

The weightlifting contest
By Diana the Valkyrie
Linda fluffs her way to a victory

"Come on, Linda, this film crew is costing two hundred per". Yeah yeah yeah. I know. Cameras, lights and no action. Another butterstick to coax into a semblance of life, but this poor guy had been up a dozen times today already, and I almost felt sorry for him. Almost, but not quite, because it was me that was looking bad, I'm supposed to be able to get a butterstick to do anything I want. Come on, butterstick, up for Linda, up we go little butterstick, come on up my lovely.

After I told him several lies about what I'd do to him afterwards, made big eyes at him, and told him a few times about how attracted to him I was, he was at least stiff enough for the camera if you didn't focus it quite right. "That's the last one?" I said to Ernie, he's the producer. Ernie nodded. "Have a hard day, Linda?" he grinned. They all crack that one. Yeah yeah yeah. "Yeah, hard as butter, Ernie." Ernie laughed and they got on with filming the last take. It didn't actually matter now that the butterstick had lasted about ten seconds before deflating,



they'd got it on camera, and no-one could tell that he didn't have it in. My guess was that he wouldn't be able to get it up for a few days at least. I know about these things. Experience.

I'm probably the most experienced fluffer in the trade. There's girls who are younger, and girls who are prettier, and girls whose figures are only made possible by large amounts of salt water in plastic bags. But when the leading man is down, and he ought to be up, it's Linda they call for. I may not be chocolate box material, and there's no plastic bags in me. But I know my job, and I'm the best there is.

You see, making a porn vid isn't as easy as it looks. You might think; one male, one woman, one fuck, roll the cameras and your fortune is made. Oh no. Have you ever seen a movie



being made? You have to get the lighting right, then the cameras need to be dollied into the right angle, the sound needs to be wired up, the talent needs to be reminded of its lines, and by the time you've done all that, he lost it an hour ago and doesn't even remember where he left it, and it's butterstick droop all the way. Droopy and small, soft and useless; they shrink to half size when they're not being used, so you can't even see them on the camera, let alone show them firm and hard and glorious like they're supposed to be.

And all the female talent can think of doing is say "Come on Fred, we haven't got all day" which obviously makes Fred worse.



Well, it's obvious to me. But then, as a professional fluffer, it's my job to know these things. I read books; I bet I'm the only one on the set who does. Yes, the talent has the looks, but there's no action without the fluffer.

You thought it's easy? You think all you have to do is look at a bloke and he gets it up? Well, lucky you. So what are you going to do three hours later when you're still shooting and he's as limp as a three week old lettuce leaf? Call Linda, that's what. Linda and her magic bag full of useful items; the sheepskin glove, the little whip, the perfume spray. And more.

Viagra? Don't make me laugh. They're already Viagra'd up to the eyebrows and they still can't make it. All that does is get them excited, and that's no good because when they get too excited, it's pop goes the weasel and back to square one. Square zero. Square minus one, even.

Here's the thing. The natural inclination of a man is to get it hard, get it in, and get it over, quam celerime. But you can't make much of a porno out of ten seconds, even in slow motion. I mean, can you imagine? You buy a video called "Ten seconds", you get it home, you shove it in the VCR, and ten seconds later, it's all over. You'd be leading a protest in the middle of Trafalgar Square, you would. Well, I would. Enter the fluffer.



Most people think I have just the one task, to get it up. And then up again and again and again. Wrong. I'm more like the continuity girl, it's my job to not only get it up, but to make sure it stays up. That could mean a whole day of filming without him ever getting off, and believe me that's not natural. They want to, they have to, they're going to ... and then Linda's ice-bucket puts a stop to it. When the director yells "Cut", the camera stops rolling; I have to make sure that the talent stops rocking. Ice cubes is one of my more gentle methods. I love the scream when it hits their back. I also have long fingernails.

The worst day? I think that was back in '91, we were making some in-and-out vid, "Harem girls from El Qattara" I think it was, the lack of "u" adding the necessary touch of class, and the producer had done some special deal over the studio. That meant we had to shoot it all in one day, and that day was 20 hours if it was a minute. And every moment I had to eagle-eye the talent, to make sure that nothing got wasted. As usual, his idea was to get it over with, she was as much help as a rice pudding, and guess who had to make sure he was looking respectable each time we started shooting again, because until I've got the butterstick working, you can't begin to shoot. By the time the yoghurt-pump was brought into action for the last time (yoghurt's cheap, and washes off easily) everyone was knackered, me included. The talent, I'm told, was in bed for the next week solid and he never made another vid.



Or was it? "Slave girls from Sidi Barani" was pretty dire, as I recall. Seven girls, one man. You normally shoot six hours for every hour in the final cut, and whoever scripted that one hadn't given the slightest thought to human capabilities. I mean, twelve times seven is 84, dammit. After the first couple of hours, I informed the producer that it was my professional opinion that the male talent was suffering from semi-permanent impotence brought on by excessive stress. Or to put it simply "His dick is broken". The producer's answer was to use stand-ins. Unfortunately, no-one had thought to arrange stand-ins, so we had to use the camera man, the sound recordist, sparks and even the chippy. By the time I'd finished fluffing that lot, you can imagine. I mean, I'm not the sort of person who gets into demarcation disputes, but expecting me to operate the camera because all the others were out action?

Anyway, after a hard day like that, I just want to get home and relax. Which is why Jeremy hanging about my front door like a limp carrot was about as welcome as a condom at a confirmation. I made the obvious suggestion to him (the second word is "off"), but I guess he's heard that lots of times before, and it rolled off him like yoghurt off a man's belly.



"Linda, have I got a deal for you." I invited him in. I have this very expensive habit I have to pour money into, called living. This means I have to work, which wouldn't be so bad if I didn't have to deal with buttersticks like Jeremy. But it's limp-wits like Jeremy that get the business, so I suppose I'd better humour him. I gave him a glass of very fine, dry sherry. He made a face. "Euuueww." I sighed, and gave him the bowl of sugar. It hurts just to think about it.

"Linda, I've got the break of a lifetime for you" "They're never hard enough to break" I said. "Linda, this will make you so famous ..." I know, I know, this is such a good opportunity, I should do it for nothing, right? "Linda, they're even willing to *pay* you for this." I perked up. Pay? As in, stuff you use for the rent? This is a very hand-to-mouth business, you know. You never know where your next pot of yoghurt is coming from. Thinking of which, made me peckish, so I dived into my bag and came out with a whole pint of it. Well, there's no point in letting it go to waste, is there. I mean, it hadn't even been opened. They always overestimate how much they're going to need; one teaspoonful is realistic, half a cupful is about as much as the public is going to believe, and more than that and people will just laugh. I offered some to Jeremy. "Where'd you get that then?" "Usual place, Jeremy", I said round a mouthful. "Yuck" he said. I don't know why people are like that, yoghurt is yoghurt, the reason why they bought it doesn't affect the flavour, which was banana in this case.

"So what's the deal, Jeremy?" I said. "Not so fast" he said, smirking at me. I sighed. I knew what he wanted. "Jeremy, you're an idiot." He smirked even more. "Jeremy, last time I did you, Sharon found out and you couldn't walk straight for a week."



Sharon makes kick-boxing videos, creaming half a dozen men in a half hour of action, no fluffing needed, lucky Sharon. And boxing, and weightlifting, and she made a really weird one once when she smashed a grand piano into small pieces with her bare hands. I don't think anyone actually bought that one, but I have a bunch of copies that I give out to people I think might need a helping hand to stay honest.

I thought of doing that sort of thing myself, it sounds more fun than fluffing. Trouble is, she's built like a gorilla and I'm not. She's got this trick, whenever she comes through a door, she sort of hovers in the frame, so you can see that she fills it pretty much exactly, width and height. What she sees in a wimp like Jeremy I can't imagine, maybe she likes the convenience of a mobile punch bag. "She won't find out this time." Oh, such confidence. He'll stagger home looking shattered, she'll ask him where he's been, he'll lie, badly, she'll twist his arm till he tells the truth, and then she'll twist everything else about twice as far as it's supposed to twist.

"Jeremy, you're an idiot" I repeated. "I told her if she beats me up that bad again, I'm leaving her." "And what did she say?" "I don't know, I was rolling on the floor trying to puke up my lunch after she gutted me again." Yes, that's Sharon. Let your fists do the talking. Jeremy seemed to like to get hurt, she liked to hurt him, they were an ideal couple, I suppose. "So do you want this deal or don't you, Linda?"



I sighed. Jeremy was a sort of agent. This meant that he was unemployed, sponging off Sharon, and lounging about where he got to hear about new vids coming up. And if they needed a fluffer, he'd say "I know the best one there is" and he'd get me the job. I paid him commission, sort of. Not money. I don't think Sharon allows him to have money anyway, he'd probably spend it on something daft, like paying some woman to beat him up. Which is daft, because Sharon beats him up most nights anyway. Why pay for bananas when you have a gorilla at home? Sorry, you know what I mean.

Jeremy was a complete dick-head, but he was honest with me. He knew he'd better be, or I wouldn't play with him. You only get to screw Linda Daventry once; I don't need a second lesson. Nor does the guy who screws me; not after Sharon has a little chat with him and explains how the world is. It's good to have friends like Sharon. You don't want to meet Sharon more than once, not if she's annoyed with you. And you don't ever want to suffer through one of Sharon's explanations. Her explanations are, like, detailed. Repetitive. She gets her point across very forcefully



I pulled on my sheepskin mitten and let Jeremy's butterstick see the light of day. Poor guy, this is the most fun he ever gets. Sharon just brutalises him, the other girls call him a wimp for letting her (letting her? like he has a say in the matter?) and the blokes think he must be gay for sleeping with a three hundred pound gorilla. I exaggerate, she isn't a gorilla, gorillas don't eat meat.

I teased him a bit, not quite touching him, and when it rose up to meet me, raising my hand so I was always just out of reach, which got his

butterstick so excited that it tried to stretch towards me until it was at the point that is technically known as half-cocked. He moaned and tried to lift his hips out of the chair, but I pushed him down with my other hand, and said "Naughty naughty". I let a few hairs of the mitten touch the very tip of the top, and he groaned again "Sharon, Sharon". One of the sad facts of life, no-one loves a fluffer. I wondered what would happen if Sharon walked in the door right now, and I smiled at him, like a cat smiles at a mouse.



I took the goose feather out of my bag, and Jeremy's eyes went big. "Noooo, no no no" he said, meaning yes. You have to interpret what they say, it's a bit contrary sometimes. Now his eye was weeping slightly, and I could hear him panting; about three quarters there, I reckoned. So I gently coaxed him up the hill until I had him right at the edge of the cliff, then I dropped the feather and took a good grip, down by the base, so I could get control over things.

By this time, Jeremy was over the cliff, but I had him firmly nailed down. I've got a good hard grip, that's essential in a fluffer. Even Sharon is surprised at how hard I can grip things. Jeremy was making "Nng nng mmf" noises, but I had him clamped, and there was no way I was going to let the mouse out of the house.



Cliffhanging is part of the fluffer's standard repertoire, of course, but I was especially good at it. We did a vid once - "School for Scandal" it was, and it must have been the lowest budget

vid of all time; they just pointed a camcorder at this butterstick and I made him cliff hang for two hours solid. When I finally dropped him off the edge, they didn't need the yoghurt pump. Although a cylinder of oxygen would have come in handy.

Generally, though, even an hour is too long. If he's got a weak heart, you can find yourself with a boatload of paperwork to do. The problem is, cliffhanging increases the blood pressure and the longer you keep him hanging, the more the pressure goes up. If he's got an artery that's going to pop, it'll do so when the blood pressure gets way up high. So, although I'm willing to do a one-hour cliff-hang, I'd rather it was after a proper medical exam, and the only medical exams Jeremy gets are the ones where they bandage him up after Sharon got a bit too overexcited.

So I popped Jeremy after about 20 minutes. From his point of view, that was an eternity in heaven, of course. I took the rather soggy cotton wool off him, gave him a few minutes to get his breath back, and then I asked him. "OK, Jeremy, so what have you got for me?"

"A weightlifting contest." "A what?" Jeremy means well, but sometimes his head isn't straight, I think Sharon punches him too much. "Jeremy, sweetkin, it's Sharon does those. I'm a fluffer, remember?" I watched Sharon in a weightlifting contest once (they were making a vid of it). I was there because she needed me for the final scene, where Sharon lifts some huge mass of iron to win the contest, and the guys that come second, third and fourth show their admiration in the usual way. Except the problem was, they weren't admiring her at all, and that's why they called in the fluffer. And that's my only experience of weightlifting.



"No, not that sort of weightlifting" and Jeremy put on his "I'm talking about sex" smirk. Oh. One of those. "I thought they didn't allow fluffers in those?" "They changed the rules, Linda, it'll be more exciting that way." Exciting. You bet. At a do like that, accidents happen all the time, you have to watch in front of you, behind you and both sides, otherwise you can get in the way of an unintentional distance record attempt.

"So who's my butterstick?" "Horse." "Horse Pangborne?" "The same". "You're kidding. he wouldn't have a hope in hell." "Linda, you don't know the rules yet." Sigh. I suppose if they've changed the sport to allow fluffers, they've probably screwed the rules up totally.



The governing body of the sport is the IFGW, the International Federation of Genital Weightlifting. They're trying to get it recognised as an Olympic sport; there's talk of this happening in time for the 2032 games. Don't laugh, you think synchronised swimming is a sport? The fact is, it's an excuse for a bunch of testosterone-enhanced sides of beef to display their proudest possession to the general public, and for the general public it's an opportunity to say "Yuechh".

Testosterone? Oh yes. You thought there isn't extensive drug use in GW? You thought they just have great genetics enhanced by daily exercise? Oh no they don't. To lift the really heavy weights, you need thickness, and since the score is weight times distance lifted, you need length. And because you're at the wrong end of the leverage, you need even more thickness, and you simply don't grow anything the size of my arm by eating your cereal.

Oh, sure they test for drugs, Sometimes. And the tests aren't very good. I mean, so you find there's enough 'rone to sink the Titanic, what does that prove? Men have 'rone naturally, and different men have different amounts. And they lay off the juice for a couple of weeks before a contest, so how can you tell? Sure they have deep voices and heavy beards, but so do lots of men.

So they get away with it. But I can tell. I'm a fluffer, and I know my way around these things. I've seen more buttersticks than you've had hot dinners, and I know a 'rone job when I see one. And Horse Pangborne was the most obvious case of 'rone abuse I've ever seen. Why? Well, I'll explain.

If you take 'rone by the bucketful, as Horse was wont to do, you have to balance it out, otherwise your body just rejects most of it, metabolises it through the kidneys and you're pissing blue most days. Not to mention balls so swollen you can't walk, which is an inconvenience, to say the least. So they take Oestrogen, which does occur naturally in males, but only in small amounts, of course. To counter the 'rone, they take Oestrogen injections, and there's some complicated scheme they use, don't ask me, I don't know. I doubt if most of them could get it right even if it did work, most of them can barely count.

And Horse is a good example of what happens when you get it totally wrong. He's been called Horse as long as I've known him, on account he's got a face like a horse. His real name is Horace. Well, if your name was Horace, wouldn't you prefer to be called Horse? And Horse had nothing upstairs, I mean if you shouted in his ear you could hear the echo. People like that don't ever think about tomorrow, so when Oily Ollie became his manager, he didn't have the sense to find out for himself what the 'rone would do to him.

The first time I met Horse, he was supposed to be playing a Eunuch in "Harem Houris from Harwich". I kid you not, Horse Pangborne as a Eunuch. It was supposed to be a comedy touch in the vid, when the male talent teases the poor eunuch about his loss, and Horse pulls out half a yard of pork.



Trouble is, he yanked the zipper too hard, it got stuck, and then when he finally managed to get it free, he got it caught in a bad way, and we had to shoot the whole scene over again, without Horse, who was looking like he'd need stitches. I offered to bandage it up for him, but he skedaddled sharpish and we made the vid without him. But it was definitely half a yard, and that was unfluffed.

Sure, Horse had the size, and the thickness. But the other thing I noticed at the time was a pair of grapefruit making him walk bandylegged. And that would be a major handicap in a GW contest, because my experience is, when you're looking at balls that size, they're about as touchy as Nitrogen Tri-iodide; one touch and it explodes. Which is useless in a GW contest, or for anything else, for that matter. "Horse is in the category look-but-don't-touch" I told Jeremy. Not being able to count up to two is a big disadvantage when you're counting out the 'rone dose, and I seriously doubted if Horse could count up to one.



He smirked again. I began to see the advantages of having a good strong gut-punch available at times of need. "The idea is, Linda, with your skills, you'll be able to stop a premature detonation." I looked at Jeremy. Hadn't I just done exactly that with him just now? Maybe this could work. There's no way Horse could win an event on his own, but if they were allowing mixed doubles, maybe I could pull him to victory.

Next day, I went to talk to Oily. There's no point talking to Horse, there's no-one there. Oily told me that all the promoters had gotten together, and made a big purse. They were calling it the Mr International Olympia, which I suppose anyone can do if they want to, it was sanctioned by the IFGW, and it was going to be the first ever mixed GW contest. Which meant they could rewrite the rulebook. Hmm. If they really can get this sport recognised by the Olympic Committee, this could be rather good.

I discussed business details with Oily. "I don't want to pay you cash, Linda." Now I wonder why I'd already guessed that. "You can have a piece of the action." Yeah, great. Meaning I don't get paid unless we're in the prize money. "If I do that, it'll have to be a good slice."



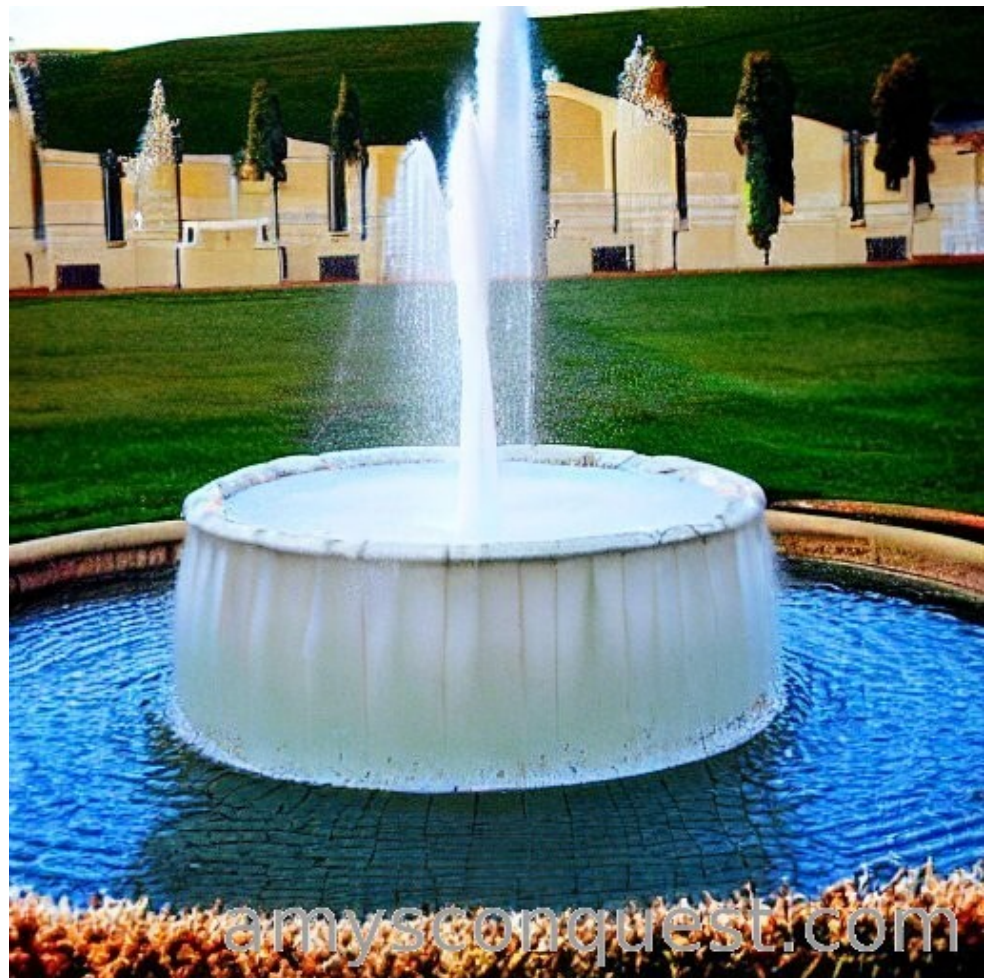


Oily offered me 25%, I asked for sixty, and we shook hands on forty. "How much does Horse get?" I asked. Oily gave me a don't-be-silly look. Oh, right. Horse does it because he loves the sport, loves to show off, loves to be the centre of attention, and it's all so **healthy**. Guys like Horse don't get money, they get their bodies wrecked by drugs, then at the age of thirty when they're past it, they go get a job digging holes in the road. "If he wins, all the mags will want to do features on both of you. GW magazine, Hup!, Rone User, I can see it. All wanting to do twelve page spreads of Horse and his fluffer. Trouble is, they don't pay for it, they tell you "It's good exposure". Oh, is it? How come?

What's it supposed to lead to? Remember this appalling habit I've got, breathing, with all the concomitant costs? What do I tell the bank when they want the rent, "Here, have some exposure."

Oily explained the mixed doubles rules. "It's weight times distance, as usual. But you're not allowed to get underneath, you have to do it all from above. That's to stop you helping him lift." That made sense. "You attach the weight, anywhere along the shaft, and then you fluff him. He lifts, they use a laser to measure the distance lifted, and you see the score at once."

This is the best thing about GW, it's objective. Much better than the posing end of the sport, where they have a panel of judges that award points for mass, hardness, shape and symmetry. What the hell is symmetry? What shape is the ideal shape? As a result, the judges choice seems very idiosyncratic sometimes, and there's often accusations of posing events being rigged. With GW, you know exactly where you stand (or don't stand, as the case may be).



So how does Horse pay the rent? Don't worry, Oily's thought of that one. He's got this deal, see. Women can pay \$300 and meet Horse in some motel, and for the first time in their lives they can see something that doesn't need a microscope and tweezers. They aren't allowed to touch,

and they aren't allowed to undress him, but he shows it off to them and they get to fantasise what it would feel like if. Except, what they don't get told, is it feels just like the guy they already sleep with, except it's got this one-touch feature. One touch, instant yoghurt.

"Linda ... " said Oily, using a tone of voice I know well. Why does everyone think that fluffers want to fluff every man they meet. Trouble is, if I don't fluff Oily, he's going to be difficult later, and if I do, I have a hold over him. So I opened my bag and took out a few items, and I heard his intake of breath when I got to the silk scarf, people wonder how I know what to do, it's easy, the butterstick tells you if you listen carefully.

I gave him ten minutes of cliffhanger, I thought there was no need to give him more. And I was right, he was a fluff-virgin, or at least if he had ever been fluffed, whoever did it wasn't much good.

I left him sitting in the restaurant looking dazed, with all the other diners staring at him.



So, I made a few phone calls, and next stop, Horse. Time to start his training.

"Hello, Horse". "Hi, Linda". It speaks! "Sit down, Horse, here's what you've got to do."

I explained to him. From now until the contest, he was going to be celibate. Then I explained what celibate meant. Then I explained that it included any form of ejaculation whatsoever. Horse looked horrified. "I can't" he said. "You can", I said, "and will." "You can't stop me." he said smugly. "Horse, we're going to win this thing, but you have to do what I tell you." "Shan't" he said. "Make me." And at that exact moment, the door opened and something filled the doorway.

I say filled; doorways are six foot six high and thirty inches wide.

Sharon is six foot eight high, and slightly wider. You could see her duck slightly to get through, and you could see her squeezing through,

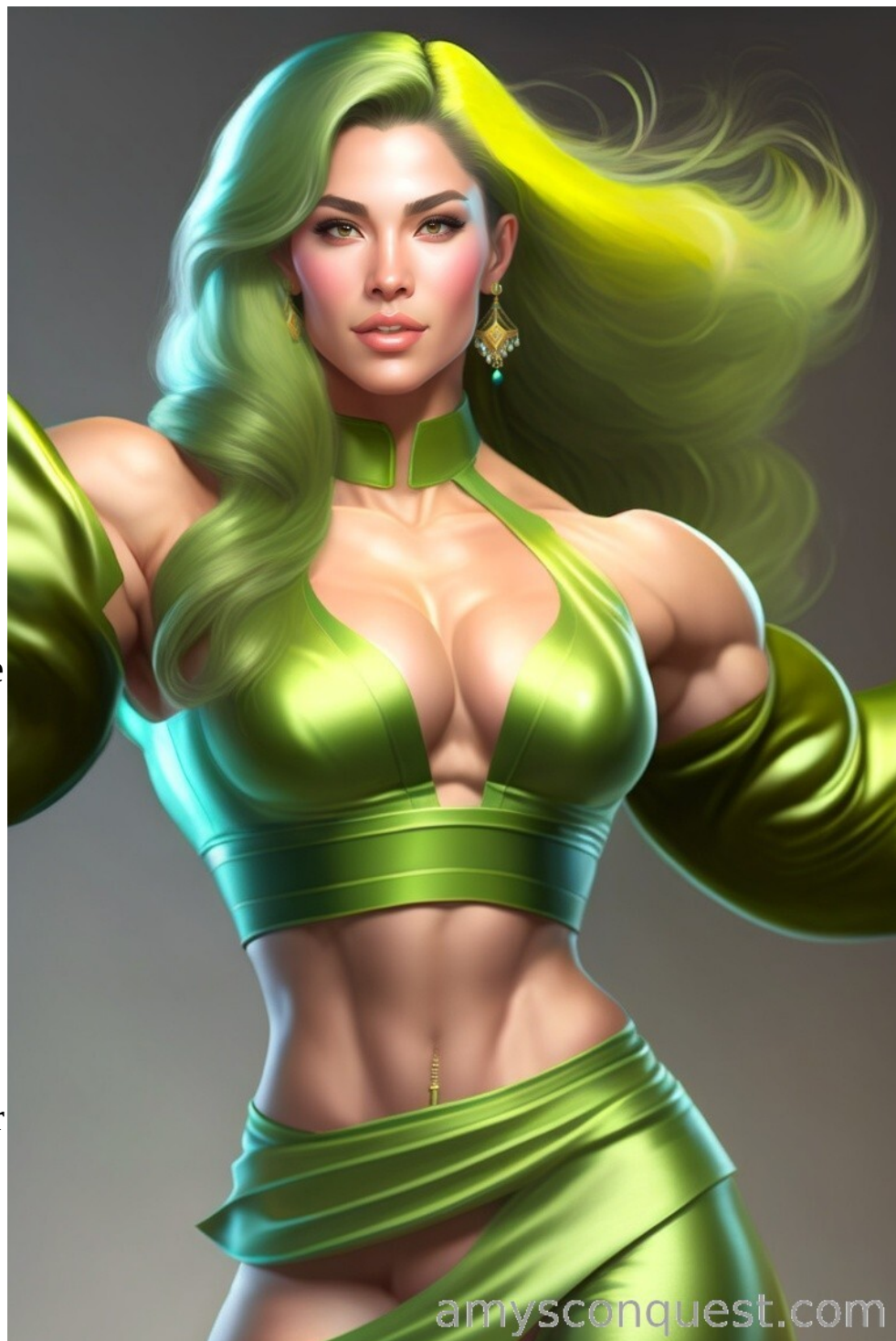


the door not being quite wide enough.

"Shall" I said. Horse stopped arguing. "Any problems?" said Sharon. I looked at Horse. "None whatsoever." Sharon looked disappointed. Horse looked scared. "So let's see what we've got here." she said, and pulled down his trousers. "My word" .

There was a silence, as we both gazed at Horse, or rather at part of Horse. Rather a large part. "That's got to be half a yard if it's an inch." she said. I got a tape measure out of my bag, and tried to measure it, but it kept changing. In the end, we had to settle for a rough estimate.

"That's never twenty, I don't believe it. It's nearly as big as my biceps." I looked at Sharon's biceps, they didn't look that big to me. "When I flex them, they get up to twenty two." So she flexed, and I measured, and she was wrong, Horse was longer than her biceps were around. Although I had to check with Horse again, and as I measured, he started going "Ngh ngh mmf" so I grabbed him quick to stop an accident, and Sharon said "Here, let me," and she took it in her hand and just squeezed, and Horse looked like his eyes were going to pop out, but disaster was



averted, and Sharon let go of a very relaxed butterstick. "Pain does that, Linda". Yes, thank you, now would you like to explain about eggs to your granny?

For the next three weeks, Horse was never alone, because I knew what would happen if I gave him any privacy. I was with him or Sharon was, and after a couple of days, Sharon brought Jeremy in, and after Horse watched what she did to him, he was noticeably docile. Even with me, because I carefully explained to him that even though Sharon wasn't there right now, I was, and Sharon would be back, and if I told Sharon that he needed some pain, Sharon's only question would be "How much?"

Over the next four weeks, I trained Horse. The first issue was to find out how far from the root to do the attachment. If you do it a couple of feet away, then you get a long travel, but the mechanical disadvantage means he can lift less weight. If you do it close by, he can lift heavy, but it doesn't rise very far. I experimented both ways, and found out his maximum lifts all the way from the root to the tip, then I drew up a chart, and worked out where the maximum score would be. It isn't as simple as it sounds; it's made more complex by the need to fluff him up,



and if the weight were attached at the best place, on the tip, that also desensitised the best fluffing spot. But if you approach this sort of problem systematically, experiment will soon show the way.

The promoters had hired a big theatre for the event, which was full of eager women. I noticed a few men in the audience too, maybe they'd come to see the fluffers, many of who were quite spectacular. One of them in particular made me wonder who'd engineered her bra, and what construction material they'd used.

There were 17 contestants numbered one to seventeen. Horse and I were number nine. I was wearing my best evening frock for the event, Horse was wearing a sort of thong, except that the front was missing. Some of the contestants were wearing supports of one kind or another; Horse had a support for his testicles, because I didn't want them to get trapped anywhere; that sort of pain is a real downer.



The first part of the event was just the men, they didn't need the fluffers, because it was basically a posing session. The judges called out groups of two or three so they could make direct comparisons, looking for symmetry, whatever that is. Horse got called out a few times, which apparently is a good sign. When he stood up against the other men, I couldn't really see much difference between them, I mean half a yard is half a yard, when all is said and done.

The second part of the event was the judging of hardness, and for that the fluffers were involved. It was basically the same as the first part, except the sizes were a bit bigger. Inevitably there were a couple of accidents as the fluffers lost control of things, and it got away, which is going to give the guy a major handicap in the last part, so much so that I don't think there's any point in them even trying. Horse tried to get away too, of course, but I murmured "Sharon" to him, and he steadied and didn't run away with himself.

And then we came to the third part, the GW itself, the part that the audience had been waiting for. One at a time, the men came on with their fluffers, weights were attached using the rubberised straps with a hook



that are approved by the IFGW, and the lifts were attempted. Sure enough, the two that had accidents in the previous round were only able to make a pathetic showing, and were soon asked to stand down. Then it was Horse's turn.

I led him forward, and carefully attached the strap about three inches from the tip. I noticed that all the others had been attaching at the tip itself, or at least at the waist. But the problem with that, is that it covers up the most sensitive spot, the fluff-spot I've always called it, the place where you can get the maximum effect. As I was attaching the strap I was fighting with Horse, it was trying to rise before I was ready, so I sank one fingernail into his scrotum, just hard enough to hurt, and it subsided obediently. Then when I was ready, I stood up, got the green light from the judges, and fluffed gently until the weight was lifted as far as it would be.

A lot of people do this the wrong way round. You should go for the biggest weight first, because the first lift is going to be the best.



Many people start low and work their way up, which makes sense if you don't know how heavy you can go, but I knew exactly what Horse was capable of with my fluffing, because we'd spent the last few weeks finding out. "Come on, Horsey baby" I crooned, "Just a little bit more, and Sharon and I will give you the fuck of a lifetime tonight." His eyes went wide, and he lifted further than he'd ever managed in practice. I fluffed and coaxed, trying to get an extra fraction of an inch of height, until Horse peaked and then sagged, and I knew he was done.

"Four pounds and six ounces, twenty-one point four inches." Wow. That's half an inch better than we'd done in training. I gave myself a little pat on the back. "1498 inch-ounces". That put Horse in the lead. I grinned at him, and he grinned back. "Both of you?" he said. But then some guy lifted 1532, and then another one did 1594, and we were in third place.

I thought carefully about this. My whole strategy was based on that first lift, and I was pretty sure I wasn't going to be able to get any more out of Horse. But that wasn't going to stop me trying. And since we'd already maxed out, I decided to put four-twelve on him for the second round. On went the weight, and then I fluffed it up. I was right, the weight was too much, he wasn't getting it up properly. So then I threw the curve ball at him. "Unless you get this up, I'm going to ask Sharon to tear it off with her bare hands." You'd think that would have caused instant sag, but no! New life surged into Horse, and the weight bobbed up perkily and rose to the maximum.



"Four pounds twelve ounces, twenty-one point seven inches. Wow! 1649 inch-ounces! I thought maybe Horse had set a new world record, but apparently not.

And then the guy who'd beaten him last time lifted 1680, and we were in second place.

So, for the third lift, I tried the same thing again. "Sharon can castrate you with one hand while she pounds you into pulp with the other" I offered. But it didn't work, he was all lifted out. A man can only go so far, and he didn't even get into the 1400s. But then the other guy did his last lift, and he and his fluffer were going for the full five pounds, and a world record for sure.

That was silly. He had the contest won, why be greedy? And he got his come-uppance, too. His fluffer worked just a little bit too hard to get that massive weight up, and she didn't notice the symptoms. I noticed, and I caught his eye and licked my lips. That was enough to push him over, and one of the judges caught it all over his suit. Which, of course, was an automatic disqualification.

Which is how I won the first ever IFGW competition.

