

The Welder - A True Story
By Morphinman

My wife's friend Mary visited us yesterday. Here is what happened.

I was standing in our den chatting with Mary while my wife made us coffee.

Mary is 42, about 5'6" with a stocky build.

I asked "Are you still a welder, Mary?"

"Yeah, I have worked at the tractor plant 10 years. The money is great, but it is hard work."

"You must be strong to do that kind of work." I said.

"Very strong! I hit the weights every week in the company gym to keep my strength up."

"How much can you curl?" I asked.

"I do 80 pound dumbbells for 10 reps for each arm. I have to lift and weld 150 pound cab doors all day long so I need to be strong."

"Dang! I bet you could do chin ups all day."

"Yeah, they are pretty easy with muscles this big." she replied.

She was wearing a sheer flowered blouse with baggy cutaway bell sleeves. The sleeves were sheer enough that I could see the outline of her massive arms and delts through the fabric. I thought these sleeves would be easy to get over her arms to see her biceps.



I said “Can I see your bicep ?”

“Oh yeah !” she said. “I have got big biceps.” She bent her arm at a 90 degree angle to show me.



I started rolling up her sleeve. I pulled the sleeve down over her elbow and started pulling it up over her upper arm.



Her exposed upper arm flesh looked a lot thinner than I expected. Suddenly I could not push the sleeve any higher on her arm. She watched me struggle then she said “I don’t think it’s going any higher.”



Then I understood. The reason her arm looked thin by her elbow was that her bicep muscle had all bunched into a tennis ball sized mound next to her shoulder ! The abrupt increase in her arm's diameter was stopping me from pushing up her sleeve.

I put my hand over the mound of bicep muscle. The sheer fabric was pulled taut and was even stretching a bit due to expansion of her arm. Her expansion had to be over 2 inches to take up all the slack I had seen in her formerly baggy blouse. I ran my thumb over the ridge between her bicep and tricep. It was so deep ! She smiled proudly as I probed her arm.



I could feel the muscle fibers shifting under her skin. Her bicep was actually higher than her shoulder even though her upper arm was horizontal. I squeezed her bicep hard but my fingers only sank in slightly. She looked at me and smiled. "They're really hard".

She brought her fist closer to her shoulder, making the huge bicep expand more. The expanding boulder pushed my fingers out until they were just resting lightly on the fabric of her sleeve. I squeezed again but nothing happened. She must have felt my attempt, because she giggled softly at my futile efforts.



She looked at me and smiled. “Squeeze harder!” she commanded.



My fingers blanched white from the effort, but it was useless.

I said “That’s incredible !”

“Thanks !” she said. “Yeah, when I go sleeveless all the guys at work say “Look at those pipes””.

She lowered her arm and re-adjusted her sleeve.

All I could think was, “I can hardly wait for short-sleeve weather”.

I said “Your hands look strong. Look at those veins.”

Mary replied “ I was at the doctor’s office once. He looked at my hands and asked what I did for a living. I told him. He said I had the most developed hand muscles he had ever seen. He told me my fingers don’t taper much, they are just solid muscle. I have to be careful shaking hands or I can hurt someone, especially women.”

“Do you arm wrestle ? “ I asked.

“Yeah, I used to beat all the boys in high school. I grew up on a farm with 5 brothers. My oldest brother is 6’4 and 280 lbs. I can still beat him. I have won some contests against women. Usually I just squeeze their hand until their fingers pop, then they lose their grip. Sometimes I go sleeveless. I keep my arm relaxed until we start. Then I tense my bicep and it leaps up on my arm. I love the look of shock on their faces. They know they are doomed. I can beat most of the guys at work, even the ones over 300 pounds. They get embarrassed losing to a woman, so I usually decline their offers to arm wrestle.”

“Grab my hand and squeeze it” I said. I want to see how strong you are”.

“Are you sure ?” she asked .

“Yep.”

“Okay.” She held out her hand and we clasped hands in a handshake. Her hand was warm and calloused from years of hard work. Thinking I would get the drop on her I squeezed quickly with all my strength. Amazingly, she did not seem to notice. After a minute of this she said quietly “Ready ?”.

I nodded. Instantly my hand felt as though it were being compressed in a vice. Her forearm swelled with cords of muscles that pushed her loose sleeve open. My fingers were forced together and my knuckles popped. I gasped and felt to my knees. Immediately she released my hand. “Are you okay ?” she asked worriedly.

Rubbing my reddened hand I nodded and stood back up.

“That’s a heck of a grip you have !” I said.
She looked down at her corded forearm and smiled.



She quietly said “I really wasn’t squeezing that hard. I can’t use my full strength on people. I sent a coworker to the hospital last year. He made a comment about my arms and I lost my temper. I grabbed his upper arm and squeezed. This was a big guy, about 260 pounds. He must have had 20 inch biceps, because my hand only went partially around them. But I crushed his arm so badly that he carried a bruise for weeks. The bruise looked like a black and blue outline of my hand . I can even crush a pop can in my grip.”
I replied “Lot’s of people can do that”.
“A full, unopened pop can ?” she answered.
“Uh, no” I stammered. “Maybe you can show me the next time you come over.”