming down full force on top of Drago, smashing his huge muscular body deep into the canvas. A fountain of blood instantly shot out of the crime lord's mouth. He had sustained a major internal injury.

MightyMan's parents were beside themselves with great relief at their sons renewed aggression. Joy and pride covered their faces as they whole heartily cheered him on.

Seeing their boss in this desperate situation, the security force started to charge the open door frame into the gym. Realizing the seriousness of the situation, David's parents sprang into action. They flew around the gym at supersonic speed picking up anything and everything useful, from free weights to exercise machines, benches, tables, chairs and the two gym doors to completely block the open door frame and prevent the security force from entering. They even used the debris of the destroyed ring.

Using their backs, shoulder and hands the massively brawny security force was unable to move this tonnage. It was far too heavy and too dense. They were totally blocked from coming to their boss's defense.

Frustration got the better of them. They began to accuse each other of incompetence. Fists fights broke out. Clothes were torn off. Before long they were all naked and in a life and death battle with one another. Some were choked to death. Some were caught in a headlock and had their lights punched out. Others had their heads smashed open as they were slammed into the cinder block walls of the hallway. Still others were bearhugged to death, their ribs crushed to splinters. A few more had their cocks ripped off and were fucked like two bit whores in their newly formed cunt wound as they bled to death.

Quickly the multitude of the muscular security force dwindled down to just two remaining guards. They were the two biggest and strongest of them all. One was a massive Nigerian, the other an equally massive long haired Swede. Surrounded by the crumpled, bleeding and disseminated bodies of their former comrades, that clogged the passageway, they challenged each other to a test of strength.

These two extremely beefy guards were the same height and approximately the same weight. As their fingers tightly intertwined, their naked bodies collide together as they used all their phenomenal strength to send the other to his knees in submission. Straining every muscle, their faces constricted in the agony of their effort. They powered all their might into their hands. Their fierce grunts and groans echoed off the walls, as sweat flowed freely from their bodies bathing one another. Their free swinging cocks bashed away at the others.

When the test of strength proved futile their fingers unclasped. They stepped back as their mighty chests heaved heavily as each gasped for air. After a few minutes to catch their breathes they stood, arms akimbo, glaring at one another with intense determination. They perused each other's impressive body as their unrestrained cocks bobbed uncontrollably out in front of them.

As they lifted their eyes up they knowingly nodded. In unison they flung their arms about one another in a double bone crushing bearhug. Squeezing with all their might they attempted to crush their opponent to death. Their cries of pure anguish filled the hallway as they squeezed and squeezed. Their faces became petrified in frozen torment. Their impressive sex tools were crammed backside to backside against the other as they were being smashed between their two muscular bodies.

So powerful were their cocks being crushed that load after heavy load of cum strayed from them. In great globs they dropped to the cement floor creating a pool about their feet that caused these two titans of muscle to be unsteady. They began sliding from one side of the hallway to the other. Eventually they lost their balance. They tumbled to the floor breaking their deadly hold.

In the end they both gave up trying to defeat the other. Instead they decided to go to the guards lounge and make love as their raging cocks were the hardest they had ever been. In the lounge they flip flopped fucked the daylights out of one another until totally exhausted. Wrapped in each other's arms they fell asleep from total exhaustion.

Once Drago had regained his feet he charged straight at MightyMan like a raging bull. With his head bent down and his shoulders hunched he rammed full force into the Cape Knight's abdominals, tackling him in mid ring, taking him off his feet and crashing him to the mat. Now on top of the superhero he bashed away at his body rapidly throwing rights and lefts with a few fierce elbows blows to his head thrown in for good measure.

Then he jumped off leaving his archrival flat in his back. MightyMan's concerned parents looked on in disbelief. Had their son's offensive only been a momentary fluke? "Get up son! You can take him!" encouraged his father at the top of his voice.

Rallied by his father's words the Man of Iron got to his feet but was instantly met with a savagely powerful clothesline by the Russian that sent him once more to the canvas. The force of the blow and his crash landing knocked the breath from his body. He laid sprawled out in a complete state of disorientation.

Please by his action, Drago started to showboat by flexing his arms and posing his body directly at the worried parents. "Your son is no match for me!" he boasted.

The crime lord reached down and with a hair pull forced a dazed and confused MightyMan to his feet. He viciously arm whipped him into the far turnbuckle. The superhero hit hard. The steel post implanted itself into his back.

Before the Cape Knight had time to react, Drago raced toward him. With full force he smashed his giant body into his mighty nemesis. MightyMan let out a horrific cry as his intense pain covered his handsome face. The Russian backed off after bitch slapping him. He reached for his stunned opponent and peeled him off the post. MightyMan toppled over face first onto the mat.

The crime lord began to kick and stomp all over the Cape Knight of Right treating him like an abused door mat. MightyMan's body flopped and jerked all over the canvas with each strike.

Then the mighty Russian lifted him up over his head. He easily pressed him up and down; then tossed him out of the ring. The Man of Iron landed face first on the gym's unforgiving concrete floor. His tantalizing muscle butt fully exposed. "That ass is mine!" declared Drago triumphantly. "It's mine whenever I want it bitch!"

MightyMan labored to get up. It took several attempts before he made it. Municipal City's crime lord, laughing at the superhero's struggle, relaxed by leaning on the ring ropes as he looked down on his muscular prey. He shouted mockingly, "Come on big boy. Bring it on." His taunting words infused David with steely determination.

A weary, sore and bruised MightyMan slowly dragged himself back to the ring. To give his son a fighting chance to get back into the squared circle without getting creamed, Alydaar jumped up on the ring apron. His action distracted Drago's attention away from his son. They exchanged hard words.

"You're nothing but a blown up piece of human excrement on two legs, Drago," blasted the former ruler of Titania.

“Yeah. Well the best part of your kid dribbled down your leg when you fucked your old lady,” retorted the Russian.

“The only thing that’s saving you for the moment from my son destroying you is the fact they you owe your strength and morphed body to his seed. You couldn’t do it on your own could you!” stormed Alydaar.

Those last words incensed Drago. They were far too close to the truth, and he knew it. He charged for the beefy old man. But Alydaar was smart enough to jump down to the floor. He took a few steps back. Drago careened into the ropes, his arms swinging wildly. He screamed, “I’ll fuckin’ kill you too once I’ve fuckin’ destroyed your pretty boy son!”

As he turned around he was met by MightyMan who applied a crushing headlock, then bulldogged him down to the mat. Stunned by the sudden and unexpected turn of events, the crime lord laid still upon the canvas. As the Cape Knight reached down to haul him up to his feet, the Russian power slammed his fists deep into MightyMan’s balls.

David let out a blood curdling scream that filled the gym. Its gut-wrenching echo reverberated off the cinder block walls as he doubled over clutching his groin. He instantly crumbled to the mat on his knees, Tears flooded from his eyes. Drago quickly got to his feet. He hit the hunched over fallen hero with a flying elbow smash across his massively wide back that flattened him to the mat.

Pleased with his counterattack, a satisfied Drago scrambled to his feet. Playing to the cameras mounted high on the walls, he once more placed his foot on his downed opponent as he flexed his mighty arms. “Here’s your protector!” he snidely stated. “This piece of smashed muscle, this pretty boy you placed all your hopes and trust in, now crushed under my feet. Watch as I obliterate him from this world and with him will go your last prospects of hope for salvation!”

The cameras had been recording all the action taking place in the gym. Drago intended that the video would be broadcast over his pay-per-view network for the whole world to witness his total annihilation of MightyMan.

Municipal City’s crime lord reached down. Brutally he jerked a still suffering MightyMan to his feet. Riddled with excruciating pain, the Man of Iron was unable to protect himself. Once more the Russian viciously armed whipped him into a corner turn buckle with such force that it flipped David upside down. His legs again became imprisoned in the ring ropes.

Drago, straddling the fallen superhero, his cock bobbing wildly out of control between his mammoth thighs, easily became the captive of his erotic sexual visions of victory. Menacingly he glared down at the entwined body of his nemesis.

MightyMan, lying on the backs of his powerful shoulders and head, his spine crammed up tight against the hard steel ring post, his legs hopelessly tangled in the corner ropes, could only stare up in befuddled wonderment at the leviathan of muscle at was his would be executioner.

The Beast from the East grabbed his throbbing cock to jack it with hard, firm strokes. He glowered down with a smirk of self satisfaction at his arch enemy. "I'm going to grind your bones to dust in my mighty arms," he boasted as he flexed his gigantic biceps. "I'm going to tear you apart on my tool," he bellowed for all to hear. "I'm going to annihilate you on my cock and rip you in half like Hercules did the Police Chief. So say your prayers to whatever gods you believe in MightyMan, 'cause these are the last few minutes of your miserable existence!"

Regaining his senses, MightyMan valiantly struggled to free his entangled feet and to upright himself. But it was too late. Drago reached down, clutched the neck of the superhero as he continued his straining exertions to extricate himself. Municipal City's chief crime lord easily torn his muscular victim away from the imprisoning ring ropes.

With effortless ease he hauled MightyMan up over his head in a gorilla press. As he paraded about the ring he pressed his arch enemy up and down to take his flaccid sex tool into his mouth to ravenously suck on it. With each withdrawal a loud popping noise was heard.

MightyMan struggled and fought the overwhelming sexual desire to shoot off all his supernatural powers down the Russian's throat, knowing full well that his cum would only make Drago that much stronger and harder to defeat. But as hard as he struggled, he was still too weak from the beating he had sustained and Drago's grip on him was far too strong.

Seeing he had aroused the superhero to a full erection, the crime lord held him aloft over his head for a few seconds. He turned toward the cameras once more. "See your superhero being destroyed before your very eyes," he yelled. "Now watch as I finish him off and know that I, Drago, now rule your world." Then viciously he power-slammed MightyMan down across his knee in a deadly backbreaker. David cried out in excruciating pain as he was savagely bent into an arch, his feet and head touching the canvas.

Gleefully Drago sadistically pressed and released, pressed and released his mighty victim causing him to bellow out in constant agony. To further humiliate and arouse MightyMan, the Russian bent his head forward to again take the superhero's trembling fuck pole into his mouth. Along with his hard sucking, Drago also began to brutally bone the Man of Iron's cock scrapping his sharp teeth all along the length of the tool. The Knight of Right howled for all he was worth as he vigorously twisted and jerked his fabulously muscled body to escape, but as before it was to no avail.

MightyMan's wailing cries began to slowly subside as Drago began to make love to his cock with his tongue, lapping it all along the sides as he moved up and down the thick, veined shaft. The superhero found himself thoroughly enjoying the sensation as he sighed "oohs" and "ahhhs" of rapturous pleasure. Even his flailing stopped.

The coup de grace came when Drago maliciously slammed his tongue tip deep into MightyMan's piss slit as he bit down hard around the base of the large cockhead. A great roaring cry exploded from the Man of Iron's mouth as he blasted his loads down the crime lord's throat. So great were his eruptions that his entire body convulsed from their force.

One tidal wave of ejaculations after another filled Drago's mouth to overflowing. It even puffed his cheeks out. He hurriedly gulped and slurped down each massive load of the seemingly unending torrent of cum. A small steady stream of excess dribble down to his chin from both corners of his overloaded mouth.

With each release MightyMan felt his strength ebbing until he had nothing left. His body collapsed across Drago's knee to lay still and compliant.

Once the Russian had drained every bit of power from his rival, he stood up. MightyMan's passive body tumbled to the canvas where he curled up in a ball of exhausted beef. Standing over him, basking in his victory, was Drago, his arms akimbo, a smile of sadistic anticipation plastered across his face. "I'm tired of playing with you little man, you self-professed Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe," he snidely taunted. "I'm bigger than you and stronger as the whole world will witness! Now you WILL die on my cock as I crush you in my mighty arms!" he stated in a thunderous, menacing voice.

Chapter Twenty-eight: The Last Stand (Part Two)

The constant raucous commotion in the other ring, where the Mask Warrior and Szatkowski were brutally bashing one another senseless, and on the gym floor where Petterson was being annihilated by Hercules with ear shattering screams of physical torture, repeatedly drew Drago's attention away from his incessant battering of MightyMan. These brief respites aided the superhero to recuperate his phenomenal powers. His rapid recuperative ability was legendary, as attested by his life and death battle against Vulcan.

These reprieves enabled MightyMan to withstand all that Drago threw at him, the bombardment of the crime lord's deadly fists, his barbaric torturous holds, as well as the savage draining of his strength.

On the other hand, Drago was wearing himself down to a frazzle with each mighty blow he struck at his great adversary. He was plagued by the single thought that he was somehow unable to put MightyMan away for good. Even with the direct infusion of the superhero's cum strength, it was insufficient to do the job. Growing frustrated, Municipal City's chief criminal would never-the-less go in for the kill, throwing everything he had left at his nemesis.

With MightyMan sprawled flat on his back in center ring, the Russian stepped over the top ring rope to jump down to the floor. He sauntered over to a nearby steel table. Smugly he picked up a

pair of solid steel balls, the size of baseballs, in each hand. He returned to the ring. He heavily stomped his foot down on MightyMan's stomach, expelling the air from his body. The Man of Iron cried out as his torso and legs jerked up, then plopped back down.

Showing the steel balls to MightyMan, Drago slowly wraps his fingers around them and squeezed, smashing them to dust. "That's what I'm going to do to your balls," he threatened menacingly. He opened his hands to let the residue of dust trickle through his fingers. "By the time I get through slaughtering you, you'll beg me to kill you ... and being the considerate person that I am, I'll gladly oblige. I'll crush you in half in my arms, while I tear your muscle butt in half on my cock MightyMan. I'll fuck you to death and destroy you and your legend for all time to come."

To emphasize his deadly threat Drago posed his mammothly morphed body and flexed his giant arms to their maximum size, while glaring down on his fallen enemy. Grunting through clenched teeth, as he held a most muscular pose, he spat out, "Now I'm going to finish you off. I'm going to break you in half. I'm going to grind your bones to dust in my mighty arms as I fuck you to death." With a sneer in his voice he added, "Prepare to die!"

David's parents froze in horror. Impotent in their ability to aid their son, they breathlessly watched the final moments of their beloved son's life.

Drago lugged MightyMan's drained body over to the ropes. He threw his back against them, tying up his arms in the top two ropes. Then the crime lord hoisted him up to his feet. Defenseless and depleted of strength, David struggled to release himself, gyrating his body this way and that, but all was in vain.

Menacingly the Russian approached, grabbing the constrained superhero by his hips. With one vicious thrust of his powerful thighs, Drago bulldozed his pulsating cock deep into the underside of his muscular prey's sex tool. Without mercy he began to savagely cock fuck him.

MightyMan wailed out one cry of torment after another as his cock was being bashed and battered. His inability to protect himself, mixed with the overpowering erotic sensation, was too much for the weakened superhero to resist. With one great bellowing cry, MightyMan erupted one great load after another as Drago sadistically smiled at him.

When at last David was completely drained once more, he was released by his tormentor. Hanging like a wet dish rag, his muscle butt sagging toward the mat, his mouth wide open gasping for air, the Man of Iron was a sorry, pathetic figure of a superhero.

Wasting little time, Drago climbed over the top rope to stand on the ring apron. As he jumped to the floor, he clutched MightyMan's chin with both hands, dragging him nearly over the ropes. But the ropes that bound the Cape Knight of Right were too tight. They sprang back. David's feet hit the mat with a loud thud.

The mighty Russian climbed back up on the ring apron. Laughing with glee at the helpless sight of his arch enemy. "Now you're going to service me MightyMan," he chortled. Pulling on David's chin once again, Drago pulled his head back and down between his massive thighs. Once more MightyMan struggled but as before in vain. His great body tittered over the top rope. With his mouth still wide open it was easy for Drago to ram his huge cock into it and down his throat. "Now get me the hardest I've ever been bitch, so I can fuck you, while I crush you to death in my arms," he sternly ordered.

With no option open to him, David complied. As he sucked and swirled his tongue all over the huge shaft, he began to feel somewhat rejuvenated as he swallowed one mouth full after another of Drago's pre cum. It flowed freely over the large cockhead. Losing himself in the delightful sensation of being sucked, Drago moaned out in pure pleasure.

Catching hold of himself before he succumbed to the overwhelming allure of oral sex, the Russian pulled out of David's eager mouth. He jumped back into the ring. Standing in front of his handsome prey he smugly said, "Sorry to ruin your plan to siphon me off. You thought by ingesting the might of my cum, you'd become strong again. I'm just too smart for you, MightyMan. I'm a better tactician than you. I know how to play on your gullible hopes and then, crush them into thin air, leaving you with nothing. I can psychic you out any day of the week and twice on Sunday."

Drago stepped closer to the imprisoned superhero. He roughly clutched David's flaccid manhood, forcing him to stand up straight on his two feet. He began to viciously jack the limp tool, quickly resurrecting it to its magnificent full size. While he jacked, the crime lord commenced to ravenously suck on MightyMan's nipples. As he sucked one pec he harshly massaged the other. Lifting his lips off David's pec for a moment, Drago promised, "I'm going to milk you like the two bit whore you really are." He switched pecs and hands, sucking and massaging and jacking to his hearts content.

MightyMan's mountainous chest heaved with each suck and squeeze. David's head fell back. His mouth opened wide. He desperately gasped for air. His body squirmed in a futile attempt to escape the constant onslaught to his fabulous pecs and cock. In a pleading voice he begged, "Please don't. Please Drago. Don't suck my pecs off ... stop whacking me off ... please! I've got nothing left to give."

To a heartless bastard like the Russian, such pleas fell on deaf ears. He continued his sadistic attack, causing David into peels of loud moans and tormented groans. His mammary glands were quickly activated. In short order the Man of Iron began to squirt beads of milk down Drago's throat, while the crime lord's hand squeezed more milk out of the other pec. The Cape Knight let out a hellish howl of erotic distress.

The hypnotic captivation of being milked and jack simultaneously was too much for David to withstand in his weakened condition. His balls churned overtime, producing a sea of hot, boiling cum. He exploded a volcanic load. One massive torrent after another erupted out of his pounding, throbbing abused cock. They shot in an great arch several feet into the air, landing down on the mat between his tree trunk legs with a loud splat. MightyMan's bellowing cries filled the gym up to the rafters.

Once he had been thoroughly miked and masturbated, David hung almost lifeless from the ring ropes. With his head hung down, he panted loudly for air. Half crazed, he was lost in a hazy stupor of exhaustion and erotic satiation. His eyes had rolled to the back of his head.

Standing back from the nearly comatose beefy hunk, Drago licked his lips to remove the last of David's man milk. Turning to the cameras once more, he hollered, "And this miserable piece of crap you call the Cape Knight of Right! This loser is your idolized Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe! Look at him as he hangs there weak and defenseless. And you consider him your champion ... your god like hero!"

The Russian savagely pulled David's limp body from the ropes. He viciously hurled him down to the mat. Standing directly over the crumpled mass of MightyMan, he flexed his gigantic arms. He posed his mammoth chest. He did a most muscular pose. "I'm your new god by right of victory ... and don't you forget it!"

Once more he flexed both his great biceps. Slowly he kissed each one in turn. To the cameras he stated matter of factly, "Now watch me destroy MightyMan as I smash his bones in my deadly bearhug and slaughter him to death on my mighty cock."

After his outburst of bravado, Drago reached down. He forced The Man of Iron up to his feet by clutching his throat. The superhero, totally drained of all his strength, wobbled unsteadily on his legs. The sight amused the Russian. When he was through chuckling he easily scooped this spent colossus of muscle up over his head. He carried him to the center of the squared circle. Glaring directly at David's parents he shouted threateningly, "Now watch as I annihilate your pretty boy!"

Using all his might, Drago viciously body slammed David to the mat. The superhero hit so hard the entire ring shook violently to the point of almost falling apart. The Cape Knight let out a great groan that pierced the hearts of his helpless parents.

Not satisfied with the placement of his opponent, Drago took his physically enfeebled adversary by one arm and leg. He roughly turned him around and plotted him where he wanted him to be. Slowly he meandered over to the corner with a complacent smirk plastered on his pock marked face.

Instinctively knowing what was to happen, Alydaar broke from his grieving wife. He raced to the ring. He jumped up on the apron. As Drago placed one foot on the bottom ring rope, the desperate father shook the ropes with all his might. It had the desired effect. Drago stepped down. He quickly turned around. Seeing Alydaar he roared out his fury. "You can't save your kid that way old man. He's a dead man, and you'll be next." With a sneer of contemptuous loathing he added, "You former ruler of Titania. Bah!"

As fast as his morphed bulk could carry him, the Russia ran across the ring only to be met by Alydaar's fierce right hand to his face. Drago was stopped dead in his tracks. He rocked back on his

heels, then fell over. Momentarily stunned, he quickly recovered. Getting to his feet Drago massaged his jaw. "Not bad for an old fool," he groused as he walked up to David's father. "But how good are you on the receiving end."

With that he flipped Alydaar over the top ring rope to the mat. The former emperor landed hard on his back. His breath was knocked out of him. Drago reached down. Taking a huge hunk of his long, thinning blond hair, he forced David's father to his feet. He plowed his fist into Alydaar's chest, knocking him back into the ring ropes. The recoil from the ropes shot him directly back to Drago, who caught him. He lifted him up over his head. With great malice he viciously threw Alydaar over the top rope to the unforgiving concrete floor below.

The former emperor hit with the force of a plane crash. His body cracked the concrete. He was out cold. David's mother raced to her fallen husband. "Take care of him old woman. He's a useless old fart," scoffed the Russian.

Drago turn his attention back to the Cape Knight, still placidly laying spread eagle where he had planted him. Returning to the corner, he began to slowly lumber up the ring ropes. With each step the ropes sagged under the weighty bulk of his body. Once at the top he lifted his massive arms up. He leaped off, only to find nobody home. David had rolled out of the way at the last second. His father's stall tactics and physical sacrifice had worked. MightyMan had recovered.

Drago landed with all the nuclear power of a guided missile strike. His body splat the canvas like a heavy bag of jello. He was out cold. The squared circle collapsed, thundering to the floor. Over by the side edge of the destroyed ring, David got to his feet. He jumped over the downed ring ropes and steel corner post. He went to his father's aid.

Cradled in his wife's loving arms, Alydaar looked at his son. "I'm all right, David. Mother will care for me. Go back and finish the job." Taking his father's hand in his, he reverently kissed it as a sign of love and deep respect.

The Man of Iron returned to the demolished ring. Stepping inside the demolished squared circle, he forcibly seized Drago. He hauled his body high over his head in a military press. The incredible weight of his foe caused his biceps to bulge to their maximum size. The veins seemed to want to burst through the skin. He walked over to the only flat surface left in the ring. There he maliciously body slammed the Russian down across his knee. With great relish he slurped Drago's mighty cock up into his mouth.

Showing no mercy MightyMan ravenously began to suck the sex beast with all his strength. Powering his head up and down with the precision of an over active hydraulic pump. At the same time he sadistically squeezed Drago's balls, crushing them in his hand. He continued sucking, licking and squeezing the great shaft and ball sack for all he was worth. After a few minutes of his intense effort, he viciously rammed his tongue tip deep into the cockhead slit. David thought to himself ... "payback is a bitch, Drago."

Almost instantly he brought the killer beast to climax. The first blast nearly took David's head off . It jerked it back with tremendous force. But MightyMan held onto the Russian's cock by clamping his teeth deep into the flesh just under the huge head.

The violent, body convulsing power of his ejections brought Drago back to a blood curdling, screaming consciousness. He tried valiantly to extricate himself from the Cape Knight's grasp, but could not. David had him firmly right where he wanted him. With each titanic eruption MightyMan felt himself gaining strength. He gagged, choked, gulped and swallowed the voluminous mass of cum filling his mouth to overflowing. His cheeks bulged outward to the point of almost exploding.

Blast after horrific blast poured down David's throat. With each mighty release Drago bellowed out in erotic agony. His morphed body excruciatingly began to shrink back to its pre-morphed size.

The crime lord's ear piercing cries filled the gym. The volume was so great it even shook the windows high up near the ceiling. As he lost more strength and body mass, his violent attempts to escape grew weaker and weaker until they ceased all together.

With the last of his cum dispelled, Drago's limp body laid still, compliantly draped across David's knee. He was out cold. Thoroughly rejuvenated and more powerful than before, MightyMan stood up. The Russian tumbled to the mat with a loud "UGH!" unconsciously expelled from his mouth.

David felt reinvigorated as never before. He had not only siphoned off and drank his own cum strength back into his body, but that of Drago's as well. It made him considerably stronger than before. Standing victorious over his worst enemy, he let out a tremendous yell of conquest. He flexed his gigantic arms and savored the sweet moment of triumph. For the next few minutes he just stood there not wanting to break the intoxicating spell of victory.

When he did move, he grabbed Drago by his legs. He dragged him out onto the concrete floor and over to one of the steel tables that dotted the gym. He viciously body slammed him with such power that the Russian crime lord's body dented the table, rendering him even more unconscious. Sprawled out like a piece of butchered beef, a helpless Drago was at the Cape Knight's mercy. The Ultimate Muscleman of the Universe pulled the Russian toward him, dumping his legs down off the table to the floor. Only Drago's upper torso laid spread out with his arms extended above his head.

Consumed with the venom of hate, MightyMan took hold of Drago's mammoth butt cheeks to open them up. He yanked them apart with such force that they were almost torn away from his hips. With great sadistic barbarity he savagely rammed his fist deep up into the Russian's asshole, ripping the rose red, virginal sphincter muscle wide open. The mind blowing intense pain shot the crime lord's eyes wide open. He yowled out one horrific scream after another. "NO! NO! NO!," he shrieked. "You can't do this to me! I'm the mighty Drago! I've never been defeated! I'm invincible! NO! NO! NO! ..."

The Cape Knight continued to plow his fist all the way up to the elbow. Blood spurted out under pressure to cover David's arm. He gleefully twisted it to the left, then to the right, tearing the muscle even more. The Russian's harrowing cries slowly faded. The incredible agonizing torture was too much for him to bear. He passed out. When he was finished and withdrew, MightyMan's arm was completely coated by blood. He used a towel lying on the table to wipe himself clean.

Next, with a loud grunt, the the Man of Iron proceeded to drill his mighty cock up into his evil nemesis' bloody butt. The crime lord's killer cock was caught between his groin and the rim of the table. With the force of MightyMan's powerful thighs constantly hammering hard against his butt, Drago's sex beast was being smashed and mutilated.

The intense pain of being savagely power fucked and his cock being pulverized re-awoke Drago. His torturous screams were those of a dying bull being slaughtered. To David and his parents, it was music to their ears. Frantically the Beast from the East clutched and clawed at the table, trying to escape but his hands only slid to and fro across the smooth metal surface.

The crime lord's torso squirmed and twisted. His flailing fists dented the table even more. With each ramming thrust of David's mighty cock deep up into the Russian's butt, Drago's body jerked violently forward. The top of his bald head smashing hard into the unforgiving cinder block back wall. Deep gashes appeared. Blood seeped down both sides of Drago's face.

MightyMan continued to bulldoze his sex beast deep up into his foe's asshole, ripping, tearing to shreds his rectum, causing more mass quantities of blood to come flooding out to drain down the backs of Drago's legs.

When the superhero brutally took a hold of the Russian's shoulders, to cease his violent body contortions, he held his sex tool all the way in, increasing the excruciating black pain he was deliberately inflicting on his greatest foe. "Take that cock, you fuckin' son of a bitch," growled David through clenched teeth. "How you like being on the receiving end, huh? You're not man enough to take it, are you!" The only reply were Drago's tormented bellowing cries.

Reaching underneath, David wrapped his mighty arms around Drago's waist. He forcibly pulled him up against his body. He placed his chin on the Russian's massive shoulder. With each powerful, ramming fuck up Drago's butt hole, he whispered angrily in his ear, "Take this one for what you did to my parents. And take this one for PowerWoman, and this one for MannoMan, and this one for Warlord, and this one for Gladiator, and this one for EagleMan, and this one for PowerMan, and this one for my innocent BicepBoy."

Drago shrieked out each and every time he was barbarically fucked. "And take this for all the good people of Municipal City you tried to intimidate, and this one for Chief White." David held his breath as he deliberately and maliciously thrust his mighty tool all the way in, his ball sack pressed tight up against the Russian's butt cheeks. "And this one is for trying to corrupt Hercules, you fuckin piece of human garbage."

David released his hold. Drago's body flopped back down on the table. It hit so hard that it made a sound like a kettle drum being struck. The avenging superhero again clutched the Russian's shoulders to prevent him from convulsing all over the table. He continued his merciless crucifying fuck of his malevolent enemy.

Grunting like some crazed jungle beast, MightyMan commenced to release all his pent up loads. So great and powerful were his emissions that he quickly filled up Drago's guts causing his once mighty adversary to scream out in horrible cries of abject sexual torture.

The Russian's face was petrified in unspeakable horror. Even his bald head was scrunched up with ripples of agonized flesh overlapping one another all across his blood caked skull. His eyes were almost winced completely shut. Tears trickled down across his anguished riddled face, leaving streaks in the dried blood that painted it.

Bitter sobs and howling screams continuously exploded from Drago's mouth as he was forced to endure being sexually conquered for the first time in his brutal life. He was being paid back a thousand fold for all the countless men he had barbarically butchered in the ring on the end of his great killer cock.

"Fuckin' die," howled MightyMan as he kept up his frenzied rape. "Die you fuckin' bastard ... die!" The Ultimate Muscleman had packed so much cum up into Drago's butt that it splattered back out in great bloody quantities with every sadistic thrusting penetration, plastering the crime lord's ass with a thick coating of red soaked jism, while at the same time, splashing all over MightyMan's pubic hair, balls and lower abdominal muscles.

Through tears, screams and gasping breaths the crime lord replied, "I'm ... still not ... finished ... MightyMan ..."

Totally engulfed with fucking Drago to death, the Ultimate Muscleman did not notice what his arch enemy was up to.

Before the crime lord on the table, just inches away out of reach, was a small lead jar of Titanite powder. Struggling with what little strength he still possessed, Drago was finally able to clutch the jar. With spasm hands he pulled out the lead stopper. He threw the now open jar directly behind him, showering MightyMan's face and chest with its deadly contents.

Instantly the superhero's hands flew up to his face releasing Drago's shoulders. He took a few staggering steps backwards withdrawing from the blood soaked, cum packed, destroyed asshole of the crime lord.

As David's strength began to fade, he staggered around. In a haze of weakness and near unconsciousness he saw Hercules squashing Petterson, who he had in his bone crushing bearhug, as

he fucked him on his mighty sex tool. Across the room the Mask Warrior was in a life and death battle, struggling with Szatkowski. Close by his parents were looking on in fright over their son's deadly peril.

The room began to swirl around and around until MightyMan called out "Hercules!" as he fell to the concrete floor with a resounding thud ... unconscious.

The Cape Knight's cry had caught everyone's attention. A severely weakened Drago slid himself off the damaged table. Carefully, slowly he righted himself through the agonizing pain to stand tall. He turned around to find his mighty adversary sprawled out on the floor face down. He gloated. A sadistic smile crept across his lips. It curled up into an evil smirk.

Before him laid the prize of the century, the muscle butt of his dreams. His flaccid, mangled, nearly mutilated cock sprang painfully to life while it wildly bobbed straight out in front of him. On buckling legs he stepped forward. He went unsteadily down to his knees to straddle MightyMan's beautiful muscle butt, almost falling over in the process. With his mighty killer beast lying heavily across the Ultimate MuscleMan's ass crack, the crime lord could sense his belated victory.

Sitting upright as he straddled his foe's mammoth thighs, he shook his head to regain his full faculties and to shake the cobwebs out of his head. To regain his strength, now that his morphed physique had returned to its normal muscular size, he gave out a terrific roar. He did a most muscular pose. It seemed to work. He immediately felt stronger.

He rose up on his haunches, placing his hands on the concrete floor along side of MightyMan's head. He leaned forward, lowering his pre cum saturated cockhead to point directly between his mighty victim's ass crack. A few loose drops of pre cum dripped off to disappear between the deep crevice of MightyMan's muscle butt.

The Greek legend, seeing his beloved was in serious trouble, quickly polished off Petterson, who was still caught in his deadly bearhug and impaled on his powerful fuckpole. He ran his hands under the beefy scientist's shoulders, bringing them up behind him. He reached forward, lacing his fingers together just under Petterson's chin. With one ferocious jerk backward, Hercules split the inventor of the Excellatron in two. Blood gushed everywhere as the upper half tumbled to the gym floor. The mighty Greek lifted the bottom part of Petterson's corpse off his throbbing cock, throwing it contemptuously on top of the upper half.

A blood drenched Hercules then raced to the defense of MightyMan. Just as he got there Drago had managed to shove his cockhead between the Cape Knight's butt cheeks. But before he could totally penetrate the prize of a lifetime, the legend caught him by the shoulders to pull him up and out of MightyMan's ass.

A great mass of cum shot out of the Russian's cock as Hercules lifted him up high over his head in a full body press. He held him up by his back and legs for the longest time, while Drago shot off his

loads like a human fountain gone berserk. The thick, blood soaked discharge fell back covering his own torso.

The Greek legend power slammed him down across his knee, breaking Drago's back and shattering his spine in the process. Scream after torturous scream wailed from the crime lord's lips. Hercules continued to bend him into an excruciating arch damn near splitting his body in two.

The Masked Warrior also saw MightyMan's fatal predicament. He had beaten down Szatkowski into a bloody pulp. He too had him wrapped up in his strong arms, in a rib smashing bearhug. His manmeat was likewise crammed far up into the scientist's butt hole.

But as hard as he tried, Szatkowski would not succumb to his strength. The scientist roared out cry after debilitating cry as he wildly twisted and turned, trying to escape Hennigan's most powerful double submission hold.

Knowing he had to finish him off and fast, for MightyMan's sake, the Mask Warrior crawled out of the ring, carrying the doctor with him. He raced to the wall. He began ramming the back of Szatkowski's head repeatedly into the cinder block wall. When that had little effect, he held his opponent by one hand. He grabbed his shoulder length hair. He viciously hammered his head into the wall, cracking the back of his head wide open. Szatkowski was knocked out. The Nobel winning scientist crumbled to the floor unconscious. Blood spewed from his head into his shoulder length hair, as it seeped out onto the gym floor.

The newest member of the League of Superheroes ran to the aid of his mighty leader. He reached David's parents hovering over their son not knowing what to do. With concerned they pleadingly looked at Dr. Hennigan.

Kneeling over the stricken superhero, the Masked Warrior immediately realized the powdery substance covering MightyMan's face and torso was Titanite. He eagerly looked around for something to wash it away. Time was of the essence. MightyMan's breathing was becoming shallower and more labored by the second. He struggled for every breath. His handsome face was constricted in horrifying agony. The doctor saw nothing until he happened to glance up. There embedded in the ceiling were numerous sprinklers.

He jumped up. Snatching a Bic cigarette lighter from off a nearby table. He quickly clambered up onto a counter top. Then, like a monkey, he scampered up a trellis of metal shelving to reach the ceiling. Hanging precariously by one hand, he swung himself over. He flicked the lighter, trying to hold it up to the sprinkler, but he missed. He tried a second time and again missed. On the third desperate attempt he hit his target. The flame broke the seal. Instantly the room was showered in water as every sprinkler erupted, soaking everyone to the bone.

Hennigan jumped down landing along side the comatose MightyMan. Taking a towel from off a table he knelt down once again behind the fallen hero. He drew him up close so his body laid

against his. He began to tenderly wipe away the crippling Titanite from the superhero's face and torso.

"You try kill MightyMan," stormed an enraged Hercules as he continued to bend the struggling, screaming, helpless Russian in two across his knee. "You lie to me! You very bad man Drago. You must die!" he thundered as he again lifted the Russian up high over his head. "You die now!" he raged as he unthinkingly hurled the brutalized crime lord directly at the Excellatron.

"NO!" shouted a recovering MightyMan. "Hercules ... don't!" But the warning came too late.

Drago's mangled body collided with the Excellatron, becoming impaled on top of a conical diode that stuck straight up over the machine. Its sparking peak pierced all the way through the crime lord to stick way out through his stomach. Drago's lifeless body bent over both halves. Blood sprayed up and over him like a bloody geyser. His pale, blood drained face, with its open, dead eyes, stared up at the overhead steel rafters. His arms and legs dangled lifelessly downward.

The Excellatron began to sputter and stark wildly. The gym lights commenced to flutter on and off. The softly whining motor of the machine stopped and started, stopped and started.

Instantly Hercules felt himself becoming weaker with every second passing. His image and physical mass began to fade in and out. He fell to the concrete floor writhing in agony.

Stunned by the situation, MightyMan passionately begged Hennigan to help him reach his beloved. The Masked Warrior lifted the superhero to his feet and guided him to the stricken Greek legend. Sitting on the floor, David cradled his fading lover in his arms. "Don't go," he pleaded as tears flowed freely from his eyes. "Stay with me, please! You brought me love like I've never known. You made me whole. Please my beloved, stay ... stay with me ... you're strong enough to fight this ... you can fight this ..."

Hercules raised his hand to gently stroke David's tear stained face. "You are best thing ever for me," gasped the dying Greek as he continued to fade in and out. He longingly looked up at his lover. "Our love eternal ... can never die. I kiss your heart, always ..."

Through a flood of tears covering his face, MightyMan looked down at his now empty arms, clutching only air. His bitterly sobbing voice, paralyzed by emotion, was barely able to plead, "... Come back! ... Come back! ... Come back! ... Come back!" His inconsolable words, wrought painfully with pure grief stricken emotion, tore at the heart strings of his loving parents and the Mask Warrior. They also found themselves forced to weep at what they were witnessing.

No one noticed that the sprinklers had run out of water. They just stood there in stunned silence. Behind the grieving superhero the Excellatron continued to rain down a shower of sparks, setting fires everywhere as it belched smoke, shook and threaten to explode. Realizing the serious danger,

Alydaar quickly came to his senses. “Katarina take the Mask Warrior and get out of here. I’ll tend to David,” he commanded.

Reaching for his bereaved son, the father gently forced him to stand up. “Come David,” he said softly, choking back his own emotions. “It’s time we leave this place.”

In a distraught state of emotional collapse MightyMan followed his father’s advice like a sleep walker, totally unaware of what he was doing or where he was going.

Working their way through the multitude of fires, fallen debris and a flooded floor, father and son made their way, trudging through knee deep water, to the outside. They join the former empress and Hennigan. It was raining. “Take the Warrior and fly off to the Citadel,” Alydaar instructed his wife. “I’ll bring our boy.”

David's mother put her arms about Hennigan’s waist. She flew up into the night sky. Alydaar, recognizing his son was in a zombie state and unfit to fly, did the same to him.

Just as they lifted up the Excellatron finally exploded. It took out the entire basement complex in one gigantic blast, that seemed to shake the Earth. The fire ball was so intense and searing, that it melted steel beams, as it tore away floors to shoot straight up through the structure and out its roof. Instantly it engulfed the entire building in flames. Windows blasted outwards. Millions of glass shards fell from the sky to cover the ground.

The ear piercing sound of metal scraping against metal was heard throughout the city. Drago's Headquarters swayed back and forth until its weakened support beams gave way. It collapsed. The multi-storied building pancaked all the way down to the ground, creating a huge mushroom shaped dust cloud, as fingers of fire lashed out to light up the night.

Hovering far above the scene of destruction, Alydaar, holding tight to his adored son, murmured, “It’s all right David. It’s all over. Drago is gone forever. He can never harm you again ...” Taking one last backward glance, father and son disappeared into the blackness of the night sky.

Once back at the Citadel all the surviving members were hopelessly steeped in a somber mood. Alydaar took his naked son aside. “My heart is broken,” sobbed David. Holding his distraught son close, the father tenderly replied, “My heart broke many years ago, when I witnessed my father slaughtered before my eyes, as he bravely defended his throne and our country.” A tear escaped Alydaar’s eye to trickle down his face. “Yes, my heart broke that day, son, but it still serves me. In time, yours will too.”

The former emperor of Titania added, “When tragedy strikes, if you meet it with determination and courage, it will leave you bigger and stronger than when it found you. But if you give into it, you’ll be lost for the rest of your life. And that’s no way for anyone to live, or be an example for the

people to follow. Channel your pain for good, David and be worthy of that great love Hercules had for you. He wouldn't want to see you give up.”

But such words of consolation did little to console the inconsolable son. He tenderly kissed his father's cheek and walked outside to his special place of meditation, high about the stormy sea.

With his muscular back leaning hard against the side wall of the cold rock entrance to the Citadel, the Masked Warrior pined as he looked longingly at the solitary figure of MightyMan, illuminated by a shaft of light coming from deep within the cave. David had perched himself on the top bolder of the precipice over hanging the raging waters below. He sat there totally oblivious to the falling rain.

The intense pain of being unable to console the superhero's bereavement was palpable for Hennigan. With his head tilted down, his long flowing rain soaked hair covering his face, he silently shed tears of sympathy for MightyMan.

The angry sea bashed itself senseless into the base of David's rocky perch, as he sat motionless. Fingers of wind played with his wet hair, rippling through it like a breeze through a wheat field. His mammoth legs were drawn up tight against his massive chest, his great arms wrapped about them, his chin resting tenuously on top of his knees. The watery talons of the dark waves clawed their way up the steep, craggy heights of the promontory. Their white caps splashing themselves pell mell into oblivion just below the superhero. Their spray washing over him while he sat dejected and inconsolable.

His eyes hypnotically stared down at the jagged rocks below, awash in the angry waves of the sea. The sight tugged at him as if it whispered alluringly, "... come, come down here and end your suffering forever ... come ... come ... just one strong push and it will be all over ... come ... come ..."

Just then a blazing comet of great size flashed across the darken sky. It's flaming tail turned night into day. It's brightness distracted David from his morbid thoughts. He looked up to see it pass far into the distance. Once it was out of sight the gloomy raining night returned, leaving David deep in thought once more.

Lost in his bereavement, his heart shattered beyond repair, MightyMan continued to stare longingly out into the black stormy night. A solitary tear escaped his right eye to meander aimlessly down his grief stricken face. Unconsciously his father's words echoed in his mind, "When tragedy strikes, if you met it with determination and courage, it will leave you bigger and stronger than when it found you."

The End

Corky Zoar passed away after a long illness

February 15, 2013

Thank you Corky for all the thrills.

Rest In Peace