

FEATS OF STRENGTH

THE INTENSE EDITION



by
RAY WILDER

Feats of Strength - The Intense Edition
by Ray Wilder

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Yes, fictitious animals were harmed in the writing of this book. I am devastated that I was not able to secure certification from the ASPCA due to this fact. Have your pets spayed and neutered. Seriously.

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raywilderbooks.com

raywild16@yahoo.com

NSFW

The original had a little bit of sexy stuff in the opening scene then calmed down and became a pretty normal, run-of-the-mill-show-it-on-Saturday-morning-television-sword-and-sandals-kinda-feats-of-strength story (if you'd like to see that version, I believe it still resides at nifty.org). This here is definitely not your grandma's Feats Of Strength. Not anymore, me bucko. In "The Intense Edition" our hero gets his nut, big time!

Just warning you.

R.W.

When I was young I would wait with great anticipation for the old Muscle Man films to come on television on Saturday mornings. Every once in a while no one else would be home, so I'd take off all my clothes except for my underpants and lay on my back in front of the television with my head on a pillow so I didn't have to hold my head up. On either side of me was a large, over-stuffed armchair with fat, wooden legs.

Invariably, someone (usually a woman who obviously had the hots for Muscle Man's muscles...and other supposed attributes) would try to persuade Muscle Man to do something he didn't want to do. This persuasion usually, but not always, took the form of the Muscle Man being tied between two sets of horses or chariots or the like, sometimes with his friends buried in the dirt so they would be trampled if Muscle Man was unsuccessful in his might. The horses would be whipped and they would attempt to run off in opposite directions and Muscle Man's huge biceps and pectorals would bulge. He would grimace and groan as the horses tried to pull him apart but the mighty Muscle Man was always just too invincible for the poor animals.

Also, invariably, the aforementioned horny queen or princess or high priestess or daughter of Evil Queen would be so impressed with Muscle Man's prowess that he would be spared death by [*fill in evil plot to defeat Muscle Man*] and would either be re-imprisoned or put under some spell with a potion of some sort. And a good thing, too. Otherwise the movie was going to be unfortunately brief. After all, Muscle Man still had to kick butt and prove his might, usually by pulling down some temple.

As the feat of strength commenced on the tv screen, I would grab a leg of each of the armchairs and begin to pull them towards me, relishing in the way the muscles on my arms and chest felt under the exertion. And I would get hard. Real hard. My cock would stick straight up through the hole in my underpants and the head would be throbbing, right in the line of sight with the television.

During one of these movie episodes I noticed I was making progress with moving the armchairs. In fact, they got so close that I wasn't getting the feeling I normally did. I decided to lift up on the chairs instead. My own pecs suddenly jumped in size and an incredible feeling washed over my body. I was working these muscles harder than I ever had before. And there was this Muscle Man on the television moaning and groaning and pulling and bulging. And I started to moan and groan, but it wasn't because I was being pulled apart by horses, though I wished I were. I noticed a small amount of fluid beginning to seep out of the slit in the head of my cock. I pulled on the chairs even more. They began to actually lift off the floor.

I had never really equated this kind of effort with the development of large muscles. But at that moment, something surprising happened. Just as the back legs of the chairs lifted off the carpet and my pecs were aching so much I thought they were going to split right through my skin, I achieved my first orgasm by shooting a wad so big that when it came back down and splattered on my chest, it covered my torso almost entirely. It was followed immediately by another one almost as big and then several others that drooled down my rock-hard cock and soaked into the fabric of my underwear.

In that moment, my future was locked in place. I began to study the process of body building and the sexual enjoyment which physical exertion beyond the normal endurance of the body brought me.

That was quite a few years ago. I kind of have to laugh because, as big as I thought those Muscle Men in the movies were, I am so much bigger than them now that I wonder what I could do with a couple of teams of horses. Or who needs horses?



The desert sun shines down mercilessly as I lean against the weight I am pulling across the sands. Two massive chains with links four inches in diameter are attached to my waist. The other ends of the chains are attached to a huge sledge on which sits The Evil Queen and her entire entourage. I am pulling the shaded vehicle through the sand to the Place of Persuasion.

This is the fourth time in four days I have been brought here. Or should I say, I have brought them here. Each time I have foiled The Evil Queen's plans to induce me to become her sex slave. She hopes I will eventually give in, as each trip offers a more severe challenge than the previous one.



The first was horses

Four of them attached to each of my massive arms. The Evil Queen threatened me with this torture if I did not agree to satisfy her with my enormous cock. Not only did I not acquiesce to her demands, but I remained insultingly flaccid, silently daring her to give the signal to the horsemen. She waved her hand and the struggle began. Actually, I should say the struggle began for the horses, not for me. They pulled in the sand and I pulled back until all eight horses lay dead in the blistering heat.

In the hot haze of the sun, I could see her gaze as she noticed I had not become the least bit erect. My cock hung loose between my mighty thighs, my heavy-hanging balls relaxed in their scrotum. The Evil Queen may have hoped I would beg for release from this exertion but instead, I gladly hauled the barge back to the palace with ease and spent that night in chains in my cell. She obviously did not realize how futile a gesture imprisoning me was. As days progressed, it would become more obvious. Much to her chagrin.

The second was a tug o'war

I was again attached to the sliding platform and caused to drag it out to this place. Waiting for me this time were two groups of hugely muscled men. She must have completely drained every gym plus central casting. The enormous collection of beefcakes stood on either side of where I was to stand, each group holding a great length of rope. I took each rope by a loop and braced myself against the pull of dozens of men on either arm.

Their muscles bulged but mine bulged larger. One of the thick ropes finally gave way. I could have been dragged through the sand by the men on the other side, but I held my ground, my huge leg muscles swelling until they pressed hard against themselves, thrusting my slightly hardening cock and pumped-up balls forward as if teasing The Evil Queen with a possibility.

The Evil Queen ordered the men on the broken rope to grab hold of the rope on my other side and we pulled and tugged at each other until I found a huge rock to brace against. At that point, the battle was over. Half of the men collapsed in exhaustion. The rest were so overcome by my exhibition of strength they all succumbed to their own orgasms, either surrendering the rope of their own accord so they could jerk themselves off or simply spontaneously climaxing with such intensity they could no longer maintain.

In this tug-of-war I was also victorious.

She was not.

This time, the barge was heavier on the return as it was also carrying all the men I had just bested. Most of them were still so overcome with the thought of my enormous strength they were unable to do anything but continue their masturbation all the way back to the castle.

Chains awaited me once again in my cell, but I tired of standing as they were too short to allow me to lie down. I grabbed the lengths and pulled. My huge biceps swelled and my pecs swelled and my legs swelled and my cock began to swell and the walls of the cell gave way

and the rings to which the chains were attached pulled loose. I lay down and slept, my partially engorged member sustaining the effect of my efforts of this day throughout the night. When the guards came to check on me, they were surprised to see the two gaping holes in the walls of the cell and me still laying there, still partially erect. Why didn't I escape? Could it be my semi-turgid cock was indicating the level to which I am enjoying these challenges?

The third was big-ass trucks

I was fitted with a yoke made from a slab of granite. My arms were shackled to it with immense chains and then the barge harness was again attached to my waist. My enormous legs swelled with each step as I carried the stone and dragged the Evil Queen and her party the 5 miles back to the Place of Persuasion.

I was surprised to see she was getting hi-tech on me. Waiting this time for my trial were eight large trucks. Each group of four was hitched to a chain harness which came back to where I would stand between them. I walked to the center and placed the shackles on my wrist myself, showing my disdain for her feeble attempts to conquer my strength. I stood proudly between the idling vehicles and waited for them to shift into gear. My huge body, relaxed and un-flexed, was still so enormous that the vehicles already seemed to be insufficient.

I am huge. My 32" arms and 66" chest dwarf every man alive. My 48" thighs are so powerful that one kick could send one of these huge trucks flying. My back, so broad a normal person can barely reach across it from shoulder to shoulder, ripples with strength as I adjust myself in preparation for this trial. Huge plates of muscle dance on my chest with each movement. My deltoids are so massive they look like I'm wearing football helmets on my shoulders. The flare of my lats expands from my tight, muscular waist up to this incredible expanse of pure brute force. And I am just standing there.

Engines idled. Engines gunned. The chain went taut and I was pulled off my feet for a second. I quickly regained my footing and began to pull against the 12,000 horsepower on each arm that The Evil Queen hopes will threaten to rip me apart. Surely no human body could withstand such a brutal attack on its integrity. She was so sure. Her nostrils flared with the anticipation of either my demise or surrender to her sexual demands. Either way, she would receive great satisfaction. Or so she thought.

My enormous cock was semi-erect. She does not understand this. I should be so engulfed with fear for what I was about to experience that

sexual arousal would be the last thing on my mind. She had no idea what, in reality, this was doing to me.

The trucks engines revved, the tires spun and the air was filled with huge clouds of black smoke from the exhaust and the burning rubber of the tires. I swelled. I throbbed. I was huge and getting more so. My gigantic arms increased in size as I slowly bent them back together, dragging all eight trucks along with me.

The air was filled with the sound of screeching transmissions and grinding gears. The drivers were trying to get some advantage but I was too much for all of them. One by one the engines overheated and failed. When the last one sputtered its final belch of smog, I remained standing between them, pumped, very pumped and very big. My huge chest had expanded to over 70" as I took great gasps of oxygen to feed my swollen physique. And my massive, semi-erect cock dripped in a way that signaled my intense reaction to what I had just experienced.

I carried the granite yolk back to the castle, but the Evil Queen, for some reason, decided to make the slaves and truck drivers haul her barge back. I think I'm starting to get to her.

The holes in the wall of my cell had not been repaired. I guess she figured that if I really wanted to escape, no stone wall would deter me. They were right.

I overheard two of the guards speaking, probably for my benefit, that The Evil Queen was having some difficulty in the sexual satisfaction arena and they all hoped, for their own sakes, that I might be the solution to that. Otherwise, The Evil Queen was going to pop a cork, mentally, and drag everyone over the insanity ledge with her. I felt a slight sadness for everyone, but this was not what I was here for. No matter what The Evil Queen had planned for me the next day, I was going to blow this queendom...in more ways than one.

💪💪💪💪 The fourth is... 💪💪💪💪

So now here I am, back at the Place of Persuasion. Today the crowd on the barge I pull is extremely large. I believe I am hauling over 500 people, not to mention my granite yolk again. As I near the Place of Persuasion, I can see two large vehicles which seem to be sitting on some kind of track. The distance closes and the vehicles turn out to be diesel locomotives. They are facing away from each other and huge, two-meter long chains with links over 12" in diameter are attached to the rear of each one. This gal just doesn't give up. I drag the barge to within a few yards of the track. I want her to have a good view of my final victory. I then toss the granite yolk away like it's a small piece of fabric and again place myself between the two diesels.

When I get there, I turn around and discover the Evil Queen has followed me. She says nothing to me. She just stands there and watches as I attach myself to the enormous shackles. I smile. I am ready. She raises her hand for a moment and then drops it. The locomotives come to life and begin to slowly move away from me. The huge chain which attaches these three behemoths, the two engines and myself, slowly lifts until it becomes taught. All by itself, each chain might weigh several tons.

Just as my arms are stretched to the maximum, she signals again and the engines stop. I am held firm, but it is really only the weight of the chain which I am holding up. She walks up to me and rubs her hands over my huge chest and plays with the enormous shapes of my body. Her eyes drop to my groin as she takes in the spectacular sight of my length which hangs loosely between my sequoia-sized thighs. She tries to kiss me, but I let my mouth hang slack so all she gets is some loose lip. This offends her and she slaps my face. I laugh. Here I am, strung between two locomotives and she thinks a slap on the face is going to do something?

She slaps me again and I laugh again. She doesn't know what this is doing to me. She doesn't know how much I revel in these feats of strength. My body was made to exert huge amounts of power. I long for the opportunity to use my massive muscles to their greatest advantage.

Come on. Turn your puny engines loose on me. There is nothing this huge body can't do. The harder you make these magnificent muscles work, the bigger and stronger they get and the harder my cock grows. Let me have it.

She is fuming at my insolence. She goes to spit in my face, then remembers we are not without an audience so I guess she figures that would be a very un-Evil-Queen-ly thing to do. I, on the other hand, am reveling in the fact that so many will see me at my greatest. Already, so many of the crowd assembled are driving themselves to the point of completion just seeing my massive dimensions standing so relaxed before them.

Instead, she grabs my cock and begins to manipulate it, attempting to stimulate it to erection. I show no sign of stimulation, so she begins to squeeze. Nothing. She pulls and yanks and becomes more severe in her treatment of my cock as her frustration and fury rise. She reaches for my balls and begins to make them suffer, as well. I remain soft in a way that would seem impossible unless I was purposely signaling to her my disdain and total unconcern for what she has planned for me, should I not surrender.

I glance down at her hand, cruelly manipulating my manhood. I laugh at her one last time. She gives my balls one final, brutal squeeze, releases them, causing them to swing pendulously behind my outrageously flaccid penis and then she signals to the engine drivers and steps away.

This is it. The ultimate feat of strength. No one has ever been this strong. No one has ever been this mighty. I'm working my huge biceps and pecs and the locomotives' stacks are billowing clouds of diesel smoke and their steel wheels are screeching on the metal track.

I'm huge. And I'm strong. So strong. And I'm beating these machines. My hands are moving closer together and my huge pecs are pressing so hard against the inside of my skin they feel like their going to rip open. Huge muscles. Huge strength.

And then, much to the frustration and dismay of my torturer, my huge cock now begins to thicken. And lengthen. And harden. And the juices from my overstimulated testicles begin pumping out a constant

flow of pre-cum that pools and mixes with the sweat dripping into the sand between my massive thighs.

Darker.

Thicker.

Harder.

Rigid beyond anything I have ever experienced before. I can feel it pressing its massive length against the steel-like wall of my abdominal muscles. I am beyond any definition of horny. It has been several days (and nights) since I have blown a load, an interval I am not accustomed to. If it weren't for the fact that I was proving a point to the Evil Queen, I would customarily have nutted multiple times each day (and night).

My hands are shoulder-width apart. My biceps are growing. They are 34" by now. My hands are now two feet apart and I'm pulling with all my might and the power of my muscles is just radiating off me like some kind of glow or something. Everything is getting hot. The chain is hot. The track is hot. The engines are hot and getting hotter. And I am so hot I can't stand it. I have to scream with the joy of the effort. This is the best. This is what this huge body is all about.

And my enormous cock begins to celebrate the effort I am enjoying. But rather than causing me to weaken from my explosive orgasm, it feeds my strength, giving me the unimaginable power to conquer the two mechanical monsters lashed to my colossal arms.

I aim my thrusting pelvis directly at The Evil Queen and unload a spectacular spew on her. Joyous flights of cum launch from my magnificent cock. I shout in ecstasy at the unbounded pleasure of an orgasm stimulated by the massive exertion I am experiencing.

Now the track under the locomotives is starting to warp and buckle. A drive wheel on one of the engines falls off. Then another. Then the other engine fails and now I'm standing between two huge wrecks, their diesels huffing their last breaths.

I'm hot. I'm steaming. I'm ready to pulverize the world. I walk forward, dragging the huge chains behind me until they're taut again. I stretch myself forward, my arms bent back until they can bend no more. My pecs are still tectonic plates of strength. My biceps form colossal

mountainous peaks, even as they are stretched backward to their limit. My cock hardens even more until it is aching with a pleasure/pain that matches the pleasure/pain I got from this physical exertion. I hold the tension for just a moment longer until I am about to explode. My balls cramp with a joy unbounded, then release one final massive eruption of my masculine, muscular essence, coating all the observers as I conquer this ultimate feat of strength.

I flex my biceps and pecs and the two locomotives come flying off the tracks and land on the barge with all its observers. They are so covered with my spew, they never see the heaps of metal coming.

I won't be dragging that damned thing back to the castle tonight.

I won't have to topple any puny temples tomorrow.

I could.

If I wanted to.

Each of my wrists are still wearing the shackles and at least one of the massive links of chain that had temporarily bound me to the instruments of my torture and ultimate source of pleasure. There is nothing more for me to accomplish here.

I head off into the desert.

I need to find a mountain to beat up.

 **The End** 