

Waking up on a chilly winter's morning, all wrapped up in your blankets, and safe in the knowledge that you have nothing forcing you to get out of bed is truly wonderful, isn't it? I was fortunate enough to be just ascending from the depths of a peaceful night's sleep which had been filled with nothing but the serenest of dreams on such a morning.

Even though I was conscious I didn't open my eyes just yet, content in simply dozing in the warm embrace of my bed clothes as they curled just tightly enough around me to reassure me that I was safe from the chill that no doubt had been battering on the metaphorical door to my cosy realm. A few locks of the fluffy faux fur that comprised the majority of my outermost wall against the cold tickled my cheek as I lay there, a small smile forming on my lips at the sensation. I adjusted the position of one of my feet slightly, hearing and feeling it swish a few inches across the two cotton layers that were my primary sources of protection above and below me.

I allowed my ears to wake up next, to sample the auditory delights such a crisp morning had to offer. The first sound I noticed, as it was every morning, was that of a rainstorm. I didn't live in an area renowned for its rainfall, quite the contrary, nor was it raining on this particular morning for I could sense sunlight filling my bedroom even through my closed eyelids. The noise was instead emanating from my phone which sat upon my bedside table, simply to fill the silence that often pressed upon my ears during the night. Pushing this most familiar of white noises to one side, I picked up the sound of bird song twittering in through the window even as it remained firmly shut. There was nothing exotic about the songs, just simple tweets and chirps which nevertheless made me feel still more at peace.

And then my olfactory system chugged into life, my nose twitching at the air that wafted past it in the hope of gleaning further information to keep me in my state of utter contentment. There was the familiar smell of my bedroom: my sanctuary for those odd occasions when life would get the better of me. At first I thought that was all that my nose would have to tell me but then I detected something new, something edible, something delicious: breakfast! Not only that, but it was getting stronger too!

My eyes snapped open at once, briefly taking in the shafts of winter sunlight spilling through the window and illuminating the lumps in my bedclothes which betrayed the location of my feet. I soon turned my head away from the dusting of snow upon the outside ledge to my bedroom door, beyond which I could hear approaching footsteps. I stuck one arm out from the safety of my blankety fortress to stifle the sounds of raindrops pattering on some unknown surface.

A set of knuckles rapped softly on the door, clearly intent on waking me as gently as possible if I were still asleep. "Mmrh?" I replied sleepily: the best invitation to enter my lair as any would hope to receive so soon after a return to consciousness. The handle turned, then the door edged open with the slightest of creaks. There, stood in the doorway was a true vision of heavenly perfection: a tiger, his head bowed to avoid a collision with the lintel, one bicep bulging as the hand of that arm cradled a heavily laden breakfast tray against his chiselled abdominals that were covered only by an apron.

He smiled warmly at me as he entered, a smile I returned with added drowsiness. "How did you sleep, hun?" he asked me, setting the tray down on my bedside table to allow him to assist me in sitting up.

"Pretty good," I replied with a stifled yawn as he pulled the blankets down so that they only covered me from the knees down.

Even as I blushed at having my naked body revealed to my significant other's eyes, he swooped down to press an adoring kiss to my belly. "You look utterly ravishing this morning, as always," my cheeks turned still redder as he proceeded to kiss my paunch again. I knew why he was so fond of it: he regarded it as the greatest achievement of his life, along with the rest to my body our time together had wrought.

When we had first met, I was a skinny whisper of a thing who couldn't even notch up a score of twenty on that most unreliable of obesity calculators. Now, after several years of hard work and a great deal of time spent in the kitchen on his part, I was far from slim. My belly, of which he was so fond, cascaded down my legs to a near-constantly jiggling mass that almost reached my knees even when I was standing which meant that my modesty was preserved even when I was naked (which I frequently was when at home, including now). As I sat there in bed, awaiting my breakfast, it slumped down between my thighs which were each at least a foot in diameter, spreading them so wide that my feet almost reached both edges of my bed at once. They moulded almost seamlessly into my calves as if my knees weren't even there, and my ankles had developed some small rolls of their own.

My chest, once completely flat, had ballooned out so that two wobbling slabs lay across the upper surface of my gut, large enough to rival many of the most 'gifted' women for cup-size. Descending from them were numerous rolls which tumbled down my sides, likening me very much to the Michelin Man.

My face had not escaped the effects of my boyfriend's attentions either: I now sported numerous chins which shuddered with every little movement of my jaw, be it for speaking or eating. My cheeks too had swollen, rounding out my face to a far more cherubic appearance that the feline next to me never failed to call 'adorable'.

Speaking of cheeks, the other pair I sported had expanded enormously thanks to the hunky tiger's efforts. In fact they had become so wide that the pants I now wore on my relatively infrequent forays beyond the walls of our comfortable abode could have accommodated three or four of the old me in each leg. Yet, despite this, there was still some shapeliness to my posterior.

Last to cross my mind was a detail I hadn't noticed earlier thanks to my sleepy state: as I had reached to turn off the rain noise playing on my phone, the flesh of my upper arm had swung violently to and fro while my chubby fingers struggled to press only the 'stop' button. I glanced down at my arms, dimly aware of my boyfriend shifting off the bed: I had rolls on these too, particularly around my wrist which had become otherwise indistinct from my hand or my forearm.

"Open wide, hun," I was jerked from my contemplation of my massive frame by a forkful of bacon being delivered to my mouth. My lips parted hungrily, eagerly allowing the delicious strips of smoky, salty meat into the watering depth of my mouth. I chewed them up just long enough to savour the flavour before I let my jaw muscles slacken again. Another offering came, then another, and another until what must have been an entire pack of bacon had disappeared down my throat. My job was far from done however, as I was soon plied with half a dozen sausages, followed soon after by numerous hash browns.

At this point I requested a break in proceedings with which he duly obliged. My mouth still remained agape, though, as I was eager to gulp down a good half of the pitcher of orange juice that would be helping me to wash my immense morning meal down. A rich burp followed this substantial palette cleanser, then I was ready to continue.

An enormous omelette was the next to pass my lips, to be followed by a serving of cereal so large it needed half a bottle of milk to moisten the otherwise parched flakes. Then it was onto slices of toast coated thickly with sugary, sweet raspberry jam, washed down by the remainder of the orange juice.

Panting a little by this point, I eyed the final hurdle I had to cross, that my stomach demanded that I cross: a mountain of pancakes slathered with only the finest maple syrup. I opened my mouth eagerly, for this was always my favourite part of my morning meal. The tiger's lips had parted too in a smile that showed me that he got just as much enjoyment he got out of feeding me this inordinate amount of food as I did from eating it. He lay the first pancake on my tongue, folded up so that it would fit, then drew back to spear another on his fork. I chewed briefly, feeling the excess syrup coating my lips and dribbling down towards my many chins. I ignored this however, for my only interest at that moment was to eat every single pancake in that tottering pile.

A few minutes later, feeling full to the brim, I slumped back against my pillows with an expression of dreamy bliss on my face. I heard a soft chuckle intermingling with the clatter of empty plates being arranged into piles for easier transport. Then, just as I felt my eyelids starting to droop, a tongue rough in texture but gentle in nature licked its way over my face, lapping up the spilled syrup from my mouth and chins. I opened my eyes again in time to see my beautiful better half presses his lips to mine in the tenderest of kisses.

"Rest well, my love," he murmured with his gaze locked on mine and his hand stroking my pillowy chest, "See you at lunchtime."